



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



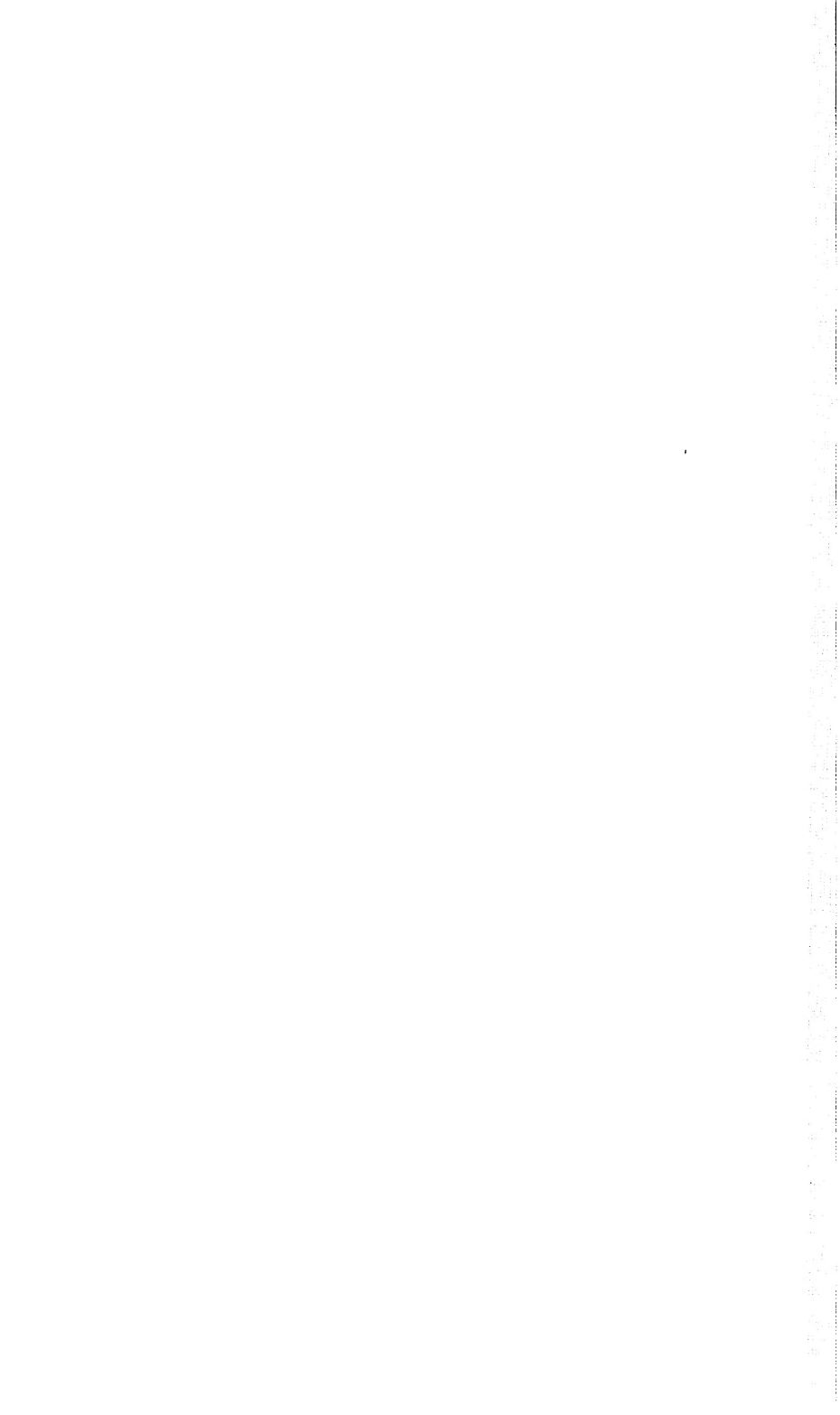
3 3433 08168419 7



**MICROFILMED**

✓

...









THE  
Irish  
Quarterly Review.

---

VOL. IX.

---

NEW YORK  
PUBLIC  
LIBRARY

DUBLIN :

W. B. KELLY, 8, GRAFTON-STREET.

LONDON : SIMPKIN, MARSHALL AND CO.

TO BE HAD OF ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

1859.

ROY WEN  
31819  
VIA AIR

THE  
IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

---

No. XXXIII.—APRIL, 1859.

---

VOL. IX.

CONTENTS.

---

THE JEBB AND CROFTON CONTROVERSY.

ARTICLE.

PAGE.

I.—SCENES FROM THE REVOLUTION :—

Histoire de la Société Française pendant la Révolution, par Edmond et Jules de Goncourt. E. Dentu. Paris : 1854.

1

II.—INTERNATIONAL AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS :—

Catalogue du Concours Universel de 1856. Paris. 49

III.—THE BLIND :—

1. The Lost Senses. By the late John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A. London : Cox, 1857.

2. Prospectus of the Institution for Catholic Blind, Dublin : 1858.

63

## IV.—ABOUT THE TUNEFUL NINE :—

Lays of the Minnesingers, or German Troubadours,  
of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries :  
Illustrated by Specimens of the Cotemporary  
Lyric Poetry of Provence and other parts of  
Europe. London : Longman and Co. 1825. 104

## V.—FACTS, FAILURES, AND FRAUDS :—

Facts, Failures, and Frauds, Revelations financial,  
mercantile, criminal. By D. Morier Evans.  
Groombridge and Sons, 5 Paternoster Row,  
London : 1859. 193

VI.—PUBLIC CHARITY FROM A CATHOLIC POINT OF  
VIEW :—

La Question de la Charité et des Associations Reli-  
gieuses en Belgique. Par Ed. Ducpetiaux,  
Inspecteur Général des Prisons, et des Etablis-  
sments de Bienfaisance. Bruxelles : Aug. Decq.  
1858. 227

VII.—THE OFFICE OF CORONERS—ITS PRACTICE AND  
DUTIES :—

Chitty's Blackstone's Commentaries, Vol. I. Edited  
by Hargreave, cap. vii. London : Sweet. 1842. 268

## VIII.—THE HUMAN POLL AND THE BARBER'S :—

La Pignonotomie, ou L'art D'apprendre a se Raser  
 Soi-Même, avec la maniere de connoître toutes  
 sortes de Pierres propres à affiler tous les outils  
 ou instrumens ; et les moyens de preparer les cuirs  
 pour repasser les Rasoirs, la maniere d'enfaire de  
 très-bons ; suivi d'une Observation importante  
 sur la Saignée. Par J. J. Perret, Maître et Mar-  
 chand Coutillier, Ancien Jeré-Garde. A Paris,  
 Chez Defour, Libraire, Rue de la Vieille-Draperie,  
 vis-a-vis L'Eglise Sainte Croix, au bon Pasteur :  
 MDCCLXIX.

283

IX.—QUARTERLY RECORD OF THE PROGRESS OF REFOR-  
 MATORY SCHOOLS AND OF PRISON DISCIPLINE,  
 WITH SOMETHING ABOUT POOR-HOUSES :—

Containing: The Reformatory at Saltley—Boys'  
 Refuge, Whitechapel—Report of the British  
 Ladies' Society for the Reformation of Female  
 Prisoners—Juvenile Emigration—Important Let-  
 ters from Mr. Recorder Hill to the Mayor of  
 Birmingham, and to the Editor of the Midland  
 Counties' Herald—Assizes in Birmingham—  
 Northamptonshire Reformatory—State Industrial  
 School for Girls, Lancaster, Massachusetts—  
 Fourth Report of the Red Lodge Girls' Refor-  
 matory School—Twelfth Report of the Bristol  
 Ragged School—Asylum for Hopeful Discharged  
 Female Prisoners, Bristol—Ship Reformatory for  
 Bristol—Protestant Reformatory Schools—Glen-  
 cree Reformatory School for Catholic Boys—St.  
 Vincent's Female Reformatory, Golden Bridge—  
 Catholic Reformatory and Refuge, High Park—



Charge of the Recorder of Birmingham to the Grand Jury—The Expenses of Witnesses—The Relations of Science and Crime—Ship Reformatories—Poor-house children—Inside the Poor-house—Rules for Reformatories—Passages from Speeches of Lord Chancellor Napier, Mr. George Woods Maunsell, and the Rev. John N. Woodrooffe, on the mutual co-operation of Protestants and Catholics in the management of Reformatories—The Mayor of Cork on the Union Workhouse; and various facts on Poor-house mismanagement.

APPENDIX TO RECORD—The late Rev. John Clay.

THE  
IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

---

No. XXXIV.—JULY, 1859.

---

VOL. IX.

CONTENTS.

---

ARTICLE.

PAGE.

I.—PREDICTIONS AND COINCIDENCES :—

1. Sketches of the Philosophy of Apparitions, or, an Attempt to Trace such Illusions to their Physical Causes. By Samuel Hibbert, M.D., F.R.S.E. Published by Oliver and Boyd, Tweedall-court, High-street, Edinburgh ; and G. and W. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria Lane, London, 1824.
2. Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers, and the Investigation of Truth. By John Abercrombie, M.D., Oxon. and Edin., V.P.R.S.E. Thirteenth Edition. 1849.

337

## II.—LADY MORGAN :—

1. Poems, dedicated by permission to the Right Hon. the Countess of Moira. By Sidney Owen-son. Dublin : 1801.
2. St. Clair, or Heiress of Desmond, a Novel. 1803.
3. The Novice of St. Dominick. 1804.
4. The Wild Irish Girl. 1806.
5. The Lay of an Irish Harp, or Metrical Fragments. 1807.
6. Patriotic Sketches of Ireland, written in Con-naught, London : 1807.
7. Woman, or Ida of Athens, 4 vols. 1809.
8. The Missionary, an Italian Tale. 1813.
9. O'Donnell, a National Tale. 1814.
10. Absenteeism, a Novel. 1816.
11. Florence M'Carthy, a National Irish Tale. 1816.
12. France. By Lady Morgan, 2 vols., 8vo. 1817.
13. Italy. By Lady Morgan. 1821.
14. Life of Salvator Rosa. 1824.
15. The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys, 3 vols. 1827.
16. Book of the Boudoir, 2 vols.
17. Scenes from Real Life, 2 vols.
18. Woman and her Master, 2 vols. 380

## III.—ABOUT MOSAICS AND POTTERY :—

- Traité des Arts Céramiques. Par M. Brongnairt.  
Paris : 1844. 497

## IV.—AMERICAN AGRICULTURE.

- A Statistical View of American Agriculture, its  
Home Resources and Foreign Markets, with

Suggestions for the Schedules of the Federal Census in 1860. An Address delivered at New York, before the American Geographical and Statistical Society, on the Organization of the Agricultural Section. By John Jay, Esq., Chairman of the Section, and Foreign Corresponding Secretary of the Society. London: Trübner and Company. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 346 and 348 Broadway. 1859.

525

V.—CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY IN WORD AND WORK :—

*La Belle Saison à la Campagne : Conseils Spirituels.* Par L'Abbé Bautain. Deuxième Edition. Paris: Hachette et C<sup>ie</sup>. 1858.

555

VI.—AN OLD FRIEND FOR NEW FACES ; OR, MR. MONTAGUE DEMPSEY'S EXPERIENCES OF THE LANDED INTEREST.

584

VII.—QUARTERLY RECORD OF THE PROGRESS OF REFORMATORY SCHOOLS AND OF PRISON DISCIPLINE—

Containing: Notes of a Visit to Ruyssede in September, 1858, by a Lady—Prospectus of The Factory Homes Association—Reformatory and Refuge Union—Tabular View of Metropolitan Reformatories, Refuges, and Industrial Schools—Playground and General Recreation Society—Hull Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society—Extracts from the Fifth Annual Report of the Directors of Convict Prisons in Ireland—New York Children's Aid Society—Belfast Society for the Reformation of

## **CONTENTS.**

Juvenile Offenders—Gloucestershire Trinity Session—Diminution of Crime—School Ship Society—Memorial to Government to have Parkhurst certified under the Act for the Reception of Juvenile Offenders—Tabular View of Provincial Reformatories Certified—Dublin Circular of Protestant Reformatory Schools—St. Kevin's Reformatory School, Glencree, for Catholic Boys—Circular of Ulster Reformatory School for Catholic Girls, Monaghan.

**APPENDIX TO RECORD—**Report of the First Meeting in aid of St. Kevin's Reformatory School for Catholic Boys, Glencree, held at the Music Hall, Dublin, Wednesday, May 25th, 1859.



THE  
IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

---

No. XXXV.—OCTOBER, 1859.

---

VOL. IX.

CONTENTS.

---

NOTES ON THE BRADFORD SOCIAL SCIENCE MEETING.  
AN ABSTRACT OF MISS CARPENTER'S PAPER ON  
CERTIFIED INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.  
REV. SYDNEY TURNER'S "MEMORANDUM."

ARTICLE.	PAGE.
I.—THE FICTIONS OF OUR FOREFATHERS:— Transactions of the Ossianic Society, Vols. 1, 2, 3, 4. Dublin: O'Daly, 1854—1859	649
II.—IRISH SALMON FISHERIES.	729
III.—DREAMS:— Medical Notes and Reflections. By Henry Holland, M.D., F.R.S., &c., &c. London: Longmans. 1839.	739

## IV.—BAVARIAN PRISONS :—

Extracts from a Report, made in 1856, upon many German Prisons, by a Commission appointed by the Minister of the Interior of Saxony. Dresden. 1857. 763

## V.—“ODDS, TRIGGERS AND FLINTS” :—

Recherches sur le Feu Grégeois et sur l'Introduction de la Poudre à Canon Europe. Paris : Corréard. 1845. 770

## VI.—FREE PUBLIC DRINKING FOUNTAINS :—

A Plea for Free Drinking Fountains. By E. T. Wakefield, B.A., Barrister-at-Law. London : Hatchard and Co. Price Sixpence 821

## VII.—IDYLLS OF THE KING :—

Idylls of the King. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet-Laureate. London : Edward Moxon and Co., Dover-street. 1859. 834

## VIII.—POOR LAW REFORM :—

1. Reform of the Poor Law System in Ireland ; or Facts and Observations on the inadequacy of the existing system of Poor Relief. By Denis Phelan, M.R.C.S.L. Dublin : Alex. Thom and Sons, Abbey-st. 1859
2. Twelfth Annual Report of the Commissioners for administering the Laws for Relief of the Poor in Ireland. Dublin : A. Thom. 1859 860

## IX.—ODD PHASES IN LITERATURE. EIGHTH PAPER.

ABOUT JOHN DUNTON. 905

## X.—SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI :—

Vicissitudes of Families, and other Essays.

By Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King of Arms,  
Author of "The Peerage," "The Romance  
of The Aristocracy," &c. London: Longman.  
1859.

928

XI.—QUARTERLY RECORD OF THE PROGRESS OF REFOR-  
MATORY SCHOOLS AND OF PRISON DISCIPLINE—

Containing :—Decrease of Crime in Ireland—

Second Report of Inspector of Reformatory

Schools of Great Britain—Letters from Rev.

Sydney Turner and Mr. T. Ll. Baker to the

Editor of Philanthropist—Extracts from

last Report of Home in the East—Judicial

Statistics—Saltley Reformatory, Birming-

ham—Manchester Industrial Institute for

Discharged Prisoners—The Inspector of

Reformatories' Report—Cork Industrial

Ragged School—Manning the Navy—Irish

Reformatories—Letter from the Director of St.

Kevin's, Glencree—The Belfast Reformatory

for Males—Charge of the Recorder of Bir-

mingham to the Grand Jury—Able article

from *The Globe*, referring to this Charge—

Extracts from Mr. Anthony Trollope's lately

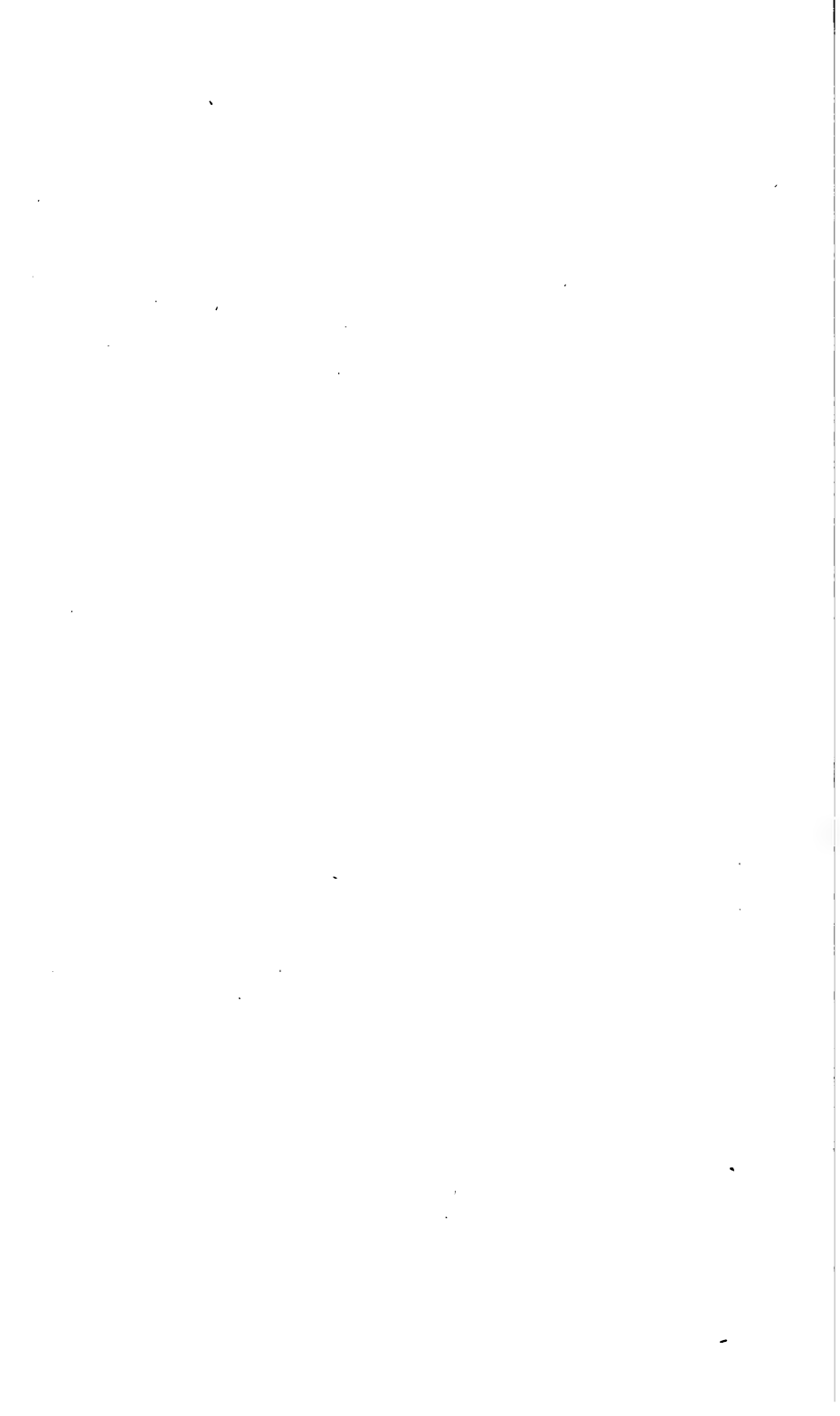
published work, *The West Indies and the*

*Spanish Main*, as to Convicts at Bermuda—

Extract from the Address of Mr. Major, Q.C.

to the Grand Jury of Monaghan, on the subject

of Reformatory Schools.



THE  
IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

---

No. XXXVI.—JANUARY, 1860.

---

VOL. IX.

CONTENTS.

---

ARTICLE.

PAGE.

I.—AN OLD POET :—

Diana : the Sonnets and other Poems of Henry Constable, B.A. of St. John's College, Cambridge : now first Collected, and Edited, with some Account of the Author, by William Carew Hazlitt, of the Inner Temple, Esquire. To which are added, a few Notes and Illustrations, by the late Thomas Park. London : Basil Montagu Pickering, 1859. 953

II.—THE LITTLE SEMINARY OF PARIS :—

Souvenirs de Saint Nicholas, ou l'Education au Petit Seminaire de Paris, Sous la Direction de M. l'Abbé Dupanloup, aujourd'hui Evêque d'Orleans, par Adolphe Morillon. Paris, 1859. 969



## III.—ODD PHASES IN LITERATURE. NINTH PAPER:—

1. *Ceuvres complètes de Tabarin.* Paris: 1622.
2. *L'Esprit dans L'Histoire Recherches et Curiosités.* Paris: 1800. 1017

## IV.—IRISH NATIONALITY FROM THE TWELFTH TO THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY:—

- The History of Ireland, ancient and modern;  
by Martin Haverty. Dublin: James  
Duffy. 1859. 1052

## V.—CLOSING SCENES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION:—

- Historie de la Société Française Pendant la Révolution.* Par E. et J. de Goncourt.  
Paris: Dentu. 1856. 1092

## VI.—DEBT AND TAXATION OF IRELAND:—

- An Account of the Expenditure of Ireland from  
1848 to 1857; also the Annual Charge for  
the Consolidated Debt of Ireland as it stood  
on the 1st February, 1817, showing the  
total aggregate charge, the total payments  
into the Exchequer, and the amount re-  
quired from the British Exchequer in each  
year to make good the aggregate charge.—  
*Thom's Almanack for 1859.* 1121

## VII.—THE BROTHER OF DEATH:—

1. *Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers, and the Investigation of Truth.* By John Abercrombie, M.D. Tenth Edition. London: Murray. 1840.
2. *Le Diable, sa Vie et son Intervention dans les Choses Humaines.* Paris: 1842.

3. An Apology for the Nerves; or, their Influence and Importance in Health and Disease. By Sir George Lefevre, M.D. London: Longmans. 1844.

4. Analectabibion. Paris: Techener. 1836. 1148

MEMOIR OF THE LATE DR. ROBERT MAC DERMOTT,  
M.R.I.A.

ST. JOSEPH'S INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE AND THE  
WORKHOUSE ORPHANS.

VIII.—QUARTERLY RECORD OF THE PROGRESS OF  
REFORMATORY SCHOOLS AND OF PRISON DISCIPLINE—Containing:—First Annual Report of  
St. George's Home and Reformatory for  
Boys, Kingston, Jamaica—Excessive number  
of Beer-houses—Philadelphia House of  
Refuge—State Industrial School for Girls  
at Lancaster, Boston—Advantages of the  
Family over the Penitentiary System in  
Juvenile Reformatories—Prospectus of  
"The Detective"—Bermuda a Convict Station—  
Lord Stanley on Ragged Schools and  
Reformatories—Serjeant O'Hagan on Re-  
formatories—Prospectus of the Protestant  
Asylum for Females discharged from Pri-  
sons—Prospectus of "The Friend of the  
People," edited by Mr. Alfred Hill—Refor-  
matory and Refuge Union, London—Fe-  
male Mission in connexion with same—  
Belfast slums—The ownership of "The  
Menagerie"—Public Reading Societies—  
The Salop Book-hawking Association—  
Crime, and its cost in England, from "The

Economist" and "The Spectator"—Incidents for Christmas—The Threatened Invasion—Rev. Francis J. Lynch, on the Reformation of Juvenile Offenders—Value of Reformatories—The Saltley Reformatory—Yorkshire Catholic Reformatory—Punch on Reformatories—Defects and Difficulties—Meeting of National Reformatory Union—Extract from "The Friend of the People" in reference to this Meeting—&c.

SECOND REPORT OF THE ORDER OF OUR LADY OF  
CHARITY AND REFUGE.

THE  
IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

---

No. XXXIII.—APRIL, 1859.

---

ART. I.—SCENES FROM THE REVOLUTION.

*Histoire de la Société Française pendant la Révolution*,  
par Edmond et Jules de Goncourt. E. Dentu : Paris,  
1854.

For a long period of time, Paris not satisfied with discharging to the rest of France such healthy functions as the heart does to the human frame, had taken on itself the duties of the brain and stomach, and, by so doing, had sensibly impaired the well-being of the entire body politic. It became morally what London is at this day physically—an overgrown, unhealthy organ of the social system. After a period of domestic broil and disturbance, a young king mounted the throne. He did not look on youth, health, strength, and beauty as the gifts of a gracious Providence: he condescended to receive them as mere tributes to his station and individual merits, and shewed his gratitude by abusing every privilege conferred on him by exalted position or bountiful nature. His subjects, for whose temporal and eternal welfare he received his high trust, were only looked on as objects or instruments to give him pleasure; and, if he could have had his will, the ministers of the Most High would be obliged to adapt the eternal laws of religion and morals to the standard of his inclinations and practices. Forgetting that a similar relation exists between a temporal and spiritual ruler as prevails between mere human polity and religion, he would have been well pleased to see the bishops of his kingdom looking on him not merely as their secular, but, in a great measure, as their spiritual chief. He certainly did not aspire to the bad eminence won by Henry VIII. of

England, but his desires to meddle with the temporalities of the church, and appropriate to the behoof of his mistresses and favorites, what was intended for the bodily relief of the indigent, and for provision against their spiritual wants, were full as eager and earnest as those entertained by either our Second or Eighth Henry.

Well, he repented, and his latter years were spent in works of piety and penitence; but as nothing is more certain than the punishment, either temporal or eternal, that waits on evil deeds, his last days were embittered by the almost utter extinction of his family before his very eyes, and by his inability to appoint a better guardian to his infant successor than an avowed infidel and debauchee. Whatever good his example and influence might have wrought in his latter years, was soon neutralised by the unbounded license which vice and irreligion enjoyed in the Regency, unchecked, as may well be supposed, by such moralists as Dubois and De Tencin.

The death of the Regent, awful but suitable in circumstance to his life,\* introduced the amiable but easily-influenced Louis XV. to power, and what an atmosphere of moral pestilence gathered, and brooded, and hung thick and dark round his throne and city, according as his reign lengthened! It may well be supposed how powerless for good must be the influence of those ecclesiastics, who thronged the halls of such a ruler waiting for preferment or seeking favor. He was not a monarch likely to resign whatever influence over the clergy was bequeathed to him from his predecessors; and those who would not bend the knee to Baal, but assert the cause of pure religion, the worthy successors of St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier, found themselves assailed in front by the so-called philosophers and their worthy disciples of the college of the

---

\* Cheering instances occur in the family of Philippe of Orleans and his successor, of the ever watchful care of Providence to limit the empire of evil in the world. The son of Louis XV., though thrown among the most depraved society, remained uncontaminated; Princess Louisa led the life of a saint, and however the Duchess of Berri and her sisters might err in conduct, they still owned the influence of conscience, and the call of religion. What a heaven-inspired courage was evinced by the priest, who kept watch and ward at the Duchess's door to prevent the profanation of the last sacraments, which she eagerly desired to receive, but without separating from her paramour.

*Parc aux Cerfs*, while their flank was turned by the misguided Port Royalists. How was it possible that preachers and champions of pure Catholic faith and morals, could be other than an eye-sore, a thorn in the side, and an impediment in a city and court where *Belial* and *Asmodeus* were privy counsellors. The Jesuits were driven into exile, the Encyclopedists sung their filthy songs of triumph, and the Jansenists joined in chorus, little weening the extent of the mischief they had helped forward against the cause of Christianity. It need not be feared that good and zealous preachers and performers of the Word would be wanting to their duty in this miserable state of things, but it would be as vain to look for healthy Christian life where Louis XV., Madame du Barry, Le Duc de Richelieu, Frederic of Prussia, Diderot, and Voltaire, occupied the chairs of Moral Philosophy, as to expect endurance of animal life in a volume of hot, dirty-hued smoke belching from the summit of a factory chimney.

A French gentleman or nobleman of that time, with character tinged by ambition or love of dissipation, could no more exist away from the court, than could the owner of a sick and encumbered Irish estate of some years past, stay at home and nurse it. The effect of gambling, debauchery, and ostentation, on the dispositions of these profligate gentry, and on their paternal chateaux, fields and forests, may be easily imagined. That the Bourgeoisie of Paris could escape the evil influence of their court patrons would be rather too much to expect; and poor *Jacques Bonhomme* in his fields was not on a bed of roses,—in fact, his bare existence was a standing miracle. Still the courtiers (representing, as must be borne in mind, the whole nobility) wrung from their unfortunate dependants the means of paying their gambling debts, or making suitable presents to *Mme. La Souricière* or *La Marquise de Guet-apens*, or blew out their brains, or were killed in duels. The king did not fear imprisonment for debt in his own person; he hoped that things would hold together during his natural life, and when king and courtiers were not too lazy to raise their voices in unison, they chanted the refrain—

When we've eaten, and drunk  
Life's wine to the lees,  
Let the deluge come down  
As soon as it please.

As may be supposed, the national finances were in a deplorable state, from the heavy expenses incurred by the *Grand Monarque* in carrying on his wars, from the rapacity and dishonesty of the farmers of the public revenues, and the general bankruptcy that followed Law's gigantic scheme.\* With these let there be taken into account the prodigality of the nobility, and a dreadful scarcity of provisions, an evil which, under a vigorous and sagacious government, might be speedily abated, and the wonder would be great if a disruption of society did not take place.

The literature of the time fostered human pride, bade people neither hope for future happiness nor dread future punishment, exhorted them to seize on all the human enjoyment of the day, for to-morrow was not theirs ; so, Christian hope, humility, patience, and resignation being banished, how could the spirits of men endure the tenfold ills and trials of a disordered, wretched, and anomalous state of society, without resorting to selfish and violent, but apparently effective means to escape the present misery.

The poor monarch was badly adapted to restrain the unquiet and violent spirits whom it was his hard appointed task to endeavor to guide. Himself, his well meaning queen, his sainted sister, his innocent children, and his devoted and loyal followers, endured the punishment which his predecessors so well merited, but which was reserved for an unoffending generation. So close is the community of interest in the great human family that none can do evil without bringing others to share in the punishment drawn down by their crimes.

Till history and tradition cease, deep sympathy will be felt for the sufferings of Louis XVI., his family, and the loyal Christian hearts that clung to them ; but their short hour of suffering has long past : they are, as we may reasonably and piously hope, secured in the possession of unchangeable bliss ; and, compared with the last hours of Louis XV. or the Regent, who would not prefer their departures, awful and trying as they undoubtedly were, but still cheered and sustained by the Christian's Faith and Hope ?

---

\* Law's memory is loaded with obloquy, some part of which is really unmerited. The original plan was judicious and feasible ; but push the best laid scheme to extremity, and let it be obnoxious to the meddling of thousands of greedy and unprincipled adventurers, and look for the result !

Our readers may take comfort, if they already dread the recital of a tragedy of blood and horror with Marat, Robespierre, Henriot, and Fouquier Tinville for the characters, and the *Place de Guillotine* for the stage. Our authors do not give a cold-blooded narrative of the atrocities of the terrible time; they present outlines of the social, rather unsocial aspects of the period, sketch the awkward changes in the feelings and circumstances of those suddenly invested with the powers of doing mischief, and take as much interest in the bizarre or ludicrous as in the tragic or horrible aspect of the shifting occurrences that followed so closely on each other's heels. They possess a good quality in common with many French and German historians of our times,—a quality which our British Livys and Thucydides should earnestly pray to acquire,—an air of impartiality, and truth-telling, and honest research, either genuine or very well feigned. William III. in their hands would meet with censure: he would get credit for indomitable courage, perseverance, and conquest over bodily infirmities; but they would scarcely attribute to him the capacious intellect or magnanimity of Julius Cæsar, nor the patriotism and domestic virtues of John Sobieski.

Our authors, before entering on the subject of their work, give a glance at Parisian society as it hastened to its ruin in the reigns of the Louises XV. and XVI.

"There are, in the succession of ages, societies which disarm the severity of history by the agreeability of their vices and the graces of their decadence. Of these declines, so miserable, but so beautiful on the surface, the eighteenth century presents the example and model. Every thing smiled on French society, and never did society so completely forget the object of life in its mode of living, and in its intimate knowledge of the art of living. A courteous contention went on among people of fashion as to who should possess in perfection the art of pleasing and of attaching their own circles. There reigned at meals, suppers, play, collations, balls, and other amusements, a particular conversation and charm of words which cannot be described;—nothings which took figure and shape, sprung, perhaps from a sweet air of music, dialogues kept up in badinage, successes arising from nonsense, pleasant sallies, liberties attempted in jest, tendencies to double meanings, good jokes going the round of the fans, compliments, raileries, whispered returns to the praises or the attacks. All was brilliant, all amiable, all French, keen good sense, sharp wit, no shock, no explosion; the people of high life were numbered, every one knew the rest, the world of fashion formed one family. Louis XIV. was dead; the Academy asserted that Louis XV. had succeeded; no great idea came to enlarge mens' minds, but all sorts of pleasant little things supplied furniture for their heads.



The government seldom furnished a subject for the salons:—a little scandal discussed now and then, an anecdote touching the minister just dismissed, or the favorite just received. The State could no more prevail in the salon than Ennui herself. French *causerie* found so many and such new resources, that it paid no attention to prince or politics, and the government, in return, took as little notice of the topics of the salons."

But the eighteenth century died out about the year 1789; the Encyclopedists had been at work, the unalienable rights and privileges of the people were fully exhibited, very little said about their duties; King Stork was long dead and buried, King Log was on his uneasy throne, power lay in public opinion, public opinion took its stand in the salons; and the subjects there discussed and the manner of discussing them—ah! how different from what prevailed in the same places some few years before!

"While the throne of France diminished and lost respect among the people, the salons attracted to themselves the regard and occupation of the public: in the interregnum of Royal grandeurs they began to exercise themselves in the art of reigning. It was not now Versailles the tutor and tyrant of Paris; it was Paris teaching Versailles to think; and the ministers took counsel of the salons before tendering an advice to the *Œil de Bœuf*. \* \* \* The salons began to get rid of what they had in common with the Hotel de Rambouillet, the school of good breeding and language: they voluntarily renounced agreeability, in order to become political foci and salons of the state. There was no more the passing of judgment on men and things, discursive, pungent, profound at times, but always tempered by an amiable and pleasant style of treatment: it was now a *meleé* of grave opinions, every one bringing, not the attic salt of a paradox, but the watchword of a party."

And the women! Alas, they forgot in what lay their true power, and in what mode they should exercise their peculiar gifts:—fashions, sentiment, poetry, music, love itself, faded from their present field of vision; and orators swaying the fickle multitude were the only heroes worthy of thought or reverence.

"The lady of the mansion was no more the queen of a domestic circle listening with impartial hospitality and patient ear to each observation. She was a *Penthesilea* seated at a tea-table, trembling with rage; and in the midst of a violent debate, scolding her fingers and spilling the contents of her cup on her gown. And the ladies soon moulded the young gentlemen to their own image. These latter laughed no more, made love no more;—they recited from the journals. \* \* All their ambition was to be competent to say, on

entering a crowded salon, 'I come from the revolutionary club;' and if they were able to assert that they had attained the honor of moving a little resolution, they possessed all eyes and all hearts for the rest of the evening. It was no more the writer, the painter, the musician, that welcome receptions awaited; it was the deputy, the confidential friend of the constitution, who could repeat the contents of the journal before it was published. A young lady would exchange with her suitor such strange words as these, 'I have not forgotten the pamphlet you recommended, *'What is the Third Estate?'* One of my women read a part of it for me this morning while I was at my toilet;' or, 'Do you know that since you have been in the *Tiers*, I have not once scolded my servants.' At that period the tender rose-colored furniture of the boudoirs disappeared under the black and white of loose sheets and occasional pamphlets. Those hearts which Rousseau had softened and melted, now bounded forward in the movement with the passionate and unregulated ardor of woman's nature. Wives of bankers, wives of lawyers embraced the revolution destined to scatter the fortune of their husbands. Many duchesses, many marchionesses, many countesses, whom their titles, their interests, their family traditions, ought to have linked to the past, and made suspicious of the present, renounced their name, so to say, and applauded those events which were hurling themselves down from their station.

In those days the first salon in Paris was held by a woman without birth, beneficent without charity, virtuous without grace, with much vanity and little pride;—a woman fond of rule, one who preferred the courtier to the intimate acquaintance, the protégé to the friend. The fortune and the esteemed talents of M. Neckar pointed him out as the great man, and precluded any idea of modesty on his part. The lady had not enjoyed the habitudes nor customs of greatness; so she ruled from the summit of her husband's position. She was, in a small way, *Egeria* giving audience to the subjects of *Numa*.

The Abbé Siyès listened, kept silence, rested himself, and kept silence again. Parny indulged in reverie, silent and modest. Condorcet argued, and Grimm made his adieux to France, no longer a delightful world of petty scandal, but an ugly theatre of great events. Amidst all, a woman with leonine, high colored, carbuncled face, and hard thin lips, came and went, brusque in her bodily and mental movements, uttering vigorous or inflated opinions with the gestures and voice of a man:—this was Mme. de Staël. Nearer the chimney M. Neckar, swaying his heavy shop-man's figure to and fro, was entertaining the bishop of Autun (*Talleyrand*), who smiled to avoid speaking, and spoke to avoid answering."

The ensuing sketch was not written with a view of paying court to the ruling power of the day.

"We enter a salon where the guests feel more at home than with Mme. Neckar. \* \* \* The authoress of *Fausse Inconstance* and of *Les Amants d'Autrefois* did not aspire to the manly glories like Mme. de Staël, graces scarcely befitting a female. She possessed

one of these womanly talents which never alarm or offend the self-love of the other sex, and leave in Sappho a grace arising from weakness, and a portion of Eve. Mme. de Beauharnais possessed the power of entertaining as well as receiving. She knew how to listen, and to appear to listen when she listened not. She had said one or two good things in her life, and she never repeated them except at long intervals. To these charms, to a caressing interest taken in her guests, she joined good dinners on Tuesday and Thursday. Her salon was an excellent inn; but it was a calumny, though resembling truth very much, that her cook had taught her to read. \* \* \* The Chevalier Michael de Cubieres, her favorite poet, was a constant visitor. This worthy mistook Marat for Apollo; and, two years after, wrote to Mme. de Beauharnais,—“Make hymns to Cupid, but sing the hymns of the Church no longer. Above all, do not give yourself the *discipline*, and believe in Voltaire rather than the Pope.”

Only that we take for granted that our Review commonly escapes the notice of the young patrons of *Les Veillées du Chateau*, *Les Petits Emigrés*, or *Le Theatre d'Education*, we would not admit the following sketch, for the finest sermons have only a weak effect if a simple-minded congregation entertain an indifferent opinion of the morality of the preacher.

“It is into another blue salon that we are about to enter,—blue, with gilded rods, and ornamented with eighteen thousand pounds weight of looking glasses; and it is also into the salon of a female writer—the salon of Mme. de Sillery Genlis, lady of honor to the Duchess of Chartres. Mme. de Genlis is no longer young. She has written on all subjects, particularly on morality, a strong proof of the power of her imagination, and her facility in making style do duty for experience, and expatiating on subjects known only by hearsay. And years have brought counsel along with them. She has thrown herself so suddenly and resolutely into the ways of virtue, that she has shot beyond them, even into the paths of prudery. She is now occupied with religion, and she has discovered that it is necessary to save the church by stripping it of its possessions, and reducing it, willingly or otherwise, to its original poverty. Mme. de Genlis rules her salon with a high hand, forming round herself a deceptive atmosphere of austerity. She has taken a high and confident tone in giving her precepts, since she has shared, as watcher, the soirées of the Duchess of Chartres. Without ease of manner, without naïveté, pedantic and spiteful, as if she wanted to be revenged for a long martyrdom of virtue, she never rises above herself but when she resorts to self-praise or disparagement of others. This salon is only the antechamber to the Palais-Royal: it derives its importance, not from the lady who presides in it, but from the personage who has appointed her its mistress; and those who have replaced Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, now at variance with Sillery, namely the Ducrests, the Simons, the Brissots, the Camille Desmoulins, know that it is only the passage to the Palais.”

Our authors, in alluding to other salons and petits soupers, quote an observation apparently in prose, but which, with good management of the voice, might read as epigrammatic verse. Not being able to satisfy ourselves with a metrical version, we present the original.

“En vérité, si avec son pain,  
L'on ne mangeait pas ici le prochain,  
Il y faudrait mourir de faim.”\*

We are next presented with a picture of out-door life, parts of which are worthy of being presented to our readers.

“In the streets a thousand voices, a thousand cries, a thousand indecencies:—an entire people going, coming, elbowing each other—a whole city murmuring, swarming, heaving, like one who, just now dead and mute, has been suddenly endowed with life—hearths deserted, works stopped, hunger groaning, the channels, the flags, the corners of houses, stepping stones turned into temporary tribunes—orators improvising, singers chanting, cynic philosophers holding forth. . . . Sign boards are newly painted *À la Grand Neckar*, *À l'Assemblée Nationale*; and every where an atmosphere of pipe-clay dust arises from the guard-room doors, where the National Guards are cleaning their belts. Free trade has invaded and conquered the flags, the bridges, the squares, settled under its bulks, its tents, its parasols. You see one, two, three, a hundred, a hundred thousand placards, red, blue, white, yellow, green, sparkling along the walls, fresh, torn, one sprawling over another, mute orators, aristocrats, patriots, attracting the eyes of the crowd. Long rows of trees of liberty are dragged along with the branches entire; a horn sounds, and is answered by a hundred horns far off—signal and correspondence; resolutions at the Palais Royal are conveyed at full speed to *les Halles* or the *Place de Grève*. Every hour, every minute, every second, error, imposture, calumny, truth, furnish food for hope, fear, enthusiasm, hate, and love. A tumultuous crowd sweeps by, a popular bust is taking the air, the shops close, the patrol disperses the crowd, the crowd collects again. At the old Luxembourg they have torn down the copper tablet forbidding entrance to beggars, vagrants, servants, and badly dressed individuals generally, under pain of imprisonment.

At early morning the news venders, hoarse heralds of discord, shout out to the waking city the battle-cries of public opinion: ‘Here is the very latest news—here are the *Revolutions of Paris*, by *M. Prudhomme*, here is the *Friend of the People*, by *M. Marat*,—Here is *all my stock left, for two liards, two liards!*’ There are six thousands who thus perambulate Paris. The *Monts de Piété* are filled with poor garments of labourers and ornaments of coquettes, which they part with to purchase *Les grandes colères Patriotiques*, or

---

\* In truth, if you do not here devour your neighbour along with your bread, you run a risk of dying with hunger.

the *Great Conspiracy discovered*, or the *Imprisoned Aristocrat*, or the *Patriotic Donation*, or the *Game of Trictrac played by the King with a National Guard*, or the *Naïveté of the Dauphin*, or the *Deadly Struggle*."

The exterior of the Tuilleries and the Palais Royal was so badly lighted at that period, that the *Ediles* of the city demanded some of the hundred and sixty-eight lanterns which afforded light to the avenue from Versailles to Paris, or at least crocks filled with tallow, and laid in lines outside on the ground.

When night fell, the quays, places, and boulevards were infested with gamblers, one displaying a portable table for the game, and his associate rattling a bag of money to bring the gulls together. As soon as the cash of the bye-standers had found its way into the bag, the police generally appeared, and the rogues and their apparatus vanished. Souris, the delftware man of the Wooden Gallery, furnished the funds for the perambulating banks of the Quay Pelletier, the Boulevards of the Temple, and the Place Louis XV.

Gambling was not confined to the streets; and so infatuated was society by the excitement they found in it, and so many the fortunes lost, and the suicides and assassinations in consequence, that the municipality kept a close watch on the houses suspected of gambling. Seldom, however, was the money or the corpus delicti seized, and in some quarters the commissary of police had two louis per day while he made no report. The Chevalier Bouju, when dying, got himself conveyed to the table of the *trent et un*, and while clutching the green baize in his agony, as if it was his bed covering, he won the expense of his own funeral.

Our authors give lists of the officers necessary to the endurance of life by the previous French monarchs: the salary needful for the mere support of such a multitude was frightful, if regularly paid, which it was not. The simple tastes of Louis XVI. and his queen allowed of many retrenchments, and the expenses of their household were much curtailed. These economies which the Cardinal Fleury, in the minority of Louis XV., wished for, but did not hope to see effected, a Genevan banker attempted and realised. Louis XVI. retained little of the splendid tastes of his grandfather, who when asked to introduce reform among his military attendants, cried out, "Do not talk to me of retrenchments in my household troops: it would be a forgetting of the days of Fontenoy and Dettingen."

Besides, if I have no need of several of these officers, they have need of me." Would that none of the sayings and doings of Louis XV. were of a worse description than this !

" Out of place in the grandeurs of his state, having no relish for the indispensable pomp, timid, and almost embarrassed in presence of the needful splendor of receptions, &c., more modest than was allowable in a king, fond of solitude as being conscious of his want of an imposing presence, the king did not exact the presence or the services of his nobility. He had not inherited of his father and mother, the late Dauphin and Dauphiness, the dignity necessary to the approaches of royalty. Both his parents, every day of their lives, dined and supped in public, surrounded by the great officers, and the splendid *appareil* of royal service. But from the beginning of the present reign the attendance of the courtiers was not demanded : it was left at each one's discretion, nay, seemed rather distasteful than otherwise to the sovereigns. The Tuesday dinners of a thousand livres, at which the ambassadors and foreign ministers used to be present, fell into desuetude ; and on the ordinary week days, the courts of the palace, the interior galleries, the *Œil-de-Bœuf*, and the apartments of Versailles, looked so forsaken, that a stranger would naturally suppose the Royal family to be absent. On Sundays the ministers and persons presented poorly filled the vast salons.

The Queen as well as the King had encouraged and authorised this abandonment of the essential dogmas of royal etiquette. Marie Antoinette had more of the fascinating grace of a fine woman than of the grand affability of a sovereign. 'She was,' as Rivarol pleasantly said, 'always nearer to her sex than her rank ;' her easy rather than benevolent disposition, and her limited understanding, disposed her rather to the tranquil charm of a limited salon than the train of a palace. She felt no interest in the court, and resigned herself to her own particular society. She escaped from Versailles to the Trianon designed for her by Mique ; and there with *her society*, as they called it, Madame Elizabeth, the Duchess of Polignac, the Countess Diana de Polignac, the Duke de Polignac, the Duke and Count de Coigny, the Duke de Guiche, M. d'Adhémar, M. Vaudreuil, and three or four others, they passed weeks, happy weeks which fled too fast. The King came to breakfast every morning,—then went to hold his *levée* at Versailles, returned at two o'clock to dine, sometimes spent the rest of the day reading in some shady thicket, returned to sup at nine o'clock, lost or won a crown, and departed at midnight. The Trianon was the sunny spot in Marie Antoinette's life. . . . The throne had found her a true woman, it left her a true woman :—wait the reverse of the medal ; some day she will be a queen.

The Bastille is taken. The people conduct in triumph from its cachots an old white-bearded man and the Revolution. The Bastille is demolished,—

Ou par un bel ordre du Roi  
 Parti le matin de Versailles,  
 Ainsi que des oiseaux malignement jaseurs,  
 On encageait, le soir, des sages, des penseurs.\*

Ruggieri gets up his pantomime, and announces as among the actors the very Gardes-Françaises that took the building. When the Theatre Français, Rue de Richelieu, opens it will expend 15,000 livres to mount *La Prise de Bastille*, and 2000 livres every evening in powder and fire-works. The Sieur Pomme executes the model of the prison in plaster, a line to the foot, and it will ornament every room in Paris, at an expense of forty-eight livres. Some fine ladies, attended by Mirabeau, take up a stone on the platform, and throw it into the fosse, crying out the magic word 'LIBERTY';—all Paris rush into the mud to pick up this precious stone. A pound of Bastile material sells as dear as a pound of the best fresh meat;—the Chevalier D'Eon sends some lumps of the precious relics to Lord Stanhope. On the 1st of December they sell by auction on the spot, the lead, iron, kitchen ranges, dishes, and plates; and patriotic bidders contend for the remains of the *stone chest*.

Palloy is the great disposer of the stones of the fortress; he organizes his commerce on a large scale. For the sale of this sacred species of solid commerce he dispatches through the world bag men who may be considered missionaries. He has agents, secretaries, ambassadors; and he forms companies of young men whom he distributes through France, their pockets filled with the granite, their mouths with a ready harangue which he has made them commit to memory. He sends to the capitals of the departments models of the Bastile cut in Bastile stone. Every detachment of three chests is attended by a detachment of the National Guard, and the waggoners are the bearers of a kind of permits signed *Palloy*. Out of this material Palloy makes bonbonneries, dice-boxes, little castles, and ink-stands, the last from a hint given by a man of imagination. Out of the prison chains, he fashions patriotic medals destined to repose on the breasts of free men; and when Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau happens to be killed, Palloy sends to his family the letter written in condolence by the president of the convention, engraven on a stone of the Bastile and framed in the wood of one of its doors."

David at this time had some little difficulty in getting his pictures of 'Brutus contemplating the dead bodies of his sons', exhibited, but the *hangman* of the exposition was obliged by public opinion to yield, and the stern artist of the gory pencil began his famous career. The tragedy of *Charles IX.* by André Chenier opened the way for dramas founded on national

---

\* Where on a brave order from the king,  
 Brought in the morning from Versailles,  
 They cage up at night, sages and thinkers,  
 Like birds fond of mischievous chattering.

subjects, and also for intense hatred of royalty and the ancient regime.\* A slight attempt towards truth in costume was made at the same time. *Charles* bore his black hair unpowdered, and an imperial on his chin, a ruff of white muslin with large folds, a black mantle with gold lace, a jerkin of white satin, with gold lace, culotte and hose forming the tight *pantalon* of white silk. Catherine de Medicis had her black satin head-dress, muslin gauze ruff, and her mantle and gown of black velvet laced with gold, and furnished with two rows of gold buttons: her hair was merely in curl.

The results of the revolution being like all human things of a mixed yarn, one of the benefits was the infusing of new blood into the exhausted veins of the old Drama.

"Mercier, author of the *Picture of Paris*, published an essay on the Theatre; and seeing in it 'the most effective and prompt means to strengthen the powers of human reason, and to throw a vast body of light on the people,' he called a true poet who sung the praises of virtue and flagellated vice, a 'man of the universe,' not merely an inflated declaimer, a seeker of the applause of little coteries, but an original, a puissance, strong enough to displace the existing drama which seemed to him like a fine tree of Greece, transplanted to and degenerated in our climate. He saw in the tragedy of the day, nothing but a phantom clothed in purple and gold, a *being mute for the multitude*. The drama he contemplated would enlarge the mind; it would fill the universe:—his personages would be as varied as those of actual society. Prose would supplant verse, and bring in laughter as well as tears, just as in real life. To his mockers he replied, 'when truth has sown its seed, it may be trodden under foot, but it will take root: it will grow in silence, it will spring up, and fling its branches abroad.' *Charles IX.* prepared the way for this consummation."

A scarcity of food, caused in part by the avarice and dishonesty of some unprincipled individuals, was the cause of some of the earlier unhappy proceedings of the revolution.

"The people were obliged to wait at the doors of the bakers, sometimes a whole forenoon, sometimes a whole afternoon, sometimes longer. 'How does the bread sell?' said a stranger, one day, to a labourer's wife. 'Three livres twelve sols, the four pound loaf. The price is fixed at twelve sols the loaf, but it cannot be got at that rate, unless my husband waits all day at the baker's door. He loses his day's hire which is three livres, and so the loaf costs us three livres twelve sols.'"

---

\* The fortunes of this celebrated poet are worked into an interesting story by Méry.



"The democratic militia had now assumed all the royalty of the street. It was a surveillance and inquisition in fact exercised by these new-born guardians of liberty. Hear the complaints of the time. 'Are you going to dance? a grenadier will regulate your capers. Are you sitting down to dinner? a corporal will cut your meat. If you prepare for an excursion, a sentinel will show you a map of the district. If you go to hear the word of God, a sous-lieutenant will exhort you to compunction; and when you are receiving the Viaticum, two grenadiers will take their post between the bed and the wall.'"

An individual of the body once wiped his dirty boots on the queen's robe; and another, a butcher, being summoned to do duty at the Luxembourg, answered, "let Monsieur first come and mount guard before my stall."

Towards the end of 1789, a general furor of relieving the wants of the state, took possession of all classes. Nothing came amiss. Silver card-counters, bracelets, medallions, gold rings, watch cases, ear-rings, crosses—all were sacrificed on the altars of patriotism. Forty thousand pounds weight of silver buckles were presented, and this one item may serve to give an idea of the scale on which the work of generosity was wrought.

In June, 1799, armorial bearings came to an end. The hammer was at work in the Fauborg Saint-Germain; and from the fronts of the old hotels, old and noble as the early morcels of history, down came the blazons of the great old families into the street kennels. The arms were pumiced off the coaches, but some merely pasted paper over them. Others got a cloud painted over the shield with the device, "*This fog will clear off*," and some replaced their heraldic ensign with a death's head and cross bones. The great heraldic painter, Crussaire, announced that his former employ being in abeyance, he was prepared to ornament bonbonnières, buttons, boxes, or any other article, with subjects bearing on the glorious revolution. Liveries next met their downfall. A gentleman for presuming to enter Longchamps with his servant in livery behind his chariot, was obliged to change places with his domestic. Some Crispins not respecting themselves, but still bearing on their backs the *shameful marks of their slavery*, were soon fully convinced by the cudgels of the mob, that they were free born citizens—children of their country. M. Bachois being obliged to remove the lace off his servants' livery, would not suffer the tailor to turn the garments, so that the

marks of the ribbons were still visible. The livery was never renewed till there arrived a First Consul and a Madame Buona-parte.

And now the men formerly in livery, began to find they were not without a grievance ; and certainly the servants of those whose sole object in the world is to search for, and enjoy pleasure and amusement, never were, and never will be without a legitimate grievance.

" They saw in their master only a baby, whom it was necessary to awake, to dress, to put to sleep, to air about, to amuse. For this they had to run about in the rain, in the snow, in the hot sunshine, to fetch and carry billets-doux, to balance themselves behind a carriage all the morning holding on by two straps, to injure their lungs roaring out to the foot passengers, *take care*, to be beaten if any one was run over, to assist at the toilette, and remain after dinner till the dessert was over, to assuage their hunger at a common eating house, and drink wine strongly smacking of the press. Does *Monsieur* go to the play? they must wait for him in the street for three hours with their feet in the mud. Will *Monsieur* go after the play, to the gambling house or elsewhere? they must watch in the ante-chamber till the patience of Job himself would give way. And after all, to be called rascal, rogue, and glutton ; and side by side with the hardship of this existence, to have before their eyes the sybaritism of *Monsieur*, succulent suppers, nights of pleasure, softest beds, choicest wines, ease and delights on every hand."

So they began to hold meetings, and soon were hardy enough to present a petition for the expulsion of the Savoyards. Some of the journals paid their court to the body, mentioning cases where it would be disloyalty to the common-weal to obey their employers. They began to discuss the propriety of obeying such and such directions. A cook put the Civic Oath in a tart which he served up to a couple of priests, making constitutional clergymen of them by this "ingenious device." The 19th of July, 1789, as M. de Benzenval was presenting an order to the king to be signed, a valet came forward to the table to see what the king was doing. Another valet handing the king his coat without the *Cordon Bleu*, and being asked the reason, replied, "Sire, I do not think it right to supply it: the National Assembly has suppressed all orders."

"Six months afterwards a domestic, Villette by name, having nourished himself with profitable reading, held a dialogue with the Creator (in a newspaper), and gave excellent reasons for his suicide, drawn from Seneca and Rousseau. He made his adieux to the magnanimous *third estate*, congratulated the nobility on the clemency of its conquerors, and exhorted the clergy to quit its costumes and its superstitions.

"Under the reign of the *Committee of Public Safety*, the domestics

were the *lion's mouth*, whence Heron gathered his denunciations. The servants found in him a most efficient exponent of their resentments. It was then that the kitchen maids, discharged for their absence during the whole day on which the Girondins were executed, came before the 'Committee of Public Safety,' and got their mistresses imprisoned on the plea, that '*La Citoyenne*' found fault with their not returning after seeing the tenth man executed. 'What do you demand of the assembly?' said M. de Coigny to a peasant of his Bailiwick, who was elected deputy. 'The suppression of rabbits, pigeons, and monks.' 'A very strange combination!' 'It is very simple, Monsieur. The first eat us out in the blade, the second in the ear, the third in the sheaf.'"

When we were young, Protestant Clergymen took their tithes in kind from Catholic laymen of the struggling little farmer class. We never heard at the time of anything given in exchange. The political news of our district consisting almost exclusively of the unfriendly doings of the exactors of this tribute, we looked on the tithe receivers and the tithe proctors as \* \* \* and \* \* \* \*. If the French Clergy previous to the Revolution, received the tenth or thirteenth sheaf, the custom was not calculated to inspire their flocks with reverence for their sacred character. The Irish or English Catholic, feeling nothing on the subject but regret that he cannot contribute more to the decent maintenance of his clergy, cannot realise the feelings of those on whom the remuneration of their pastors is compulsory.

"Enter the cabaret, and listen to one of these high priests of nature, (the peasants), who before the revolution paid six-eighths of the taxes with about a thirteenth of their property for occasional purposes. 'Long life to the law and the National Assembly, and to the dogs with the gabelle (*the tax on salt*), the *Sacré Chien* that every one may now sell without fear. No more tax on the wine of *le Bon Dieu*! Now we may put on a good shirt, a cravat, and a new hat; ay, and a good scarlet stuff petticoat, and handsome cap on the good woman, without these rascals riddling us. Long live the National Assembly! No more prosecutions for a pound of salt. And the thirteenth sheaf may now go into the barn with the others. Interfere with us, and we will convince you with our forks, our scythes, cudgels, and stones. Long live the Law! I am of the *Canaille* no longer: I am lord and master in my own field. The tall devils of footmen won't laugh at us now, when our sabots trip on the waxed floor, and our noses come to the ground. We shall have justices of the peace who will save us from the claws of the attorneys. If we poach we need not fear the galleys; and if we complain, they dare not fire on us like wild beasts, and only pay ten crowns for the offence, as in old times. We can now salt our pork, and work for ourselves without the fear of duty labour. I shall be a citizen;—I shall wear a Mayor's scarf some day;—I shall be as great as the proud monsieur who said *toi* to me the other day as if I was a dog. Long life to the Law, the Nation, and the National Assembly!"

Our authors pass in review the elevation of Sylvain Bailly to the civic throne of Paris, and the embarrassments, exultations, and forgetfulness of old humble friends consequent thereon.\* Then comes on the great federation of 14th July, 1790, in the Champ de Mars, when the provincials met the citizens. Blessed by two hundred priests in surplices, and deluged by rain, some hundreds of thousands took the oath of federation, and shouted out "the Nation, the Law, the King." All these provincial patriots found open houses every where, and a guide to Paris was printed for their convenience. We are next reminded of the change in the fashion of household furniture, arising from the great interest taken in the Roman and Grecian republics of days long vanished.

The luxurious, and graceful style that prevailed under Louis XV. in painting and the fashion of furniture, was now abandoned for one, classic, dry, and simple; and Watteau, Greuze, and Boucher were forgotten. David chased smiles and graces from the countenance of pictorial art, and hard mahogany put rosewood and ebony to the rout. The eye now met straight, stiff, and inexorable lines, where it was used to follow graceful and flowing curves.

"The apartment which was a recreation to the eye, became a pedagogue like the apartment of *Belle chasse* where Mme. de Genlis had got the Roman History perpetrated on its medallions, screens, and the spaces over the doors for the improvement of her royal pupils. The ancient Republics were the source, and inspiration of every thing from the greatest to the least. When Herault de Sechelles was requested to draw up a plan of a constitution in a few days, he begged of the citizen Dusauchy, to furnish him immediately with a précis of the laws of Minos. The upholsterers wrought in a similar spirit: they retraced past ages by way of invention, and their original efforts were at best but translations. France is going to dwell among the scenes of a tragedy. She will repose her Spartan limbs on Etruscan chairs in mahogany, the back shovel-shaped, and adorned with cameos, or else composed of two trumpets and a thyrsis. She will sleep on a patriotic bed, which instead of plumes will be adorned with Phrygian bonnets on the tops of lances, presenting as well as they may, the columns of the bed.

---

\* A cotemporary writer of doggrel even asserted that Mayor Bailly was so far raised above himself, that he ceased to consult his wife on family matters: this was probably a calumny.

"Monsieur Bailly maire sera,  
Sa femme ne consultera,  
Et son Boucher il renverra,  
Et ça ira!"

was made for getting rid of the duello, and in a short time the great quarrel swallowed up all the little ones.

These amenities of the revolution,—lanterns, heads chopped off, the committee of search, the informations secretly forwarded, washerwomen searching the pockets of marchionesses, and submitting their letters to the committee, the future threatening still severer measures, the king resigning himself and disclaiming resistance, soon sent the nobles abroad. One of them actually addressed poor Louis thus, “you do not wish to be my king, then I will be no longer your subject;” and they carried away their country with them in their white cockade. From Rome letters came from great ladies announcing that they had discharged their servants, and placed their daughters in convents. Many settled in Switzerland, particularly in Berne, and the rents of houses rose to a fabulous figure. The young hot bloods repaired to Coblenz to assume the blue coat, the red vest, the yellow breeches, and the *fleur de lys* buttons of the army of emigrants.

Those that could quietly dispose of their property, carried away the proceeds in hollow canes each containing 600 louis. The rich foreigners returned home, painters, sculptors, engravers, all started for England; even the great Vestris took a *longue pas en avance* leaving a ballet in the middle of its triumph. The fashionable dress-makers took flight before the actors, and Paris had to get its *modes* from the provinces, particularly yellow bilious looking caps, called in derision ‘caps of a constitutional tint.’ The consumption of the city had lessened by four hundred carcasses of beef per week, ready money was surprisingly scarce, and all that the wise men of Gotham could contrive to set off against this terrible state of things, was to invent the toy called *Coblenz* or the *emigrette*: we have fashioned and used it in our youth. You can make a hole in the top and bottom of a large nut-shell, and a smaller one in the side, introduce a round slender bar about six inches long and with a string fastened near its top, vertically through the nut, draw the end of the string out through the side hole, and then wind it around the axle till the cavity is nearly filled, see the bottom of the bar inserted in the middle of a circular bit of board an inch or two in diameter, catch the nut between finger and thumb with left hand, pull the string with the other, and if the twirling and re-twirling, ascending and descending of the moveable part of the machine console you in any trouble, you are as wise as the Parisians of

1791, rather more so, as theirs were expensive toys turned out from the teeth of elephants, natives of the far-off kingdom of Siam.

"The aristocratic youth who had not parted for Coblenz, carried on a sort of petty war in Paris, their arms being collars, devices and buttons, mockery rather than protestation, a proceeding which would be ridiculous if it had not been courageous. And gaily these youths compromised, without serving their party, setting their lives at stake by exhibiting a fashion instead of reciting an epigram, or the cut of a coat in lieu of a provocation. In the public walks they exhibited the open frock, the monarchical waistcoat purchased at the *Three Pigeons*, displaying in full, escutcheons of the three crowned *fleurs de lys* embroidered on the white satin, thus defying the patriotic batons which promised to bestow wooden coats on them. They affected short riding coats cut square, tight breeches, little boots with folds falling to the heels. The hand they press or extend has a ring with the device in mother of pearl, *Domine, Salvum fac Regem* engraved on it. At Dominoes they take out a set of royal pieces, the letters on which, when all are set in order, spell, *Live the King, the Queen, and Monseigneur the Dauphin*. They also recognise each other by the devices on their snuff boxes.

In the salons of the upper ranks they lent their influence to the efforts of the terrible young folk. At an entertainment given by a great lady, a nephew of Mme. de Sillery presented himself in his lank black hair; the servants affected to think him a jockey, gave him the reception of one, and refused him entrance. He insisted, and mentioned his family and name, and at length obtained admission, but the fair dancers had their engagements so well arranged, that he could not obtain a partner; and Madame de Genlis's nephew passed the evening in a corner, pointed at, and remarked, and forced to behold the smiling eagerness with which the gentlemen wearing anti-revolutionary emblems were received.

One sole branch of commerce increased and flourished among the afflictions and in the ruin of society,—the demand and supply for the gullet. It is the staple business during revolutions; either because the need of satisfying the stomach and stupifying the head is more keenly felt at that time, or that the hungry new comers are in haste to seat themselves at the banquet of enjoyment.

1790, 1791, melancholy years as they were, exercised the imaginations in the science of good eating and drinking; the king, the monarchy were tumbling into ruin,—gluttony was establishing her power."

Then follows a catalogue of the houses where appetizing food and drink were attainable, which, readers with a proneness to the worship of the stomach, will find at pages 122, &c. of the original. We turn in preference to the struggles of God's soldiers, the clergy, to keep the powers of evil at bay. Our authors, though generally sympathising with the cause of right,

and good sense, cannot enter into the minds and hearts of the true pastors of souls, when the object is to save the poor foolish sheep committed to their charge from the lions and wolves by whom their steps are beset.

"Despoiled of their goods, weakened in their temporal power, the clergy still possessed great influence, and powerful means of going to work among the spirits of the time. It was this section of society that prepared itself to struggle and resist. The nobility being divided, disbanded, irresolute, embarrassed, and all new to the strife of words, and parliamentary struggles, the clergy rushed to the front, animated by the desire and the hopes of victory.

The Abbé Maury was the chieftain who ruled the war. Violent, rough, more redolent of the severity of the Old Testament, than the persuasive mildness of the New, he adopted vigorous measures, resented, threatened. Robust of soul and body, as sturdy in the combats of the streets as in the strife of dialectics, he fearlessly cast cartels of defiance to Mirabeau himself. Being asked why he hated the revolution so much, he made this answer—'For two reasons: the first and best is, because it has taken away my means of living: the second is, that for thirty years, I have found men so evil, taken individually, that I expect nothing good from them when gathered in a crowd.' It was he who rallied the small dark-clothed band, covering retreats, and defections by sounding sonorous points of war: often alone in the deadly breach, but saving his little band by the imposing tone and majestic energy of his voice. The aide-du-camp of the Abbé Maury was a large, fat free-liver, eating, drinking, laughing and mocking; bold even beyond the limits of bravery, a gay caricature of heroism, a courageous Falstaff, the Viscount Mirabeau.\* And these two, the Abbé and the son of the cobbler encountered the hazards of the tribune of Manège, the wrath of the journals, and the dangers from without, defending the throne by the arms of the church: strong in abiding the attacks of the tribunes, audacious in presence of the laws, and vigorously opposing the march of things.

"It was from its own body that the clergy suffered defeat. Some of its own members gave it the fiercest and most incurable strokes, warded off the protestations of the Abbé Maury, and the blows of Mirabeau the younger, and rendered the revolution triumphant. These members were the Abbé Grégoire, the Bishop of Autun, and the Abbé Fauchet. The Abbé Grégoire brought to the camp of the *philosophers*, the arms of the church, the skilful management and the experience of dialectics. The Bishop of Autun brought nothing but his *conscience*. A caricature represented him as a lame cupid at the toilette of Madame de Stael, his eyes divided between the charms of the tariff of *assignats* and the fair neck of the ambassadress. The Abbé Fauchet was a more redoubtable deserter.

"More partial to the simplicity of the earlier times of the church, seduced by the ambition to act an important part in the distribution

---

\* The historical student will not of course confound this roisterer with the other of the name.

of charity, with a head defenceless against Utopias, Fauchet seemed a revolutionary Fenelon. Preacher to the king, he felt ill at ease in the court, and wrote naively to a friend, 'These are very polite people, but God save a poor man from fixing his residence among them: compliments cost them nothing, but of virtues there is no appearance. Ennui sits surrounded by state, and sentiment is stifled by politeness: long live simplicity, nature, candour, and friendship!'

"The Abbé Fauchet brought to the revolution, enthusiasm, eloquence, paradox. He wished to attach Heaven to the age, the Gospel to the revolution, and the Resurrection to liberty. Attached to the Catholic Religion, and sincerely believing that he could bring about a union between her and human reason, he saluted this nymph, Reason as the new virgin of a new world. He blessed the banners at Notre Dame, and called his brothers the plenitude of the moral life. And Paris ran to drink these strange words, these sermons which represented the revolution seated in the hand of God. At a sermon of Fauchet the chairs cost 24 sols. In one of his discourses he used this strange expression, 'it was the aristocracy that crucified our Lord.' \* \* \* All power comes from the people.' So little did he think that he was disturbing religion, that any instance of apostacy was an occasion of the greatest chagrin to him. *Cloutz* having from *Jean Baptiste* got himself de-baptised *Anacharsis*, Fauchet ran at once to him, engaging to demonstrate unanswerably the sanctity and truth of the Catholic religion. If he failed he would himself give up his Christian name, but if he succeeded *Cloutz* should become *Jean Baptiste* again. He scattered broad-cast over France, his idea of a national religion, of a national Catholicity, a hand stretched to every one, that was snffering, an impossible code of virtue not founded on what man is, but what he ought to be. Clubs, banquets, churches, &c., to be plenty as blackberries.

"Meantime vows are abolished, and the gates of the convents are flung open. 'The Pope and the monks will come to an end,' said the king of Prussia, writing to Voltaire the 12th July, 1771: 'their downfall will not be the work of reason, but they will perish according as the finances of the great states get into disorder. When they have exhausted all means of raising money in France, they will be obliged to secularize the convents and the abbeys.' The prediction of the philosophic king is realized, the counsel that Madame Roland gave to *Lanthenas* in 1790 is followed. 'Get the ecclesiastical properties sold. We will never be able to get rid of beasts of prey till we destroy their lairs.' Adieu brave man! I despise the hissing of serpents.' "

On the 18th October, 1790, the public confiscations of religious foundations began; and those monks or friars who had received no true vocation, evinced the folly of forcing the free

---

\* In point of charity, the advices of John Knox and Mme. Roland are nearly on a par; but for brevity and pith, commend us to the simple direction of the sturdy old Calvinist—"Pull down the nests and the rooks will fly away."



will of young people to the selection of a religious state, by rushing out into what they considered a garden of delight, but which too many soon found to be only an ante-chamber to Lucifer's audience hall.

"And an entire little world, hitherto set apart from the great world, suddenly released from its mode of existence, its habitudes its vows, was thrown on the outer life without experience. There were forty houses of monks in Paris whose inmates were turned out, entrusted with their own guidance, their consciences set at rest, and a secular career put before them. None remained in these houses so prosperous and well-filled yesterday, but a few aged men, accustomed to their discipline, and grown old within these old walls, and who could not endure the notion of spending the few days they had to live, amid the noise and novelties of an indecent world. But the younger race, who had been turned from their wished-for career, without the efficacious and persevering graces of a real devotion,—these luke-warm or dead vocations, or these sensual natures who had assumed the monk's robe as a mantle of luxury and sloth, seized the offered occasion, and went out into the streets by troops. . . . The greater number whose lives had been spent in study, especially the Benedictines of St. Maur, undertook the task of education. Old superiors requested to be settled in establishments where they might teach children, reading, writing, and grammar. Some sought employment as book-keepers, others as librarians. Nearly all—content with the modest pension voted by the assembly—wished but for food and lodging. Some continued to dispose of the special products for which their convents had been famous. Two Carmelites announced that they prepared the mint water named after their house; others, that they manufactured the renowned sirups and barley-water of the Abbey of Moret; one freed man declared that he still cultivated and furnished the famous salad called the *Petits Peres* from the name of his convent.

There was neither the same scandal nor the same publicity as regarded the women; the combat between the ways of the world and the life of retreat, was longer, though the vocation with them was oftener imposed than voluntary. Early familiarized with the convent, they had bent their natural inclinations to these days without pleasure but equally without sorrow, to this unvaried life of little devotions, little privations, sweet and cherished visitations. They had found a recompense for being nothing to the world, by being everything to a MASTER smiling on them from amid a beauteous and glorious court of angels. And they had given themselves up to this untroubled course of life, brushing their cherubim, cutting out *Agnus Deis*, hemming the collars, chanting hymns, ornamenting little cradles for the INFANT JESUS."

Surely hesitation was only natural to innocent souls like these, before casting themselves abroad on a swearing, debauched world. Then the religious superioresses held cease-

less watch over the safety of their flocks, and kept at bay the outward enemy, whose object was to present temptations of escape to the recluses. The bishops and superior clergy co-operated with the abbesses in fortifying the wills, wherever weakness or worldly inclinations were suspected; and on the whole the frailer portion of humanity shewed a purer and stronger spirit of devotion than the stronger—so called. The theatre lent its aid to induce the ruling powers to thrust forth the nuns from their innocent and holy life, and reduce them to the same moral condition as the ladies of the ballet and opera; and nothing could exceed the licentiousness of the occasional dramatic pieces of the period, not even the worst productions of Dryden, Shadwell, or Wycherly. When the enlightened rabble had an opportunity, they even whipped the *religieuses* to persuade them to become good citizenesses.

The Abbé Maury, the Curé of Saint Sulpice, the Curé of St. Etienne du Mont and others, did not hesitate to preach against the new order of things; they used their utmost efforts to preserve those souls vowed to God, from taking service of the devil, and his unhappy ally or slave, the world. Not content with the discharge of their public duty as preachers and exhorters, they went from family to family, leaving no means untried to keep loyalty and devotion alive in the hearts of the inmates. When night came and the doors were closed, the united family recited on their knees, prayers proper for this time of trial. "The Forty Hours Devotion" was established to implore of God the re-establishment of faith, of morals, and of the reign of Jesus Christ on earth. Countesses carried pious tracts about, and short fervent prayers printed on card were gratuitously distributed. The Abbé Maury got the Bishop of Nancy to propose in the National Assembly, that the Roman, Catholic, and Apostolic religion is the religion of the State, hoping that whether the motion was carried or rejected, the cause of religion would be served either by receiving direct sanction or by the benefits arising from fervent discussion: but the Abbé Grégoire, and the Bishop of Autun, foiled the well-meant intention, and the house passed to the *Order of the Day*.

When the decree went forth that the clergy should take the oath of fidelity to the new order of things, there was a noble spirit of resistance evoked among the clergy. At Saint-Sulpice, M. de Pancemont, surrounded by fifty priests, publicly denounced all those who would break through the Church's laws, refused to

Romans of the Republican times, not as they really were, but as they are exhibited to youthful students of Livy, or Whitaker's! Taylor's!! Pinnock's!!! Goldsmith's!!!! Rome. A bust of Brutus brought from Italy, and presented to a theatre by David, was exhibited in one of the scenes; and a scroll falling *by chance* on the stage at the rising of the curtain, Vanhove the actor raised it, and read out this distich.

"O Buste révére de Brutus, d'un grand homme,  
Transporté dans Paris, tu n'as point quitté Rome."

When the royalists were in sufficient numbers in the theatre, they took their revenge by making the orchestra play their favorite airs, such as *Vive Henri-Quatre! Charmante Gabrielle! O Richard, O mon Roi!* Sometimes when the *ça ira* was demanded at an untimely moment, i.e. when the young nobility were in force, they drove the sans-culottes out at point of *Fox*; and on leaving the theatre themselves were punished by the crowd rushing on them, giving them a sound cudgelling, and even dragging the ladies through the mud.

A remarkable work of fiction appeared in 1789, in favor of the revolution, called *LA PARISEIDE, poeme heroï-comi-politique en prose Nationale*; smacking too much of Crebillon fils, and seeing no more in the excesses of the revolutionists, than the extra exuberance of a lusty cavalier, who jumps on his horse with such energy, that he comes down head foremost on the other side. Another written in the manner of Sterne, by an author of opposite politics, appeared in 1792 under the title of *Ann Quinn Bredouille*. The scene of the story was in the country of the *Neomanes*;\* and *Uncle John Claude Bredouille* went through six volumes, *Adule*† on his right, *Madame Jernifle* on his left, and showed the spirit and character of the fermentation going on, under a thin veil of pleasant allegory. In the *Plumaliers* he sharply satirized the press. The *Gargotte Febrifere*,‡ where *Tamar* treats the *Tiers* and *Quart* (people and press) to a dish of salt, pepper, mustard, and spices, setting their mouths and entrails on fire, was a scratch given to *L'Ami du Peuple*. The ridiculous capture of the convent of the Annunciation was not forgotten. "Give me," said the brave chief of the expedition, "only seventy thousand of your

---

\* New Maniacs.

† Self love is meant by *Adule*, reason by *Jernifle*.

‡ The fever-bringing eating house.

bravest men, and I will be responsible for the success of the undertaking."

All monopolies and privileges now began to be abolished. Any one might be cook, floor-polisher, barber, hair-dresser, or jack of all trades at discretion. If you had the privilege of hauding the holy water to the Devout entering the church, any one who thought he had the vocation, might come and thrust you from your niche. Even the great Mr. Benoît, the famous chesnut merchant of the Palais Royal, had the chagrin of seeing hundred of chesnut-roasters, men without fathers, titles, or authority, establish their stoves round his—the stove—the monarchy he had founded. The French Academy, that privileged pet of Louis XIV., could not hope for better fortune than Benoît. It was attacked, menaced, suspected, and finally suppressed.

A dialogue ensued between the academy and the public, in which the public never ceased to speak, and the academy *sometimes* made an answer. The public thus fell on. "The National Assembly has decreed the suppression of canons—the Academicians are the canons of science, literature, and the arts—Academies are species of menageries, where they collect at great expence, charlatans and the most famous pedants as so many strange animals—an Academician in his easy chair of velvet, spends as much in the year as forty families in the country.—No more salaried Academicians! while there are labourers to be hired, poor to nourish, and creditors to satisfy." "Do they support forty families in the year on 1200 livres, (£60)?" edged in the Academy. "Honor alone," continued the public, without taking breath, "is the current coin of genius; too much fat empoverishes the constitution; most of the chef-d'œuvres of literature have gone abroad from the garret." "It is an old proverb," interposed the Academy, "that artists should be supported not fattened, but it is a truth as old as Juvenal, that we cannot expect great works from those,—

——— Quorum conatibus obstat,  
Res angusta domi.""

The finishing stroke was given to the poor Academy by one

---

\* "Whose efforts are impeded by the straightened means of the household."

of its own members, the caustic, bilious, and witty Chamfort. He pointed out the nullities, the now forgotten founders. He would not allow France to be indebted to the Academy for its great men. Racine was admitted on an order from Louis XIV.; La Fontaine was not received till after the death of Colbert, when he was full sixty-three years of age, for Colbert hated the poet's great patron, Fouquet. He quoted the contemptuous opinions of Helvetius, Rousseau, Diderot, Mably, Raynal, for that body which receives its members—great, and sometimes lessens them. He defined an academic discourse, "A man flattered to his face by another man, whom he then undertakes to flatter in the face of the public, who laughs at them both." He shewed the folly of compliments to kings, queens, &c., after it had been decided by the National Assembly, that there were now none such in France,—no one but citizens or citizenesses. Referring to the prizes of eloquence and poetry, he recalled the subject proposed by the Academy in the time of Louis XIV. "Which of the king's virtues is the most worthy of admiration?"

A keen bookseller printed along with Chamfort's pamphlet, his own inaugural address on his reception to that body, thus neutralising the virus of the attack; but notwithstanding, the brochure killed the Academy. It lingered till the 5th August, 1793, when the director secured in a place of safety, the twelve folio volumes containing the titles of the Academy, the letters patent of its establishment in 1635, a manuscript volume of its remarks on the translation of Quintus Curtius by Vangelas, and the manuscript of a new edition of the dictionary just finished. Sixty portraits of members were heaped on one another in the corner of the hall of public assemblies.\*

"The same year in which Chamfort's pamphlet appeared, there came out in Brussels (so the title page averred at all events), the *great demolition of the constitution*, giving a lively picture in caricature of the situation of the King, and the abject position of Royalty."

The King 'who could move no member of his body except his jaws for eating, and his fingers for signing,' is *M. Gros-Louis*,

---

\* Poor Chamfort's dreams of Republican glory, and of human perfectibility left him on waking with his hands full of smoke. After his attempted suicide, with gashed veins, and mutilated face, he heard the approaching steps of the officers coming to conduct him to the guillotine. Well might he exclaim with his latest breath, 'O Liberty, thou art but a name.'

master of the tavern at the sign of the *Nation*, lately the *Grand Monarque*. *Miralaid* (Mirabeau), sweeper to the Club of Jacobins, *Toussin* and *Rude* enter the great hall where *M. Gros-Louis* is sitting in an easy arm chair, as incapable of motion as a paralytic. 'Come, come, *M. Gros-Louis*, let us have some wine. Here comes the *Nation* to visit you. We are going to constitute ourselves the eating, drinking, and devouring government. Papa Gros—Louis, till a new order arrives, we appoint you our executive power. Thousand Bombs! how happy and powerful you will be! you may do what you like with every bottle in your cellar; you may drink when we wish; you may uncork whenever we give directions. Well, *Power Executive*, do you agree?' 'But,' said poor Log with trembling voice, 'you may see that in the state I am in, I can execute nothing. Since ever this band of counsellors, attorneys, and cut-throats, has put the execution into my house—since this troop of scoundrels had like to assassinate my wife, and treated myself so villanously, such a revolution has taken place in my system, that I can neither move hand, foot, nor body?' Then the voice of poor Gros-Louis sank, and he whispered with an accent of terror, 'ah! they have given me such frights! such frights!' 'The essential point,' said *Miralaid* to him, 'is, that you be free. *Ventrebleu*?' whispered he in a threatening tone, 'do not say to the contrary; these are a band of determined dogs ready to revolt.' Then aloud, inclined, and respectful, 'Well, *M. Gros-Louis*, is it not the fact that for the glory of this drinking *Nation*, you will freely sanction whatever we have done, are doing, or will do in your house?' 'However,'—whimpered Gros-Louis, timidly; but *Miralaid* shouted, 'come to my help, *Nation*! we are betrayed.' And rudely shaking the head and the arms of the poor paralytic, he apostrophised him in a voice of thunder: 'Is it not the fact, that you freely declare you are really free?' And Goodman Gros-Louis, all out of breath, panted out, 'Oh! oh! yes, gentlemen, I pledge my word, I assert it aloud. Oh! how free I am, to be sure!'

"Some months after the issue of this pamphlet, *Lonis XVI.* took flight to Varennes, and Varennes sent him back to Paris to meet his doom."

Anger and politics have a common tendency to send their subjects to the wine or beer shops. So the cafés flourished; and our authors with their usual penchant for particularising and cataloguing, do not spare their readers a single sign of these resorts in Paris,—or the shade of politics of which each was an exponent. Before the Café de Foy, patronized by the Royalists, they erected a gallows, decked out in the three colours. The Jacobins not relishing the joke, attacked the young bloods, sword in hand; and whenever they were fortunate enough to rout them, they purified the interior of the Café with incense and Geneva-Hollands.

At one house on the Boulevard Saint-Denis, there was an

assemblage of quiet people, disciples of Epicurus, who neither made nor marred king nor republic : they loved quiet, and moderate indulgence in the good things of the table, and called themselves the *Society of Friends of the Laws*. The Jacobins in forgetting early acquired classic knowledge, had retained the fact of Solon making it criminal to belong to no party. Acting on this precedent, they soon put to route the *Friends of Order*, who found to their cost, that some powers exact more of their subjects than mere silence.

The grand people who gave employment to the trades-folk—ministers of their luxury—having decamped, many hands soon needed employment, and trade became dead. In vain, decrees went forth for the consumption of articles of home production, and the rejection of English and German goods : trade remained dead. Duty on wine was abolished ; there was a Saturnalia for one day, but trade did not revive. Hard cash was not to be got without a heavy interest paid for it ; all the current coin kept slipping away ; the paper assignats badly supplied its place, and to make a lower depth in the lowest depth of inactivity and indigence, forged assignats of English manufacture were showered on the country. As if the hapless governing party had not enough of cares on their hands, the immorality that always infests large cities, became so insolent and intrusive in its public manifestations, that plans after plans for keeping it within some reasonable bound were submitted, examined, and rejected.

To the gross and merciless attacks of the revolutionary journals, many of which sprung up and very speedily died away, the equally-temporary royalist papers rejoined in language decent, but at the same time as keen as a razor. They dragged the others through the mud, without soiling their own ruffles. *La Feuille du Matin* announced one morning the closing of the *Café au Grand Marat* ; for every one judged that human flesh was served to the guests, since Marat was seen issuing out of it dead drunk, in company with the citizens Tallien, Sergeant, and Panis.

Another jeu d'esprit was an answer made by a beggar to a lady who had reproached him for not working. 'Alas, madam, I am a brigand, and since the 2nd of September I have been out of employment.' The *Feuille du Matin* found *Job* and *Cain* in the anagram of *Jacobin* ; it called Condorcet the gentlest of assassins, Brissot the most expert of pick-locks, and

put this parody of two of the commandments into the mouths of the national catechisers—

- V. "Tout bon Français egorgeras,  
Ou le pendras pareillement.  
X. Bien d'autrui tu n'enviras  
Mais le prendras ouvertement."\*

Then we get from our gleaners, a list of all the temporary and permanent journals of the disastrous period with the shades of politics reflected in them, for which we refer the curious in such matters to the original. The caricatures of the time next pass in review. They are mentioned with very little praise; and the palm is given to the English caricature above the French. One, however, is mentioned with praise:—

"M. Condé in his boudoir at the Castle of Worms, is passing in review the formidable force which has been forwarded to him by the diligence from Strasbourg. He is smoking, and the supplies, arms, &c., he has received for his vast projects are going off in fume out of the bowl. Heyducs with terrible physiognomies are playing the flute seated on powder barrels. A packing case is in front on which is the direction. '*To M. the Prince of Condé,*' and underneath, '*ten thousand men.*' Mdlle. Condé is unpacking the little wooden soldiers, and handing them to the Duke D'Enghien, who is arranging them in line of battle; and the rank and file would be in most exact order but for the dog *Buttord*, who overturns the squadron in a very *natural* manner."

After mentioning some, executed in a brutal taste, a compliment is paid to English productions of the day.

"To these daubs \* \* \* these Bæotian allegories of the revolution, the English people retorted with great, vigorous, and powerful designs, superb flagellations of the dictatorship of massacre, and the coronation of death. Caricature is an art peculiar to England, an art inimitable, involuntary, unique, exhibiting fantasy, surprise, irregularity, philosophy, laughter; the majestic raillery of Shakespeare. It represented the king (after the events of October) as a stag, crowned with the diadem of France, at bay before a pack of dogs with men's heads, howling and barking. The *Michelangelesque* caricaturist, *Girrlay* (Gilray) ridiculed France in an admirable series of etchings; in one he gibbeted her to the eyes of posterity for the massacre of September.

"In a corner a crowd are dancing round the pedestal of the statue of murder, round which hang garland of deaths' heads. In the foreground is flaming up a pile, into which they fling tools, pens, paint-

---

\* Thou shalt stab or hang every good Frenchman. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods, but take them openly.



brushes, letters, art, commerce, agriculture ; and sans-culottes are kicking labourers and artists out of the picture. In the distance, vessels are bearing over the sea, the refugees of the bloody country. Assassins are watching, poniard in hand, their victims issuing out of their houses ; a young girl with closed eyes and hands crossed on her breast ; is waiting the death stroke ; *Liberty* as a capering harlequin is painted on a sign board, and little devils are blowing for him out of tobacco pipes an aureole of soap bubbles. At the gates of the abbey is a placard of tumblers announcing the *Massacre of Paris*, and the crowd rushing in at the call of the drum and Pandean pipes."

The Tuilleries being taken, the fury of the people could not be appeased, till all images and titles of royalty were demolished. Down came the statues of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. ; and the brazen arm of the latter was given to the Chevalier de Latude, the victim of Mme. Pompadour. Even the statue of Henry IV., which had been bedizened with the tricolor, 14th July, 1790, is laid low. "We recollect," said an orator by way of apology for the offence offered to the good-natured king, who was anxious that the poorest man in France should have a fowl for his dinner ;—"we recollect," said he, "that this man was not a constitutional king." In smashing their former idols, they had an eye to all the six-liard pieces they would make : Alas ! they were found empty. The Portes Saint-Denis and Saint-Martin would have been levelled as monuments of adulation and baseness, only for the earnest intercession of Dussault, and his engagement that all the signs of royalty should be effaced from them. The innocent royalty of the King's cake (on twelfth night) was abolished. Every building, street or place, with the epithet *Royal* attached, suffered a revolutionary change. The "street of the *King of Sicily*," became the 'street of the *Rights of Man*.' The family of *Leroi* were requested to change the odious name, which some of them did, for *Laloi*. "The Citizen Périer, Artist, No. 5, Poitevin Street, acquaints his fellow Citizens, that he removes the word *Roi* from the cases of watches or clocks, without injuring the enamel, and substitutes the word *Nation* or *People*, at pleasure." The National Assembly did not overlook anything, even the games of cards were not forgotten ; the *Kings* of diamonds, of hearts, of spades, of clubs, became the *executive powers* of these unedifying bodies.

On the 21st September, 1792, the National Convention pronounced the abolition of royalty ; and on the morning of the 22nd, at the hour when the sun entered the true equinox, the Republic was proclaimed in Paris. "The equality of the days and nights was marked in the heaven,"

said Milin, the *Elentherophile*, "at the same moment when civil and moral liberty was proclaimed by the French Representatives (the greater waiting on the less)." The old note of taking time was laid aside; Saint Gregory was too much of an aristocrat to be able to keep his time-tables popular with the breeches-less philosophers of young Paris. The Republican calendar was inaugurated on the 22nd of September, 1792, at 18 minutes, 30 seconds past nine in the morning; but the Republic began to date from the 22nd of September, 1793.

"We cannot continue to count the years," said Fabre de Eglatine, "in which we were oppressed by kings, as years in which we have really lived. The prejudices of the church and the throne have sullied every page of the calendar we use." The Gregorian calendar was the calendar of Catholicity, and there lay the crime; and the regenerators considered that if they could apply the decimal principle to the measure of time, and destroy the Sabbath and the Mass, the religious and monarchical spirit would die out without bringing the odium of a persecution on themselves. Fabre would make his calendar a teacher of rural economy, a thermometer of temperature, an exact chronometer of science and history. He blamed the Church for her festivals during the cold winter, so calculated to inspire contempt of the pleasures of this fine world; he also censured her for appropriating the genial month of May to religious purposes, at a season when nature evidently had other business on hand."

September, October, November, and December, were all liars and misnomers; watches and clocks should henceforth allot the day into twenty divisions; and only the sun had had the bad taste to determine his zodiacal resting places to be twelve in number since the good old days of Adam and Eve, there should be henceforth ten months in the revolving year. The week of ten days had unhappily to contend with the habitude of rest and relaxation on the seventh day, and the coinciding practice of the Jews and Mahommedans.

So in despite of many obstacles, the year commenced in Autumn, having for precedent, the era of Seleucus, who began his cycle at the same season, 312 years before Christ. The months, forced by adverse circumstances to make the even dozen, were called *Vendémiaire*, *Brumaire*, *Frimaire*—*Nivose*, *Pluviose*, *Ventose*—*Germinal*, *Floréal*, *Prairial*—*Messidor*, *Thermidor*, *Fructidor*.\*

---

\* Wine Month, Foggy, Frosty—Snowy, Rainy, Windy—Budding, Flowery, Grassy,—Crop Month, Hot Month, Fruit Month, corresponding to October, November, December, January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, each of these last named months claiming 8 days of the previous one.

These months of thirty days each, left five to spare at the end of the year, to be devoted to popular festivals, and (as some earnestly advised) to be called *sans-culottides*. These festivals were to be kept in honor of Genius, Labour, Actions, Rewards, and Public Opinion, the last a shadow of the old Saturnalia in which license was to be granted to bring ruling powers of every status under the censure of public opinion. The ten days of the decade week were *Primidi*, *Duodi*, *Tridi*, *Quartidi*, *Quintidi*, *Seatidi*, *Septidi*, *Octidi*, *Novidi*, *Décadi*.

Honors were to be rendered in the almanacs to the instruments of agriculture, and the products of nature, animal and vegetable; but so much ridicule was cast by the Catholic world on the substitution for Christian festivals and saints days, of such *objects of interest* as *Pumpkin*, *Ass*, *Potato*, *Goats-beard*, *Pig*, *Hoe*, *Dunghill*, *Dog-grass*, *Pruning-knife*, *Lettuce*, *Lily of the Valley*, *Kidney-bean*, *Melon*, that the project was abandoned.

“Want of linen, want of ordinary clothing, want of suitable food, want of medicines in illness, soon fell on the Royal Family imprisoned in the Temple. Revolution opened its two large hands, and pitilessly let fall on these royal heads, now stooped low enough, all the sorrows, all the sufferings, all the sharp pangs of a disinherited existence.

And these were not enough—these miseries of want designedly inflicted on these poor creatures, who had been the King, the Queen, Madam Elizabeth, the Royal Children of France,—these women whose tears are dried, this insensible man who looks with indifference through an eye-glass, on the labors of the masons who are sealing as it were his last home—these were not enough: they must wade through spittle and mire on their way to the Guillotine. From all parts of France, came daily to the Temple, confused voices, cries, insulting laughter and clamour, obstinate, merciless, unceasing. You seem to hear the death songs of the Red-Skins, insulting the vanquished before sacrificing him, and torturing the heart before taking away the life of the body.

What! was it not yesterday that the popular journals, when leveling attacks on Royalty, uncovered itself in presence of the King? Yesterday! when the *Defender of the People* said to this King, ‘your Majesty is so dear to our hearts, that if baths of human blood were necessary to the preservation of your life, our strife would be—who would be the first to shed *his* for the prolongation of the days of our Sovereign?’ And now there are lying along the tables and chimney pieces of the prison, designedly brought, but apparently left by inadvertence, journals and pamphlets full of obscenities, and overflowing with hatred and abuse.

Never since the first existence of a civilized nation, had the De-

mon of Calumny invented or published such mounds of filth, such monstrous sayings, such odious barbarities as these vile papers with which the Revolution buffeted the cheeks of the prisoners of the Temple.

One day, literature will blush before the unclean catalogue of that cowardly and base work—before that long list of infamous anecdotes, which seem as if discovered in some overwhelmed Capua, and written by a Tiberius with his lips at the wine-cup, and his feet steeping in blood!

And these things are lying on the poor articles of furniture in the Temple, and Louis XVI. reads them. He reads 'the drunkard, Louis XVI;' he reads, 'In the times when Louis XVI. ate like an Ogre, and drank like a Templar.' He sees himself in the procession of the *Mardi Gras*, before the eyes of his subjects, crowned with vine-leaves, astride on a hog'shead, singing a bacchanalian song. Farther on, he reads, 'It's all over! Thy ambition, thy ferocity, thy savage and sanguinary cruelty cannot save thee from death. Scarcely will thy horrible carcase have served for prey to worms, when the voice of the entire universe will burst out in a thousand cries of joy!' \* \* \* He read these pages, on the first of which were represented, the guillotine, the basket, the executioner, and his assistants, and these words underneath, 'I await the head of the assassin, Louis XVI. beneath my axe.' He also read the demand of an artillery-man for his head to charge his piece, and be fired against the enemy."

But these were gentle raileries compared to what the hapless queen, if she looked at the papers over her husband's shoulders, might see in villanous type concerning herself. The unprincipled Mme. du Barri had got published in London some years before, a pamphlet filled with atrocious calumnies against her; but that was milk and water compared with the poison-draught served up to her while in the Temple.

It is the 17th of January, 1793, and in the Hall of the Convention, Louis Capet, as they style him, is accused as culpable of conspiring against the liberty of the nation and its general safety. Billaud Varennes, remarkable for his long black hair, is present, so is Granet, with his coarse ticken pantaloons, so is Armenonville, so is Marat in a new coat. They are now voting for the life or death of the king, and have been at the unholy work for seventy-two hours. They are roused in some instances from sleep to ascend the tribune; and at measured intervals come the fatal *Death* from their mouths in all variety of tones,—shrill, weak, strong, affected. It is night, and nothing is seen of the members when passing sentence but their heads and faces, pale and dismal looking under the lamps. Duchastel has arisen from a sick bed to

give a contrary vote. He has fallen asleep: when his turn comes he is roused, he goes yawning into the tribune, and being half asleep, pronounces the fatal word like the rest. He is greeted with a general laugh, and comes down in despair. In the reserved seats are young girls and their gallants, crunching biscuits and sucking oranges, laughing and jesting during the terrible game where a king's life is at stake. Elsewhere are toppers, who touch glasses as often as the welcome *Mort* reaches their ears, and cards are in requisition, getting a pin prick with every vote, and thus deciding wagers among the edifying audience.

From the lamp-smoked, reeking, grimy hall of death our authors pass to a description of the gorgeous eating house of Meot, where Fouquier Tinville and his heartless fellows of the tribunal used to take refreshment after their terrible daily duties. Everything was there that could minister to the gratification of the senses, but we are immediately called off to witness the comfortless lot of the poor emigrés.

"Take a look at these strangers with meagre and wrinkled countenances, wandering about these dismal cities, Coblenz, Worms, Mayence, Ath, delighted when a charitable elector gives them lodging in an old ruinous hospital. They dine at the table d'hôte of some low inn, either the *Golden Eagle* or *Golden Peacock*, on soup, boiled beef and greens, washed down by a pint of beer. If hunger come on at night they indulge in a cup of tea and a slice of bread and butter. You will see them in a night of December, walking abroad in some bleak little square of some little German town, blowing on their fingers for wood is dear,—in sabots, brown great coat, a black handkerchief round the neck, hair unpowdered: these poor gentlemen are officers of the army of Condé.

The 21st of January, 1793, at a quarter past 10 in the morning, Louis de Bourbon, XVIth of the name, born at Versailles, 23rd August, 1754, named Dauphin the 20th December, 1765, and King of France and Navarre, 10th May, 1774, consecrated and crowned at Rheims, 11th June, 1775, was guillotined on the *Place de la Revolution*. A man of the name of Romeau in a pamphlet, now most difficult to find, proposed that every family in France should, in honor of the event, sup that night on a pig's cheek and ears."

How France could keep in check so many enemies as crowded to punish her for her foul parricides and unnatural crimes, under such directors as she was cursed with at the time, seems little less than miraculous. Nothing could exceed the military ardor of the nation; with a good cause they would have been the wonder of the human race. No manufacture flourished like that in which villanous salt-petre was

the chief ingredient; and except one bell in every commune, these summoners to prayer were soon melted, and obliged to do duty as death-dealing artillery. Little need to exhort the energies of all able to bear arms, to rush to one of the many points of the country, where some invading power was making or threatening a descent. Still, the theatres continued to spur these free horses, looking little to the style of the language or the probability of the plot, where hatred to kings was to be kept up at red heat.

"In the *Madness of George*, by Lebrun-Tossa the pupil of David, *George IV. (sic)* in his dressing gown, and whip in hand, is crying, '*Taiant! Taiant!* drive out the beast. Here he is—here he is. Oh! what a fine stag! Toulon taken and retaken in twelve hours—wonderful! They have killed many of our men, it appears. Uncouple the pack.' \* \* \* In the middle of the assembled Parliament he begins to stammer in the middle of his speech which has been committed to memory, bursts into an obstreperous fit of laughter, tramples on his royal cloak, and struggles with his guards, who carry him off like a naughty child. But the Revolution soon fastens on her prey. The *Commons* are assembled, the English *Nation* assemble in the *Commons*, *Grey* and *Sheridan* have on the red *Phrygian bonnet*, the English people cry out *Vive la Nation!* *Calonne* bears an inscription on breast and back, *Coiner and Public Robber*, and leads an ass covered with the royal mantle. *Fox* incites the people to send him with his *patriotic gift* to the *place de Grève*, where so many of his accomplices have preceded him. The *Tower of London* shares the fortune of the *Bastile*, England declares itself a republic one and indivisible, and the curtain falls on these words of *Fox*:—'If the King recover his reason, I will be the first to demand his head. Let us teach the Universe that the justice of the people—inflexible, eternal—sooner or later reaches the tyrant, and strikes him down. Swear, my friends! let all swear that he must perish!'"

It was probably with a view of not making their readers sup on too many horrors, that our authors have not touched on the fate of the poor young prince, and related how from an intelligent, considerate, amiable child, heir to a monarchy, he was reduced below the condition of a brute. He was kept in a small dungeon room, not indulged with clean linen, or any means for washing or combing; his portion of miserable food was handed in once a-day, and nothing whatever removed from the apartment. Without speaking of the vile treatment he received from his erewhile cobbler-guardian, who had accustomed him to nothing but the vilest ribaldry, the effect of this unemployed prison life was to make him mischievous and recklessly wretched. He would tear his clothes and the bed

covering, swallow his food all at once, and spill all the water which he could not take at one draught, and then suffer with thirst and hunger till next day. He was obliged to answer his gaolers at times in the night, and finally became so diseased in mind and body, that his early death was a merciful dispensation. The treatment of this poor child has ever appeared to us the most infamous proceeding in all that occurred during the whole of that reign of cruelty. What is the mere cutting short the span of human life, if the victim get ordinary time for preparation to appear in the presence of his Creator, to that of marring the soul, the master-piece of creation, and debasing its sublime and angelic character to that of the vicious nature of the worst form of animal existence.

We next get a glimpse of the interior of the prisons of the Luxemburg, Port Libre, the Carmes, the English Benedictines, Saint-Lazarus, and the English convent of Saint-Antoine. As the inmates had lived, they are living now, not even shewing a glimpse of that natural awe or recollection which the approach of dissolution cannot fail to produce in a reasoning Christian soul. Lamourette merely said, "what is the guillotine? A fillip on the neck." Bailly, whose execution was deferred, rubbed his hands, and used an expression similar to our *Jack's alive*. The Huzzar Gosnay lighted his pipe with his death warrant, which was jocularly called the *Mortuary Extract*, or the *Evening Paper*. The curé read his breviary, and retired to a sound sleep. Camille Desmoulins studied *Young's Night Thoughts* and *Hervey's Meditations*. Danton in his dungeon, four feet square, talked of trees, of the country, of Nature. Fabre d'Eglantine (mentioned above) was anxious about his comedy, which he had left in the hands of the Committee of Public Safety, as he feared that Billaud Varennes would appropriate it to himself. Hubert Robert painted landscapes on the delft plates of the prison. Chenier addressed posterity. One poor republican, having lost his reason, saw the Dome of the Pantheon, the Temple of Immortality, through the bars of his prison. He was setting out daily to Golconda for diamonds to engrave the *Rights of Man* on a table of Porphyry. The minds of some prisoners were affected to that degree that they fancied they were fed on flesh furnished by the guillotine.

A barber shaved the inmates of a whole prison in one day, using the same basin, same soap, same towel, for sound and

unsound chins; and these ordinary incidents were varied by the death carts trundling into the yard, and the summoning of forty or fifty persons by the usher. These returned no more. Madame Roland writes her memoirs, separated only by a thin partition from free and easy society,—officers supping with actresses. The Goddess of Reason is in prison, and in one reunion they raise an altar to the Good Goddess of Nature. In another, by means of a chair, they play at the guillotine; and here and there, mothers cut off locks of their hair with a secreted bit of glass, and entrust them to the gaolers for their children.

At Port Libre there is a little Republican coterie assembled, and they pass the evening as if in their domestic salons. The men gather round the tables to read or write, the women knit or embroider. If it happens to be the Feast of the *Supreme Being* they chaunt a hymn of Vigée. They dance the Carmagnole with full chorus music, to the air *Si vous aimez la danse*, or the *Marseillaise*.

In the *Madelonnettes* the old aristocracy are detained, and there they live, a counterfeit presentment of their former existence:—same visits of ceremony, same leaving of cards. The ci-devant lieutenant of police, in his powdered wig, well varnished shoes, and hat under his arm, waits on the ci-devant ministers Latour du Pin, Saint-Priest, then Boulainvilliers, then the ci-devant councillors of Parliament. Having returned home, the ci-devant ministers and councillors come in great state and return the visit. They all support their old followers, as erewhile they kept up their horses, lacqueys, dogs, &c. The ladies are careful not to appear with red eyes on the morning of their execution, and the princess of St. Maurice being requested to quit the arms of a friend, smilingly answered, "Oh, my goodness! this resembles college life."

The poor actors, whose misfortune it was to wear the red cap on the wrong ear, found their mimic palaces, squares of old cities, and canvas dungeons, changed for real stone enclosures; but they did not forget the many lessons of fortitude and magnanimity they had themselves given to the public. Saint Prix, on occasion of an epidemic in the prison, makes all his fellow prisoners take a regular series of exercises twice a day, sketches the house of the charitable gaoler Vaubertrand in the intervals, and when he has nothing to do he sweeps the room, crying out, "Oh, wretched Emperor! who would have



ever thought you would be obliged to handle a broom ! When his fellow lodger, Duchemin, ci-devant attorney-general, falls dangerously ill, he watches three nights by his bed-side, and gives him his drinks and medicine.

Fleury, with tears in his eyes, sees his grandchild, who has approached the prison to wish him good morning, driven away by the Gens d'armes ; by his side La Rochelle is running over with drollery. Saint Fal, thinking of his aged father, bursts out a-weeping, while Vanhove the younger exerts all his powers to amuse his companions. Dazincourt spends his leisure hours in amusing *le petit ange*, the child of the kind gaoler, and makes little cats, asses, dogs, and birds, for him out of cards. At times he gives that hearty laugh that so often delighted his public, now alas no more. He laughs at others, he laughs at himself, and gaily reasons in good set terms ; " Let them keep in durance, emperors, kings, tyrants, dukes, and marquises, I don't object ; but that a poor sans-culotte like myself should be found in their company, is the height of injustice."

We regret want of space for the affairs of the academy of fine arts and David's successful attacks on it.

Voltaire, reading Rousseau's Social Contract, felt a strong wish to get down, run on four feet, and live the free and unsophisticated life laid out by nature : the chiefs of the republic seemed under the same kind of spell. All the sweetening and enlivening influences arising from literature and the arts, the result of the ceaseless exertions and the happy mental inspirations of the gifted children of genius for four thousand years, were to see their power extinguished, and themselves banished from the ordinary course of human existence. We were to ignore and disuse the products of the talents, genius, and industry of a hundred generations of ancestors, and go back to a state of nature (i.e.) ignorance and rudeness. Barbarism was to be left an heirloom to future generations. Knowledge and skill in the department of art were to fade from men's minds, and ooze out at their finger ends ; and with a view to this consummation, one and a-half million of livres were spent in the destruction of monuments and bas-reliefs, especially if any souvenir of royalty was connected with them.

Of course it was not permissible in such an order of things to wear fine clothes, and see a free, equal, and fraternal fellow man in rags, even though he made no exertion to get out of

them. And who would dare to have two coats while our soldiers were half naked? Scarce any one under the rank of proconsuls but felt a shivering the first day of a new suit: hear the comic fears of the sanguinary Lebon on the occasion of new clothes being ordered by his mother for him.

“ ‘ It is now eight days since I have been at Arras. I fear that on my appearance I shall have some difficulties with my mother. You know that she is getting made for me a new coat of superfine cloth, a silken waistcoat, and a breeches of the same stuff. At the first proposal, though confounded, I did not dare to object, the purchase having been already effected. I allowed my measure to be taken, but believe me, I have not slept for ten nights in succession, owing to this unlucky dress. Me—a philosopher, a friend of humanity! me—to clothe myself so richly, while thousands of my fellow creatures clad in rags, are perishing with hunger! How could I at any future time enter their poor cabins in my bravery, and condole with their griefs? How could I still plead the cause of the poor? How could I raise my voice against robberies by the rich, yet imitate their luxury and extravagance? How, &c. &c. &c.? These thoughts incessantly pursue me, and I fear, not without reason, that some day I shall be eaten by remorse, if I transgress, and weakly condescend to the unthinking goodness of my mother.’ A pity that such good sentiments should be uttered by a ruffian.

So to be rich is to be criminal; poverty is a duty,—misery, prudence. Sansculotterie reigns with undivided sway. A little straw in her sabots, a little eau-de-vie in her pitcher, a heel of a loaf for her repast; and in order to protest against the petits soupers of the ancient regime rendered sacred by the wit and judgment of the old French Society, she employs fraternal suppers to be enjoyed, laid out in the muddy streets.”

Tricolored flames are painted on each house with a kind of sign-board colored in blue, white, and red, adorned with cocks and red caps, and containing the names and ages of the inhabitants—men, women, and children. Side by side is the inscription—*Unity, Liberty, and Equality, or Death*. Tables are laid in the channel for six thousand men. All the dwellers of the same house are at the one table, husband, wife, lover and beloved, the labourer, the grisette, riches stammering through apprehension, poverty made insolent by contact with his wealthy neighbour. By the red light of flaring candles on ricketty tables, the wine of the rich circulates, affording occasions of jacobin toasts. Roisterers meander the entire length of a street, touching glasses and drinking toasts at various tables to the busts of Marat and Lepelletier, or to the images of *L'Ami du Peuple* in the niches where formerly the statues of the VIRGIN and CHILD smiled pityingly on the passers by.

catechism shall be the constitution; our confessionals the guard-rooms; and instead of accusing ourselves of our own faults, we will keep a sharp eye on the faults of others."

On the night of the 16th of July, 1793, the funeral procession of Marat had place. His putrifying corpse, naked from the waist upwards, was accompanied by his bath, his inkstand, and a child, who leaping over the body held a flambeau in one hand and a civic crown in the other. On the bier, which was borne by twelve men, incense was kept burning, and when it was exhausted, they had it supplied by some resin obtained from a grocer's. A tempestuous night looked on the miserable procession; and as they wound along the quays, the flashes of lightning and the red reflections of the torches from the Seine gave appropriate lurid light to the solemnity. Considering the mischief the man wrought and the wholesale murders of which he was the instigator, we might naturally look for colossal proportions in the designs or aspirations of the remorseless destroyer, but our authors see only the rancorous jealousy of the physician without practice—he had made his studies as surgeon—of the unsuccessful writer, and the neglected inventor. His idea of war was carried out by a body of bravoes lying in wait for travellers near cross roads; and the arms beyond which his invention could not rise, were muffs of a certain fashion, a substitute for the ancient buckler, and poignards of a certain form. His brain was of such straightened dimensions, that as the people allowed themselves to be guillotined for a few days, he thought the game might be safely played for two years.

Robespierre they look on as a rhetorician, a manufacturer of phrases, a clever parliamentary tactician, a man skilful in seizing on opportunities, a valet of Rousseau, copying his discourses from his master's books, plagiarising his utopias of virtue, a vain man taking pleasures in the number of his own portraits, painted, engraved, and sculptured, a fanatic in self worship, and whose only enduring pedestal is his incorruptibility. Hints are thrown out even of this standing ground being insecure, but we have no room for the arguments alleged.

We are treated with a picture of the gradual descent of the people from christian belief to atheism or the mere worship of Reason and Nature, the object of the latter cultus being a ballet nymph with red Phrygian bonnet, slight and succinct

drapery, placed on an altar pike in hand. Fancy such a creature on the high altar of Notre Dame, and her worshippers mimicking the courtiers of Belshazzar, the holy vessels of the Jewish Temple replaced by the still more sacred vessels of the Catholic worship, and eau de vie, and tobacco smoke issuing out of short pipes, presenting the wine and odoriferous incense of Babylon.

However, the scandals and disorders inseparable from the fetes of this new and easily practised superstition, began to infuse some serious remorseful feeling into the hearts of the ruling powers. After debating about devoting these niches where formerly stood the images of St. Mary Magdalen, St. Genevieve, St. Sulpicius, &c., to the deification of *Maternal or Filial Love, Patriotism, Courage, Equality, Beneficence*, it was at last concluded, that there existed in some remote region of space an *ETRE SUPREME*, who as far as their minds could approach the idea, might as well not be there at all, for they concluded that he took as little interest in the affairs of men, as the deity of Epicurus himself. Robespierre, as every one knows, inaugurated the *Fête d'Être Suprême*; he had a great opportunity for personal display in acting the role of high priest.

Poor Doctor Guillotin, when he invented his machine, little foresaw the success which his patent instrument would obtain. A satire of the time puts these words in his mouth when recommending his humane piece of mechanism to the executive powers.

“ ‘ So many patients have died under my hands, that I may boast without vanity, of being better acquainted with the modes of exit from this world of ours than any man in the profession. I have succeeded in inventing, with the aid of my machinist, the delightful instrument you behold. Under the stage is placed a barrel organ, filled with the most lively airs, such as, *Ma Commère quand je danse*, or *Adieu donc, dame Française*, or *Bonsoir la Compagnie, bonsoir, bonsoir, la Compagnie*. The performer having arrived, takes his position between these two columns: he is requested to lay his head on the wooden pillow, that he may the better enjoy the ravishing sounds that arise from the organ; and the head is so neatly separated from the body that it is some time before it thoroughly realizes the fact. However, conviction is brought by the applause which resounds from all quarters of the public place. ’ ”

A scorpion or spider preserved in spirits or amber is not a pleasant object of sight, but to students of natural history such things are of some use. The verses which follow occupy the same position in the history of human crime and error.

Monsieur Guillotin,  
 Ce grand médecin,  
 Que l'amour du prochain  
 Occupe sans fin—  
 Un papier en main,  
 S'avance soudain ;  
 Prend la parole enfin,  
 Et, d'un air bénin !

“ En rêvant à la Sourdine,  
 J'ai fait un machine,  
 Tralalala, lalala, lala, lalala, lala, lalala,  
 Qui met les têtes à bas.

C'est un Coup que l' on reçoit  
 Avant qu'on se doute :  
 A peine on s'en aperçoit  
 Car on n'y voit goutte.  
 Un certain ressort caché,  
 Tout-à-coup étant lâché,  
 Fait tomber, ber, ber,  
 Fait sauter, ter, ter,  
 Fait tomber,  
 Fait sauter,  
 Fait voler le tête ;  
 C'est bien plus honnête.

It was intended at first that the executions should be held outside the city, and care taken that the people should not approach too near the scene of action ; in fact it was to be as rare and solemn a proceeding as the most sincere philanthropist of modern times could desire. No one need be told of the horrible continuity of the punishment during the reign of terror.

Charles Henry Sanson, the chief minister of this machine, counted sires and grandsires in the office of public executioner up to the year 1684. And Fouquier Tinville, sitting before a table in a large hall with the public accuser on his left, and three judges on his right, all in plumed hats, and the jury seated at two tables, and a certain person watching the proceedings on the part of the committee of public safety,—all these daily attended to receive the unfortunate creatures brought in carts from remote parts of France, drenched with rain or half frozen, to hold a mockery of a trial on them, and to furnish Mr. Sanson's instrument with fifty or sixty daily victims to the cruelty and fears of the rulers of the hour.

Admitting that an indoor philanthropic utopian of that

period, was kept ignorant of the outward miseries, debaucheries, and murders, legal or illegal, how delightful would be his waking dreams. "*Cincinnatus, Aristides, Epaminondas, Las Casas, Numa Pompilius, Regulus, the Younger Gracchus, Confucius, King Alfred*, and their wives, *Cornelia, Portia, Egeria, Aspasias* (?),—all living in community, tilling their fields, milking their cows, and keeping a shop or two of bare necessities: no Kings, no Priests, no Magistrates. Nearly all commerce will consist of exchange, and the only money in use, a Phrygian cap or a cow, stamped on a round piece of leather.

The matrons, as in the days of Penelope, will weave their husbands' and children's clothes; almost everything needful be made within the household; and if a man cannot find opportunity to fashion his sabots at home, he will fold up a bare-skin vest, lay it on a shelf in the forum, labelling it with the name of the article wanted, and come every morning till he finds the exchange effected. The community work from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M., and then a Lacedemonian dinner is laid out under the trees that run down the centre of the street; and the evening is spent in wise conversation on the part of the aged, and in musical, vocal, or athletic exercises practised by the youth of both sexes. Young *Fabius*, feeling an *exposition* of marriage on him, begs the senate to provide him with a help-mate, himself being no way particular as to the individual: it is done, man and woman announce before the circle of sages that they are satisfied, and will continue to live in unity as long as they find their dispositions suited to each other.

The only inconvenience dreaded is, that in consequence of the length of life to be looked for in *Utopia*, the number of inhabitants will be soon out of proportion with the limits of the district—no one dying till he has seen 150 summers at least. However, a partial remedy will be found in the lectures given once every *decade* by Miss Martineau and Rev. Mr. Malthus, in consequence of which there will be found only two children, generally a boy and girl, in each family. Well, let the evil day come! there is abundance of unoccupied land in Central Africa, the American Prairies, the Pampas, and the Bog of Allen. All the world may be filled to the uncomfortable point about the year 6666 of the Republic, but there is no philosophy in dwelling on disagreeable contingencies so far distant.

Doubtlessly there were many among the regenerators of 1793, whose wishes for the happiness and well-being of their kind were genuine and fervent : but they forgot that man was a creature fallen from original justice, prone to evil, and feeling constant need of assistance from Above, to enable him to discharge his duty to his Creator, and his fellow-creatures. They forgot that in consequence of our fallen state, we are here in a state of probation, labouring for a lasting state of happiness, not attainable till we pass from earth. They shut their eyes to the fact of owing any share of their present happiness, or enjoyment, or security in their property, to the influence of the Christian Faith, through which, such civilization, good manners, brotherly love, mutual confidence, and morality, as we possess, exist, and flourish. They trusted mere human reason for everything ; they made no allowance for the selfish and animal instincts of human nature. Like ignorant and self-confident chemists, not availing themselves of the knowledge acquired, and bequeathed to them by their predecessors, they rashly experimented with dangerous and unknown materials, whose explosion scattered misery and destruction among themselves and their ill-fated countrymen.

## ART. II.—INTERNATIONAL AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS.

*Catalogue du Concours Universel de 1856. Paris.*

International Exhibitions form a most characteristic feature of the nineteenth century. Under the classic roof of the fairy-like palace of 1851, all civilized nations learned to measure alike the status of their science and the quality of their artistic genius. Grand in its conceptions, comprehensive in its domain, gigantic in its proportions, and unrivalled in the universality of its objects and effects, the Exhibition of 1851 is a lasting monument of the grasp of intellect of him who conceived it, and of the greatness of the United Kingdom.

We are not now concerned with the purely scientific, purely mechanical, or purely artistic elements of that great event, and merely wish to rivet attention on the fact that the Agricultural Section of the Exhibition perhaps exercised a greater effect on the general material progress of mankind than was produced by any other department. As modes of advancing agriculture, cattle shows justly rank high in public estimation. The great shows of the National Agricultural Societies of England, Ireland, and Scotland, have familiarized improved stock, as well as approved implements of tillage and farm machinery, to the farmers of the United Kingdom. The English Agricultural Society, with its enormous resources, has, in a pre-eminent degree, produced this effect. Though not the oldest, it has been the most potent lever ever employed for placing agriculture in the path of progress, and the most active agent that has ever distributed the advantages of science among the tillers of the soil. The shows of this Society, speaking as they do to the senses, have taught lessons of applied science to thousands who would otherwise have remained in utter ignorance of her advantages. Stimulated to the utmost by keen and well-directed competition, the English manufacturers, a wealthy and skilful class, have reduced agricultural machine making to a scientific precision which is truly astonishing; and the shows of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, for some years past,



have presented implements of a variety and style, which would appear fabulous if predicted by a sage a generation or two ago.

Hence it is that the agricultural section of the world's fair of 1851 did not present to the advanced agricultural classes, who had been in the habit of attending the Annual Cattle Shows of this great Society, the same startling and marvellous interest that, in common with other departments, it possessed for the great mass of the people.

To argue, however, that the Exhibition of 1851, in an agricultural point of view, was superior, beyond comparison, to any previous one, is a work of supererogation. It is true live stock was not embraced in the Catalogue of 1851; but millions visited Hyde Park who seldom or never saw a Cattle Show; and, above all, foreigners were enabled to see the state of perfection to which we had brought agricultural mechanics, and returned home, conscious of the backward condition of continental agriculture, and determined, as we know from subsequent experience, to turn to useful account the lesson which they had received. Well, therefore, may that accurate observer, M. Lavergue, remark, "that what caused most surprise to the immense concourse of the curious from all parts of the world was the agricultural developement displayed in those departments of the Exhibition set apart for implements of husbandry."

It remained, however, for the comprehensive mind of that most illustrious among modern statesmen, Napoleon III., to give completeness to International Exhibitions. The great undertaking of 1851 could only be viewed as a mammoth bazaar. The Agricultural Section, for instance, wanted the element of competition which is the very life of all our Agricultural Exhibitions. Napoleon III., in the International Concourse of 1855, supplied this element, and thus crowned with success that cosmopolitan undertaking. The liberal prizes offered, and, in a still greater degree, the channel presented to him for pushing an extensive and lucrative sale, induced the English manufacturer to compete with the French machinist on his own soil; and "to carry into the heart of France (as the present Speaker of the House of Commons remarks, in his report on this subject to the Board of Trade) and to display before the eyes of hundreds of thousands of spectators those evidences of the skill of our machine makers, placed in immediate contrast with the works of their competitors, from all quarters of the world."

The Agricultural Section of the Exhibition of 1851 was more local than that of 1855. In quantity and quality the farm implements and machines of 1851 surpassed those of 1855. The Hyde Park Bazaar made the agricultural world acquainted with the Reaping Machine, through the enterprise of a citizen of the United States, who deserves a niche in the temple of honorable notoriety for having brought one across the broad Atlantic. The Palace of 1851 brought into the world's capital the agricultural skill of nations for the universal good. All countries shared in the advantages, but the British Empire shared in those advantages in a far greater degree than any other country. Conscious, then, of our own superiority, it might be surmised we would rest upon our honors, and leave others to reap the fruit of the crystal harvest. Not so, however; we rather have been cheered on in the current of progression and improvement by the laudable desire of rendering ourselves more and more worthy of being recognised at the head of civilized nations. In some branches of art we derived instruction from the products of other nations at the Great Exhibition of 1851; but in agriculture, the mother of all arts, we established, beyond question, our own superiority. The agricultural skill of the machinists of France and England was not measured by the mathematical accuracy of a dynamometer in 1851; but the contrast was so striking, and our superiority so apparent, that dynamic indications were not required to bring conviction to the mind of the foreigner.

The French Government, not satisfied with the general statements which reached their country in reference to the superior excellence of our agricultural machinery, as elicited at the Industrial Exhibition of 1851, wisely determined to make the Agricultural Section of the Concourse of 1855 a complete indication of the skill of the different nations; and accordingly an "International Jury," composed of twenty amateur and professional agriculturalists, was appointed to carry out a series of tests in which science and practice were happily united. This Jury was presided over by that distinguished agronome, Count de Gasparin; it had Evelyn Denison, present Speaker of the House of Commons, and then President of the English Agricultural Society, as Vice-President; and included such men as Boussingault, Barral, of France; and Professor Wilson and Mr. Amos, C.E., from England.

We will not now dwell, in technical detail, on the trials which were conducted at Trappes by the Jury, nor criticise the faulty classification unfortunately adopted by the French, and in consequence of which thrashing machines, oat-bruisers, &c., were removed from the scrutiny of the Jury of Agriculture. We will, therefore, merely bring under the notice of the reader the result of the trial of different varieties of the plough, one of the oldest, most general, and useful of agricultural implements.

We may remark that the merits of a plough are now-a-days judged by the quality of the work and the amount of motive power expended in drawing the implement through the soil, as indicated by an instrument called a dynamometer.

The dynamometer used at Trappes was the one manufactured by Mr. Bentall, which, according to Mr. Amos, is imperfect when used with ploughs of light draft, as it gives the resistance of such ploughs too small. This arises from the driving disc-plate having in its centre a hole, which, though of no consequence when ploughs are used on heavy land, yet, when used with ploughs of small resistance on light land, the spring of the dynamometer is not compressed enough to keep the driving-disc clear of the hole.\*

The comparative resistance of the most successful ploughs of the different countries stood thus :—

Howard, Bedford, England, ...	...	2·6
Grignon Agricultural School, France, ...	...	4·4
Belgium, ...	...	6·0
Canada, ...	...	7·7
Austria, ...	...	10·1
The Thaër Plough, Saxony, ...	...	16·2

This table is a striking commentary on the state of agricultural mechanics in the different nations of Europe. Howard's may, without fear of offending any of the other distinguished machinists of England, be looked upon as the type of a class of ploughs which approach perfection very closely. The Grignon Agricultural School has long been celebrated for being the manufactory of the best ploughs on the continent; and the Thaër Plough takes its name from the celebrated Von Thaër, one of the most renowned professors of agriculture in Europe. Now, making all allowance for the short coming of

---

\* Journal, Royal Agricultural Society of England, vol. 17, p. 39.

the dynamometer, and for the fact that the mould-board on Thaei's plough was probably set at a more obtuse angle than the inventor even contemplated, we may safely conclude that the Saxon plough causes a lamentable waste of horse-power, and renders the cultivation of the soil exceedingly expensive, and thus curtails the profits of the farmer very considerably. If we suppose, what is not unlikely, that Saxony will, ere long, have gradually either adopted the English plough, or engrafted its leading peculiarities on the native implement, this waste of power will be economised, or, in other words, the number of horses will be considerably diminished, and the farmer enriched in a corresponding degree; and what, in a politico-philosophical view of the question, is more important, a quantity of grain, at present consumed by horses, will become available for human food. If space permitted we might readily prove by statistics how much Saxony may be annually enriched by this means; but it is enough for our present purpose to state, generally, that every nation of continental Europe would be considerably enriched by adopting English farm machinery, and, no doubt, have already been vastly benefited by this means. And, if it be asked by what agency has this great result been achieved, the answer most assuredly is, the International Exhibitions. The Exhibition of 1851 must therefore be classed as a jubilee of progress in every department of human industry, and more particularly in agriculture. A terrible event in European politics cemented a relation, at once friendly and auspicious, between England and France—the two nations which may be said to have given modern science to the entire world, but which had for centuries been in deadly strife. The bloody conflict was superseded in 1851 by a friendly rivalry in the peaceful arts and sciences. The approach thus made in friendly relationship was advanced by the International Exhibition of 1855; and the friendly reception accorded by the English in 1851 to the French nation was more than cordially responded to in 1855; and thus an alliance has been formed between the two nations, which, for the sake of agricultural progress, if for no other, we confidently hope will never be disturbed. Well may Mr. Evelyn Denison say, that “such a result alone would be worth all the labor and all the cost of both Exhibitions.”

Encouraged by the success of the agricultural section of the exhibition of 1855, the Emperor of the French, with his usual sagacity and liberality, decided on holding in 1856, a

purely agricultural international exhibition, an event which is, beyond all dispute, the most memorable in the annals of agriculture. It was conceived in a spirit of unprecedented boldness. Agriculture was at that time, as it is now, in a state of intensity of development. The cry of progress finds a response in every intelligent mind. Manual labor is being dispensed with in the ruder processes, and its place economically supplied by other motive power; while the mind of the working man, guided by increased intelligence, is directed to more renumeration, though less laborious operations. The horse again is being superseded by the never-failing, never-tiring Steam Engine. Cattle, sheep, and swine are produced in such perfection, and with such aptitude, to early maturity, that they command almost fabulous prices. Such was the state of agriculture when Napoleon III. announced his intention of holding a universal agricultural concourse. Some feared, and others doubted the practicability of such an undertaking. For example one whispered, "Colonel Towneley won't send across the water an animal worth £1000;" but *Master Butterly* did cross the Channel and won the highest prize ever gained by such an animal, and was at the same time, purchased by an Australian Pollok—Mr. Ware of Camperdown—for 1,200 guineas!

In short, this, which strictly speaking was the first fairly universal international agricultural exhibition, was as successful as the Emperor could have desired; the event, which inspired many with increased confidence in him, was a master-stroke of statesmanship, and displayed a master-mind, when viewed in the comprehensiveness and universality of its bearings, and still more so when we consider its immediate effects on French agriculture, by presenting to French farmers, a panoramic view of the perfections and imperfections of the live stock, and implements of almost all civilized nations.

It is difficult to convey a correct notion of this, the greatest of cattle shows. Prizes to the amount of £7000 were awarded, besides a very large number of medals. The best way of conveying an idea of its magnitude, is, by contrasting it with the show of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, held last July, at Chester, admittedly the largest show ever held on British soil.

	Paris, 1856.	Chester, 1858.
Value of Prizes awarded	... £7,000.	£3,480.

		Paris. No.	Chester. No.
Entries—Live Stock	...	2757.	1193.
„ Implements and	}	6743.	3516.
„ Farm produce			
„ Pisciculture	...	51.	—
TOTAL		9551.	4709.

The International Cattle Show of 1856, calls for a brief notice at our hands, partaking as we did, of all its leading features of pleasure and instruction. The reader will remember that the "Windsor" was chartered to convey the "Irish Contingent" from the North Wall, Dublin, to Havre, a seaport in the north of France, in April, 1856. The "Contingent" embraced an interesting group, of many of whom we are unwilling to speak. There were Mr. L. E. Foot, and Dr. Waller—the gifted Slingsby, joint honorary secretaries of that great national Institution, the Royal Dublin Society, which whatever may have been its short comings, is latterly displaying new and vigorous symptoms of activity and usefulness; of these two gentlemen we will only say that the human portion of the Contingent will long remember the sparkling wit and kindness of the one, and the urbanity of the other, who has since become a Vice-President of the Society, with which his name has long been honorably identified. Macaulay, in his life of Hastings, says, that life on board the old boats, sailing to and from East India, was remarkable for creating those friendships which emanate from flirtation as well as of bitter hatred. We can only say in reference to the voyage of the Windsor, that there was the greatest conviviality, and good feeling, and fellowship, without any of the unpleasantness which the immortal essayist ascribes to the old eastern voyages.

No sooner was Havre reached in safety, and the vessel moored, than the government officials came on board to make the necessary examination; and as we approached the quay, we were literally besieged with bare-headed emissaries from the hotels. Happening to know the language of our native country, we were very much entertained at one or two scenes between these emissaries and some of the herds in charge of Irish stock. A fracas between a very doubtful looking character, and the herd, as far as we remember, of the Right Honorable the Earl of Clancarty, was particularly amusing. Pat—an exceedingly good care-taker—responded to the interrogations of the bland

French waiter in true Gaelic words, accent, and gesticulation. Each believing the other was only heaping on him some disagreeable epithets, became so excited that,

So high the contest rose,

From words they would have come to blows,  
had they not been interrupted.

The unpleasantness of the *visé* over—and by the way, we think the inconvenience of the French passport system has been grossly exaggerated—and the necessary steps taken for the safety and comfort of the stock, a very large number of the contingent dined at a table d'hôte, in a half-English, half-French hotel. Though not an adept in the gastronomic art, we may be permitted to remark, that in our various excursions we never partook of a better dinner. It was a happy compromise between the too heavy dinners of this country, and the too ridiculous dinners of first-class hotels, and fashionable society in Paris.

After <sup>on</sup> a night at Rouen, a forenoon examining its noble old cathedral and objects of interest, we proceed to Paris by a most charming route, including a fine view of the sloping vineyards. Paris is reached, with the countless objects of entertainment, instruction and amusement, which it affords. Everything is charming, gay, and captivating. Whirl on with the speed of imagination, to the palace on which we want to philosophize, and lo! the Irish Contingent started too soon. Well, what of that. The French authorities make the most complete arrangements for housing and feeding the stock till the Palace of Industry is open for their reception. We cannot withhold our humble meed of praise to the French on this occasion. M. Money de Mornay, the minister of agriculture, and every subordinate, down to the French caretaker, seemed animated with a devotedness to the undertaking, and inspired with the spirit of the Emperor, and looked upon its success or failure, as involving the honor of France. An undertaking so well commenced, and so enthusiastically executed, as the International Cattle Show of 1856, will always prove successful. Those petty jealousies, which are the curse of many of our home societies, would not be tolerated by the vigorous minds who dictate in the Councils of Louis Napoleon. All was harmony and unanimity, and cliques were incompatible with the active and efficient manner in which the entire machinery was thrown into and kept in motion. The right men seemed to be selected for

the right places, without regard to family connections; a practice which must gradually force itself into general use in these countries by the voice of public opinion. The show was held in a structure in keeping with its magnitude and dignity. When the International Exposition of 1855, was matured, a company was at once formed for erecting a permanent edifice to be used for the quinquennial exhibitions of French manufacture, which take place in Paris, as well as for cattle shows, &c. It is a noble building situated in the Avenue des Champs Elysees, the palace is rectangular, with projecting pavilions at the four corners, and the middle of the north and south sides. The north side has been gorgeously decorated with sculpture, by some of the first artists in France. Fancy you are making your entrée on the opening day, 1st June, 1856, by the principal entrance, from the charming avenue just named, through the pavilion on the north side. The eye was irresistibly attracted by the exquisitely grouped flowers that ornament the central part of the building, which on this occasion, was converted into a well designed piece of pleasure-ground. Galleries supported by iron pillars, ran round the entire building, and were devoted to *instruments d'intérieur de la ferme*, farm produce, &c. underneath the galleries temporary cattle stands were arranged, each animal having adequate room, and as much comfort as could be expected. Fancy, reader, that you ascend at noon to a conspicuous part of the galleries, and you behold the most remarkable scene ever before witnessed—a scene which fills a reflecting mind with deep emotion. There are flowers and plants from every clime, “bearing solid masses of blossom of every tint, and of the most delicate fragrance; there is the constant play of the fountains among the shrubs, the refreshing trickling of the waters, and the lively songs of the birds from an aviary, producing such a scene as we are accustomed to look for only in descriptions of fairy land.”\* Groups of fish in all stages of development from the spawn to the full-grown animal, added charms to the scene, while they illustrated the art of pisciculture, which has assumed considerable importance in our time. Cattle of all shapes, colors and peculiarities, are within view, and what is more fraught with interest, is the remarkable differences produced in man’s external appearance, by climate and fashion. Man must have felt astonished at the phenomena which he himself presented. We venture to say, that

---

\* Journal of Agriculture, for July, 1856.



such a medley of human beings, never did assemble together before, and probably never will again.

The immortal linguist, the late Cardinal Mezzofanti, would utterly fail in discoursing the various herds and shepherds whose languages were as embarrassing as those of Babel. "Household Words," of September 20th, 1856, thus describes the human aspect of the scene—"There were Danes, and Schleswig Holsteiners, Dutch and Saxons, Swiss and Tyrolese, Austrians, Bavarians, Bohemians, Gallicians, and Hungarians; French Patois, from Bretagne to Auvergne, from Flanders to the Garonne; mixed with English Provincialism of every variety from Yorkshire to Devonshire; with Highland Scotch, and all sorts of Irish to be heard between Galway and Dublin Bay.

\* \* \* There were the sounds of lowing and bleating in many languages. Now a blast from a Tyrolese horn, then a bang from the iron kettles which in Switzerland pass for bells; while, sprinkled among the ebbing and flowing crowd of visitors, such as usually fill the Boulevards on fine summer evenings, were priest-like Bretonnes with yellow oval visages, and long black tunics; Tyrolese dairymen, with white stockings, green breeches, short jackets, enormous calves (to their legs,) and steeple-crowned hats; French veal-breeders in blue blouses and necklaces of prize medals; and Hungarian shepherds in Hussar jackets and white linen petticoats; to these might be added, Highlanders in kilts, and Irishmen in short frieze coats, never omitting the native sprig of shillelagh." These were all marshalled before the Imperial party, the most characteristic types of the different nations being introduced to them. We should say that the brawny Highlander in his kilt—and on this occasion it was worn by a couple of the finest men we ever beheld—presents as imposing and romantic a spectacle as the native of any other country. And notwithstanding all the sneers levelled at the Irish peasant, we know of no costume better suited for a laboring man than a smart frieze coat, short breeches, if he would only wear leggings to cover his shin-bones and stockings, and a blouse like the French peasant to maintain his garments clean, and give him more the air of business.

But we must pass on to notice the success of the Irish Contingent, and the advantages that emanated from the Exhibition.

An English gentleman who not long since acted as judge at one of our national shows said, that Ireland was the land of "Short Horns;" and if the Paris Exhibition can be relied upon as a fair data for forming an opinion on the subject, it fully

realizes this assertion; for as Mr. Foote\* observes, "Ireland obtained more prizes than England and Scotland united, in proportion to the stock exhibited. England and Scotland exhibited seventy-eight animals in the short horn class, and obtained twenty prizes, or less than one prize for every four animals; Ireland exhibited twenty-one animals, and got nine prizes, or nearly one prize for every two animals. "Of British exhibitors Lord Monck was perhaps the most successful. He entered four animals, got two second prizes, each value £36, a third prize, and an honorary certificate; and we are in a position to say, that some of his animals sold for highly remunerative prices. Captain Ball had also reason to be satisfied with the success of his stock—for besides the two respectable prizes (value £32) awarded him, his sales must have been remunerative. He is said to have received £130 for one heifer, and £100 each for two others. We may feel a justifiable pride in these facts, which prove to demonstration that Irish farmers are as skilful breeders of short horns, the most valuable class of farm animals, as those of England or Scotland; and they as incontestably prove that the Irish contingent honorably maintained the eclat of this great agricultural country.

As regards the good effects that must have flowed from the exhibition, it were vain to attempt to portray them. Suffice it to point to the market opened up on the Continent to the Booths of England, the Moncks of Ireland, or the Douglasses of Scotland. It is enough to say that the United Kingdom carried away some £2,500 in money prizes—or that the Scotch exhibitors realized at least £10,000 by sales. These facts bring home conviction to the mind disposed to view things in the light of *£ s. d.*, as to the permanent advantages of this great international undertaking. Then, look to France and the salutary influence of the exposition eludes the grasp of the statistician. Large importations of our stock have been supplanting, and will still further supplant the ill-conditioned and unthriving animals which are too prevalent; and the equally large importations of our implements and machines will speedily enhance the farmer's profits, augment the annual produce, economize bread-stuffs, and increase the national wealth. And, again, the duty on English machines, prior to 1855, amounted to a prohibition, being twenty per cent. *ad valorem*; this barrier

---

\* Journal, Royal Dublin Society, for July, 1857.

was partially broken down by an edict of the Emperor, dated September 6th, 1855, on the representation of the Jury of Agriculture; and thus by the revocation of pernicious and restrictive laws a new impetus was given to agriculture in France.

And if we look beneath the mere surface, we shall find a still higher cause of congratulation than the immediate material results accruing to either nation from great exhibitions. Old asperities have been partially if not wholly wiped away; the spirit of jealousy which previously had so often and so rancorously displayed itself, has been for ever crushed; and in their place a healthy spirit of emulation has been engendered, and a reciprocal bond of mutual good feeling established. The treaties ratified by the sovereigns and the Governments of the two nations have been endorsed by the people at large, a free trade in merchandize and a fresh interchange of idea among the various classes connected with the cultivation of the soil have been planted on the ruin of prohibitory laws, and absurd regulations, from which we may confidently expect that mankind will, in due time, reap a bountiful harvest.

In conclusion, we may briefly inquire how far it may be prudent to hold another of these International Cattle Shows; when it ought to be held, and where it ought to be held. Already the Belgium Government has issued a circular, a copy of which lies before us, inviting English manufacturers to an International Show of Reaping Machines to be held this year near Brussels, which is a recognition of the benefits of such Exhibitions. But surely an "exhibition of one idea" as we have elsewhere styled this undertaking proposed by the Government of Belgium, is a mere farce, and cannot lead to great results. True, the fact that the reaping machine is fast coming into use, will stimulate British artizans; but the sacrifice which they are called upon to make, appears utterly incommensurate with the advantages derivable from the exhibition of one solitary machine. Belgium is not unfavorably situated for a great central show; England would liberally join another cosmopolitan fair, in a country so close to her shores as Belgium, and a country with which she has been so closely allied. France, too, in accordance with her universal genius, would equally engage in the same work of progress. The German States are also conveniently situated for lending powerful aid to the same good cause. It is, therefore, to be regretted that the contemplated gathering convened for next harvest has not been conceived in a more comprehensive spirit, and it is equally unfortunate that there is scarcely time

now left to remedy the error. But failing in rendering the Belgium agricultural ~~concourse~~ universal—and of this we despair—we are of opinion that France is ripe for a repetition of the event of '56, and that it only requires a healthy agitation for renewing an event so “fraught with gladness” to the advocates of agricultural progress. Indeed Napoleon III. was so deeply impressed with the inestimable advantages likely to accrue to France from the ~~concourse~~ of 1856, that at its close he announced his intention of holding similar exhibitions in 1857 and 1858, and was thwarted in this idea by an unexpected and calamitous disease which broke out among the cattle—a calamity which produced a little dissatisfaction among exhibitors, but which has since passed away. The building, too, in which the show was held is at all times available for the same purpose; it could be fitted up at a month's notice. It is well known, too, that his majesty and many of the most influential land owners, and agriculturalists in France, have imported into that country a large number of pure bred animals from England,\* and after a few years' experience in breeding, they would naturally be glad not only for an infusion of fresh blood, but also for measuring their strength with British stock breeding.

Nor must it be forgotten that great strides have been made in the manufacture of farm implements and machinery since 1856, of which the French Government and the French people would be desirous to take advantage. “Combined” thrashing machines have been wonderfully improved within that short period of time; Boby's wonderful corn sieve was then unknown; steam engines have also been vastly improved; while the steam plough may be said to be an accomplished fact, and would be an acceptable article at the trial ground at Trappes and in the show-yard attached to the Palace of Industry. We have in these remarks answered the question, where the

---

\* We cannot avoid remarking that Mr. Wilson (late farm manager to H. R. H. Prince Albert) who was commissioned to purchase a select herd of short horns for the Emperor, showed bad taste in not distributing his purchases over the United Kingdom. We have already shown that the stock exhibited from Ireland acquired for their owners the highest position as breeders, and Mr. Wilson ought to have interpreted the Emperor's commission in the liberal spirit in which we are sure it was intended, and selected a few animals from the Emerald Isle. The Irish short horn breeders, have felt rather indignant at, but can afford to overlook, Mr. Wilson's conduct in this transaction.

next International Agricultural Exhibition should be held? That Paris should be again the place of rendezvous, no person acquainted with the present position of Continental Europe and Continental agriculture can gainsay. It only remains then to say, when shall another Irish contingent sail for Havre? France is prepared at any time; English and Scotch farmers are anxious for another opening and another conquest; and the advanced breeders of Ireland are equally ripe for another triumph. We must abandon the idea in 1859: but why not say 1860? Yes, let us co-operate with Louis Napoleon in establishing in 1860 a second gigantic International Cattle Show—one that will outshine in friendliness, in extent, in brilliancy, and usefulness, all previous undertakings; and give to the agriculturalists of all civilized nations an opportunity of basking in the light of another jubilee of agricultural progress.

### ART. III.—THE BLIND.

1. *The Lost Senses.* By the late John Kitto, D. D., F. S. A. London : Cox, 1857.
2. *Prospectus of the Institution for Catholic Blind,* Dublin, 1854.

In our paper on the Deaf and Dumb in the last number, we have essayed to prove how immeasurably superior the blind are to the deaf mute in intellectual acquirements, and in cheerfulness of disposition ; we have shewn the various and almost insurmountable obstacles which interpose between the mental training of the deaf mute, and the almost impossibility of imparting knowledge in its higher and more extended form to those bereft of two senses so essential to their acquirement. We have not for a moment advanced the theory that in the physical or material sense, the blind are not greater objects of sympathy than the deaf mute, as the privation of sight seems to be and is no doubt a fearful calamity, a darkened lot so hard to be borne that the mind can scarcely realise the notion of life without vision : but as mind is superior to matter, in like manner does the intellectual vision of the blind occasionally gleam forth and emit sparkles of brilliancy in each department of literature and art, equal to, if not surpassing many gifted with high genius, and possessing all their faculties. It is this consideration that has led us to agree with Dr. Kitto in his opinion as to the comparative evils of blindness and the loss of the other senses. We still admit that physically the deaf mute is better off than the blind, but we take a higher flight and claim a nobler and more intellectual station for the blind than those who are as it were shut out from the world of language ; and as few are so gifted as those we are about to enumerate, it may be that some will cavil at the notion of the few being preferred to the many. We however acknowledge ourselves of the class that prefer the choice spirits of the world of mind, few as comparatively they may be, to the herd of unthinking beings who lead vague and purposeless lives, though possessing every faculty.

Without further digression we shall commence our resumé of the blind, but we cannot however omit a slight mention of

Laura Bridgman, whose privations were fourfold, and whose cheerfulness of disposition under such a calamity should bring a blush of shame to the cheek of many a favored though discontented mortal.

Of Laura Bridgman we shall give but a few details, as her truly interesting case is too well known to need elucidation here; the annual reports of Dr. Howe, the able manager of the Institution for the Blind at Boston, furnished facts by which the late Mr. Combe of Edinburgh and afterwards Mr. Dickens, were enabled to give to the public truthful details of what, clothed in the garb of fiction, would be considered a romance almost too unreal, but when presented as a reality strikes a chord in the heart of every right thinking person, and awakens the twofold sentiment of sympathy for the privation and admiration of the cheerful and buoyant heart with which it is borne, realizing the belief that He "who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," imparts to those whom he outwardly afflicts an innate sense of happiness, and it may be, a pure spring of intellectual joy of which more favored beings are bereft: be this as it may, Laura Bridgman in her painfully isolated condition presents an example of cheerful resignation which we would all do well to follow. As Dr. Kitto's information is of a more recent date than above mentioned, we shall condense a few details from his interesting volume which pleased us exceedingly. Laura Bridgman was born in 1829, and during her infancy suffered much from delicacy; when about two years old she partially regained strength, and her brother represents her as possessing at that time an almost precocious degree of intelligence. She had scarcely however time to exhibit any trace of what might be hoped from an unclouded future, when a violent and protracted illness, during which she had inflammation of both eyes and ears, deprived her of those two senses, and to add to her privations, the sense of smell was almost totally destroyed, at a subsequent period it was perceived that her taste was also blunted. Her mind naturally quick and intelligent soon regained its elasticity, and as the narrator graphically expresses it, "the immortal spirit could not die," and notwithstanding all she had endured, and the calamities she had still to endure, as soon as her frame regained its natural strength, her mind assumed the mastery, and her natural disposition began to develope itself. As soon as she could walk she examined every thing with her hands, groping after her mother through the

house, and so strong was her power of imitation that she endeavoured, by feeling her mother's hands when employed, to follow all she was doing ; she even learned to sew and knit.

The grand era in her life is now about to commence. Dr. Howe, hearing of her case, his benevolent heart prompted him to seek her : it was in the year 1837, when Laura was nearly eight years old, that he first saw her. He describes her as a healthy, well formed child, of a sanguine temperament, and having a large and beautifully shaped head : her parents having consented to her being placed in the Boston Asylum, she accordingly entered it in the October of the same year.

After the lapse of a few weeks, when she had had time to become accustomed to the change, Dr. Howe commenced his system of imparting knowledge on the approved method of alphabetical instruction, and as a first experiment pasted labels with raised letters on articles of ordinary use, such as spoons, keys knives, and such "common things." These, by feeling carefully, she soon distinguished one from the other, and so rapid was her progress that ere long she, herself, placed the labels on each in regular order ; this however seemed to be merely a mechanical or rather an imitative process, as she appeared to have no consciousness of the relative uses of the articles thus labelled.

Instead of labels they after a while gave her detached letters which she was to form into words ; they were consecutively arranged so as to spell *book, key, &c* ; they then mixed them up, and signified that she was to arrange them herself, so as to express those words, and she did so. Up to this period she seemed perfectly unconscious of the meaning of what she had been engaged at, and merely imitated her teacher, but now the truth flashed on her, her intellect was instantaneously awakened, and she perceived that there was a certain way by which she could express the thoughts working in her mind ; the immortal spirit eagerly seized this new link of union with other spirits, and thus commenced another and a brighter era for this child so bereft of outward joy. Dr. Howe remarks, that he caught the flash of light which beamed over her countenance, when the truth first dawned on her mind. Thus, the great obstacle to advancement was overcome, patience and perseverance were to be henceforward the beacons to guide all future efforts, and their success has been unprecedented.

Mr. Dickens thus alludes to this moment, we might almost



say of inspiration, when the light of intellect flashed for the first time on this bereaved child's mental vision.

"Well may this gentleman call that a delightful moment, in which some distant promise of her present state first gleamed on the darkened mind of Laura Bridgman. Throughout his life, the recollection of that moment will be to him a source of pure unfading happiness; nor will it shine less brightly on the evening of his days of noble usefulness."

It was sometime however before any very great results followed this awaking; a set of metal type was procured, also a board with square holes, and all was so arranged as to enable the type to be set in such a manner, that the letters would be felt beyond the surface; she could by this means, when any matter was presented to her, select the letters and form them on her board. Her next step in progression was the acquisition of the manual alphabet; this appears almost an impossibility, when we consider the various senses of which this highly gifted child was bereft. The process in thus described in the report of that time:—"Her teacher gives her a new object, for instance a pencil, first lets her examine it, and get an idea of its use, then teaches her how to spell it by making the signs for the letters with her own fingers; the child grasps her hand, and feels her fingers as the different letters are formed; she turns her head a little one side, like a person listening closely; her lips are apart; she seems scarcely to breathe, and her countenance, at first anxious, gradually changes to a smile as she comprehends the lesson. She then holds up her tiny fingers, and spells the board in the manual alphabet; next, she takes her types, and arranges her letters: and last, to make sure that she is right, she takes the whole of the types composing the word, and places them upon or in contact with, the pencil, or whatever the object may be."

Though deprived of almost every faculty capable of imparting pleasure, yet this child of promise is happy and playful as a bird, never repining, but cheerful and buoyant as the most favored child of fortune; her intellectual faculties must necessarily be of a high order, as even when alone, engaged either in knitting or sewing, she evidently amuses herself by mentally recalling past impressions of some pleasurable nature, or it may be in imaginary dialogues. She practices the manual alphabet in this lone self-communion, and appears to reason, reflect, and argue, with the contending ideas that float through her ever

active mind ; if she spell a word wrong, she at once corrects herself with her left hand, as her teacher would do ; if right, she pats her head approvingly, and occasionally, in a spirit of frolic, she spells wrong purposely with the left hand, and then, with an arch and knowing look, she laughs heartily whilst in the act of self-correction.

She is of an ardent and affectionate nature, and entertains for those with whom she associates a warm and tender regard. An affecting incident occurred when Laura was about eighteen months in the Institution ; her mother came to see her for the first time, and the poor child, all unconscious of her presence, was playing about the room ; when she encountered her, she began feeling her hands and dress to detect if she knew her, and then turned away, as if from a stranger ; this affected the poor mother deeply, and she gave her a string of beads she had worn at home, which she at once recognized and tried to put them on ; she was still unconscious of her mother's presence, and even repelled her caresses ; after a time, however, a vague idea seemed to flit across the child's mind, she felt her hands more closely and eagerly, then becoming red and pale by turns, contending emotions of hope and doubt were marked in her expressive countenance ; the mother seeing the change drew her softly towards her, when the whole truth rushed on her mind, and she nestled fondly in her mother's bosom ; then beads, toys, all were unheeded, her playmates vainly tried to separate her from her mother, she still clung eagerly to her, resisting all their efforts. The natural affection, intelligence, and resolution of the child was subsequently proved in the parting scene, which was painfully affecting : she stood for a moment on the threshold, holding her mother by one hand, and the Matron to whom she was fondly attached by the other, then dropping her mother's hand, she sobbed violently, and resigned herself to the Matron's care, while her mother departed.

When Mr. Combe visited the Institution in 1840, she at once recognized him as an old acquaintance, he having been there the previous year, and having been instructed in writing since his last visit, she wrote in pencil the words, " Laura glad to see Combe," and presented them. Dr. Kitto being with Mr. Combe during this visit, she gave him a letter, which she had written to an absent companion of whom she was very fond, saying, she could write another, as he wished to keep it

as a specimen of her orthography; she also worked a bag which she wished to send. Her letter was in the following terms:—  
 “Laura is well. Laura will give Baker bag. Man will carry bag to Baker. Laura will cry. Baker will come to see Laura. Drew (another pupil) is well. Drew give love to Baker.

LAURA BRIDGMAN.”

In her anxiety to advance in knowledge, she occasionally coined words, thinking, no doubt, that she could thus better communicate her ideas; she was, however, always guided by analogy; as, for instance, after acquiring an abstract notion of the word *alone*, meaning by one's self, she arranged it as *al-one*, and after exemplifying it by going to her room and returning alone; being anxious on another occasion, to have one of her companions with her, Laura endeavours thus to express her meaning, “Laura go *al-two*,” her process of word-making was thus at times peculiarly interesting.

Her attempts at definitions were sometimes amusing; for instance, she on one occasion came to her teacher to define the word bachelor, and being told that men who had wives were *husbands*, those who had none, *bachelors*; she immediately said, “Man no have wife, bachelor—Tenny bachelor,” meaning an old friend of hers. Being told to define bachelor, she said, “Bachelor no have wife, and smoke pipe.” Such were her ideas of bachelor life, and to prove her knowledge of the term, her teacher said, “Tenny has got no wife—what is Tenny?” she hesitated, and then said, “Tenny is wrong.”

The buoyancy of her spirits often led her to play practical jokes, but the natural tendencies of her disposition prevented her carrying them to an unamiable point, as is too frequently the case with those who are prone to indulge in such pastime. Her favorite amusement, however, seemed to be to puzzle her teacher; if she could by any means effect this, her joy was unbounded, and she watched every opportunity to gratify this innocent caprice. For instance, on one occasion, when her teacher was explaining the work of various tradesmen, she told her amongst others, that a blacksmith made *nails*, with a droll expression, she held up her hands, enquiring if he had made them, well aware he did not.

Her correct knowledge of time was remarkable; she could count most accurately, being made familiar with the earlier and easier rudiments of arithmetic, she could add and subtract very

fairly ; to express an indefinite number she always said a hundred, and if a friend was to be absent for a very lengthened period, she always counted by "Sundays," thereby meaning weeks.

Her sense of touch is even more acute than ordinary for a blind person ; Laura's hands and arms were ever in play, like the feelers of an insect ; nothing within her reach was unobserved ; her fingers, perpetually in motion, enabled her to detect the arrival of the most minute article of which she had not before been cognisant, and in her ceaseless rounds of enquiry, even soon finds out to whom it belongs. At table if told to sit still, she will conduct herself with propriety, handling her cup and spoon like other children, but if left to herself she is continually feeling things to ascertain their size, shape, and use, asking their names with insatiable curiosity, thus step by step acquiring knowledge.

This constant mental excitement made the doctors fearful that her health would suffer ; she was consequently obliged to walk much in the open air, and to practise callisthenic exercises. Her emotions however being always pleasing and hopeful, were more calculated to advance her health than to impede it. The struggle of an ardent spirit, however, to burst the bonds by which it was fettered, and the constant wear and tear of the mental machinery, would, if not smoothed by the oil of a glad-some nature, most certainly have the effect of either breaking down her constitution or impairing her mental faculties.

As, in evidence of our theory, we have several examples of the high order of mental culture attained by the blind to adduce, we shall conclude Laura Bridgman's (interest in whom led us beyond our limits) by giving in Mr. Dickens' own words his impressions regarding one who might be considered almost a marvel of her age :—

" I sat down before a girl blind, deaf, and dumb ; destitute of smell, and nearly so of taste ; before a fair young creature with every human faculty and hope, and power of goodness, and affection, inclosed within her delicate frame, and with but one outward sense—the sense of touch. There she was before me ; built up, as it were, in a marble cell, impervious to any ray of light or particle of sound ; with her poor white hand peeping through a chink in the wall to some good man for help, that an immortal soul might be awakened. Long before I looked upon her, the help had come. Her face was radiant with intelligence and pleasure, her hair, braided by her own hands, was bound about a head where intellectual capacity and development were beautifully expressed in its graceful outline and its broad open

brow ; her dress, arranged by herself, was a pattern of neatness and simplicity ; the work she had knitted lay beside her ; her writing book was on the desk she leaned upon. From the mournful ruin of such bereavement there had slowly risen up this gentle, tender, guileless, grateful-hearted creature.

"Like other inmates of the house, she had a green ribbon bound round her eyelids. A doll she had dressed lay near her on the ground. I took it up, and saw that she had made a green fillet, such as she wore herself, and fastened it about its mimic eyes.

"She was seated in a little enclosure, made by school desks and forms, writing her daily journal. But soon finishing this pursuit, she engaged in an animated communication with a teacher who sat beside her. This was a favorite mistress of the poor pupil.

"I turned over the leaves of her diary, and found it written in a fair legible square hand, and expressed in terms which were quite intelligible without any explanation. On my saying that I should like to see her write again, the teacher who sat beside her bade her, in their language, sign her name upon a slip of paper twice or thrice. In doing so, I observed that she kept her left hand always touching, and following up her right, in which of course she held the pen ; no line was indicated by any contrivance, but she wrote straight and freely.

"She had been until now quite unconscious of the presence of visitors ; but having her hand placed in that of the gentleman who accompanied me, she immediately expressed his name upon her teacher's palm. Indeed, her sense of touch is now so exquisite, that having been acquainted with a person once, she can recognise him after almost any interval. This gentleman had been in her company, I believe, but very seldom, and certainly had not seen her for many months. My hand she rejected at once, as she does that of any man who is a stranger to her. But she retained my wife's with evident pleasure, kissed her, and examined her dress with a girl's curiosity and interest.

"She was merry and cheerful, and showed much innocent playfulness in her intercourse with her teacher. The delight on recognising a favorite play-fellow and companion, herself a blind girl, who silently, and with an equal enjoyment of the cunning surprise, took a seat beside her, was beautiful to witness. It elicited from her at first, as other slight circumstances did twice or thrice during my visits, an uncouth noise, which was rather painful to hear. But on her teacher touching her lips, she immediately desisted, and embraced her laughingly and affectionately."

We shall now cite a few examples of the mental culture, attainable by the blind, when fostered by kind care, and shew that they have exhibited talents of a very high order, in every branch of literature and art. Poets, musicians, sculptors, aye ! and incredible as it may appear, we have had blind travellers also ; this assertion would seem to be almost fabulous, could we not point to Lieutenant Holman, who not only travelled,

but has given the experiences of his travels in several volumes; some of his publications have met unqualified approval, and the last volume of his last work has been considered equal to the best book of travel in our language.

Those, whom the Almighty has blessed with sight, can scarcely realize the idea of the value of travel to a man deprived of the one great charm which enhances all their pleasure, and without which scenes of the rarest beauty in nature, and works the most exquisite in art, would be a chaotic void, namely, the glorious gift of beholding them; the chisel of the sculptor would in vain portray the noble forms of statuary art, or the pencil of the artist depict the bright glories of sunrise, or the calm though softened beauty of the equally glowing sunset; in vain, for them, would nature shew forth all her varied charms; hill or dale, streamlet or wooded valley, landscape scenery, the most exquisite could to the sightless impart no charm. Thus, we think, and thus we are confident, will many of our readers think also. We must, however, permit Lieutenant Holman to speak for himself, and explain, in his own words, the happiness he experienced in travelling.

"The picturesque in nature, it is true, is shut out from me, and works of art are to me mere outlines of beauty, accessible only to one sense; but perhaps this very circumstance affords a stronger yest to curiosity, which is thus impelled to a more close and searching examination of details, than would be considered necessary to a traveller, who might satisfy himself by the superficial view, and rest content with the first impressions conveyed through the eye. Deprived of that organ of information, I am compelled to adopt a more rigid and less suspicious course of enquiry, and to investigate analytically, by a train of patient examination, suggestions and deductions which other travellers dismiss at first sight; so that, freed from the hazard of being misled by appearances, I am the less likely to adopt hasty and erroneous conclusions: I believe that, notwithstanding my want of vision, I do not fail to visit as many interesting points in the course of my travels, as the majority of my contemporaries; and by having things described to me on the spot, I think it as possible for me to form as correct a judgment as my own sight would enable me to do; and, to confirm my accuracy, I could bring many living witnesses to bear testimony to my endless inquiries and insatiable thirst for collecting information. Indeed this is the secret of the delight I derive from travelling, affording me as it does a constant source of mental occupation, and stimulating me so powerfully to physical exertion, that I can bear a greater degree of bodily fatigue than any one could suppose my frame to be capable of supporting."

As Holman was not deprived of sight till he was twenty-

five, he must have retained vivid impressions of external matters, by which he was enabled to realise much more correctly than the born blind, the information imparted, of which the totally uninitiated could form no conception. How far his visual reminiscences benefited him, was exemplified in the, to a landsman, extraordinary and daring exploit of going aloft at sea; this dangerous feat he actually performed, and when explained, does not appear so incredible as might be supposed; he having acquired the habit professionally whilst in the navy; all parts of the rigging were thus familiar to him as a sailor; he could consequently go aloft with unerring certainty on the darkest night on any rope. He affirms however that this was to him by no means a hazardous undertaking, as his early habits gave him confidence, and moreover, that he had kept himself in practice by going aloft at least once during every voyage.

His inconvenience in a pecuniary way, was, strange to say, very inconsiderable; even in the most remote regions he does not complain of imposition. One precaution he took however, and that was, to transact business as far as he could, with the most respectable bankers and merchants; of his general intercourse, however, he thus speaks:—

“Notwithstanding, I have travelled so much in foreign countries, and have had so extensive an intercourse with strangers, I think I may safely say, that I have not been more deceived, or suffered greater losses in money transactions, than any of my countrymen. Thank God! I have not found sufficient cause to arm myself with suspicion; for although there are despicable characters in every country, who would not hesitate to take advantage of others, I am happy to think that human nature is not so bad as is generally portrayed, and that there is at least one redeeming quality which is acknowledged to exist even in the worst of characters—a reluctance to practice deceit or treachery on the afflicted, as they might be tempted to do on those who are capable of protecting themselves. On the whole I have much more reason to be grateful to mankind, than to complain of any uncharitableness, while, from the more educated part of the community, I have invariably experienced the most convincing evidence of the excellent qualities of the human heart, in constant and disinterested acts of kindness, hospitality, benevolence, and almost universal sympathy.”

This is a noble tribute to human nature, and with it we bid farewell to our traveller, whose own goodness of heart, and trustfulness of disposition must have awakened sympathy in the hearts even of the most evil disposed.

Poetry and poetical composition have proverbially formed one of the chief enjoyments of the blind. Their tendency in that way has been so strong, that when not gifted with the powers of composition, they have been remarked for taking a peculiar pleasure in hearing verse read, or committing it to memory. The list of blind poets is so extensive that we can only point out a few who have rendered themselves famous in wooing the Muse. Homer, the father of poets, was also the first blind poet; though not born blind, nor deprived of sight till after he had formed the idea of giving his glorious conceptions to the world, was, nevertheless, blind when he wrote those splendid epics which have stood unrivalled the test of ages. Under the tuition of Phemius, his stepfather, he mastered all the learning and accomplishments of his era, and succeeded him, in the school, where he taught for some time. Having commenced his travels in order to collect materials for his poems, he was detained at Ithaca where he got defluxion of the eyes, which led eventually to his blindness. To his detention at Ithaca is the world however indebted for those traditions of Ulysses which formed the groundwork of the Odyssey. He returned to his native city, Smyrna, where he fell into great poverty and neglect, and was obliged to have recourse to the then not unusual practice of reciting or singing detached portions of his compositions. He became in fact a wandering minstrel—a vocation which has been in all ages considered peculiarly adapted to the blind. At Cuma, where his poems received very general applause, he was induced to address the Government for a public maintenance: but received the cold and harsh answer, that if they were to take all the (*homeroi*) or “blind strollers” under their patronage, the city would soon be filled with such useless beings. Such was the origin of the name HOMER, by which the bard was henceforth designated. He was originally called Melesiganes, from his being born unexpectedly beside the river Meles.

Having left Cuma with a poet's malediction, he settled at Chios, where he composed, or rather completed, his greater poems; here he married, and his poetic fame having spread into Greece, he was invited to Athens, a city he had complimented in some verses, and on his way thither spent a winter at Samos, singing or reciting at the houses of the great, and followed by crowds wherever he went; he was taken ill, however, at Sporades, (probably Cos,) died there, and was buried on the



sea shore. Homer is supposed to have represented his own condition in the eighth book of the *Odyssey*, under the guise of a blind bard named Demodocus. The circumstance is supposed to embody a scene similar to many in which Homer himself had figured. The king of Phœacia, Alcinous, sends a herald to call the bard to a great feast at which Ulysses (unknown as that hero) is a guest.

After a while—

“The herald now arrives, and guides along  
The sacred master of celestial song :  
Dear to the Muse ! who gave his days to flow  
With mighty blessings, mixed with mighty woe ;  
With clouds of darkness queuch'd his visual ray,  
But gave him still to raise the lofty lay.  
High on a radiant throne sublime in state,  
Encircled by huge multitudes, he sate :  
With silver shone the throne, his lyre well strung  
To rapturous sounds, at hand Pontonous hung.  
Before his seat a polished table shines,  
And a full goblet foams with generous wines ;  
His food a herald bore.”

The entire of this book contains passages evidently bearing a reference to Homer himself, and were we indulging in a disquisition on poets alone we would be tempted to give a more lengthened detail, and place before our readers who have not read the classics, a few more quotations from the king of epics ; but we must not indulge our poetic vein on this especial occasion, as we have other poets to introduce.

John Milton, the father of modern poets, shines forth as a meteor amid the darkness by which his later life was shrouded ; for his mind was richly stored with treasures of knowledge—and all the impressions which the eye could convey had been realised before the loss of sight had thrown him on those intellectual resources, which were at once a balm to him, and a boon to the world. Though none ever felt more sensitively his privation, or described it with more pathos and power, yet, selfish as the admission must be considered, we can scarcely regret an affliction by which posterity has been so benefited, and his own name immortalized ; for it must be admitted that to the constrained leisure imposed on him by this calamity are we indebted for the composition of those great works, which are to us a precious inheritance.

Milton had to contend with even more than his blindness. The literary and political party of that day were each virulent in their hatred of opponents, and no affliction, how sacred soever its character might be, was respected; thus was Milton attacked on all sides by his enemies, who exulted over his calamity as a visitation from God, and a judgment. Milton, in his "Second Defence of the People of England," explains how his blindness arose, and further adds—"I wish that it were in my power, with the same facility with which I have repelled his other attacks, to refute the charge which my unfeeling adversary brings against me, of blindness; but, alas! it is not in my power, and I must consequently submit to it. It is not, however, miserable to be blind; he only is miserable who cannot acquiesce in his blindness with fortitude. And why should I repine at a calamity which every man's mind ought to be so prepared and disciplined as to be able, on the contingency of its happening, to undergo with patience—a calamity to which man, by the condition of his nature, is liable—and which I know to have been the lot of some of the greatest and the best of my species? Among those on whom it has fallen I might reckon some of the wisest bards of remote antiquity, whose want of sight the gods are said to have compensated with extraordinary and far more valuable endowments; and whose virtues were so venerated that men would rather arraign the gods themselves of injustice than draw from the blindness of these admirable mortals an argument of their guilt."

It was Peter Du Maubise who attacked him thus virulently, in a work published at the Hague, entitled, *Regii Sanguinis Clamor ad Cælum adversus parricidas Anglicanos*, and who not only thus reproaches him, but selects for his motto Virgil's description of the eyeless Cyclops.

Milton, having lost his first wife about the period of his blindness, felt so sad and comfortless, thus doubly bereaved, that he married again after a short interval. This lady, however, did not long soothe his woes, as she died within a year of her marriage, in her confinement. We give the following beautiful sonnet, which he composed on the death of his wife, as it seems to convey the idea that the blind can recognise in dreams what they never saw with their bodily eyes. Whether this theory is founded on reality or a mere poetical fiction we cannot aver, as Milton's biographer

has not stated whether he had ever seen his wife previous to his blindness :—

“ Methought I saw my late espoused saint  
 Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave,  
 Whom Jove’s great son to her glad husband gave,  
 Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.  
 Mine, as whom washed from spot of child-bed taint,  
 Purification in the old law did save,  
 And such as yet once more I trust to have  
 Full sight of her in heaven without restraint,  
 Come vested all in white, pure as her mind ;  
 The face was veiled, yet, to my fancied sight,  
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined  
 So clear, as in no face with more delight.  
 But oh ! as to embrace me she inclined,  
 I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.”

Before taking leave of Milton we cannot refrain from giving the noble sonnet on his blindness. Were an excuse necessary for the insertion of what must be familiar to all who have read Milton, “and who has not?” we have it in the touching words of Dr. Kitto himself—“Those lines have, for more than a quarter of a century, been constantly recurring to my mind—exciting more of reverent admiration of, and love for the author, and ministering more comfort to my own soul than any equal quantity of verse in the English language.”

“ When I consider how my light is spent  
 Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,  
 And that one talent, which is death to hide,  
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
 My true account, lest he returning chide.  
 ‘ Doth God exact day labour, light deny’d ?’  
 I fondly ask ; but Patience, to prevent  
 That murmur, soon replies—God doth not need  
 Either man’s work or his own gifts ; who best  
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best ; his state  
 Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,  
 And post o’er land and ocean without rest ;  
 They also serve who only stand and wait.”

In the two specimens we have quoted of blind poets, we have instanced men whose unrivalled genius has withstood the test of ages; but of men, also, whose minds were stored with knowledge, in all its varied forms, before they had to endure the sad affliction of blindness. We are now about to mention a man, who, though but a pigmy to the blind giants of yore, presents a truer picture of a blind poet than those we have cited, as he became blind from small-pox at the early age of eighteen months.

JAMES BLACKLOCK was the son of a tradesman at Annan, in Scotland, and was indebted to his father's tender kindness for the early mental training, the culture of which, in after life, gained him so justly earned a celebrity. This good father not only employed his leisure hours in reading aloud for the benefit and pleasure of his child, but did all in his power to assist him in the literary pursuits for which he in early life evinced so strong a predilection. His father having died, his claims to merit becoming more generally known, procured him friends, through whose means he was enabled to proceed to the University of Edinburgh, where, after remaining ten years, and following the course of education necessary, he became a candidate for Ministry in the Scotch Church, and was presented to a living; the people, however, not being content with a blind minister, he resigned, and returned to Edinburgh, where he spent his time in literary pursuits, and directed the studies of some young men whom he received into his house. His merits as a poet were not of the highest order; his poems were merely fair compositions; he attained equal celebrity as a scholar and divine, being, it is thought, the only person blind from infancy who ever received the degree of Doctor in Divinity, which was conferred on him in 1766. He made himself master of the Greek, Latin, and French languages; nor was he unmindful of politics, having published a pamphlet on the American war. Blacklock was also the author of the valuable and interesting article, "Blind," in the original "*Encyclopædia Britannica*;" many parts of which have been copied or paraphrased by almost every late writer on the subject. His temperament was naturally cheerful, delighting in conversation and music, yet occasionally he was liable to fits of despondency, and he was keenly alive to the disadvantages of his position, which he considered enhanced by the double barrier of blindness and obscure birth; he appeals feelingly to those obstructions to honourable exertions—

"A barren future, and a hopeless love!  
Obscure, depressed, and scorn'd."

The dread of want seems to have harrassed his mind more than any other fear, and the consciousness, that in case of emergency, there were none bound to take an interest in his welfare, or to protect him from the ills of life, caused him many a pang; on the whole; however, he was cheerful and resigned—those fitful flashes of gloom and despondency were of short endurance, and in his abiding habit of mind he seems to have had no earnest desires for anything, save a higher degree of knowledge, larger means of usefulness, and some degree of honour among men.

EDWARD RUSHTON, born in Liverpool in 1755, was a sailor on board a merchant vessel, and became blind at the age of nineteen. Having repaired to his native place, he lived there for seven years, with an old aunt, on four shillings a week, an allowance given by his father: out of this small pittance he contrived to spare two pence or three pence weekly to pay a boy for reading to him for an hour or two in the evening. His father's circumstances becoming a little more comfortable, he was placed with a sister in a tavern, in which position he remained for about two years, when he married. Business not proving prosperous, Rushton undertook the editorship of a local newspaper, called *The Herald*, but not being permitted to express himself as freely as his principles dictated, he resigned that office. His tastes and habits leading him to literary pursuits, and not being able to attain to the higher walks, he contented himself in the trade of a bookseller. His capital consisted of a wife, five children, and thirty guineas. Matters were now in a favorable state of progression, and Rushton, with his own tact and judgment, aided by the exertions of his excellent wife, would have been eminently successful were it not for the breaking out of the French Revolution. This fearful catastrophe, which plunged Europe in dismay, and awakened feelings of revolt in men of sanguine temperament, but undisciplined minds, aroused in Rushton all the latent feelings of his early predilections, and he soon made himself notorious by his publications in favor of the "Rights of Man." His boldness, however, soon met its reward. He became a marked man—and an attempt was even said to have been made on his life. Some friends stood by him, however, in this, his hour of trial—he still struggled on, and was at length restored to easier circumstances.

More than thirty years after his blindness he recovered his sight, under the skilful treatment of Dr. Gibson of Manchester; he died, however, seven years later, in the year 1814, at the age of fifty-eight.

Rushton acquired considerable facility in the composition of verse. A collection of his poems was published in a small volume in 1804. His Ode on Blindness, which we subjoin, is, as Dr. Kitto expresses it, "one of the most natural pictures of the condition of the blind to be met with in verse; the domestic touches in the second stanza being inimitable."

"Ah! think if June's delicious rays  
The eye of sorrow can illumine—  
Or wild December's beamless days  
Can fling on all a transient gloom;  
Ah! think if skies, obscure or bright,  
Can thus depress or cheer the mind:  
Ah! think, 'midst clouds of utter night,  
What mournful moments wait the blind!

"And who shall tell his cause for woe,  
To love the wife he ne'er must see,  
To be a sire, yet not to know  
The silent babe that climbs his knee!  
To have his feelings daily torn  
With pain the passing meal to find;  
To live distress'd, and die forlorn—  
Are ills that oft await the blind!

"When to the breezy upland led,  
At noon, or blushing eve, or morn,  
He hears the red-breast o'er his head,  
While round him breathes the scented thorn;  
But, oh! instead of nature's face,  
Hills, dales, and woods, and streams combin'd,  
Instead of tints, and forms, and grace,  
Night's blackest mantle shrouds the blind.

"If rosy youth bereft of sight  
'Midst countless thousands pines unblest—  
As the gay flower withdrawn from light,  
Bows to the earth where all must rest;  
Ah! think, when life's declining hours  
To chilling penury are consign'd,  
And pain has palsied all his powers;  
Ah! think what woes await the blind!"

JAMES WILSON, who might be classed amongst the travellers as well as the poets, being as remarkable for his feats in

pedestrianism as his poetical compositions, was born in the North American state of Virginia. His father, a Scotchman, was about returning to his native country, when he and his wife, having died at the same time on the voyage, were both consigned to the deep; and their orphan child, still an infant, being seized with the small-pox, was deprived, by that fearful malady, of his sight. A situation more deplorable could not be well conceived; but a beneficent Providence that watches with peculiar care over the forlorn and unprotected, did not forsake the friendless child. On the arrival of the ship at Belfast, where the little orphan's connections were quite unknown, the captain humanely placed him in the hands of the church-warden, with money sufficient to defray all expenses for five years, and thus prevented his becoming chargeable on the parish. The nurse, to whose care he was consigned, watched over him with maternal solicitude till his health was restored. His right eye was couched whilst he was still in infancy, and in consequence of this operation he was enabled to discern surrounding objects, and even to distinguish colours. This happiness, however, was but of short duration, as at the age of seven an attack from a cow having endangered his life, utterly deprived him of his partially restored sight; he, however, retained a vivid recollection of the pleasure he experienced during this short interval, to which he often referred in advanced age.

He lost his kind foster-mother a few years after this, his second, privation; and it was then, when dependent on his own self-exertions, that he adopted the rather novel mode of earning his livelihood by acting in the capacity of a messenger. In his "Biography of the Blind" he gives an interesting account of his activity as a pedestrian, and states that in the early part of his life he has frequently travelled through parts of the country with which he was entirely unacquainted, at the rate of thirty miles a day; but this was only in cases of emergency, and he adds that it was too much for a blind boy. About the age of fifteen his taste for books began to manifest itself, and with the assistance of a boy of his own age he got through a large course of reading in novels and romances. The French Revolution, which seemed to enthral the souls and senses of all, was to him particularly exciting; politics displaced the higher branches of literature, and the news of each passing day was listened to with more of interest than records of the

past, how brilliant soever in genius, or pungent in wit ; reality superseded romance, and the tragedies of Paris possessed a more thrilling interest than the most glowing tales of chivalry, or the most daring feats of knight-errantry. In listening to such reading his memory became so sharpened that he soon knew the names, stations, and commanders of almost all the ships in the navy, and the number, facing, and name of every regiment in the army. He was, therefore, the living army and navy list for the poor of the neighbourhood.

The following anecdote, as recorded by himself, is the best proof of his memory on this point.

“ Being invited by a friend to spend an evening at his house I had scarcely sat down when three gentlemen entered. The conversation turned upon the news of the day. I was requested by my friend to repeat the names of as many of the ships of the British navy as I could recollect, telling me that he had a particular reason for the request. I commenced, and my friend marked them down as I went along, until I had repeated six hundred and twenty, when he stopped me, saying I had gone far enough. The cause of his request was then explained. One of the gentlemen had wagered a supper that I could not name five hundred ; he, however, expressed himself much pleased at his loss, having been, as he acknowledged, highly entertained by the experiment.”

James Wilson had early become the laureate of the poor ; epistles, love songs, and acrostics, were amongst his first effusions ; of these, at a later and more advanced period, he speaks with becoming disrespect, the best symptom of subsequent advancement, which has been further evidenced by the volumes which he eventually published, and which were of a very fair average in composition.

In the year 1800, an Institution was established at Belfast for instructing the blind in some industrial occupation which would enable them to earn a livelihood. To this James went, and acquired a partial knowledge of upholstery, by means of which he afterwards obtained employment. In 1803, a reading society was formed by some young men, where James was kindly admitted, without being obliged to incur the attendant expense. One of the members possessing an equal thirst for knowledge, entered into a kind of partnership with James, when it was arranged that if the blind man would borrow the books the other would read them to him ; and they were thus instrumental to each other's improvement.



He now however was determined on matrimony if he could succeed in winning the affections of a young woman, whom he esteemed for her many amiable qualities. He began his courtship by addressing to her a copy of verses; this he assures us had the desired effect, as it produced an impression which was never after effaced. After two years' correspondence they were married, and James affirms that they spent thirty-two years happily in each other's society, and that during the natural trials and crosses incidental to life, a murmur never escaped the lips of this excellent woman.

FRANCES BROWN, the poetess of our own time, and of our own country, is one of the most interesting instances of poetical genius we could adduce. She was born in 1816, at Stranorlar, in the County of Donegal, her father being at the time postmaster of the village; she lost her sight when eighteen months old by the small pox; her early education was neglected owing to this infirmity, but at a very early age she became conscious of her own deficiency by her inability to understand many words she had heard her pastor make use of in his sermon; this set her thinking, and thenceforward she uniformly inquired the meaning of any word unintelligible to her. She acquired information in rather a strange fashion, namely, from hearing her brothers and sisters learning their lessons aloud; her memory being more retentive than theirs, she learned the task much sooner, and often heard them repeat it to her.

Her first acquaintanceship with books was necessarily of a simple character; her isolated position, and the scarcity of books, for which she says her remote neighbourhood was remarkable, threw her on the kindness of her acquaintances who were more fortunate in their possession; and in this desultory way she obtained the reading of many valuable works. To one kind friend she was indebted for her first acquaintanceship with the charming fictions of the illustrious author of *Waverley*. The "*Heart of Mid Lothian*," was lent her, and her delight on hearing it read was unbounded; and she contrived by means of borrowing to become acquainted with the greater number of Scott's prose and poetical works. She had a curious mode of impressing what had been read on her memory, namely, lying awake in the silence of night and repeating it all over to herself.

From historical novels Miss Brown soon made the naturally progressive step to history itself, and she by degrees made herself mistress of a more complete knowledge of history than most

ladies gifted with all their faculties can boast of. Geography, she acquired by the mode we have already mentioned, that is, by hearing her brothers and sisters learn their lessons. In order to obtain a more accurate knowledge of the relative situations of distant places, she sometimes requested a friend, who could trace maps, to place her fingers on some familiar spot, the position of which was known to her, and then conduct the fingers of the other hand to any place on the map the situation of which she desired to ascertain.

From her earliest years Frances Brown had an almost intuitive love for poetry, and possessed the talent of committing verses to memory with greater facility than other children; Watts' Hymns, and some old country songs, formed the extent of her poetical knowledge, when, at the age of seven, she attempted versifying the Lord's Prayer. The provincial newspapers furnished her as she grew older rich entertainment, in scraps from some of the best living authors. These, she always contrived to commit to memory and repeat aloud for amusement when alone, or sleepless; she even attempted poetical composition at this early age, but admits, that they were but puerile imitations of everything she knew, from the Psalms to Gray's "Elegy." Burns' poetry attracted her attention more than any other she had heard, till she obtained access to Pope's translation of the "Iliad." Homer enlarged her poetical conceptions to such a degree that in a fit of supreme contempt she committed her own compositions to the flames.

After Homer, the work that made the greatest impression on her mind was "Childe Harold." The former had induced her to burn her manuscripts, the latter made her resolve against future attempts; a resolution she adhered to for several years. In the summer of 1840, however, a circumstance occurred, which, combined with her irresistible love for poetry, induced her to alter her determination. Whilst a friend was reading to her the story of "La Pérouse," she was struck by the remarkable similarity it bore to an old country song she had heard in childhood called "The Lost Ship;" though the song in question was very inferior in composition, yet there was one line at the termination of each verse, which haunted her imagination as worthy of a better poem.

"They ne'er were heard of more."

This recollection, combined with the story she had heard, induced her to break her too long kept resolution; and the

result was, the little poem called "La Pérouse" which may be read in her collected poems. She soon after contributed to the "Irish Penny Journal," and was favorably noticed by that periodical. The incident, however, which brought her name and pretensions prominently before the public deserves record. Having heard the London "Athenæum" highly spoken of, as containing a vast amount of information, and no copy of it reaching her neighbourhood which she could borrow, and having an ardent desire to obtain it, she determined on making a bold effort for that purpose. With this object, she sent a number of small poems to the editor, with the offer of further contributions; and a request that he would transmit to her a copy of the Periodical. For a long time, her appeal remained unnoticed, and she despaired of ever hearing anything further on the matter, when she was pleasingly astonished, by receiving not only several numbers of the Journal, but also a complimentary letter from the editor. Thus, she at once became famous, and was eventually encouraged to give to the world the efforts of her muse, in the shape of a volume of sweet verse, the publication of which was mainly instrumental in procuring for her a small pension for life, from a fund at the disposal of the Premier's wife. The energy displayed from her childhood by this almost friendless, and self-taught girl,—and her perseverance in the pursuit of knowledge, in her case so really beset with difficulties, raises at once the interest and character of her muse; but there is an attractiveness more touching still, in the fact, that the fruits of her talent were all expended in supplying the want of early education, by procuring instructive books, and the education of a younger sister to be her amanuensis; thus, every step gained by her in learning was valued merely as the road to higher attainments.

We could cite various other instances of poetical genius as possessed by the blind, did space permit; we shall however limit ourselves to the names of a few more. *Henry the Minstrel* or *Blind Harry*, a Scottish bard, was born blind in 1361. He is known as the author of a historical poem recording the achievements of Wallace; he followed the vocation of a minstrel, travelling about the country and reciting the exploits of its heroes.

Gower, who died in 1402 laments his misfortune in one of his Latin verses.

JOHN PFEFFEL, a native of Germany, was born in 1736 and

died in 1809 ; he published six octavo volumes of poetry. Some of his fables have been translated into French, by M. Degerando. He also established a military school at Colmar, his native place, to which youths of the best families in Germany were sent to be educated. We must not, in conclusion, forget Anne Williams, the friend and protégé of Johnson, who at the age of sixty published "*Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*," written partly by herself, and partly by her friends.

Music, the twin sister of poetry, has, from time immemorial, formed the almost peculiar province of the blind. Minstrelsy, being their favorite avocation, the lyre, the harp, and the violin, have been touched in ancient as well as modern times, with a delicacy and skill so refined, and we might almost add so spirituated, by the blind performer, that the entranced listener believed him gifted with inspiration, and conceived that the heaven-born attribute of music was imparted in requital for loss of sight.

In looking through the histories of the eminent blind, we find so many possessed of musical taste and skill, though more remarkable for other attainments ; that we shall confine ourselves to the mention of a few in whom music was the all-engrossing passion.

We shall commence with FRANCIS SALINAS, son to the treasurer of Burgos, in Spain, who was born in the year 1513. He was incurably blind from birth, but began very early to evince a talent for music, and spent nearly the entire of his boyhood in singing, and playing on the organ. He acquired a knowledge of the Latin language, whilst still a youth, from a young lady, as a requital for his teaching her to play on the organ ; after a time his father sent him to the University of Salamanca, where his abilities recommended him to the favourable notice of the Archbishop of Compostella ; whom he accompanied to Rome, on his patron attaining the Cardinaliteship. Here he remained for thirty years, studying the works of Boetius, and the writings of the ancient Greek harmonicons. He returned to Spain, purposing to end his days in his own land ; but after three years was recalled to Italy, where he remained, till induced to return to his own University at Salamanca by being offered the professorship of music, with a liberal salary. He was an excellent composer, and his talents were so highly appreciated, that he was created by Pope Paul IV., Abbot of Saint Pauciato della Rocca Salegna, in the kingdom of Naples. He

died in 1590, at the age of seventy-five, and bequeathed to posterity a great and erudite work on his favorite science, entitled "De Musica."

In order to be enabled to give slight sketches of our own native bards, we must omit those of other countries, who, however famous, do not possess for us the same amount of interest which we admittedly feel for our own countrymen. Amongst the most remarkable names transmitted to us in the Bardic line, CAROLAN stands prominently forth, combining the twofold qualities of poet and of musical composer; it is certain that the national Irish music was much enriched by his productions, uniting extraordinary variety, with exquisite melody; he is said to have composed no fewer than four hundred pieces.

TURLAGH CAROLAN, the son of a peasant farmer, was born in the village of Nobber, Westmeath, in 1670. He was deprived of sight by small-pox at so early an age as to have no recollection of colors, and used touchingly remark "that his eyes were transplanted to his ears."

Carolan's musical talents soon manifested themselves, and his friends determined to cultivate them. He commenced learning the harp at the age of twelve, and though fond of that instrument, he never touched it with a masterly hand, chiefly using it as a help to composition; his fingers wandering in quest of melody thro' the strings.

On attaining manhood, he formed a deep and lasting attachment to a lady named Bridget Cruise; she, however, did not reciprocate his passion, and, after some time, he married another named Mary Maguire. There is a simple and touching incident recorded of him, proving the enduring tenacity with which he clung to the memory of his first love; though an oft-told tale, yet we cannot resist the temptation of giving it, not as a legend but as a fact, narrated by himself, and in terms of such deep emotion as left no doubt of the strength and endurance of his affection.

Many years after his marriage, he went on a pilgrimage to Loughderg in Donegal; and whilst waiting the arrival of the boat that was to convey him, he met several pilgrims bound on the same holy errand. On assisting some of these into the boat, his hand unexpectedly met one which caused him to start, and he instantly exclaimed, "this is the hand of Bridget Cruise." His sense of feeling had not deceived him. It was the hand of her he had once so passionately loved.

Lover in his exquisite lines :—

“True love can ne’er forget.”

has immortalized the sentiment, in poetry worthy of the theme, as well as of the bard of whom it is sung.

Carolán, on his marriage; lived more merrily than wisely, want was the natural consequence of his extravagance, and this, combined with his natural love for music, was evidently the original cause of the itinerant life he thenceforward led. He went about the country as a travelling musician, mounted on horseback, his servant carrying his harp, and riding after him.

He was received with respect wherever he went, and a high place at the table was assigned to him. The gates of the nobility were thrown open when Carolán appeared; and to this wandering life is posterity indebted for those charming melodies which are the delight of his countrymen, as he thought a tribute of song due to every house in which he was entertained, and never failed to pay it.

Carolán was habitually pious, never omitting daily prayer, and fondly imagined himself gifted by inspiration whilst composing some pieces of church music; this idea enhanced his devotion and gratitude.

He was a great admirer of Italian compositions, and understood it perfectly. His fame having reached Dublin, an Italian music-master in that city devised a plan for testing his abilities rather severely. He selected a superior piece of Italian music, but altered and mutilated it in such a way, as that none but a master genius could detect the alterations. Carolán, quite unconscious of this ruse, listened with the most profound attention and the deepest interest whilst the piece was being performed. He then declared it to be an admirable piece of music, adding humerously—“but here and there it limps and stumbles.” He was then requested to rectify the errors, which he accordingly did; and the piece being sent up to Dublin thus corrected, the Italian music-master at once pronounced him to be a true musical genius. He died in 1738, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and was interred in Kilronan, Ardagh. No memorial marks the spot where the remains of this truly gifted Irishman repose; his grave, however, continued long known to his admirers. Let us hope that when his statue shall be erected it will not be in bronze, or defamed in the form of a man, as Moore’s has been in College-street.

DENIS HAMPSON, the blind bard of Magilligan, was born in 1698, and was a native of Derry; though remarkable, he was still very inferior to Carolan. His father was an extensive farmer, holding the whole town land of Tyrerovan. He lost his sight at the age of three years from small pox, and commenced learning the harp from a woman when about twelve. He acquired a better knowledge of this instrument from the travelling harpers whom he casually encountered, and at eighteen could play by himself. He travelled over different parts of Ireland and Scotland during ten years; and so vivid and pleasing was the recollection of those wanderings, that they formed a source of enjoyment for his old age; and he could give, at the advanced age of one hundred and eight years, the most interesting details of his early adventures, with anecdotes of persons whom he had met in his journeys.

He had a wen at the back of his head which grew to an enormous extent as he advanced in years; it hung over his neck and shoulders, and was nearly as large as his head; this excrescence got for him the appellation of "the man with the two heads." The Rev. Mr. Sampson, who visited the harper at his cabin in 1806, two years before his death, wrote the particulars to Miss Owenson, (Lady Morgan,) at whose instance he called on him. His harp he always kept in the bed beside him; and a few hours before his death he tuned it, that it might be in readiness to entertain some company who were expected; but feeling the approach of death he calmly laid it aside, and calling his family around him resigned his breath without a struggle.

"The last of our bards lies cold in his grave," was the cry that arose when his death became known.

WILLIAM TALBOT was born near Roscrea, in Tipperary, in the year 1781: he lost his sight from small-pox at four years old; his family removed soon after to the sea side, in the vicinity of Waterford. Talbot's taste was more mechanical than even musical: still, he evinced such a predilection for the Irish pipes, and attained such a celebrity by his performance on that instrument as to be justly entitled to a place amongst the musicians. At the early age of thirteen he obtained such local celebrity, that no fiddler had a chance of an engagement for any dance or feast if Talbot and his pipes could be secured. At seventeen he was induced to go to sea, and during four years he visited various parts of the world; he soon, however,

grew tired of this life, and in 1808 became again a landman. He then married, and sought support by the exercise of his musical talent. At Limerick he received much encouragement, and commenced there his first attempt at building an organ. After this he removed to Cork, where he purchased an organ in order to make himself more perfectly acquainted with the mechanism of the instrument; and he soon evinced his perfect knowledge by the beautiful and finely toned organ he constructed. His acquaintanceship with the mechanism of the organ first led him to conceive the application of a higher scale to his favorite instrument, the Irish pipes, which he found to be a most important and valuable acquisition. His highest and most valued distinction consisted in the efficient manner he used this instrument himself. By his musical and mechanical talents did this worthy man bring up a large family in respectability and comfort.

Strange as the anomaly may seem, blind divines have, from the earliest ages, been occasionally met with. Under the law of Moses, blindness was a disqualification for the services of the altar, and even in our time, we must confess that the difficulty of administering the sacraments, irrespective of any other feeling, would to our mind present a serious obstacle to the admission of clergymen who are not in possession of *all* their faculties, to any church, Catholic, Anglican, or Presbyterian. With regard to the practice of the Catholic church on this point, Cardinal Wiseman has given the following information:—"Blindness constitutes what is called in Canon Law an *irregularity*, which incapacitates for orders in our Church. The loss of an eye would be an irregularity if it caused *notable deformity*, which is another irregularity. If the partial blindness were not accompanied by deformity, it would not necessarily be an obstacle to orders, especially if the loss fell upon the *right* eye; as from the position of the book on the altar, the *left* eye is the more necessary of the two in the celebration of Mass." In the Anglican Church, the same objection to blindness would not seem to be applicable. Nevertheless, but few instances of divines born blind are to be met with, and even to those who have been deprived of sight after ordination the loss has been a natural impediment. In Blacklock, whom we have before mentioned, we have instanced the feeling entertained by even a Presbyterian congregation to a blind pastor; and he, regarding it as the expression of a general sentiment,



had the prudence and good taste never again to attempt the exercise of any clerical function.

In the patriotic ages, we have mention of one or two theologians of considerable repute, but it does not appear that they were in orders, or assumed any pastoral charge or clerical duty. DIDYMUS, who died at an advanced age, in the year 395, was one of those to whom we have referred. He, it is reported, became blind at the age of five years; at an early period, he addicted himself to theological studies, the knowledge of which he acquired by getting persons to read for him. He eventually became the head of the celebrated catechetical school of Alexandria; amongst the illustrious pupils he sent forth, was St. Jerome, who edited and translated into Latin, several of his master's works; his pupils were of opinion that his blindness, by concentrating his attention on the subject of his meditations, was rather an advantage than the contrary.

Cassiodorus mentions a person named Ensebius, living in the same century, who has been merely described as an Asiatic, who having become blind at the age of five years, acquired vast knowledge and profound erudition, and taught with great ability and success.

We shall pass over the lapse of ages, during which time doubtless, there were many instances of blind theologians; our space not permitting us too protracted an account, we must limit ourselves to a few of more modern date. In the seventeenth century, we meet with the names of the Rev. Richard Lucas, D.D., and of the Rev. John Troughton. The former was born in 1648, and though not deprived of sight till after he had attained not alone holy orders, but had been elected Vicar of St. Stephen's, and Lecturer of St. Olave's, Southwark, still it was at the period of his blindness, that he composed most of his numerous and useful works. His learning, talents, and his affliction, gained him the esteem of the leading men of his day, who were anxious to reward merits so rare. He took the degree of D.D., and was installed prebendary of Westminster, in 1696. He died in 1715, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where no stone marks his resting place. He wrote various works, but his enquiry after happiness appears to be the most popular.

The Rev. James Troughton was a native of Coventry, and became blind at the age of four years, from small pox. He was educated in the free-school in his native place, and afterwards

became a scholar of St. John's College, Oxford, where he took a fellowship, and in 1655, attained the degree of Bachelor of Arts; this, being the period of the Commonwealth, he was of course a Puritan, and retained his honors only till the restoration of Charles II., when he was ejected from his fellowship to make room for one who had been previously expelled. He then retired to Bicester, where he lived as a moderate non-conformist, earning his livelihood by imparting academical instruction to young men, and occasionally preaching in private. He died at Oxford, in 1681, being only in his forty-fourth year; his funeral sermon was preached by a blind man, named Abraham James, formerly of Magdalen Hall, but at the time master of a free-school, at Woodstock. Troughton wrote several works, but none of them are in existence at the present day.

In Toplady's works (vol. IV. p. 166) there is mention of a Dr. Guyse, who lost his sight in the pulpit, whilst engaged at prayer before the sermon. With the most unexampled calmness and presence of mind, he preached the sermon, without betraying the calamity which had befallen him. As he was led out after the service, an old lady who heard him bemoaning his blindness, thus strove to comfort him, "God be praised," said she, "that your sight is gone, I think I never heard you preach so powerful a service in my life. Now we shall have no more notes. I wish for my own part, that the Lord had taken away your sight twenty years ago, for your ministry would have been more useful by many degrees." This was rather a strange mode of expressing sympathy, and imparting consolation.

We cannot conclude our remarks on Blind Divines better than by giving in *extenso* an interesting detail of a tourist's encounter with a blind clergyman in Wales, as recorded in the *Morning Chronicle* of January, 1791:—

"In my rambles," says the writer, "last summer, on the borders of Wales, I found myself, one morning, on the beautiful river Wye, alone, without a servant or guide. I had to ford the river at a place, where, according to the instructions given me at the nearest hamlet, if I diverged ever so little from the marks which the rippling of the current made as it passed over a ledge-rock, I should sink twice the depth of myself and horse. While I stood hesitating on the margin, viewing attentively the course of the ford, a person passed me on the canter, and the next instant I saw him plunge into the river. Presuming on his acquaintance, I immediately and closely followed his steps. As soon as we had gained the opposite bank, I

accosted him with thanks for the benefit of his guidance ; but what was my astonishment when, bursting into a hearty laugh, he observed ' that my confidence would have been less had I known that I had been following a blind guide.' The manner of the man, as well as the fact, attracted my curiosity. To my expressions of surprise at his venturing to cross the river alone, he answered, that he and the horse he rode had done the same every Sunday morning for the last five years ; but that, in reality, this was not the most perilous part of his weekly peregrinations, as I should be convinced if my way led over the mountain before us. My journey had no object but pleasure ; I therefore resolved to attach myself to my extraordinary companion, and soon learned, in our chat as we wound up the steep mountain's side, that he was a clergyman, and of that class which is the disgrace of our ecclesiastical establishment ; I mean the country curates, who exist upon the *liberal* stipend of thirty, twenty, and sometimes fifteen pounds a years ! This gentleman, of the age of sixty, had about thirty years before been engaged in the curacy to which he was now travelling ; and though at the distance of eight long Welsh miles from the place of his residence, such was the respect of his Sunday flock towards him, that at the commencement of his calamity, rather than part with him, they sent regularly, every Sunday morning, a deputation to guide their old pastor along the road ; which, besides the river we had just passed, led over a craggy mountain, on whose top innumerable and uncertain bogs were constantly forming ; and which, nevertheless, by the instinct of his Welsh pony, this blind man has actually crossed alone for the last five years, having so long dismissed the assistance of guides. While our talk beguiled our road, we insensibly arrived in sight of his village church. It was seated in a deep and narrow vale. As I looked down upon it, the bright verdure of the meadows, which were here and there chequered with patches of yellow corn ; the moving herds of cattle ; the rich foliage of the groves of oak, hanging irregularly over its sides ; the white houses of the inhabitants, which sprinkled every corner of this peaceful retreat ; and above all, the inhabitants themselves assembled in their best attire, round their place of worship,—all this gay scene rushing at once on the view, struck my senses and imagination more forcibly than I can express. As we entered the churchyard, the respectful ' How do you do ? ' of the young, the hearty shakes by the hand of the old, and the familiar gambols of the children, showed how their old pastor reigned in the hearts of all. After some refreshment at the nearest house, we went to church ; in which my veteran priest read the prayers, the psalms, and chapter of the day, and then preached a sermon in a manner that would have made no one advert to his defect of sight. At dinner, which, it seems, four of the most substantial farmers of the vale provided in turn, he related the progress of his memory. For the first year, he attempted only the prayers and sermons ; the best readers of the parish making it a pride to officiate for him in the psalms and chapters. He next endured the labour of getting these by heart ; and at present, by continual repetition, there is not a psalm or chapter of the more than two hundred appointed for the Sunday service, that he is not

perfect in. He told me also that having in his little school two sons of his own intended for the university, he has, by hearing them continually, committed the greatest part of Homer and Virgil to memory."

Dr. Reid, in his "Inquiry into the Human Mind," contends that "*Sight discovers almost nothing which the blind may not comprehend.*" He alleges that one who has never seen the light may be learned, and knowing in every science, *even in optics*, and may make discoveries in every branch of philosophy. As a proof of this, he adduces Dr. Saunderson and Dr. Moyes. The *nature* of light, and the laws of the reflection and refraction of its rays, as well as the rules of perspective, were, he conceives, perfectly understood by Dr. Saunderson. "If there was any doubt," pursues Dr. Reid, "of Dr. Saunderson comprehending these things, I could mention my having heard him say, in conversation, that he found great difficulty in understanding Dr. Halley's demonstration of that proposition—that the angles made by the circles of the sphere are equal to the angles made by the representatives in the stereographic projection; but, said he, when I laid aside the demonstration and considered the proposition in my own way I saw clearly that it must be true."

Dr. Moyes lost his sight at the age of three years; as he grew up he evinced a marked predilection for the study of natural and experimental philosophy; on these subjects he lectured with much eclat in England, Scotland, and America. He was a perfect linguist, and well acquainted with the higher branches of mathematics. His conversational powers were of a high order, and his memory particularly retentive. He was rather peculiar in his mode of living, never having partaken of ardent spirits or fermented liquors; he also abstained from every description of animal food. His favorite diet was a species of sea-weed, known by the name of dulse, which, when boiled and dressed with a little butter, he partook of with a crust of bread and a drink of water. If he practised this abstinence from principle, or any devotional feeling, he was entitled to much credit; but if merely indulged in as a caprice, there is no reason for commendation: be it what it may it did not prolong life to any advanced period, as he died at the age of fifty-seven, in the year 1807.

Of the earlier instances of blind philosophers we will only cite one; Diodotus, the master in philosophy of Cicero, who,

incredible as it may appear, taught geometry with so much precision after he became blind, that his pupils found no difficulty in tracing the most complicated figures from his instructions.

Though LEONARD EULER did not become totally blind till he had attained the age of fifty-nine, and had his reputation established, yet, his ablest and best books were written after that calamity had befallen him. His admired work, the "Elements of Algebra," was transcribed from his dictation by a young tailor, who, though totally unacquainted with the science when commencing his task, completely mastered the subject before its conclusion, so clear was the method of his great teacher. His new "Theory of the Moon," which in a former memoir on the subject he could not complete, and reserved for future consideration, he had the courage to review, and, with the assistance of his son and two friends, to pursue till he had constructed the new tables which appeared in 1772. This work alone would have immortalized him; but, when all the disadvantages under which he then labored are taken into account, we almost regard it as a superhuman effort; as not only was he afflicted with blindness, but his domestic circumstances were fearfully embarrassed at the time, owing to a dreadful fire which had consumed the greater portion of his property, and obliged him to leave his ruined house. The influence of religion, however, which predominated even over his philosophy, was the main spring and true secret of his magnanimity and unwearied patience. This great and good man died, full of years and honors, in September, 1786. He was struck with apoplexy whilst amusing himself at tea with one of his grandchildren.

Of all the acquirements attainable by the blind that of botany appears to be the most incongruous; we can however point to one, who though devoted to far higher pursuits, still assiduously cultivated a botanical taste. JOHN GOUGH, the son of a glover at Kendal, was born in 1759, and lost his sight by small pox, before he had completed his third year; his passion for botany enabled him to conquer the almost insurmountable difficulties by which he was beset in cultivating this branch of science. His usual method of examining a rare plant, was by the application of the tip of his tongue to its several parts, ordinary plants were distinguishable by merely touching them with his fingers; and so correct had his power of discrimination become,

it is recorded that towards the end of his life, a rare plant was placed in his hands, which he immediately called by its name, observing, he had met with but one specimen of it, and that was fifty years before. Gough ranked as one of the most eminent mathematicians of his age, and became noted as a teacher in that science; several of his pupils attained eminence in mathematics and natural philosophy. Amongst his remarkable pupils we may mention Dr. Dalton, who was four or five years under his instruction; the names of Whewel, King, Daives, and Gaskin, also occur. We give the names of some of his works, remarkable as the productions of one blind from infancy; they are as follows:—

“On the Variety of Voices;” “An Investigation of the method whereby Men judge by the Ear of the Position of Sonorous Bodies relative to their own persons;” “Facts and Observations to explain the curious Phenomena of Ventriloquism;” “On the Nature of Grand Harmonies;” “On the Nature of Musical Sounds;” “Experiments and Remarks on the Augmentation of Sounds;” A Mathematical Theory of the Speaking Trumpet;” “On the place of a sound produced by a Musical String.”

The mere title of these works afford an interesting proof of the philosophical attention with which the writer regarded the phenomena of sound.

HUBER and his bees! who has not heard of the degree of interest, amounting to a passion, with which Huber devoted himself to the study of the habits of the bees? He has given to the public the best and most interesting work on this subject that has been produced in any language. There is so much of interest in the biography of this man that we cannot refrain from giving a few details.

FRANCIS HUBER was born at Geneva in 1750, and became blind at seventeen years of age; this calamity was occasioned by excessive study during day, and prolonged reading of romances by night. Previous to losing his sight, Huber entertained a juvenile passion for a young lady who reciprocated the sentiment; this attachment became a high and noble feeling, which deepened in intensity, as the cloud of affliction threatened to overwhelm him. The lady, with the unselfish devotedness for which the pure and elevated of her sex have been ever remarkable, clung to him in his misfortune, with a tenacity so endearing, that the brightest prospects without such love would be a far darker night than that in which Providence had shrouded

him. "I have become necessary to him," she would say: "he wants a guide to be always with him; and nothing now shall prevent me being united to him." She waited many years, despising temptations, and unmoved by opposition; till having attained her majority, which the law fixed at the age of twenty-five, she on that day appeared at the altar leading the spouse on whom her first affections had been bestowed, and to the amelioration of whose sad lot she vowed to devote her future life. Well did this noble woman redeem the pledge made at the altar; during the forty years of their union she never ceased to bestow the most tender care on her blind husband. She discovered a thousand ways of meeting the wants which his calamity occasioned; she was his reader and his secretary. In a word, she had but one occupation, that of making the life of her husband happy. How well her efforts succeeded is evidenced by Huber's declaration, that he should be miserable were he to cease to be blind. "I should not know," he would say, "to what extent a person in my situation could be beloved, did I not experience all the tenderness lavished on me by my wife." But for this cheerful and ready assistance, which could be given by such a wife alone, it would not have been possible for Huber to have devoted himself to studies requiring such close and minute observation; to succeed in the pursuits to which he devoted himself, it was necessary to have eyes almost as much at his command as his own, and who so able or willing, as she, the lightener of all his toils, the sweet drop in his cup of bitterness? He had an attached and faithful servant named Francis Brunens, whom he drilled in the art of attending and observing his bees; the information obtained through him, combined with his own youthful recollections, and the confirmatory testimony of his wife, enabled him to acquire clear and accurate ideas of the most minute facts; it is unquestionably true, that his published observations on bees are not only remarkably accurate, but are so complete, that later naturalists have been unable to add anything further.

Having lost his assistant, the duties devolved on his wife, and were afterwards performed by his son Peter, who, at a later period of life, obtained a just celebrity by his history of ants and other insects, published in 1814. Huber having lost his admirable wife, spent the latter years of his life under the care of his daughter, Madame de Molin; at Lausanne, he indulged occasionally in his favorite pursuits, until, at the patriarchal

age of eighty-one years, he quietly expired in his daughter's arms in 1830.

In modelling and sculpture, there are also instances on record, where the blind have succeeded in attaining a fair degree of eminence, but this is not so surprising, as their perception by touch has been at all times accurate and delicate. We will, however, mention but one case, that of GIOVANNI GONELLI, a Tuscan, who lost his sight at the age of twenty, but who for ten years after, was ignorant of the very elements of sculpture. Suddenly, he became possessed with the notion of making a statue, and having handled in every way a marble figure representing Cosmo de Medicis, he formed one of clay so like, that it astonished all who saw it. His talent soon developed itself so manifestly, that the Grand Duke, Ferdinand of Tuscany, sent him to Rome to model a statue of Pope Urban VIII; in this he succeeded admirably, rendering a very striking likeness of the original. It is supposed that Giovanni was the blind sculptor, whom Roger de Piles met in the Justinian Palace, modelling in clay a statue of Minerva. The Duke of Bacciano, seeing him at work, doubted his blindness, and in order to test the matter, caused the artist to model his (the Duke's) head in a dark cellar. It proved a striking likeness, and thus convinced the Duke of his error. There is a marble statue of Charles I. of England amongst his works, which is said to be admirably executed.

A mechanical taste has been frequently exhibited by the blind, and that occasionally in a remarkable manner. JAMES STRONG, of Carlisle, might be well classed amongst musicians, were it not that his taste for mechanics predominated. He was blind from birth, and early attached himself to the study of music, and became a good performer on the organ. There is an interesting anecdote related of him, illustrative of his love of music and also of mechanism. When about fifteen years of age, he contrived on one occasion to be left behind, and shut up in the organ-loft of Carlisle Cathedral; and when alone, commenced examining the several parts of the organ with great attention. Having satisfied his curiosity respecting the general construction, he proceeded to try the stops, and the proportion they bore to each other. This operation could not be silently gone through; he consequently alarmed the neighbourhood, and after various surmises regarding the nocturnal visitor, some one more courageous than the rest, ventured on the organ-



loft and there found the blind boy carefully examining the mechanism of the instrument. He was brought before the Dean next day, who, after a slight reprimand for the method he had taken of gratifying his curiosity, gave him permission to play whenever he pleased. He soon acquired so perfect a knowledge of the instrument, that he commenced a chamber organ, which he completed without any assistance whatsoever. This instrument he sold to a merchant, and it is said to be at present in the possession of a gentleman in Dublin, who treasures it as a curiosity. Strong, at the age of twenty, made almost every article of wearing apparel which he required; his household furniture, with but very few exceptions, was also of his own manufacture. His first pair of shoes was made for the purpose of walking from Carlisle to London, a feat which entitles him to a rank amongst the pedestrians; this journey was made to visit Mr. Stanley, the blind organist of St. Andrew's, Holborn. Strong constructed various pieces of machinery, amongst which was a model of a loom, with a figure of a man working on it, he being himself a diaper-weaver by trade, and esteemed a good workman; he died in 1798, in his sixty-sixth year.

WILLIAM KENNEDY of Tanderagee, in Armagh, was born in 1768, and lost his sight at the age of four years, and at the age of thirteen learned to play on the violin, but his mechanical propensities predominated, and after exercising his talent in various ways, his ingenuity went so far as to enable him to construct clocks both common and musical. He made and repaired wind and stringed instruments, made looms with their various tackling, and thus found not alone occupation to interest him and exercise his powers of ingenuity, but was enabled by his industry to support a large family.

We have selected but a few, from the many instances before us, of men attaining celebrity not alone in the highest branches of literature and the arts, but also in the seemingly impossible intricacies of mechanism, who have had to encounter all the ills of blindness either from infancy or at mature age; in either case however we have merely adduced the period of blindness when recounting the various intellectual or manual efforts performed by them. We have, in our opinion, brought forward sufficient evidence to prove the theory with which we commenced this, and our preceding paper on the Deaf and Dumb, namely, the intellectual superiority possessed by the blind over the Deaf mute.

"Since the preceding pages were printed," writes Dr. Kitto, "we have been favoured with a communication from an intelligent and reflective blind person at Plymouth, in answer to some questions which were submitted to his consideration; and as it helps to clear up some points concerning which the reported experience of others in the same condition has afforded no very satisfactory information, we are happy to introduce it in this place. It is only necessary to premise that this person at the time of losing his sight was learning the business of a cabinet-maker, and had reached the age of eighteen years when he was accidentally blinded, in the street, by the explosion of some chemical compound which he seems to have been carrying in his hand. This melancholy event eventually drove him to music as a resource and a means of employment; and now, after twenty-two years of total blindness, he remains an accomplished musician and the proprietor of a 'music store.' The following is his communication:—

"In dealing with the subject of blindness, it is necessary to distinguish two classes of sufferers: the one, such as never saw at all; and the other, such as have been deprived of sight, but had lived a sufficient time in the enjoyment of it for the impressions derived from it to have become fixed upon the mind. The latter, as you will have perceived from my last communication, is my own case; and, consequently, some of my ideas will be found the same as those of persons who have always been in the enjoyment of their sight.

"The following may be stated as the facts in my own experience which appear to meet the questions you have proposed to me:—

"My first feeling, after recovering from three weeks of burning pain and the effects of stupifying opiates, was that of disappointment and much grief that my prospects in life were utterly ruined. In a short time more I should have been as qualified as most others to contend with the world; but the bright hopes of youth and the pleasurable anticipations of manhood now lay blasted before me. I did not, however, rest in despondency. The novelty of my situation, and my being able to do certain things by the light of my imagination only, which those around me could, in some instances, scarcely accomplish by the aid of sight, proved a great encouragement and an incentive to further exertions. I also soon found some amusement in trying my skill in certain branches of my former occupation; but I found that although I could handle the tools as expertly as ever, I wanted the eye to mark the proper distance between the edge of the instrument and my own fingers. I could plane a piece of board as smoothly as ever; but from the want of that which I had lost, could never succeed in adjusting its proportions with that geometrical accuracy which was essential to a good piece of work. So finding that this would not do as a permanency, I sought a resource in the ear; and as music can be brought to bear at once upon the ear and upon the pocket, I betook myself to it as a profession, and applied my physical and mental energies with such intensity to the pursuit, that I fell into another error, and obtained a practical demonstration of the fact that two and two do not always make four; for from the severity of my application to my studies, and not allowing myself the

needful relaxation, my progress was disproportionate to my bodily strength, which became for a time much affected by the war it was constrained to keep up with a mind too active and too ardent for it to cope with long.

"I have never found satisfaction or enjoyment in any matter which I am not able to reflect upon, so as to understand it in connection with some of its leading principles, or to be led by it to comprehend more fully some other thing with which I was before but partially acquainted. Even in music, with which I am now entirely surrounded, I can find no pleasure unless I am able to associate with it some idea of an intellectual or social character; but this I can always do, and therefore I am at all times able to derive much enjoyment from it. Since I last wrote to you, I have had an opportunity of hearing read your work on Deafness. I should think, from the account it contains of the author's thirst for knowledge, that the ardency with which I have uniformly sought it is much akin to his, although, unlike him, I have not been thereby enabled to benefit any one but myself."

"Time never hangs heavily upon my shoulders. I have no idle moments, having constant occupation for the mind, either in the resources of music, or in some other scientific or intellectual pursuit. These, being mental, belong, as you are well aware, to the highest sources of happiness; and other enjoyments are available only so far as they refer back to the mind again. The bustle and noise of crowded streets are agreeable rather than otherwise to me; but only so far as that by this means I become acquainted through the ear with the nature of the pursuits in which my fellow-beings are engaged. In public assemblies, whether for church, platform, or musical purposes, my recollections of former scenes readily, as though but yesterday visible to the eye, picture forth the whole to the imagination, in all the corresponding circumstances of both the speakers and the auditors.

"I cannot conceive of any shade of difference in any particular, between the ideas of my own mind with reference to external objects, and those of persons who have never experienced the absence of sight; and certainly not between my own present notions and what they would have been had I never been called to endure this privation. In walking abroad amidst the verdure and foliage common to rural scenes, the nature of the one is readily intimated by the foot, and the extent and quality of the other by the gentlest breeze, or perhaps the season of the year is indicated by the still stronger gale, the various notes of the feathered tribe changing with the periods of the year;—all these and many more circumstances contribute to give the outline of the picture, or to furnish materials from which the imagination can supply a complete landscape, even though the spot may be one altogether new to my experience.

"I am not aware of the possibility of any seeing man ever reading

---

\* This is assuredly a great mistake. In the pursuit of knowledge no one can possibly realise any material benefit to himself, without at the same time becoming an instrument of benefit to others.

or hearing a description of any place, person, or thing whatever, without as instantaneously forming an image of the same in his mind as though it had been suddenly presented to his outward vision, and as indelibly remaining there as if he had actually seen the original ; but the correctness of the figure will only be in proportion to the accuracy of the description, and to the ability of the person to understand it and to associate therewith the characters corresponding to the account received. This power remains when sight is lost. For instance, there is no public character in past or present history with whose name I am familiar, whatever may have been his distinguishing characteristics, but whenever his name is brought to my mind an ideal image of him invariably accompanies it. So with my most intimate friends: those whom I knew in early life still retain in my mind the aspects under which they then appeared to me ; but if it happens that my acquaintance with them has been kept up, they are present to my mind with all the corresponding additional marks of increasing age. I am led to think from these facts, and from the vivid freshness with which ideas of form are impressed upon the mind, whether newly or more remotely created, that there cannot be any material difference between my own impressions and those of one who has always enjoyed the power of viewing objects by the eye.

"Dreams are to me always replete with images of visible objects. In them I most decidedly *see* every person and thing which then becomes a subject of cognizance ; and they appear under the same aspects, and are invested with the same circumstances, as those which my imagination gives to them when I am awake, unless occasionally distorted or changed in the same way that familiar objects are often modified in the dreams of those who see. It is further remarkable that I do not remember to have had, for some years after losing my sight, the slightest consciousness in dreams that I was really in a state of blindness. More recently, my mind has occasionally even in sleep reverted to this fact ; but the consciousness has always been accompanied by the delightful feelings of one surprised to find himself suddenly restored to the possession of a treasure which he had lost.

"The sense of touch, like that of hearing, is rendered much more sensitive in the blind than in those who see, from the simple fact of its being kept in constant requisition. It is a part of my profession to regulate and tune musical instruments, and when opening a piano-forte for that purpose, a single sweep of the hand over the surface of the wires, enables me to detect the absence of a single string ; nor do I find the slightest difficulty in discovering the cause of any derangement in the machinery. I can also tell the time by a watch, nearly enough for all practical purposes ; but in this particular I was greatly outmatched by a person with whom I once resided, who had never been in possession of sight.

"Touching the very important question as to the relative position of the seeing and unseeing man to each other, I do not hesitate to say that all the most painful of the disadvantages with which I have had to contend under the absence of sight, have arisen entirely from the former not sufficiently understanding the capabilities and resources

of the latter. In dealing with the blind, the person who is in the enjoyment of sight usually falls into one or more of several errors to which he is liable. He shoots too high or too low, too far or too short of the mark, and yet, strange and paradoxical as it may seem, he never fails to hit; and if his victim happens to be one of the sensitive order, he is sure to feel the shaft in his tenderest parts. He is walking in the streets; some one accosts him, and acting upon the principle that those who cannot see cannot hear, he puts his mouth close to his ear, and bawls as though he were speaking to a deaf man. He proceeds a little farther, and some officious passer-by catches hold of him, and nearly capsizes him in attempting to lift him over some step or other obstacle, which, if left to his own resources, he would have passed with the greatest ease. These things would be trifles did not the class of misconceptions which they indicate, seriously affect the blind man's social position, and his prospects in life. Suppose, for instance, the case of a blind man, who, by the most persevering application, has fully qualified himself for some important office connected with his profession—say, of music. He hears of an advertisement, and he makes the requisite application; but is told that as he cannot see he cannot play. The next time an opportunity offers, he determines to go in person—say a hundred miles, and in winter too—to show that he can play. He performs in public and private, and shows himself competent to the discharge of all the duties of the employment which he seeks—but the feeling that one who can see is of necessity more competent for it than one who cannot, still stands between him and success. He returns, and endeavours to establish himself in his native town. He introduces himself to those who are most likely to advance his interests; he exhibits himself, so to speak, he is approved, he excites some sensation. People cry, 'Wonderful!' they tell him that he plays 'as if he had eyes in his fingers' ends: with much more of the same sort. But then still comes the incredulous inquiry, 'How can you teach?' He explains, he illustrates, he offers to prove his competency to impart instruction upon their own persons, and on their own terms: and it is only when the fact is thus demonstrated that they at length believe. Thus he goes on, continually working against the prejudice which his condition creates: and thus it ever must be till people generally take the trouble to inform themselves better on the subject, and know fully how to estimate such a being as a man without sight. Let it not be supposed that I speak of these things with censure, or from any disposition to find fault. But these are facts, and experience is daily adding to their number; and they are mentioned as things arising from the want of a correct appreciation in others of the blind condition, and not as evils necessarily connected with that condition: for I am deeply convinced that there are simple, proper, and available means, by which the mind might be brought to feel blindness as no privation at all. It is only from the friction which attends his intercourse with those who see, and not from the sense of privation in himself, that the blind man has cause for grief. I should be sorry, in any remarks of mine, to fail to recognise a superintendent.

ing and all-wise Providence: but the Creator expects men to help one another along in the path of life ; and, in the present case, the remedy can only be applied by the same hands which ignorantly and innocently deal the mischief. To this end the real position of the blind, and the nature of their resources, must be better understood by those who can see: and truly happy shall I be, if the remarks which I have here put together, should in your hands be made in any degree instrumental in helping other blind persons over those difficulties, which, by the help of God, I have been enabled to surmount."

Our principal reason for advancing this theory, independent of the interest attached to the histories we have recorded, is mainly to shew how criminal it would be to neglect the culture of those, whose intellectual faculties are often of the highest order, and who by mental training are capable of attaining the most honorable positions in society. Dublin has made a move in the right direction, and our Catholic Blind Institutions, though but yet in their infancy, will ere long be National establishments, embracing within their folds all who have been hitherto forgotten, or if not forgotten at least uncared for.

#### ART. IV.—ABOUT THE TUNEFUL NINE.

*Lays of the Minnesingers, or German Troubadours, of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries: Illustrated by Specimens of the Cotemporary Lyric Poetry of Provence and other parts of Europe.* London: Longman and Co., 1825.

What about the "The Tuneful Nine?" says the reader; "Is it about Songs, or Music, or the Opera, or the Concert?" Well, reader, it is about many things; but more especially about Music as it is connected with the Drama.

The origin of the Greek drama is, by universal consent, referred to the ceremonies of the worship of Bacchus. The dithyrambs, which celebrated the triumph of the god, were transformed, by gradual changes, into the drama, which represented a great portion of the national mythology and legendary lore. In a similar way, the Miracle-plays of modern Europe, which were purely religious festivals, became gradually transformed into the drama. But, as the dithyramb did not, throughout Greece, become a tragedy, so the Miracle-play, in every European country, did not produce a national drama. England, Spain, and France can alone be said to have succeeded in this: the reason we shall presently bring forward.

The first stage of our inquiry will embrace the detailed proofs of the foregoing statements, respecting the uniformity everywhere visible in the causes, which produced the drama. To begin with the Greek:—An altar is erected, and on it a goat sacrificed to the god Dionysius; around the altar is a band of drunken revellers, disguised as satyrs, dressed in goat-skins and deer-skins, their bodies stained with soot, vermillion, and green, their faces covered with masks or huge leaves; they dance and sing, roar out obscene jests and impassioned songs, throw themselves into fantastic attitudes, and celebrate the virtues, exploits, and sorrows of Bacchus. It is not clear how the drama could proceed from such a "rabble rout." We see nothing here but the mummeries, in which most nations have delighted: the Lithuanians, the Swedes—nay, even the inhabitants of the

Himalayas—have had such, yet no drama. We might as well expect to see a tragedy issuing from the mummeries of sweeps on May-day, which were also, we are told, once symbolical and religious. Nevertheless, from this Bacchic rout the drama rose. Arion came, and transformed this irregular band into a regular chorus. The flute was changed for the cithara; the rapid pyrrhic dances for slow and solemn movements; the wildness of jest for the tragic and impassioned strain, which expressed the sorrows and victories of the god. The comic element was not suppressed, but *separated* from the tragic: it continued to flourish, and gave birth to Comedy.

The dithyramb was formed; the chorus was serious; but a drama was still far from being constituted. Thespis came, and laid the foundation stone. Standing on an elevated platform, he varied the monotony of the songs with recitations in character. He is said to have invented the first actor; and this one actor sufficed for all the parts, since, by means of a linen mask, he was enabled to represent different characters, who appeared on the platform one after the other, and occasionally answered the chorus. This step, small as it appears, was in truth immense, for it was in the right direction. To the singing of the chorus was now added recitation, and this, with the aid of occasional dialogue, enabled them to represent a story. The first elements of tragedy, viz., the assumption of character, and the throwing the legend into an action instead of a narration, were thus secured. Phrynicus succeeded Thespis, and made another improvement in the introduction of female characters. He did not venture on adding to the single actor of Thespis, but he used it differently. It is not to be overlooked that, by the time Phrynicus wrote, the *religious* character of the drama had undergone considerable change. Instead of a purely Dionysiac legend, he introduced subjects of national interest. The *Phœnissæ* and the *Capture of Miletus* had nothing whatever to do with Bacchus. It is evident, therefore, that, although we have no positive information as to the nature of the plays of Phrynicus, they must have been very different from those of Thespis. The drama had taken another considerable stride: instead of being a mere religious festival, it had admitted subjects of *human* and national interest. The honest populace occa-



sionally took offence; for, as Plutarch informs us, missing and regretting the satyric chorus in the legends and tales of national suffering, which Phrynicus and Æschylus represented, they cried out, "What is this to Bacchus?"

The English drama pursued a similar course, called "Mysteries," or, more accurately, according to Mr. Collier, "Miracle-plays;" the early plays being throughout Europe exclusively religious. That their object was religious instruction, in the shape of an entertainment, is expressly stated by various authorities. The Miracle-play was nothing but a portion of religious doctrine represented in action; an amusement with a religious object. The Scriptures were then untranslated, and these plays must have formed one efficient source of religious instruction, far surpassing church service.

Mr. Collier, who is well entitled to speak on this subject, says, that "in their earliest state these pieces were of the simplest construction, merely following the incidents of Scripture, or of the Pseudo-Evangelium, the dialogue being maintained by the characters introduced. By degrees, however, more invention was displayed, particularly with reference to the persons concerned in the conduct of the story."

On looking into these Miracle-plays, we are struck with the extraordinary mixture of simplicity, buffoonery, extravagance, piety, and what, to modern ears, sounds like blasphemy. Priests and sacred persons kick and cuff each other, with all the freedom of a modern farce. Scurrilous jests, obscene jests, and dull, prosing sermons, fill up the greater portion of the dialogue. The excess of rustic buffoonery is frequently mixed up with the most appalling subjects; as in the quarrel between Cain and Abel, which commences by an invitation from the former to salute the least honorable part of his person, and that in the least honorable manner. We may say, however, with the author of the *Historia Histrionica*, the taste of that age "was not so nice and delicate in these matters; the plain and incurious judgment of our ancestors being prepared with favour, and *taking everything by the easiest handle.*" Touches of pathos, and "strains of higher mood," occasionally redeem the dreary nonsense of these pieces. Of the former we may notice Abraham's turning aside to weep, pretending

he had lost something, exclaiming, "What water shoots into both mine eyes? I should have been more glad than of all worldly gain, if *I had found him once unkind*; but I never found him in fault." It would be a perilous thing for a modern clergyman to lead an ass up to the altar during divine service. The fact, familiar enough to all, that our Saviour entered Jerusalem on the back of an ass, would not suffice to keep down the risible emotions even of the most devout. But what would be the effect, if the ass was not only placed there, but the minister was to begin braying? Would not every mind revolt at such a scene? Yet our ancestors saw nothing in it but a symbolical act, at which they bowed and crossed themselves. And what do we think now of the act of initiation into the order of Knights Templars, viz., the spitting on the cross? Is it not an infamy, a sacrilege, at which every one shudders? It was once a sacred symbol.

The obscene jests and fantastic attitudes of the "Bacchic rout" were symbolical; of course, in later times, they lost this sense, and had to be stopped. So in Italy we find, about the middle of the fifteenth century, the Archbishop of Florence, so scandalised by the vulgar buffooneries, jests, and gestures, as well as by the absurd masks worn by the actors, that he interdicted all further performance in churches, and commanded the priests to abstain altogether from performing.

The Miracle-plays were succeeded by "Moralities;" a decided step, though a small one, towards the formation of a drama. The difference between the Moral-play or Morality and its predecessor, consists solely in the characters being abstract and allegorical, instead of concrete and historical. The Morality resembled the Autos Sacramentales of Spain; Truth, Pity, Perverse Ignorance, Justice, Peace, and other moral qualities, usurped the place of scriptural personages. Mr. Collier has well shown how abstract impersonations, by degrees, found their way into Miracle-plays. As these innovations became numerous, the scriptural characters fell into the back-ground. Having got rid of the purely religious subjects, and substituted others, moral and allegorical, the next step was easy; it was only necessary to attempt individual instead of allegorical character, and to represent scenes of real life and manners.

instead of abstract morals, and the first rude sketch of a drama was accomplished. This step was taken by Nicholas Udall, in the comedy of *Ralph Royster Doyster*, which we have evidence for asserting was in existence as early as 1551. In it, as in *Gammer Gurton*, *The Four P's*, and the rest, we see religion and allegory banished, and life, in its every-day aspects, substituted.

In Germany, the Miracle-play continued down to the time of Luther; but the learned had previously ventured on imitations; indeed so little did they trouble themselves to please the public, that they wrote in Latin and performed in universities. The Reformation interrupted the Miracle-plays; and many causes, the Thirty Years' War for one, prevented a national drama supplying the place.

In our own country there is but one name, from Dryden down to the present century, which can be quoted with applause, and that is Otway. Dryden, Lee, Southern, Addison, Thomson, Johnson, Murphy, Ambrose Phillips, Young, and the rest, need only to be named to be condemned. In France, we need only name La Motte, Diderot, La Harpe, Ducis, Lemer cier; in Spain, Montiano and La Huerta. These were men of talent and celebrity; but they were not dramatists. The public applauded their imitations. There was a fashion in admiring foreign taste, just as there was in patches and powders. *Cato* was pronounced a *chef d'œuvre*: the pit admired; coffee-houses rang with eulogiums; grave-wigged citizens took their families to wonder at it. But they got tired at last. The French, "our natural foes," became supplanted by a return to Shakspeare, and the introduction of German sentimentality.

The theatres continued to fill as before, and, therefore, people supposed the drama was alive; forgetting that the theatre had become a mere amusement. Was it, then, come to this? That drama which, in its high and palmy days, had been a secular pulpit, from whence the poet instructed his nation—instructing them through their emotions—was it reduced to rivalry with rope-dancers and jugglers? An amusement and no more? To this complexion it had, indeed, come! In the days of Shakspeare the great public had no source of instruction comparable to that of the stage. Those were not reading days; books

were few and dear; the habit of reading was confined to the learned; the mass learnt only from the pulpit and the stage, spending in the bear-garden and skittle-ground the time now bestowed upon cheap literature. The public has become a reading public, so that the instructive office of the drama has gradually become less and less, and instruction, which is now sought in other and more effectual channels, has become separated from the amusement; the result of which is, that the drama has ceased to occupy its literary position. It is purely an amusement, and, as such, must cater for the lower appetites of a miscellaneous public. Hence the increased demand for scenery and spectacle. This separation, though inevitable, is perhaps the most potent cause of the present decline. The poet feels that he can no longer exercise that power over the national mind which the stage once possessed. A new play, if very successful, will cause people to run after it; but not until it has been played so many nights that "all the world" has seen it. Formerly, the first night of a new play was an event attended with impatience and literary excitement. The house was always full on such an occasion; the pit was grave with critics. Bad or good, the play was sure almost to cover the managerial outlay by the first night's receipts. So many persons were interested, that the risk, which is now so enormous, amounted to almost nothing. Of course, the increased splendour of decoration has to do with this; but why the necessity for decoration, if not because the public cannot be otherwise attracted? When people now "run after" a new piece, it is because "a sensation" has been made; they will crowd to see an elephant or a criminal for the same reason. You cannot call this a dramatic taste.

The usual answer to all complaints is, that "the present age is un-dramatic." It is so, but not for the reason alleged; not because modern passions are less energetic, modern manners less picturesque, modern actions less heroic; but because the drama has lost its hold upon our wants and sympathies. The ages of Pericles and Elizabeth are now discovered to have been rich in dramatic materials. We are told to regard the stirring adventures, novel opinions, social excitements, and energetic passions which characterised those epochs. Facile theorising! Are not these things as

abundant in our own day? Does the pulse beat more feebly? Is life a weaker struggle? Are our hopes realised—our ambition less? Are our affections less deep and delicate—our imaginations less audacious? Is there not a wide-spread social anarchy, which, with the gaunt misery of millions, might furnish subjects and passions as terrible as the tale of *Labdacus*? No one will dare gainsay this; but these hopes, these passions, these wants, and these opinions, find other channels than the drama; they are represented in books, newspapers, and meetings. We leave the drama for a wider sphere. If, as in Athens, we could assemble all our citizens in one giant theatre, and there represent before them a drama typical of their hopes and struggles, then would the stage be more mighty than the press; as it is, the stage is insignificant.

It is useless despairing. Hogarth, in his *Old Burlington Gate*, represents opera, masque, and pantomime flourishing in all their glory, while our tragic poets are being trundled on a wheelbarrow to oblivion. This is thought to be cutting satire, and it serves to rejoice the hearts of modern speculators on this subject. But, let us ask, what is the vital force of a drama, which can be set aside by masques and pantomimes? Shakspeare had to contend against children, foreign dancers, and “real” animals. We do not find that these were sufficient “to ruin the drama” in his day; why then should they now? Men will at all times be pleased with anything uncommon, whether acting-children or foreign dancers; they will always be gratified with splendid scenes and decorations. It is in their nature to be so. But there is a higher faculty in man which must also be delighted: he is not all sense, all wonderment; he has a soul; he has thoughts and emotions which demand their food. To this higher faculty Shakspeare appealed; and, in spite of the reality of animals and the curiosity to see children, the public flocked to Shakspeare’s theatre, there to taste those higher pleasures which they could enjoy nowhere else. In our day things have altered their position. The lower appetites remain the same, and the theatre caters for them; the higher appetites also remain, but the theatre no longer successfully and exclusively offers them food. At the library these higher pleasures must be sought. For a few pence a man may revel in the finest poetry, be stirred with

the most exciting tale, be exalted by the most adventurous discovery, be aroused to meditation by the profoundest philosophy, or see his cause defended by the press. Why should he go to the theatre for these? The library cannot furnish him with music, with dancing, with spectacle and brute sagacity; for these he goes to the theatre.

In fact, the drama has no existence in Europe at the present time. In other words, it has ceased to be the form in which the national poetry, or at least the greater portion of it, is represented. Amongst the band of poets, which made the beginning of this century illustrious, some few wrote a play or two; but he is a bold man who would pronounce Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Byron, dramatists, or assert that their plays, added to the innumerable plays of other writers, form a national drama.

The public seeks amusement; the author seeks to afford it; but when he wishes to influence his nation, he does not use the stage. That, which formerly constituted the greatness of the drama, and which gave it life, is gone elsewhere: that, which constituted the mere husk (the amusement), remains.

The interest excited by Shakspeare, Racine, Alfieri, and Schiller, in their respective nations, must not be misunderstood. Their plays are frequently performed, and before delighted audiences. These poets are the national idols, and their names arouse such echoes through the world that there is an universal interest excited in them. This is no evidence of a dramatic taste. We go to see Shakspeare, as we would to gaze upon a Raphael. Our admiration for the prince of painters may be very genuine, yet imply no curiosity for the productions of modern art. We may spend days in the Louvre, and never enter an exhibition. The interest excited by Raphael, is felt by almost all men; he is a celebrated person, and is, therefore, the object of curiosity, even to those who care nothing for pictures. Some from fastidiousness, some from pedantry, and others from indifference, would walk away from a modern exhibition, who would gladly see the ancient masters. In this way Shakspeare, being identified with our national history and literature, is an object of incessant curiosity; not so the modern dramatists.

Such has been the course of the drama; such its origin,

progress and decline. The uniformity of the phenomena indicates something more than accidental resemblances, and demands more than a cursory glance. If we be now asked the questions—Can the drama be revived?—Is the present depression temporary, or irremediable decay? Our answers may assume somewhat the character of a philosophical conclusion drawn from historical facts. History says: as an art, such as we behold it in the works of great writers, the drama has for ever passed away; it is now lingering in the last period of its decay; it cannot be revived. This is the reply made by history. But, as it would be presumptuous in us to pronounce upon the future, even from such evidence in the past, we would word our answer somewhat thus:—

The drama in its present form has no life, because it no longer springs from the national wants and sympathies, no longer exercises an important and lasting influence on the public mind, no longer occupies the place of anything higher than a mere amusement. It is possible, however, that, at no very distant period, some man will arise with an eye keen enough to perceive the wants of his age in this matter, and with genius enough to fulfil them. Then may the drama, assuming altogether a *new* form, claiming a new office, and exercising a new and powerful influence, become what it was of old, and be, indeed, "revived." \*

A Jewish play, of which fragments are still preserved in Greek Iambics, is the first drama known to have been written on a Scripture subject. The principal characters are Moses, Sapphira, and God from the Bush. Moses delivers the prologue in a speech of sixty lines, and his rod is turned into a serpent on the stage. The author of the play is Ezekial, a Jew, who is called the tragic poet of the Jews. Warton supposes that he wrote it, after the destruction of Jerusalem, as a political spectacle, to animate his dispersed brethren with the hopes of a future deliverance from their captivity, under the conduct of a new Moses, and that it was composed, in imitation of the Greek drama, at the close of the second century. †

---

\* Foreign Quarterly, July, 1845.

† Translated into Latin by Fr. Morellus. Paris, 1580—Warton, vol. ii., p. 371.

Rymer, the antiquarian, relates, that, in the first ages of Christianity, any one concerned with the theatre was not allowed baptism. Cyril declares, "That the pomps of the devil are stage play and the like vanities." Tertullian affirms "That they who in baptism renounced pomp and vanity, cannot go to a stage play without turning apostates."\*

Gregory Nazianzen, Patriarch and Archbishop of Constantinople, one of the Fathers of the Church, and Master of St. Jerome, composed plays from the Old and New Testaments, which he substituted for the plays of Sophocles and Euripides, at Constantinople, where the old Greek stage had flourished until that time. The ancient Greek tragedy was a religious spectacle, so the sacred dramas of Gregory Nazianzen were formed on the same model, and the choruses were turned into Christian hymns. Folkard declares that the melody of the celebrated hymn to which the name-notes have been given, Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, and which is sung upon the festival of St. John the Baptist, was composed by Sappho, 600 years B. C., and subsequently introduced into the Christian Church. All agree, that, in the beginning, the drama was purely a religious worship, and a solemn service for their holydays, and that, afterwards, it came from the temple to the theatre, admitted of a secular alloy, and grew to be some image of the world and human life. When it was brought to the utmost perfection by Sophocles, the chorus continued a necessary part of the tragedy; but the music and dancing, which came along with the chorus, were mere religion, no part of the tragedy, nor had anything of philosophy or instruction in them.†

One of the Archbishop's plays is still extant; it is a tragedy called *Christ's Passion*. The prologue calls it an imitation of Euripides, and, on the same authority, we learn that the patriarch has the honour of introducing the Virgin Mary for the first time on the stage.

Gregory, all inflamed with the love of God and zeal for his glory, applied himself to the making of comedies and tragedies, and the writing of all such verse, which he performed with so much wit and elegance, and with such rare and admirable sentences, that the Christians found in his writings all they could desire in the heathen poets.‡

---

\* Rymer's Short View of Tragedy, 1698. † Rymer, p. 19.

‡ Ribadeneira. Vol. i., p. 333.



At this time acclamations and applauses were used in churches as well as in theatres.\*

Voltaire's theory on this subject is also very ingenious, and quite new. Religious plays, he supposes, came originally from Constantinople, where the Old Grecian stage continued to flourish in some degree, and the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides were represented until the fourth century. The profane drama, however degenerated, maintained its footing upon the stage, in the East and West, much later than the era assumed in the text. It may be worth while to offer a few illustrations of this position. The imperial edict of 399, which abolished the feast of Majuna, gave free permission for the continuance of all other public entertainments; and among these the theatre, of course, was included. The petition of the African bishops, drawn up in the same year, according to Godfrey, or in 401. according to Barronius, merely solicits the suppression of plays on Sundays and other days observed as festivals in the Christian Church, and begs an exemption for all Christians from being compelled to attend them. In the year 425, the prayer of this petition was confirmed by Theodosius the younger, and then restricted to the most important feasts in the calendar. Four years after, the same Emperor found it necessary to rescind the law, which prohibited female Christian proselytes from appearing on the stage, who were thus allowed to resume their profession without fear of spiritual censure. An edict of Justinian forbids deacons, priests, and bishops from attending any species of representation; and under the same Emperor, Gregory, Bishop of Antioch, was publicly defamed by the spectators at the theatre, and ridiculed by the actors upon the stage. In the year 692, the Council of Trullo prohibited all Christians, both clergy and laity, under pain of suspension or excommunication, from following the occupation of a player.†

Subsequently, it would appear that ecclesiastical policy considered it better to divert the mind from the sensuality and indecencies of heathen festivals. The heathens were delighted with the festivals of their gods, and unwilling to part with those delights, and, therefore, Gregory

---

\* See Clerc's *Lives* (1696), p. 289.

† Warton, vol. ii., p. 516.

Thaumaturgus, in order to facilitate their conversion, instituted annual festivals to the saints and martyrs. Hence it came to pass that, for the exploding the festivals of the heathens, the principal festivals of the Christians succeeded in their room; thus the keeping of Christmas with joy and feasting, and playing and sports, succeeded, in the room of the Bacchanalia and Saturnalia; the celebrating of May-day with flowers, in the room of Floralia; and the keeping of festivals to the Virgin, to John the Baptist, and divers of the Apostles, in the room of the solemnities, at the entrance of the sun into the signs of the zodiac in the old Julian calendar.\*

In 1417, at the Council of Constance, the English Fathers performed the mystery of the Massacre of the Holy Innocents. In this play, a low buffoon was introduced, who desired his lord to dub him a knight, that he might be qualified to go on the adventure of killing the mothers of the children of Bethlehem. The good women of Bethlehem, however, attacked the knight-errant with their spinning-wheels, broke his head with their distaffs, abused him as a coward, and a disgrace to chivalry, and sent him home to Herod as a recreant champion.†

In the Royal Library, at Paris, there is a MS. note in French, purporting to be an extract from an old chronicle, entitled "*Histoire de Metz, 1490, Veritable,*" where it appears that the performance of the "Passion" was attended by many foreign lords and ladies, and that there were lanterns placed in the windows during the whole time of the plays. There were nine ranges of seats, in height rising by degrees; all around and behind were great and long seats for the lords and ladies. God was represented by the Lord Nicolle, Lord of Neufchatel, in Lorraine, who was curate of St. Victor, of Metz. He was nigh dead upon the cross, if he had not been assisted, and it was determined that another priest should be placed on the cross to counterfeit the person of the crucifixion for that day; but on the following day the said Victor, curate, counterfeited the Resurrection, and performed his part very creditably during that day. Another priest, called Monsire Jean de Nicey, and who was chaplain of Metrange, played Judas, and was

---

\* Sir Isaac Newton on Daniel, p. 204.

† Warton, vol. i., p. 242.

nearly dead while hanging, for his heart failed him ; wherefore he was quickly unhung and carried off ; and there " the mouth of hell " was very well done, for it opened and shut when the devils required to enter and come out.

On the fine east window of York Cathedral, before the fire, hell was painted with an enormous mouth, containing the wicked at their final doom. In the west front of Lincoln Cathedral, founded 1088, there is a bas-relief, representing hell with a monstrous mouth vomiting forth flames and serpents, with two figures walking into it, trampling over the naked body of a third lying prostrate. Gough considered it to be more ancient than the cathedral, and thought it was brought from some old church, and placed in front of the cathedral when it was built.\*

In the reign of Francis I., 1541, the performance of a grand mystery in the *Acts of the Apostles* was proclaimed with great solemnity, and acted at Paris for many succeeding days before the nobility, clergy, and a large assemblage, in the Hotel de Flandres. These plays, written in French rhyme, by the Brothers Grelan, were printed in two vols. folio, black letter, under letters patent from the King. The *dramatis personæ* were God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the Blessed Virgin, Joseph, &c., Satan, Belial, the Attorney-General of Hell, Cerberus, the porter, and a multitude of celestial, terrestrial, and infernal personages, amounting altogether to four hundred and eighty-five characters. From the public notices and proclamations prefixed to the work, it is evident much importance was attached to it. Bayle called it a rare and uncommon work. The notices may be seen in the original French, in the end of Rymer's *View of Tragedy*.

In the *Play of Pentecost* some idea may be formed of the grossness and absurdity of portions of these mysteries, according to modern notions, and yet many were remarkable for delicacy and tenderness of expression. In the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, she is addressed by an angel sent to convey her to heaven. Mary requests, that before they take her soul, her body may be laid asleep. She gently reclines herself, and dies. The virgins enter, and, wrapping the body in a sheet, carry her away.

---

\* Gough's Camden, vol. ii., p. 368.

Gabriel receives her soul, and while he holds it, gives directions for the funeral. At his desire, an anthem of joy is sung for the assumption, and a female then comes in, and says that they have stripped the body to wash it, as, in holy charity, they were bound to do. But such is the splendour thereof, and the brilliancy issuing from the limbs, that it is not possible for human eyes to sustain it. Here they all ascend into paradise, and carry the soul of the Blessed Virgin with them.\*

At Berlin, in 1804 and 5, the sacred comedy of *David*, in five acts, with music, choruses, &c., was performed by the actors of the National Theatre. The same play was performed at Vienna, while the Congress was held there in 1815. The back of the stage, extending into the open air, gradually ascended to a distance sufficient to admit carriages and horses, and the evolutions of at least five hundred Austrian soldiers, infantry and cavalry, who, dressed in the characters of Jews and Philistines, carried muskets and carbines, defiled and deployed, charged with the bayonet, let off their fire-arms and artillery, to represent the battles described in the Book of Kings. The Emperor Alexander, the King of Prussia, and other monarchs, their ministers, and the representatives of different courts at the Congress, attended these plays at the great theatre.†

In 1816 were exhibited, at Strasbourg, scenes representing particular events in the life of Christ, from the pictures of the best masters. Not a word was spoken, and there was very little motion. Sacred music was performed by female voices concealed from view. In this way were successively exhibited the Annunciation, by Guido; the Adoration of the Shepherds, by Dominichino; the Offerings of the Wise Men, by Rembrandt; the Raising of the Widow's Son, by Da Vinci; the Disciples at Emmaus, by Titian; the Last Supper, by Guido; the Washing of the Disciples' feet, by Reubens; the Crucifixion, by Reubens; the Descent from the Cross, by Raphael; the Resurrection, by the Caracci.

The established religion changed, within eleven or twelve years, many times. These sudden revolutions, in the opinions of mankind, form one of the most striking events in the history of the human mind. Every pen was engaged

\* Bayle, Dic. Art. Chocquet.

† Van der Wien.

in the dispute. The followers of the old and new profession had their respective enthusiasts. Protestants, alternately with the Catholics, used the stage and drama as instruments of controversy, each party, of course, complaining of their licentiousness. The Protestant Liturgy, restored at the accession of Elizabeth, after its suppression under Mary, was attacked by innumerable ballads and interludes.

The opposite party had their poets, and every day produced some popular ballad for or against the Reformation. "The stage," observes Dr. Percy, "in those days literally was, what wise men always wished it to be, a supplement to the pulpit. Chapter and verse were as formally quoted as in a sermon." On the other side "the new Gospellers" were ridiculed by the Catholics, and found support in the elder part of their audience, who still clung to their old doctrines; the young adopting the Reformation in its fullest sense. The conduct of the Catholics called down a proclamation from Edward the Sixth, 1549, wherein we find that the government was most anxious that these plays should not be performed in "the English tongue;" whence we may infer that the government was not alarmed at treason in Latin. This proclamation states "that a great number of those, that be common players of interludes or plays, as well within the City of London as elsewhere, for the most part play such interludes as contain matter tending to sedition, &c." Here the King charges his subjects that they shall not, secretly or openly, play, in the English tongue, on pain of imprisonment. This cleared the stage of Catholic dramatists, but REFORMED INTERLUDES were afterwards permitted. Statutes and councils of the Church, which for a time regulated, at length abolished all religious plays, as "pestiferous and noysome to the peace of the Church."\*

In the year 1547, a proclamation was published to prohibit preaching. This was a temporary expedient to suppress the turbulent harangues of the Catholic Priests, who still composed no small part of the parochial clergy; for the Court of Augmentations took care, perpetually, to supply the vacant benefices with the disincorporated monks, in order to exonerate the exchequer from the payment of

---

\* Disraeli, Cur. Lit.

their annuities. These men, both from inclination and interest, and hoping to restore the Church to its ancient orthodoxy, as we may suppose, exerted all their powers of declamation in combating the doctrines of Protestantism, and in alienating the minds of the people from the new doctrines and reformed rites of worship. Being silenced by authority, they had recourse to the stage, and from the pulpit removed their polemics to the play-house. Their farces became more successful than their sermons. The people flocked eagerly to the play-house, when deprived not only of their ancient pageantries, but of their pastoral discourses in the Church. Archbishop Cranmer and the Protector Somerset were the chief objects of their dramatic invectives. At length the same authority, which had checked the preachers, found it expedient to control the players, and a new proclamation was promulgated in the following terms. The inquisitive reader will observe that, from this instrument, plays appear to have been a general and familiar species of entertainment: that they were not only acted in London but in the great towns; and that the profession of a player, even in our present sense, was common and established:—"Forasmuch as a great number of those that be common players of enterludes and plays, as well within the City of London as elsewhere within the realm, doe, for the most part, play such enterludes as contain matter tending to sedition, and contemning of sundry good orders and laws, whereupon are grown, and daily are likely to growe and ensure much disquiet, division, tumults, and uprores in this realm, the King's Majesty, by the advice and consent of his dearest unkle, Edward, Duke of Somerset, and the rest of his highnesse Privie Councell, straightly chargeth and commandeth all and everie his Majesty's subjects, of whatsover state, order, or degree they be, that from the ninth day of this present month of August, until the feast of All Saints next coming, neither they, nor any of them, openly or secretly, play, in the English tongue, any kind of enterlude, play, dialogue, or other matter set forth in form of play, in any place, public or private, within this realm, upon pain, that whosoever shall play in English any such play, enterlude, dialogue, or other matter, shall suffer imprisonment, or other punishment at the pleasure of his Majesty." But when the short date of this proclamation expired, the Reformers, availing themselves of the strata-

gems of an enemy, attacked the Catholics with their own weapons, in an interlude, "Lusty Juventus, lively describing the frailtie of youth, of nature prone to vice, by grace and good counsell traynable to vertue." The chapter and verse of Scripture are often announced, and, in one scene, a personage, called "God's Mercyfull Promises," cites Ezekial as from the pulpit:—

"The Lord, by His prophet Ezekial, sayeth in this wise playnlye, as in the xxiii it doth appear:—Be converted O ye children."

From this interlude, we learn that the young men, which was natural, were eager to embrace the new religion, and that the old were unwilling to give up those doctrines and modes of worship to which they had been habitually attached, and had paid the most implicit and reverential obedience from their childhood. To this circumstance the devil, who is made to represent scripture as a novelty, attributes the destruction of the spiritual kingdom.

The old people would believe stil in my laws,  
But the younger sort lead them a contrary way!  
They will not believe, they playnly say,  
In old traditions made by men,  
But they wyll live as the scripture teacheth them.

The devil, then, in order to recover his interst, applies to his son Hypocrisy, and says, that the Scripture can teach no more than that God is a good man, a phrase which Shakspeare, with great good humour, has put into the mouth of Dogberry. But he adds an argument, which the Catholics sometimes seriously used against the Protestants:—

The world was never merry,  
Since children were so bolde.  
Now every boy will be a teacher,  
The father a foole and the chyld a preacher.

It was among the reproaches of Protestantism, that the inexperienced and the unlearned thought themselves at liberty to explain the Scriptures, and to debate the most abstruse and metaphysical topics of theological speculation. The two songs in the character of Youth, at the opening and close of this interlude, are flowery and not inelegant.\*

---

\* Warton, vol. iii., pp. 172, 3, 4, 5.

It should, however, be remembered, that the Reformers had themselves shown the way to this sort of abuse long before. Bale's comedy of the *Three Laws*, printed in 1538, is commonly supposed to be a "Mystery," and merely doctrinal: but it is a satirical play, and, perhaps, the first of the kind in our language. Bale, a clergyman, and afterwards a Bishop of Ossory, ought to have known that this profane and impious parody was more offensive and injurious to true religion than any part of the missal which he means to ridicule. *Infidelity* then begins, in English verse, a conversation with *Lex Moysis*, containing the most low and licentious obscenity, which we are ashamed to transcribe. This is the most intolerable part of *Infidelity's* dialogue.\*

The following may serve as specimens of the writings of each party, from *Dodsley's Old Plays*.

"A New Enterlude, no less wittie than pleasant, entitled 'New Custom.' Devised of late, and for diverse causes nowe set forth. Never before this time imprinted. MDLXXIII.

"PREFACE.—I have not been able to discover who was the author of this piece. It was written purposely to vindicate and promote the Reformation. It was printed in 1573, and contrived so that four people might act in it. This was frequently done for the convenience of those who were disposed to divert or improve themselves, by representing these kinds of entertainments in their own houses. Four may play this interlude.

#### PERVERSE DOCTRINE.

Do you not see howe these newe-fangled prattling elves  
 Prinke up so pertly of late in every place?  
 And go about us auncoints flatly to deface?  
 As who should say, in sherte time, as learned as wee,  
 As wise to the world, as good they might accomptid bee.  
 Naye, naye, if many years and graie heares do know no more  
 But that every pevishe boye hath even as much witte in store;  
 By the masse, then, have I lyved to longe, and I would I were dead  
 If I have not more knowledge than a thousand of them in my head.  
 For how should they have learning that were born but even now?

---

\* Warton, p. 173.



As fit a sighte it were to see a goose shodde or a saddled cow,  
 As to hear the prattlinge of any such Jack Straw ;  
 For when he hath all done, I compte him but a very daw  
 As in London not longe since, you wot well where,  
 They rang to a sermon, and we chanced to be there ;  
 Up start the preacher, I thinke not past twenty yeares olde,  
 With a sounding voyce and audacitie bolde,  
 And beganne to revile at the holie sacrament and transubstanciation.  
 I never hearde one knave or other make such a declaration ;  
 But—but if I had the boye in a convenient place,  
 With a good rodde or twain, not past one ower's space.  
 I woulde so have scourged my marchant that his breech should ake  
 So long as it is since that he those wordes spake.  
 What ! younge men to be medlers in divinitie ? It is a godless sight,  
 Yet therein nowe almost is every boye's delight.  
 No booke nowe in their hands, but all Scripture, Scripture ;  
 Eyther the whole Bible or the New Testament, you may be sure.  
 Give them that whiche is meete for them, a racket and a ball,  
 Or some other trifle to busie their heades with all ;  
 Playing at coytes, or nine pooles, or shooting at buttes,  
 There let them be, a Godde's name, till their hartes ake and their  
 guttes.

Let us alone with divinitie, which are of riper age ;  
 Youthe is rashe, they say, but old men hath the knowledge.

#### NEW CUSTOME *entreteth alone.*

Paule to the Corinthians plainly doth tell,  
 That their behaviour pleased him not well ;  
 Sainte Paule prophecied that worse times should ensue.  
*In novissimis venient quidam*, saith hee, this is trewe ;  
 Adulterie no vice, it is a thing so rife,  
 A stale jest nowe, to lie with another manne's wyfe ;  
 For pride, that is now a grace ; for rounde aboute  
 The humble spirited is termed a foole or a lowte ;  
 Whoso will be so drunken that he scarcely knoweth his waye,  
 O, hee is a good fellowe, so now a daies they saye ;  
 Gluttonie is hospitalitie, while they meate and drinke spill  
 Which would relieve diverse, whom famine doth kill ;  
 As for all charitable deedes, they be gone God knoweth well.

#### PERVERSE DOCTRINE.

It were good to beate thee till thy head bleede,  
 Or to scourge thee well favoured lie at a carte's tayle,  
 To teache such an horeson to blaspheme and rayle  
 At such holie misteries and matters so hie  
 As thou speakest of nowe, and raylest at so lately.

#### NEW CUSTOME.

Verilie, I rayled not ; so far as I can tell,  
 I spake but advisedly, I know very well ;  
 For I wyll stand to it, whatsoever I sayde,

## PERVERSE DOCTRINE.

Wilt thou see? But I will make thee well afraide.  
To recant thy wordes, I holde thee a pounce,  
Before thou departe hence out of this ground.

## NEW CUSTOME.

To recite them agayn, I am not afraide :  
I sayde that the masse, and such trumperie as that,  
Were flatt against Godde's wordes and primitive constitution,  
Crept in through covetousnesse and superstition.

## PERVERSE DOCTRINE.

What! for a childe to meddle with the Bible?

## NEW CUSTOME.

Yea, sure ; more better than so to be idle.

## PERVERSE DOCTRINE.

Is studie, then, idleness? That is a new tearme.

## NEW CUSTOME.

They say better to be idle than to do harme.

## PERVERSE DOCTRINE.

What harm doth knowledge? I pray thee tell me.

## NEW CUSTOME.

Knowledge puffeth up, in Sainte Paule you may see.

"An Enterlude, called *Lusty Jeventus*, lively describing the Frailtie of Youth ; of Nature prone to Vice ; by grace and good counsell traynable to Vertue. Imprynted at London, in St. Paule's Church Yeard, by Abraham Vele, at the Sygne of the Lambe."

Another instance may be quoted on the side of the Reformed, in the play of *Lusty Juventus*. Youthful passion is the weakness of the hero. *Satan* and his old son, *Hypocrisy*, introduce him to a seductive mistress, *Abominable Living*. The Scriptures are freely given in a dramatic form :—

I will show you what Sainte Paule doth declare  
In his Epistle to the Hebrews, and the X. chapter.

The old are represented clinging, from habit and affection, to the associations of their youth ; the young are ardent in establishing what is new.

## DEVIL.

The olde people would believe stil in my laws,  
But the younger sort lead them a contrary way.  
They will not believe, they playnly say,  
In olde traditions made by men ;  
But they wyll lyve as the Scripture teacheth them.

"*Hypocrisy* informs the *Devil* of his obligations to him, and, in a curious catalogue of holy things, recounts his services :—

And I brought up such superstition,  
Under the name of holiness and religion,  
That deceived almost all,  
As holy hermits and friars,  
Holy priests, holy bishops,  
Holy monks, holy abbots,  
Yea, and all obstinate liars;  
Holy saints, holy images,  
Holy crosses, holy bells,  
Of mine own invention,  
Had not you a holy son?"

There are a number of verses in the play, and two songs, of more than average merit—"In youth is pleasure," and "Report me to you." The conversations between *Lusty Juventus* and his mistress, *Abominable Living*, are singular, as a compound of religion and obscenity; they could not be inserted here.

These Catholic dramas would afford some speculations to historical inquirers. We know that they made very free strictures on the first heads of the Reformation—on Cromwell, Cranmer, and their party. Some of the Catholic dramas were long afterwards secretly performed among Catholic families. "In an unpublished letter of the Times, I find a cause in the Star Chamber, respecting a play acted at Christmas, 1614, at the house of Sir John Yorke, the consequences of which were heavy fines and imprisonment. The letter-writer describes it as containing many foul passages, to the vilifying of our religion and exacting of Popery, for which he and his lady, as principal procurers, were fined one thousand pounds apiece, and imprisonment in the Tower for a year; two or three of his brothers at five hundred pounds apiece, and others in other sums."\*

Although not aware of any controversial drama in Scotland, it must not be supposed that bad passions were idle.

We have here a witty libel on the Reformation, under King Edward the Sixth, written about the year 1550. The author artfully declines entering into the merits of the cause, and wholly reflects on the lives and actions of many

---

\* Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*.

of the reformed. It must be acknowledged that our libeller had, at that time, sufficient room for just satire. For, under the banners of the Reformation, had enlisted themselves many who had private ends to gratify ; many who were of no religion ; many greedy courtiers, who thirsted after the possessions of the Church ; and many dissolute persons, who wanted to be exempt from all ecclesiastical censures, and these men were loudest, of all other, in their cries for Reformation.\*

The following is asserted by Ritson and Percy to be the oldest printed ballad known :—

ON THE DOWNFALL OF THOMAS LORD CRUMWELL, JULY 28, 1540.

Beth man and chyld is glad to here tell  
Of that false traytoure, Thomas Crumwell,  
Now that he is set to learne to spell,  
    Synge trolle on away ;

When fortune lokyd thee in thy face,  
Thou haddyst fayre tyme, but thou lackdst grace ;  
Thy cofers with golde thou fylldst a-pace,  
    Synge trolle, &c.

Both plate and chalys came to thy fyst.  
Thou lockydst them up where no man wyst,  
Till in the Kynges's treasure such things were myst,  
    Synge trolle, &c.

Both crust and crumme came thorowe thy handes,  
Thy marchaundyse sayled over the sandes,  
Therefore now thou art layde fast in bandes,  
    Synge trolle, &c.

All they that were of the new trycke,  
Against the Church thou baddest them stycke ;  
Wherefore now thou hast touchyd the quykke,  
    Synge trolle, &c.

Both sacramentes and sacramentalles  
Thou wouldst not suffer within thy walles,  
Nowe let us praye for all Chrysten soules,  
    Synge trolle, &c.

Who-so-ever dyd winne, thou would not lose,  
Wherefore all Englande doth hate thee, as I suppose,  
Because thou wast false to the redolent rose,  
    Synge trolle, &c.

Yet save that soule that God hath bought,  
And for thy carcase care thou nought,  
Let it suffer payne, as it hath wrought,  
    Synge trolle, &c.

---

\* Percy, vol. ii. p. 293.

Other verses may be seen in Ritson and Percy. The latter adds :—"The foregoing piece gave rise to a poetic controversy, which was carried on through a succession of seven or eight ballads, written for and against Lord Cromwell. These are preserved in a folio Collection of Proclamations, made in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, in the Library of the Antiquarian Society."

## JOHN NOBODY.

In December, when the dayes draw to be short,  
 After November, when the nights wax noysome and long.  
 As I past by a place privily at a port,  
 I saw one sit by himself making a song.

John Nobody, quoth I, what news? Thou soon note and tell  
 What maner men thou meane, thou art so mad.  
 He said—These gay gallants that will construe the Gospel,  
 As Solomon the sage, with semblance full sad;  
 To discuss divinity they nought adread;  
 More meet it were for them to milk kye at a fleyke.  
 Thou lyst, quoth I, thou losel, like a leud lad,  
 He said he was little John Nobody, that durst not speake.

The entire poems may be seen in *Percy*, vol. iii., p. 294, and may be looked upon as specimens of public feeling, during the most interesting period of English history.

*Every Man*—The design of this Morality is to inculcate great reverence for the Church. It was published early in the reign of Henry VIII., and is given from a black letter copy, preserved in the library of Lincoln Cathedral, prefaced as follows :—"Here begynneth a Treatyse, How the Hye Fader of Heven sendeth Dethe to Somon Every Creature to Come and Gyve a Counte of Theyr Lyves in this Worlde, and is in maner of a Moralle Play." The subject of this piece is the summoning of man out of the world by death; and its moral is, that nothing will then avail a man but a well-spent life. God is represented on the stage, and, after some general complaints on the degeneracy of mankind, he calls for Death, and orders him to bring before his tribunal *Every Man*, for so is called the personage who represents the human race. *Every Man* appears, and receives the summons with all the marks of confusion and terror. When Death is withdrawn, *Every Man* applies for relief, in his distress, to Fellowship, Kindred, Goods, or Riches; but they successively renounce and forsake him.

In this disconsolate state, he betakes himself to *Good Dedes*, who, after upbraiding him with his long neglect of her, introduces him to her sister, *Knowledge*, and she leads him to the Holy Man, who appoints him penance; this he inflicts upon himself on the stage, and then withdraws to receive the sacrament. On his return he becomes faint, and, after *Strength*, *Beauty*, *Discretion*, and *Five Wits* (that is, the Five Senses), have all taken their final leave of him, dies on the spot, *Good Dedes* remaining with him to the last. Then an angel descends to sing his requiem; a person called the *Doctour* recapitulates the whole, and delivers the moral, telling the audience to forsake *Pride*, and remember *Beauty*, *Five Wits*, *Strength*, and *Discretion*—

They all at last do Every Man forsake  
 Save his "Good Dedes," there doth he take;  
 If his rekenyng be not clene whan he doth come,  
 God wyll saye—*Its, maledicti, in ignem eternum*;  
 And he that hath his accounte hole and sounde,  
 Hye in heven he shall be crounde;  
 Unto whiche place God brings us all thyder,  
 That we may lyve body and soule togyder;  
 Therto helpe the Trynyte:  
 Amen, say ye, for Saynte Charyte.

Encomiums on the priesthood:—

#### FIVE WYTTES.

There is no emperour, kynge, duke, or baron  
 That of God hath commycion, as hath the leest priest in the worlde;  
 For of the blessed sacramentes pure and benynge  
 He beareth the keyes, and thereof hath the cure  
 For man's redempcyon; it is ever sure,  
 Whiche God for our soule's medycyne  
 Gave us oute of his herte with grete payne.  
 Here in this transytory lyfe, for thee and me,  
 The blessed sacraments VII. there be—  
 Baptysm, Confyrmacion, with preesthode good,  
 And the sacryment of Godde's precyous fleshe and blood,  
 Maryage, the holy extreme unccyon, and penaunce.  
 These seven be good to have in remembrance,  
 Gracyous ornaments of hye devynte.

#### EVERY MAN.

Fayne wolde I receive that holy body,  
 And mekely to my ghostly fader wyll I go.

## FIVE WYTTES.

Every Man, that is the best that ye can do ;  
 God wyll you to salvacion brynge,  
 For preesthood exceedeth all other thynges ;  
 To us holy Scripture they do teech,  
 And converteth man fro synne, heaven to reche ;  
 God hath to them more power gyven  
 Than to any aungel that is in heaven ;  
 The preest byndeth and unbyndeth all bandes  
 Bothe in erthe and in heaven.  
 God gave preest that dygnyte,  
 And setteth them in his stede amonge us to be ;  
 Thus be they above aungels in degree.\*

Theatrically considered, Mysteries are dramatic representations of religious subjects from the Old or New Testament, or Apocrypha story, or the lives of saints. Moralities are dramatic allegories, in which the characters personify certain vices or virtues, with the intent to enforce some moral or religious principle. Moralities were of later origin than Mysteries ; but they existed together, and, sometimes, each partook of the nature of the other. A dramatic piece in MS., entitled *The Castle of Good Perseverance*, formerly belonging to the late Dr. Cox Macro, is of this mixed character. In a sort of stage direction written on the first leaf, the amanuensis has drawn a diagram of two circles, one within the other ; in the space, between these two circles, he has written in words, filling the circumference, "This is the water a bowte the place, if any dyche, may be mad it shall be pleyed ; or ellys that it be strongly barryd al a bowte ; and lete nowt ov'r many *styteberys* be w't inne the place." On the outside of the "dyche" or circle, at five several stations, are written words, denoting the relative positions of five scaffolds, and the characters of the play.

Although there is no existing memorial of the representations of mysteries in England, since the latter end of the sixteenth century, yet, for sometime after the Reformation, mysteries and moralities continued to be written expressly to promote and secure the new order of things. They lashed the Catholics unsparingly, who do not appear to have at all ventured on retorting the same way, except in the reign of Henry VIII., by a dramatic piece, entitled

---

\* Hawkins, Orig. of Eng. Drama, vol. I. p. 61.

"Every Man, in manner of a Moralle Play," designed to reconcile the people to the doctrines and worship of the ancient Church.\*

Dr. Burney purchased, at the sale of the Hon. Topham Beauclerc and the Rev. Mr. Croft, many Italian mysteries, evidently earlier than the discovery of printing. He mentions that the first dramatic representation was a spiritual comedy, performed at Padua, 1243. In 1554, were printed, at Rome, the statutes of a company instituted in that city in 1264, whose chief employment was to represent the sufferings of Christ in Passion week.†

Milton's sublime poem, *The Paradise Lost*, is considered to be derived from Italian Mysteries, entitled *La Scena Tragica d' Ademo ed Eva ; da Troilo Lancetta, Benacensa, Venetia*, 1644.

*The Adamo of Addreini*, printed at Perugia, 1641, and from *The Adone of Marino*, pointed out by Bishop Newton in his edition of *Paradise Lost*.

The *Sophonisba* of Thomson is derived from the *Sophonisba* of Tressino, and Addison's *Cato* from the *Catoni* of Metastasio.‡

Mrs. Hannah More's sacred dramas may fairly be considered as moralities.

As far as can be ascertained, the last Miracle-play was acted at Chester, by the Company of Tailors, in 1675 ; at Kenilworth, near Coventry, 1575 ; at Bartholomew Fair, in Southwell's Booth, in Queen Anne's time ; and at Southwark Fair, 1738.

Comedies were written before tragedies.§

The first comedy, *Ralph Roister Doister*, was written by Nicholas Udal, head master of Eton, who wrote several Latin plays, to be acted in the long nights of winter by his boys. *Gammer Gurton's Needle* was written twenty years afterwards. The latter comedy long held precedence in our dramatic annals. *Gammer Gurton's Needle* was first published in 1575, and has long been known as the production of Bishop Sill. It appears by this play that the

\* Dodaley's Old Plays.

† Burney, Hist. of Mus.

‡ Ibid., Appendix No. 1.

§ See Hawkins's Enquiry.



practice of entertaining the audience with music between the acts prevailed in the very infancy of the stage.

The abuse of performing in churches led to the practice of performing plays in inn yards, on scaffolds, or on a stage, erected in the street, or upon a green adjoining a town or village, sometimes in the public halls of boroughs and cities, and sometimes in the dwellings of the nobility. There were two important personages always ready, *Vice* and the *Devil*, the latter a sort of wife to *Mr. Vice*, who, upon every occasion, received kicks and thumps without number. *Mr. Vice* generally possessed a lath or golden stick, and poor *Mrs. Devil* had much to endure. In the opinions of Mr. Collier and Mr. Hallam, the offsprings of this happy pair are the beloved friends of our childhood, dear Mr. and Mrs. Punch.

The following is curious, as an instance not without grace. Seven deadly sins have to contend with *Patience*, *Humility*, *Charity*, &c. They are beaten with roses, flung at them from the walls, until they are "black and blo." then a bad angel takes on his back one of the sins, sets off for the infernal regions, ending his speech, "Have good daye, I goo to Helle." The other sins are defeated by virtues attired as virgins, who come in singing—

All men exmple here may take,  
To save you from synnyng, ever at the begynnyng.  
Thanks on your last endyng Te deum laudamus.

The first tragedy, divided into acts, which has been met with, is in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. i., entitled *A Tragedye or Enterlude, manyfestyng the chefe promyses of God unto man, by all ages in the old lawe, from the fall of Adam to the incarnacyon of the Lorde Jesus Christ*. Compyled by Johan Bale, Anno Domini, MDXXXVIII.—This play was published thirty years after printing was first brought into England—not in the black letter, but in a letter imitating the old MS. of the time. This is one of the plays performed by the Parish Clerks of London in early times.

#### INTERLOCUTORES.

Pater cœlestis.	Adam, primus homo.
Justus Noah.	Abraham fidelis.
Moses sanctus.	David, rex pius.
Esaias propheta.	Joannes Baptista.

Balens Prolocutor actus septimus—i. e., seven acts.

John Bale, having been a Catholic of the Carmelite Monastery at Norwich, became a student at Oxford, and renounced the tenets of Rome. "I took," says he, "to wife the faithful Dorothy, in obedience to that divine command, Let him that cannot contain, marry." He obtained church preferment, was successively Bishop of Ossory, and Archbishop of Dublin, with a Prebendal Stall at Canterbury, where he died in 1563.

Dr. Burney says, "It is certain that the modern tragedy is taken from the mysteries, and that the oratorio is only a mystery or morality in music. The oratorio commenced with the priests of the oratory, a brotherhood founded at Rome, 1540, by St. Philip Neri, who, in order to draw youth to church, had hymns, psalms, and spiritual songs sung, either in chorus or by a single voice. These pieces were divided into two parts, the one performed before the sermon and the other after it. Sacred stories, or events from Scripture, were written in verse, and, by way of dialogue, were set to music, and, the first part being performed, the sermon succeeded, which the people were induced to stay and hear, that they might be present at the performance of the second part. The subjects, in early times, were the Good Samaritan, the Prodigal Son, and similar histories, which, by the excellence of the composition, the instrumental music, and the performance, brought the oratory into repute; and hence this species of musical drama obtained the general appellation of oratorios.

About the eighth century trade was principally carried on by means of fairs, which lasted several days. Charlemagne established many great marts in France, as did William the Conqueror and his Norman successors in England. The merchants, who frequented these fairs in numerous caravans or companies, employed every art to draw the people together; they were, therefore, accompanied by jugglers, minstrels, and buffoons, who were no less interested in giving their attendance and exerting all their skill on these occasions. In those days but few large towns existed, no public spectacles or popular amusements were established, and, as the sedentary pleasures of domestic life and private society were yet unknown, the fair time was the season for diversion. In proportion as these shows were attended and encouraged, they began to be

set off with new decorations and improvements; and the arts of buffoonery, being rendered still more attractive by extending their circle of exhibition, acquired an importance in the eyes of the people. By degrees the clergy, observing that the entertainments of dancing, singing, and mimicry exhibited at these protracted annual celebrations made the people less religious, by promoting idleness and a love of festivity, proscribed these sports and excommunicated the performers. But, finding that no regard was paid to their censures, they changed their plan, and determined to take these recreations into their own hands. They, therefore, turned actors themselves, and, instead of profane mummeries, presented stories taken from the legends of the Bible. This was the origin of sacred comedy.\*

The parish clerks of London were, doubtless, the first actors and originators of the ecclesiastical drama in the metropolis. It was an essential part of their profession, not only to sing, but to read—an accomplishment almost solely confined to the clergy. They came under the denomination of a religious fraternity. They were incorporated into a guild, or fellowship, by Henry III., 1240. It was, anciently, customary for men and women of the first quality, ecclesiastics and others, who were lovers of Church music, to be admitted into this corporation, and they gave large gratuities for the support and education of many persons in the practice of that science. Their public feasts were frequent, and celebrated with singing and music, most commonly at Guildhall Chapel or College.†

Before the Reformation this society was constantly hired to assist, as a choir, at the magnificent funerals of the nobility or other distinguished persons, which were celebrated within the City of London, or in its neighbourhood. The splendid ceremonies of their annual procession and mass, in the year 1554, are thus related by Strype, in his *Eccles. Mem.*, vol. iii. :—"May the sixth was a goodly even song at Guildhall College, by the masters of the clerks and their fellowship, with singing and playing; and the morrow after this was a great mass at the same place, and by the same fraternity, when every clark offered an halfpenny. The mass was sung by divers of the Queen's

---

\* Warton, vol. ii., p. 515.

† Stow's Survey Lond.

(Mary) Chapel and childre ; and, after the mass done, every clark went in their procession, two and two together, each having on a surplice and a rich cope and a garland, and then fourscore standards and banners, and each one that bore them had an alb or a surplice. Then came in order the waits playing ; and then thirty clarks singing " Festa dies." Warton says, " Their profession, employment, and character naturally dictated to this spiritual brotherhood the representation of plays, especially those of a Spiritual kind ; and their constant practice in shows, processions, and vocal music easily accounts for their address in entertaining the company."

Stow informs us that, in 1391, the parish clerks of London, performed a play at Skinner's Well, near Smithfield, in presence of the king, queen, and nobles of the realm, which lasted three days.

The great play at Skinner's Well is noted as the chief event of the years 1408 and 9. " This yere was a play at Skynner's Welle, which endured Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and on Soneday it was ended."

" Thanne begannie the fetees of warre at Smythfield for deverses chalanges. This yere, 1409, was a grete play at Skynner's Well, nere unto Clerken Well, beside London, which lasted eight dais, and was of matter from the Creation of the World ; there were to see the same the most part of the nobles of England, and forthwith after begun a royall justing in Smithfield between the Earl of Somerset and the Seneshall of Henalt, Sir John Cornwall, Sir Richard of Artundal, and the son of Sir John Cheney, against other Frenchmen."

The site of the parish clerks' performances may be gathered from the following inscription, in raised letters of iron, upon a pump on the east side of Ray-street :—" A.D. 1800, William Bound, Joseph Bird, churchwardens. For the better accommodation of the neighbourhood, this pump was removed to the spot where it now stands. The spring by which it is supplied, is situated four feet eastward, and round it, as history informs us, the parish clerks of London, in remote ages, commonly performed sacred plays. That custom caused it to be denominated Clerks' Well, and from which this parish derived its name." The water was greatly esteemed by the Prior and Brethren of the order of St.

John of Jerusalem and by the Benedictine nuns in the neighbourhood.

The nunnery stood half way down the hill, which, commencing near the Church on Clerkenwell-green, terminates at the river Fleet. At the N.N.E. part of the hill there was a bear-garden, and a little to the north, in the hollow of Air-street, lies Hockley in the Hole, the scene of rude sports.\*

The last Prioress of Clerkenwell died, Oct. 21, 1570. Her name was Isabella Sackville, of the Dorset family. She was buried in the old church, destroyed by fire many years since. Here also was buried, Sir William Weston, the last Prior of St. John of Jerusalem, who, on the suppression by Henry VIII., had a pension of £1,000 a year, but died of a broken heart on Ascension-day, 1540, the very day that the house was suppressed.†

The Chester Mysteries are ascribed to Ranulph Hidgen, a Benedictine monk of that city, where they were performed, in the year 1328, at the expense of the Incorporated trades, with a thousand days of pardon from the Pope, and forty days of pardon from the Bishop of Chester, to all who attended the representation. The Whitsun play was made by one "Monke of Chester Abbaye, Done Rondie," (Dominus Randal) who was thrice at Rome before he could obtain leave of the Pope to have it in the English tongue. Our chronicler's name, in the text, was sometimes written Hickedden, and Higgedden is easily corrupted into Higgenet or Heggenet; and Randal is Ranulph or Randolph, Ralph. He died, having been a monk of Chester Abbey sixty-four years, in the year 1363. If it be true that these mysteries were composed in the year 1328, and that there was so much difficulty in obtaining the Pope's permission that they might be presented in English, a presumptive proof arises that all our mysteries before that period were in Latin. These plays will, therefore, have the merit of being the first English interludes (*Warton*, vol. ii., p. 367), and doubtless the oldest extant; although it appears from Fitzstephen, who wrote about the year 1174, that religious plays were by no means then uncommon. Notwithstanding the total

---

† See Malcome's London.

‡ Pennant's London, p. 20.

disregard of important unities, and the introduction of the Almighty Creator upon the stage, filling so conspicuous a part in these sacred dramas, as in our days would be considered absolute blasphemy, our progenitors, in the simplicity of their hearts, and in the absence of the divine record itself, considered it as Gospel, and as authentic "as proof of holy writ." Therefore the fondness of our ancestors for mysteries and moralities may be, in some degree, ascribed to the circumstance, of there being at that time, no other species of dramatic entertainment. But a still more powerful cause of this partiality was in the subjects of the sacred dramas; few being able to read the Scriptures, and those that could being shut out from a perusal, by the want of a translation. It is not surprising that, considering the Scriptures as the oracles of God, they should seize with avidity the only means open to them of obtaining knowledge of holy writ, and treasure up in the holy tabernacle of their memory, even the poor and feeble exhibition of it, contained in the mysteries.

There were exhibited at Chester, 1327, at the expense of the different trading companies of that city, "The Fall of Lucifer," by the Tanners; "The Creation," by the Drapers; "Abraham," "Lot," by the Barbers; "Moses," "Balaam," by the Cappers; "The Salutation and Nativity," by the Wrights; "The Shepherds Feeding their Flocks by Night," by the Painters and Glaziers; "The Three Kings," by the Vintners; "The Oblation of the Three Kings," by the Mercers; "The killing of the Innocents," by the Goldsmiths; "The Purification," by the Blacksmiths; "The Temptation," by the Butchers; "The Last Supper," by the Bakers; "The Blind Man and Lazarus," by the Glovers; "Christ's Passion," by the Bowyers, Fletchers, and Ironmongers; "Descent into Hell," by the Cooks and Innkeepers; "The Resurrection," by the Skinners; "The Ascension," by the Tailors; "The Election of St. Matthias," by the Fishmongers; "The Day of Judgment," by the Clothiers. The following is the substance and order of the play. God enters, creating the world—he breathes life into Adam, leads him into Paradise, and opens his side while sleeping. Adam and Eve appear naked upon the stage, and are not ashamed. The old serpent enters, lamenting his fall—he converses with Eve—she eats of the forbidden

fruit, and gives part to Adam. They propose, according to the stage directions, to cover themselves with leaves, and converse with God.

We will make a short extract from the Drapers' play, *The Creation* :

Then God doth make the woman of the ribb of Adam. Then Adam waking speaketh unto God as followeth :—

ADAM.

O Lord, where have I long been,  
For since I slepte, much have I seen ;  
Woonder that withouten weene,  
Hereafter shall be wiste.

DEUS.

Rise up, Adam, and awake,  
Here have I formed thee a make,  
Her to thee thou shalt take,  
And name her as thy (kiss.)

ADAM (rising up, saith.)

I see well, Lorde, through thy grace,  
Bone of my bone, thou her make,  
And fleshe of my fleshe she have,  
(And my shape through thy love,  
Therefore, man kindly shall forsake  
Father and mother, and to wife betake :  
To be in one fleshe, as thou fane make  
Either other for to gladd.

Then Adam shall stand naked, and shall not be ashamed, and then the serpent shall come out of a hole, and the devill, walking, shall say. Then Adam and Eve shall cover themselves with leaves, hydinge themselves under the trees. Then God shall speak to Adam, sayinge, (*mynstrells playinge*) :—

DEUS.

Adam, Adam, where art thou ?

ADAM.

O Lorde, I harde thy voice anowe,  
For I am naked and make a vowe,  
Therefore now I hyde mee.

DEUS

Who told thee, Adam, thou naked was ?  
Save only thine own trespass,  
That of the tree thou eaten hast,  
That I forbade thee.

## ADAM.

Lord, this woman that is here,  
That thou gave to my fere,  
Gave me part at her prayer,  
And of yt I did eate.

*(Mynstrells playinge.)*

## ADAM.

Highe God and highest kinge,  
That of nought made all thinge,  
Beaste, foule, and grasse growinge,  
And me of earth made.

Thou gave me grace to do thy willinge,  
For after greate sorrou and sighinge,  
Thou hast me lent great likinge,  
Two sons my harte to gladd.

This extraordinary spectacle was beheld by a very numerous company of both sexes, with great composure. They had the authority of Scripture for such a representation, and they gave matters just as they found them in the third chapter of Genesis.\*

Mr. Markland, in his researches upon this subject, observes:—"The Chester, as well as the Coventry Mysteries, afford various proofs that their composers did not adhere too rigidly to the text of Scripture, but introduced many licentious pleasantries, calculated to relieve the solemnity of the plot, and amuse the audience."

The present age rejects, as gross and indelicate, those free compositions which our ancestors not only countenanced but admired. Yet, in fact, the morals of our forefathers were as strict as, and perhaps purer and sounder than, our own; and we have been taught to look up to them as genuine models of the honest, incorruptible character of Englishmen. They were strangers, indeed, to delicacy of taste; they beheld the broad and unpruned delineations of nature, and thought no harm; while we, on the most distant approach to freedom of thought and expression, turn away in disgust, and vehemently express our displeasure. Human nature is ever the same, but society is always progressive, and, at every stage of refinement, the passions require stronger control, not only because they are more

---

\* Warton, vol. i., p. 244.



violent, but because the circumstances which excite them are multiplied. If we trace back the progress of society to its primitive state, we shall find that the innocence of mankind is in an inverse ratio to their advancement in knowledge.\*

The ancient City of Coventry is rich in the antiquarian lore and remains of its numerous religious houses, and in the curious contents of the corporation chest. Tradition and superstition have consecrated the ground of Coventry. From our childhood we have been acquainted with the legends and ballads of that "most devout and beautiful Lady Godiva," who patriotically, upon a certain day, rode on horseback with the sole dishabille of her long flowing hair covering her person, and of Peeping Tom, whose curiosity was miraculously punished in the loss of his eyes! and also of the municipal privileges consequent on the self-devotion of Lady Godiva; for, as the poet says:—

"I Lurich, for the love of thee,  
Do make Coventry toil free."

The MS. Annals of the City state that the king and nobles, in 1416, took great delight in the pageants which were exhibited. The occasion of their sojourn at Coventry was a Parliament at that time held in the Priory.

The oldest book of accounts of this company now to be found commences in 1534, and we are, in consequence, without any particulars of their pageant antecedently to this period, which is much to be regretted, since it appears that they were in possession of one as early as the 16th of Richard II., 1392.

The subject of the Drapers' Pageant, as exhibited in 1534 and succeeding years, was *Doomsday*, and the same mode of analysis adopted in describing the Smiths' and Cappers' Pageants applies to that of the Drapers, and presents many particulars tending materially to illustrate this portion of our national antiquities. Pursuing this system, the first head is the

*Characters.*

God.  
Two Demons.  
Two Spirits.

Three White (sometimes saved) Souls.  
Three Black (sometimes damned) Souls.  
Prologue.

Four Angels.  
Three Patriarch.  
Two Worms of Conscience.

Two Clarke for Singing.  
One to sing the Bass.  
Pharisee.

*Machinery.*

Hell Mouth—a fire kept at it, etc.  
Earthquake—Barrel for the same.  
Three worlds—painted.  
A link to set the World on fire, etc.

*Dresses.*

God's Coat of Leather. Suit for Angels, Gold Skins.  
Red Sendal for God. Wings for Angels.  
Demon's Head (or Visor). Three Cheverals and a Beard.  
Coats for the White and Black Souls.

*Music.*

Trumpets. Organ. Regalls.

*Expenses.*

(The charge of performing varies from 21s. to £4 8s. 6d.)

*Payments to Performers.*

1556. Payde for vij Skynnes for Godys Cote (inter alia).  
1557. Paid for a Peyre of Gloves for God.  
1562. Payde for a Cote for God.  
1565. P'd for iiij. yards of Red Sendal for God.  
Itm. for Mendyng the Demones Hede.  
Itm. for Peynting and Making ij. Demons Heas, etc.  
1557. Itm. payd for keypyng of fyer at Hell Mothe.  
Itm. payd to Orews for Makyng of iiij. Worldys.  
1558. Payd for Settyng the World of fyer.  
Payd for keypyng fyre.  
In other Pageants, curious items.  
Itm. paid for a half a yard of Rede Sea.  
paide towards the players' breakfast and drynke in the  
pagn., and a nyght when they had played.  
Paide more for ale that was dronke at the settinge in off the  
pagyn and skaffolds.  
Itm. payd to him that playeth Godde's parte.  
Itm. payd to iiij. Pattryarkys.  
Itm. payd to Wormes of Conscience.  
p'd for alle (ale), iiijd.  
1560. Payd to Cro for mendyng the Devyll's cottes.  
P'd to hym that drove the pageant.  
P'd for alle at the Swanne dore.  
P'd John Grene, for plays booke.  
P'd Wyllm Walden, for stufe.  
P'd iiij. Boyes that plaied.  
P'd to Clarkys for syngyng, for playng on the reygalles, etc.  
Itm. to Jhon Deane, for his dyner, sowper, and drynkinge.  
Itm. to Fawston, for hangyng Judas.

their country, behaved themselves. \* \* \* And as the Queen was much diverted with the Coventry play, 'whereat her Majesty laught well,' and rewarded the performers with 2 bucks, and 5 marks in money, they, rejoicing upon their ample reward, and triumphing upon the good acceptance, vaunted that the play was never so dignified, nor ever any players before so beatified. The play presented was of a very good theme, but so set forthe by the actors' well handling, that pleasure and mirth made it seem very short, though it lasted two good hours and more."

The Chester plays, with one exception (the "Descent into Hell"), are founded on Scripture; the Coventry mysteries, which were produced ninety years afterwards, have no less than eight founded on New Testament histories.

The religious guild, or fraternity of Corpus Christi, at York, was obliged annually to perform a Corpus Christi Play. Every trade in the city, from the highest to the lowest, was obliged to furnish out a pageant at its own expense on this occasion. Many orders and ordinances existing in the city's registers regulate the performance of this religious ceremony. One of these recites, that, whereas the feast of Corpus Christi, by a solemn procession, is represented in reverence to the sacrament of the Body of Christ, beginning first at the great gates of the Priory of the Holy Trinity, in York, and so going in procession to and into the cathedral church of the same, and afterwards to the Hospital of St. Leonard, in York; and further reciting, that, whereas a certain very religious father, William Melton, of the order of Friars Minors, Professor of Holy Pageantry, and a most famous preacher of the word of God, coming to the city, in several sermons recommended the aforesaid play to the people, affirming that it was good in itself and very commendable so to do, yet also said that the citizens of the said city, and other foreigners coming to the said feast, had greatly disgraced the play by revellings, drunkenness, shouts, songs, and other insolences, little regarding the divine offices of the said day; therefore it seemed most wholesome to the said Father William, that

the play should be played one day and the procession on another, that the people might attend divine service in the churches on the said feast. William Bowes, Mayor, by regulation dated 7th of June, 1417, ordains that all the pageants of the play of Corpus Christi should be brought forth in order by the artificers of the City of York, and begin to play first at the gates of the Priory of the Holy Trinity, in Mikel-gate; next at the door of Robert Harpham; next at the door of the late John Gyseburn; next at Skeldergate hend and Northe-Strete hend; next at the end of Conynge-strete, towards Castel-gate; next at the end of Jubir-gate; next at the door of Henry Wyman, deceased, in Conynge-strete; then at the Common-hall, at the end of Conynge-strete; then at the door of Adam del Briggs, deceased, in Stayne-gate; then at the end of Stayne-gate, at the Minster-gates; then at the end of Girdler-gate, in Peter-gate; and lastly, on the Pavement. And Father William de Melton, willing to destroy sin, and being a great lover of virtue, exhorted the people that they should cause to be removed all public concubines in fornication and adultery, wherefore the Mayor ordained that they should depart the city within eight days, unless any of them could give security that she would not exercise her illegal vocation for the future. It appears from the regulation of the pageants for this play at York, in the Mayoralty of William Alne, in 1415, compiled by Roger Burton, the Town Clerk, that they were fifty-four in number. The Town Clerk's entry mentions the torch-bearers in the procession:—Porters, eight torches; Cobblers, four torches; Fullers, four torches; Cordwainers, fourteen torches; Cottlers, two torches; Weavers, — torches; Carpenters, six torches; Chaloners, four torches; Girdellers, — torches; fifty-eight citizens had torches alike. The trades first moved in procession: then the better sort of the people; the twenty-four Common Councilmen, the twelve Aldermen, the Mayor, and four torches of Mr. Thomas Buckton. This religious ceremony was instituted about the year 1250, and was so much esteemed that it was acted in York until the 26th of Queen Elizabeth, 1584.\*

---

\* Drake's York, p. 223-246, Appen. 29.

Notwithstanding the perpetual vanity and injustice of the Greeks, in assuming to themselves the invention and discovery of all arts, sciences, and branches of knowledge, and their arrogant censure on all other nations for barbarism and inferiority of understanding, it is an unquestionable fact, as will soon be shown from the strongest evidence, that all that boasted intelligence and knowledge which they affected to disclose as the result of their own sagacity, was already known in the world, long before the Greeks existed as a nation. Those nations, whom, in their superlative wisdom, they have chosen to term and consider as barbarians, were so far their superiors in intellect, intelligence, and information, as to be able to become, as they actually did, their instructors; and that, in point of fact, it was from those very nations, and not from their own discoveries, that the Greeks themselves obtained what they knew of the subject—even their own system of mythology, their only code of religion, contemptible as it was, as being without the assistance of the sacred writings. At the very time when they sought to advance their own reputation for wisdom and sagacity, by the production of something which should astonish all mankind by its excellence, their superior intellects and sagacity were able to suggest no better plan than one teeming with the grossest absurdities: and even for the formation of this contemptible fabric they found themselves reduced to the wretched necessity of borrowing from those very truths which it was their decided intention to treat as falsehoods, and which they corruptly and dishonestly distorted and sophisticated. In order, however, to promote their own sinister purposes, and to avoid detection, they have, it is true, disguised their fables by changing the names of persons and countries, by uniting in the history of one person the actions of several, and by fixing for the residence and existence of their heroes and deities, countries and periods of time, different from those in which their originals flourished. But the foundation of all their principal fables is to be traced in the histories of the Old and New Testaments; and it is believed that perhaps, without a single exception, scarcely any one Deity occurs in their system, for which a parallel instance may not be discovered in the Scriptures, which existed long before their time, and with which it is proved beyond a doubt, that they were thoroughly acquainted.

Megasthenes, a Greek historian, cited by Eusebius, says, that all which the ancient Greeks have delivered on the subject of nature, had been written by the Jews long before; and Aristobulus, a Jewish philosopher, and Numenius, a celebrated Greek, Pythagorean and Platonie, both affirm that Pythagoras and Plato have only rendered into Greek, what they had already found in the writings of Moses; the former expressly adds, that the Books of Moses had been translated into Greek, not only before the time of Alexander, but even prior to that of the Persian monarch; and Numenius's assertion is well known, that Plato is no other than Moses speaking Greek. That the Greeks had received from the Egyptians, the knowledge of astrology and divination; the names of their gods and the system of their worship, together with their code of laws, the historians themselves teach us. Hérodotus even mentions some of the laws of Solon, which had been borrowed and taken from the Egyptians; and Solon himself was reproached by the learned Egyptians with the ignorance of the Greeks, who, as they said, were only children in the ancient branches of knowledge. Diodorus Siculus has given the names of the first sages and celebrated learned men among the Greeks, who went into Egypt to acquire there, during a residence of great part of their lives, any acquaintance with those laws and branches of knowledge, without which they found they knew nothing. "The Egyptian priests," says this historian; "show from their registries and prove by substantial evidence, that Orpheus, Dædalus, Lycurgus of Sparta, Solon the Athenian, Plato the mathematician; Eudoxus, Democritus of Abdera, and Olinopis of Chios came among them." Bishop Louth gave it as his opinion that Hebrew poetry formed the model of all sorts of Greek poetry.\*

Christian hymns and religious poetry date from our Saviour and his disciples; it is from those days that hymns have been handed down from age to age, for our instruction. Thus the disciples (Acts ii. 4) were singing psalms with a loud voice, when the ignorant people who surrounded them,

\* An enquiry into the Nature of Poetry, particularly the Dramatic Species, 1817.—Sidney Hawkins, vol. i., p. 41.

† Ebreuseueter, in his "Christian Study of Church Song," gives examples of hymns sung by the apostles; also Kloppep, in his book on the Liturgy.

said, "These men are filled with sweet wine." They also speak of singing hymns, Eph. v. 18 19. Our Saviour himself sang hymns, Matt. xxvi., 30. The prophets also sang hymns on the way to Judea, Acts ii., 16—25. St. Paul recommends to the Philippians, xvi., 25, to sing hymns. The Doxology was made into hymns of praise for the morning, Jes. vi. 8, The Magnificat, the Song of Zacharias (Luke i.,) that of Simon (Luke ii., 29,) the greater and the lesser Doxology (Apoc. ii., 6—Luke i., 13) and the Agnus Dei (John i. 29) were also hymns of that time. A legion of hymns appear to have been written about this time, the entire of which are lost. Two psalms are said to have been sung by our Saviour, Ps. cxx., cxxxvii.\*

The apostles in their imprisonment wrote psalms and hymns; but the pagans, supposing them to be magical charms, destroyed them. They were taught this by the enemies of the Christians. In the first and second century, Pliny writes to the Emperor Trajan, and says, "The Christians arise before daybreak to sing to Christ their God." Tertullian, in his work, "Ad Uxor," ii., 9, says of the Christians, "They divide their time in singing psalms and hymns, but they reserve their finest for God's day. Lucianus also mentions the new sect, viz. the followers of Christ, singing hymns to their God.

The Gnostics, in the beginning and middle of the second century, were well known to cause many that would have been Christians, through their fantastic and false principles of philosophy, to discard the true faith and follow them. The followers of Arius, at the end of the second, and beginning of the third century, made many proselytes; for it is incredible the quickness with which they gained adherents.—*Neander's Church History*, vol. i., p. 532. These men wrote hymns according to their own manner, and odes also.—*S. Munter*, 1812. The Gnostics had bards who sang, with what they called their corrections, the psalms of David, to really beautiful melodies, some of which were adopted, merely for their music, by the Bishop of Laodicea, in 331. The streets of Constantinople re-echoed in the silent night the heretic Arian songs; indeed they became

---

\* J. Winer's Dic. of the Bible—Rambach's Antology and Christian Hymns of the Old and Middle Time.

formidable; the vulgar were captivated by their seductive music. St. John Chrysostom, or Golden Mouth, saw the necessity of resisting the powerful organised bands of well-trained choristers, who, in their processions through the city, sang their hymns.

In the fourth century the Manicheans, the followers of a Spaniard named Manichi, amongst whom were Hieray and Agapius, established a new sect upon their own principles; one of their hymns is still preserved.—*F. Rheinwalds Arch. S. 4, 60, Hymnus Domini*. Their books also contained those hymns, which Paul of Samosata banished from the Church. Neander, in "Church History" says, "The Syrian Synod condemned Paul of Samosata for heresy, on the particular charge of writing hymns in his own praise, and not in praise of our Lord, he giving as a reason, that the hymns of the Lord had an improper tendency: the fact is he had a dogmatic interest in the destruction of the Church hymns."

There is no authentic church music or hymn of the fourth century known. The heretics of the time, namely—

\* As for the manner of the Primitive singing, it was in good tune and concert, all the people bearing a part in it; but whether they sang altogether or antiphonally, cannot well be determined; probably every country followed its own mode, singing only in general being commanded, not the particular manner or fashion of it. In a preceding quotation mention is made of singing in concert, or with voices all together. In other places, the alternative method of singing seems expressly to be used, as Pliny writer, *Epist. ad Trajan*, "sing a hymn to Christ, by course, or one against another." And so in that before cited passage of Tertullian, what "will a believing husband sing to an unbelieving wife? or what will a believing wife, sing to an unbelieving husband?" As for singing men and singing women, I find that Paulus Samosatenus, the heretical Bishop of Antioch, abolished the old usual hymns, and appointed certain women on Easter day, in the middle of the church, to sing psalms in his praise; but whether these singing women were first introduced by this heretical Bishop, or were before his time, I cannot tell. As for organs for church music, those primitive agents were totally ignorant of them; for it cannot rationally be conceived that, in those days of continual persecution or violence, they could either use or preserve them; all that they thought of was to sing in rhyme, metre, tune, and concert—Origen *de orat*. When the singing of psalms was ended, then succeeded the preaching of the word: so writes Tertullian. "Scriptures are read, psalms sung, and then sermon pronounced." — *The Worship, Ceremonies, &c., of the Primitive Church, by an impartial hand that flourished 300 years A.C. Printed at the Golden Lyon, St. Paul's Churchyard. No date.*



"The Donatists," maddened their followers by the passionate and wild character of their hymns, inflaming their enthusiasm, as with a trumpet's sound:—"Donatisto nos reprehendunt, quod sobrie psallimus in ecclesia divina Cantica Prophetarum, cum ipsi ebrietates suas ad canticum psal-morum humano ingenio compositorum, quasi tubas exorta-tiones inflammant." *St. August. Confes.*

The hymns and music of the Church were now divided into three schools. viz.—the Syrian, the Greek, and the Latin. Harmonius, the son of the Sorian hymnologist, Bardasamus, 172, followed the footsteps of Ephraim, the Syrian: his hymns will be found in the collection of his works, Rome 1732, in six books. They had five syllables and twelve strophe. Harmonius had seven syllables. Many of their hymns were set to common and popular melodies, which no doubt belonged to the temple music of the Hebrews and were formerly sung to their psalms. Some of these melodies were set to lyturgical, penitential, and praise hymns. In the Greek Church, 1691, the martyr Athenagoras left hymns, one of which we believe is extant, and will be found in the work of Basil, de Spir, S. C. 29. The old hymns, which were used for so long a time in the Church, both praise and penitential, are by Clement of Alexandria, 220, in three books of the *Pædagogus*. These works are remarkable for their clearness of diction and beauty of lan-guage.

In the third era, the Egyptian Bishop, Nepos, was known as the author of Church music. Some of the Greek hymns are to be found in the London edition of the Polyglot Bible, taken from the Codex Alexandrinus, also a hymn of the Redemption, said to be of the Apostles Constitut., B. 7. The Bishop Nepos elevates the great Daxology and the Hymns Angelicus. An evening hymn by him will be found in Apostol. Constitut. B. 8, C. 36.

In the fourth century, St. Gregory of Nazianzen gives us three hymns, two of praise, and an evening hymn. Synesius, Bishop of Ptolomy, 430, left us some hymns, but they are more individual than church like. In the Western Church, Pontius Meropius Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, 432, wrote a collection of hymns, "*Hymnarium*;" in which are found some beautiful stanzas.

In 370, Fabius Marius Victorinus added some church music. Hilarius, Bishop of Poitiers, 368, was a man of great learning and knowledge in church music; he lived under Constantius in Phrygia, and was well acquainted with the music of the Eastern Church. To him is given the celebrity of writing the better and more beautiful hymns to be found in the Western Church. "Lucis largito Splendide" is attributed to him, and was written at the desire of his daughter Abra, a pious woman. Daniels pronounces this the earliest hymn known. Wackernagle gives "Aeternæ rerum Conditor" as the first known hymn. The Bishop of Damascus, 334, wrote forty hymns of great merit; one upon St. Agatha, virgin and martyr. This hymn was written, according to the new manner of church music, viz.—that of Ambrosius, to whom we shall refer presently. At his time appeared many heretical hymns; some were from the Eastern and Western Churches, and portions of the New Testament were misapplied to their principles. The Council of Laodicea, 370, commanded that no psalms or new hymns, but those approved of by them should be sung. The Synod of Tours, 557, strongly and plainly declares "that the hymns of Hilarius and Ambrosius are proper for the Church, but that others impart fear unto men, and make them shut their eyes against the light, and open them not."

The first hymns of the Western Church were composed by St. Ambrose at Milan, 397, at least those that were of a Liturgical character. The subject matter of these hymns was universally known before the word "Liturgical" was comprehended; for if the ecclesiastics of that period had been asked what was the meaning of the words "Liturgical hymns," they would probably have answered they did not belong to religious poetry. Yet, had it been said to them, have you no hymns set apart for Sunday and other holy days? they would place in your hands a book of their own, containing hymns proper for Sundays. A glance at the "Thesaurus Hymnologicus" of Daniels, will be sufficient to show that it was not the subject alone that was beautiful, but that it was executed with deep feeling. Later the hymns were more metaphorically written, and a greater display of learning was exhibited. It must not be forgotten that religious odes formed a very important part of the Christian Church, and that they were even more regarded

than hymns in the second century. We regret to say there are but few now extant. When the Ambrosian Chant became general in the church, the odes began to disappear, and, at the adoption of the Gregorian improvements, they were discarded, as unworthy of a place in a Christian Temple.

In the Western Church, Ambrosius found the ground prepared for ecclesiastical musical study before his time. Hilarius of Poitiers had much enlarged the holy odes and hymns, but Ambrosius found them a mass of confusion, without rule or order. He found the material there, but it wanted arrangement. He divided it into four parts; took from it, or added to it as it required. His fame soon spread, and the following hymns are considered, upon authority, as his writing. "Aeterne rerum conditor," "Veni redemptor gentium," "Jam surgit hora tertia," "Deus Creator Omnium," "Illuminans Altissimus," and "Orabo mente dominum;" each hymn gives its peculiarity in its name. St. Augustine wrote a hymn against the Donatists, in which it is said Ambrosius assisted. Aurelius Prudentius Clemens, who died in the year 405, appears to have been one of the first writers of hymns peculiar to the western Church. A hymn of great beauty, "Jam Moesta quiesce querela," is ascribed to him. Coelius Sedulius, a Christian Presbyter in 450, wrote a remarkable work, called "Opus paschale," in five books which is much spoken of. Ennodius, Bishop of Ticinum or Pavia, 521, and Fortunatus, Bishop of Poitiers, 600, are both mentioned as hymn writers. The sublime "Te deum," is ascribed by some to Ambrosius, but without sufficient authority; however it is now, we believe, well known as a morning hymn of the Eastern Church. The ninth century completed that which was begun in the sixth, crowning with perfection the Godlike hymns and music of the church.

Gregory, 604, found much in the music and poetry of the Church to improve; for the study, in particular, of the Ambrosian Chant, he gave many new rules and enlarged upon it. The Gregorian Chant is, at this day, well known for its grand severity, ecclesiastic majesty, and, still more, for its sublime simplicity; but to St. Ambrose must be awarded the merit of the invention of the system and much of the melody. The beginning is the trial of genius, the

improvement is the labour of wisdom. Even in his hymns, St. Gregory preserved the character given them by St. Ambrose. The Benedictines, Paris, 1705, had in their possession a work of St. Gregory, which contained eight hymns. In his "*Hymni ad nocturnum diebus*," there is one for the morning waking on Sunday, which was sung by the monks—"Quick, arise, and haste away," and another, "To seek your God while yet 'tis night," which St. Gregory seems to have made the morning sacred song and night prayer. There is one for Easter, a sublime hymn, viz., "*Rex Christe, factor Omnium*." This may be properly called a *Liturgical* hymn. Isidorus of Seville, 636, wrote some hymns upon St. Agatha, 251. Cyrille, a Spaniard of this time, wrote some also. The venerable Bede, 735, wrote hymns upon the Church Festivals, upon St. Peter and St. Paul, and upon the Holy Innocents. Paulus Diaconus, 800, wrote religious odes. Rabanus Maurus, 856, also wrote odes, viz., one for the Festival of St. Michael the Archangel, and two others well known at this day—"Ave Maria Stella," and "*Veni Creator Spiritus*." In the Eastern Church, Cosmas of Jerusalem, 730, and Johannes Damascenus, 750, wrote the best hymns of the Greek Church, which are collected by Juidas. In the ninth century, Theodorus Studites, 826, a brother of the Cloisters Studium at Constantinople, and his brother Josephas, Archbishop of Thessalonica, wrote church hymns.

The history of church song must also treat of the music. Little, however, has been done for this branch. The melodies of the first songs were not always original: they were sometimes profane and sometimes old Latin. We can trace the sacred melodies as far back as the fourth century, the worldly only to the thirteenth. After the time of Gregory we can make a distinction between sacred and profane music, but not before. The Gregorian Chant has notes of equal length, but no rhythm, which makes it peculiarly dead, unless it is comparatively quickly sung. In this respect, viz., only having notes of the same length, it undoubtedly approaches nearer to the original formation of language in which the consonants and vowels were simple. The difference, therefore, between the two branches, viz., profane and sacred music, is very old, for sacred music re-

mained true to the original genius of language, whereas worldly music followed it in its progress.

Of the middle times, which may be called the birth of Christian Philosophy and Theology, we cannot say much, and for their music they appear to have had no regular character. Notker introduced the Jubilate into the church service. This form of Music was new to the clergy. St. Bernard, 1153, wrote hymns of this sort, and also enlarged the Roman Liturgy. With great labour he adapted the "Lays of Provence," famous at that period, to religious poetry. The celebrated Abbey of Clugny was well known in the middle ages, for its piety, religious music, and poetry. The odes of Clugny were in the manner of the Sequentia. Some of the hymns of St. Bernard were also in this style, but his splendid hymn "Jesu dulcis memoria" is Lyturgical. The church songs of Fulbert of Chartres and Petrus Damiani, 1077, are in this manner. In the year 912, Notker Ballulus wrote a new kind of hymn, "The Sequentia, or Prose."\*

Wolf informs us that the word Lay is derived from the Celtic, being originally spelt Llais, meaning tune or song. In the Gaelic, Laoirdh, or Laidh, means verse, hymn, or rhyme, and was used indiscriminately. Some Church Lays were written on the "Kyrie Eleison," in the middle ages; and subsequently, at the time of Luther, by Hoffmann and others. The word sequentia, or, in the Latin Church, sequentia or prose, is from the same source. One of the finest handed down to us is the "Stabat Mater Dolorosa," by Jacoponus, 1306; and the "Dies Iræ," by Thomas of Celano, also of the 13th century. Such was the extraordinary desire for church music and hymns at this period, that whatever could be rendered sense was converted into them, yet nevertheless the lyturgical was most esteemed by the people. Walter Von Der Vogelweid,† 1230, and Godfrey of Strasburg, appear to have written some works without rhyme or metre, but rich in harmony. In Germany hymns were translated as early as the ninth century, into the vulgar

\* Über Die Lais, Sequenzen und Leiche, von Ferdinand Wolf, Heidelberg.

† Walter Von Der Vogelweid "(of the bird meadow)" was an extraordinary man, poet, statesman, and historian. See Longfellow's poem at page 189, post.

tongue. In the 14th century, the dawn of the Reformation began to appear, and the music and poetry of the Church assumed a form corresponding with the changes that were gradually making. Doubtless these changes were effected, to some extent, by the parodizing of the hymns of the Church. Of the thousands of the rabble that went to the crusades, but few returned, and these were certainly not improved. Drinking-songs, half Latin, half vernacular, were sung; the sacramental processions were met at the church doors, and side by side walked the priest and the ribald layman; the former singing his church hymn, the latter his obscene imitation, both to the same music. Songs in Church metres were composed, which, with great ability, occasionally denounced the priesthood. These were popular, and the effect terrible. Some have been preserved.\*

The Bohemian Brothers sang the new hymns of this period. Of the music of the followers of John Huss and Jérôme of Prague, we cannot find a trace, though some of their hymns are extant. Of the Hymnologists of the time, Bunsen stands foremost. The lyrical productions of the new faith now followed each other with surprising rapidity, and awakened the attention of the Hierarchy, who opposed them. Of the immense numbers that were written, it is impossible to speak; one however was written by Tauler, 1361; and an Evening Hymn, by John Huss, 1415.

Of the Moravian Hymns, the better known are those translated from the German of Michael Weiss, by Count Tingendorf who died in 1760; he translated some of the best hymns in Germany for the brethren. Gottlieb Spahgenberg, a bishop and brother, 1792, translated and wrote hymns. So did Christian Gregor, 1801.

Burkard Waldis wrote in all about 30 psalms, to be found in the later books of the 18th century—in the Brother Song-book 1566; the Strasbourg book, 1569; the Altstetten book, 1576; the Brother-book of John Horn, and the Low German book of Herimanu Vesbasius. He was born in Allendorf on the Werra, year unknown. His three years

---

\* M. de St. Pelaye collected four thousand pieces of Troubadour poetry. He admits his fear "that some licentious pen should give to the public his work in a form dangerous to the morals of society." Sufficient was printed; much of excellence, and assuredly much whimsical, degraded, and worthless.

and a-half imprisonment probably took place after his becoming Lutheran. His essay appeared 1548; according to the date of the preface to his Psalter, he must have been in Abterode in 1552, where he died, 1555. He was chaplain to the Landgräfin Margaret of Hessen.

Luther knew the importance of religious poetry and music, when he published his "Godly Hyynns." He translated the "Veni Creator," and composed one, "Now be joyful, Christians." The latter was sung throughout Germany, which gained him many followers, and added to his success. Paulus Speratus wrote, "Now the light is come at last," which Wolf mentions as an admirable hymn; and "In God I believe," 1552. In Wien, and later in Ofen, in Matren, in Wurtemberg, and in Prussia, Speratus was eminent in forwarding the reformation of the Hymnologists of the time, among whom stand foremost Luther, Justus Jonas, John Agricola, Hans Sachs, Lazarus Spengler, Michael Stiefel, Erasmus Alberus, Nicolaus Decius, Paulus Eberus, Nicolaus Herman, Martin Schalling (Luther's correspondent,) author of "The Queen of Hungary's Hymn," "The Margrave Casimer of Bradenberg's Hymn," and also "The Hymn of the Margrave George of Bradenburg."

The following books are upon Hymnology: "Hoffman's History of Sacred Songs up to the time of Luther;" "The History of the Reformation in the church of Strasburg up to 1520;" Rambach's "Treatise and Anthology of Christian Songs in all the Centuries of the Church," and "On the Services rendered by Dr. Martin Luther to Church Poetry;" "The Songs of Hans Sachs (the Shoemaker of Nuremberg,) 1525, 1526;" "The Augsburg Song-book," 1523—3;" "Erfurt Enchiridion," 1524;" "John Zurich," 1549;" "Valentine Balst," 1545, (Luther revised this work.)

Christopher Olearius, George Serplius, Joh. Gaspa, Lucas Lossius—Nuremberg, 1558, folio.—*Hymni Ecclesiastici*, Colon., 1558.

Calvin returned from Strasbourg to Geneva, 1541, and from the latter place sent "La forme des Prières et Chants Ecclesiastiques," MDXLII., with thirty-five prayers composed in different metres by himself, the music noted by Clement Marot. Second edition, published 1545, by John Knoblock; Strasbourg.

In justice to our readers, it is necessary to preserve the order and regularity of remarkable men who flourished as hymn-writers in the Lutheran and Protestant Churches, subsequently to the Reformation. Their names, at least many of them, may not be known even to the learned; but that they were extraordinary men there can be no doubt, and that they were also mainly instrumental to the success of the change of faith, is certain. We, therefore, shall not apologise to our readers for the probably uninteresting catalogue of the learned Hymnologists of the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries, forming as they do a direct chain of religious poetry and music from the apostolic periods, William the Second, Duke of Saxony 1662; Michael Schirmer, 1673; John Frank, 1677; Sebastian Frank, 1668 (better known as Diaconus of Schweinfurt;) also Michael Frank Schurath, of Cobourg, 1667; Siegmund, of Birkin, 1681; Christian, of Birkin, 1677; J. G. Albinus, 1679; George Naumark, 1681; E. Ehr, in Hombourg, author of the "Passion Hymn;" Knorr Von Rosenroth, 1688; Michael Kongehe, 1710, singer in the church of Hingeburg; Anthony Ulrick, Duke of Brunswick, 1714. The last of this period is John Shiffeer, known as Angelus Silesius; he also wrote upon the "Confession." His celebrated book, "Holy Love," was reprinted at Maheim, 1838. Louise Henrietta, Princess of Bradenburg, gave a popularity to the religious poetry of Paul Gerhardt. Joachim Neander died at Bremen, 1680; after his death his sacred poems were greatly esteemed. Frederick Adolph Lampe, his hymns were well received, but they wanted the freshness of Neumeister's and the vigour of Woltersdorf's.

Zwingli wrote one Reformation hymn; Anna Reinhard, wife and widow of Ulrich Zwingli, also wrote hymns. Leo Jud, Wolfgang Capito, Ambrosius Blaurer, Thomas Blaurer, Burchard Waldis, the famous fable-writer, and many others. Luther and his followers of the new Church took their hymns, in most instances, from the Psalms, but few from the Old Testament. Churchliturgical hymns again revived, and martyr hymns; the latter were by the following authors, viz.:—Hans Schlaffer, Jörg Wagner, Hans Hut, Jörg Blaurer. In the end of the 16th, and beginning of the 17th century, many authors appeared: Philip Nicolai, 1608, Minister of the Church at Hamburg; Sieg-



mund Weingartner, Martin Rutilius, and Valerius Herberger, 1627; John Weissel, 1635; Martin Opitz, 1639; Paul Fleming, 1640; John Nist, 1667; Valentine Philo, 1662; Martin Rinkart, 1685; Andreas Eryphius, 1684; Henry Held, Justus Gesenius, 1673; and David Denike. We have selected the above names, as they were the remarkable men of their times, each original, each forming his own school, and all having one object—assisting religion by religious poetry.

Paul Gerhardt, 1673, was well known as an author of hymns for the New Church, each of which had an individuality; his eloquence was exhaustless. He was not speculative, but remained firm to the truth. Once in possession, he never swerved, his courage was indomitable, amidst difficulties and contentions.

Zinzendorf formed his translations upon Gellert, who was the most eminent man of his time. Whether the language of Gellert was more easy, or his thoughts more elegant, and more according to the principles of Zinzendorf, we know not; one thing is certain, he took liberally from Gellert, particularly in his liturgical hymns. Gellert, had he been a pupil of Paul Gerhardt, could scarcely have resembled him more, possessing the same vigour, the same disregard of worldly affairs, the same love of truth. During his life he was beloved by all Christians, though he dared to utter displeasing truths to many. He possessed much dogmatic knowledge, yet his sacred poetry was clothed in the simplest manner, which rendered it truly beautiful. His love of the Creator was fervid; he expressed his want of language to convey the intensity of his affection for Him: in his illness it was his best comfort. What might we not have gained from his piety and genius? but sickness with its cankerous breath fell upon him, and, ere his pure spirit was developed, he drooped and passed away. When informed by kind friends that his health would suffer from laborious study, with a smile he would say, "Oh, no; here is my specific. When I am writing I have no pain; that is, I feel none. I will do what I can for my fellow-creatures to-day; to-morrow I may not have the power." After Gellert, the most eminent Protestant modern hymn-writers may be classed as follows:—Mat Von Schenkendorf, 1817; John Baptist Von Albertine, 1831; Luise

Hensell, authoress; Frederick della Motte, fougé, Joseph of Eichendorf, Agnes Franz, G. Schwab, E. Grunaiser (these are well known as dogmatic writers), K. B. Garve, G. Knak, H. Möwes, C. I. P. Spitta, A. Knapp, J. Kraus, Wakonagie, Reger, Bachs, Reithart, Victor Strauss. The best known are by Knapp.

The hymns of Sweden are those contained in the work of Segner, published by Bergl, Munich.

About the year 1540, Clement Marot, a valet of the bed-chamber of King Francis the First, was the favourite poet of France. This writer having attained an unusual elegance and facility of style, added many new embellishments to the rude state of French poetry. It is not the least of his praises that La Fontaine used to call him his master. He was the inventor of the rondeau and the restorer of the madrigal; but he became eminent for his pastorals, ballads, fables, elegies, epigrams, and translations from Ovid and Petrarch. At length, being tired of the vanities of profane poetry, or rather privately tinctured with the principles of Lutheranism, he attempted, with the assistance of his friend Theodore Beza, and by the encouragement of the Professor of Hebrew in the University of Paris, a version of David's Psalms into French rhymes. This translation, which did not aim at any innovation in the public worship, and which received the sanction of the Sorbonne, as containing nothing contrary to sound doctrine, he dedicated to his master, Francis the First, and to the ladies of France. In the dedication to the ladies or *les dames de France*, whom he had often before addressed in the tenderest strains of passion or compliment, he seems anxious to deprecate the raillery which the new tone of his versification was likely

---

\* Marot was the favourite poet of Margaret, sister of Francis the First. Margaret was accused of living in open incest with her brother. Her poem, "*Le Miroir de l'âme pécheresse*," 1531, was proscribed by the Parliament as too indecent even for that age. The Duke, her husband, was tenderly attached to her, but died of grief at her immorality, not for the loss of the battle of Pavia, as is generally supposed. Her court was extremely dissolute, filled with both clergymen and effeminate poets. Francis boasted that he had received favours from Anne Boleyn. He called her "*La Héroïque du Roi*."

to incur, and is embarrassed how to find an apology for becoming a saint. Conscious of his apostacy from the levities of life, in a spirit of religious gallantry, he declares that his desire is to add to the happiness of his fair readers, by substituting divine hymns in the place of *chansons d'amour*, to inspire their susceptible hearts with a passion in which there is no torment, to banish their fickle and fantastic deity Cupid from the world, and to fill their apartments with the praises, not of the little god, but of the true Jehovah.

E vos doights sur les espinettes  
Pour dire sainctes chansonnettes.

He adds, that the golden age would now be restored, were we to see the peasant at his plough, the carman in the streets, and the mechanic in his shop, solacing their toils with psalms and canticles; and the shepherd and shepherdess reposing in the shade, and teaching the rocks to echo the name of the Creator:—

Le laboureur à sa charrue,  
Le Charretier parmy le rue,  
Et l'artisan en sa boutique,  
Avacques un Pseaume ou Cantique,  
En son labour se soulager.  
Heureux qui ovra le Berger  
Et la Bergère au bois estans,  
Fair que rochers et estangs,  
Après eux chantant la hauteur  
Du saintot de Créateur.

Marot's Psalms soon eclipsed the brilliancy of his madrigals and sonnets. Not suspecting how prejudicial the predominant rage of psalm-singing might prove to the ancient religion of Europe, the Catholics themselves adopted these sacred songs as serious ballads, and as a more rational species of domestic merriment. They were the common accompaniments of the fiddle. They were sold so rapidly, that the printers could not supply the public with copies. In the festive and splendid court of Francis the First, of a sudden nothing was heard but the Psalms of Clement Marot. By each of the royal family and the principal nobility of the court a psalm was chosen, and fitted to the ballad tune which each liked best. The dauphin, Prince Henry, who delighted in hunting, was fond of "Ainsi qu'on

oit le cerf braire," or, "Like as the hart desireth the water brooks," which he constantly sung in going out to the chase. Madame de Valentine, between whom and the young prince there was an attachment, took "Du fond de ma pensée," or, "From the depth of my heart, O Lord." The Queen's favorite was "Ne vueilles pas, O Sire,"—that is, "O Lord, rebuke me not in thine indignation," which she sung to a fashionable jig. Anthony, King of Navarre, sang, "Revenge moy, pren le querelle," or, "Stand up, O Lord, to revenge my quarrel," to the air of a dance of Poitou.\*

Although Wyat and Surrey had before made translations of the Psalms into metre, Thomas Sternhold was the first whose metrical version of the Psalms was used in the Church of England. He was much offended at the lascivious ballads which prevailed among the courtiers, and, with a laudable design to check these indecencies, undertook a metrical version of the Psalter, "thinking thereby," says Anthony Wood, "that the courtiers would sing them instead of their sonnets, *but did not*, only some few excepted." Marot versified fifty, and Sternhold fifty-one psalms. Sternhold died in 1549. His fifty-one Psalms were printed the same year, without the musical notes, as in the second (third) edition, in 1552. Contemporary with Sternhold was John Hopkins. He is rather a better English poet than Sternhold, and translated fifty-eight of the psalms distinguished by the initials of his name. The entire version of the Psalter was published and attached for the first time to the Common Prayer, and entitled, "The Whole Booke of Psalmes, collected into English metre, by T. Sternhold, J. Hopkins, and others, conferred with the Ebrue, with apt notes to sing withall." They are believed to contain some of the original melodies composed by French and German musicians. Not a few were probably imported by the Protestant manufacturers of cloth, of Flanders and the Low Countries, who fled from the persecutions of the Duke of Alva, and settled in those counties in England, where their art now chiefly flourishes.

George Withers printed, in 1632, in the Netherlands, a version of the Psalms. This version is entirely different from his Hymns and Songs of the Church. Versifying the Psalms and other parts of the Bible, at the beginning of

---

\* Warton, vol. iii.

the Reformation, was almost as epidemic as psalm-singing. Humnys, a gentleman of the Chapel, under Edward VI., published, 1550, "Certayne Psalmes;" also, "Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin," "A Handful of Honeysuckles," "Blessings out of Deuteronemie," &c. His last will and testament was as follows:—

To God my soule I do bequeathe because it is his owen;  
My body to be laid in grave, where to my friends best known;  
Executors I will none make, thereby great stryffe may growe,  
Because the goodes that I shall leave will not pay all I owe.

Archbishop Parker versified the Psalms.

A considerable contributor to the metrical theology was Robert Crowley: in the reign of Edward VI., he commenced printer and preacher in London. He lived in Ely Rents, in Holborn, "where," says Wood, "he sold books, and at leisure times exercised the gift of preaching in the great city and elsewhere."

During the reign of Frederick the Great, the Encyclopedists and Illuminati destroyed more than eighty thousand hymns, some of them poems of considerable length, whereas in England our entire collections will not exceed twelve thousand, and these will include many that were called psalms, written during the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles the I. The more remarkable authors were:—Sir Edward Sandys, John Donne, Giles Fletcher, Henry Ainsworth, Sir John Beaumont, Francis Quarles, Dr. Edmund Dee (the Astrologer,) Ben Jonson, Thomas Peyton, John Davis, George Whither, Nathaniel Baxter, Sir Henry Wotton, Henry Peachum, Earl of Cumberland, Earl of Stirling, Sands Penuin, Pope, Dryden, Nicholas Breton, Sir John Stradling, Father Southwell, H. B. Watts, Collier, Heber, &c.

On March 15, 1550, M. Veron, a Frenchman by birth, but a learned Protestant, and parson of St. Martin's, Ludgate, preached at St. Paul's Cross, before the Mayor and Alderman, and after the sermon was done they all sung, in common, a Psalm in metre, as it seems was then frequently done, the custom being brought to us from abroad, by the exiles.

The tunes, or, as they were called, melodies, were borrowed by Sternhold, from the old German and French masters, particularly Gondimel and Claude de Jeune, who had composed them originally for Marot.

There were twenty editions of Sternhold's Psalms published.

Was Sacred Poetry in existence in the beginning? Christians must answer in the affirmative, for they know that God created man perfect in body and soul, and with a complete unity of both. Sin, however, destroyed this unity, and two opposing motions arose in man; the one, a natural descending motion, always increasing in rapidity; the other, an endeavour to rise, to reach to the unbounded freedom of the love of God. Now, if poetry is a product of the remembrance, or stimulation of freedom, the nearer to the beginning, the more vivid and truthful; the further from it, the more distorted and material it is. We believe that epic and lyric poetry were, at first, one and the same thing; for in the perfection of unity, in which he was created, man formed nature in himself, and himself in nature, inwardly understood the outward processes of life, and found in these the copy of his own inward existence. Sin, however, which divided soul from body, the human mind from the outer world, separated also the two kinds of poetry; but only partially; epic poetry must still be lyric, since it must be the child of thought. Lyric poetry must still be epic, for it must describe an event, although only a mental one. As the breach between the two becomes widened, the field of lyric poetry becomes in its form less epic, it naturally decreases, and epic poetry gains; but they are never totally distinct. The drama, being the expression of the sentiments of strangers, is a degenerate lyric, or more properly speaking, epic in the writer of the thoughts, and lyric in the actor, who assumes them for his own. Sacred Poetry is as old as man, as poetry itself. In its first stages it is difficult to say whether it be epic or lyric. Both subject and object are infinitely more diversified in it than in any epic poem, and yet, the object must be taken as a necessary part of the human soul, more than any lyric. The further the knowledge of God wanders from the first revelations, the more divided becomes the original unity of sacred poetry. Religious people take two false roads; some seek God in themselves, and do not receive him; their piety, as their poetry, becomes the knowledge, not of what is, but of what should be, philosophy. The others, who no longer have God in themselves, apply the traditions of his interior

demonstrations to outward things. Either nature is their God, who thus discovers himself everywhere, or he takes now one form, now another to reveal himself in. Their piety is always an adoration of some wonderful appearance in nature or history; their poetry is always epic. A general history of sacred songs must collect every form of it, even those of the double Pantheism, the lyric and the epic. We have no old heathen hymns, nor Christian of the very first period. Before the Reformation no German songs were sung in the churches. The history of Sacred Poetry before the Reformation must be divided into three parts, viz., those written by laymen, those noted by the monks, and those sung by the people on pilgrimages and such pious occasions. We divide the periods thus:—

## 3rd Century.

*Æterne rerum conditor, (earliest known.)*  
*Aurora lucis retulat.*  
*Quem redemptor gentium.*  
*Te Deum laudamus.*

## PRUDENTIUS CLEMENS.

## 4th Century.

*Jam moesta quiesce querela.*

## CORLIUS SEDULIUS.

## About 4th Century.

*A solis ortus cardine.*

## VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS.

*Cruz fidelis, inter omnes.*

## GREGORY I.—About 600.

*Rex Christe factor omnium.*

*Te lucis ante terminum.*

*Æterne lucis conditor.*

## THEODULPH.—812.

*Gloria, laus, honor tibi sit, etc.*

## NOTKER.—912.

*Orate nunc omnes.*

*Ave maris stella.*

*Victimæ paschales.*

ROBERT, KING OF THE FRENCH.—1031.

*Veni sancte spiritus.*

*Salve regina mater misericordiæ.*

*Mittit ad Virginem.*

## BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

*Jesu Dulcis memoria.*

*Jam Lucis orto Sidere.*

*Lucis creator optime.*

## ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

*Pange lingua gloriosi.*

*Lauda Sion Salvatorem.*

## THOMAS CELANO.

*Dies iræ, dies illa.*

## JACOPONAU.—1306.

*Stabat Mater.*

*Spiritus sancti gratia.*

## JOHN HUSS.

*Jesus Christus Nostra Salus.*

## PHIL. MELANCTHON.

## JOACH CONERAVIUS.

*Undetermined dates.*

## CAROLUS MAGNUS

*Veni Creator Spiritus.*

## PAULUS DIACONUS.

(The name note hymn of St. John the Baptist.)

"*Ut queant laxis resonare fibris,*

*Mira gestorum Famuli tuorum,*

*Solve polluti labii restum,*

*Sancte Johannes."*

To return to the plays. So early as the year 1378, the scholars or choristers of St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, presented a petition to King Richard the Second, that his Majesty would prohibit some ignorant and inexperienced persons from acting the History of the Old Testament, to the great prejudice of the clergy of the church, who had expended considerable sums at the ensuing Christmas. From mysteries this young fraternity proceeded to more regular dramas, and, at the commencement of a theatre, were the best and almost the only

comedians. They became at length so favorite a set of players as often to act at court; and, on particular occasions of festivities, were frequently removed from London, for this purpose, to the royal houses at some distance from town. The following circumstance in their dramatic history is not commonly known:—In the year 1554, while the Princess Elizabeth resided at Hatfield House, in Hertfordshire, under the custody of Sir Thomas Pope, she was visited by Queen Mary. The next morning, after mass, they were entertained with a grand exhibition of bear baiting, *with which their highnesses were right well content*. In the evening the great chamber was adorned with a sumptuous suit of tapestry, called the *Hanging of Antioch*, and after supper a play was presented by the *children of Paul's*. After the play, and the next morning, one of the children, named Poines, sung to the Princess, while she played at the virginals. Strype, perhaps from the same MS. chronicle, thus describes a magnificent entertainment given to Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1559, at Nonsuch, in Surrey, by Lord Arundel, her Majesty's superintendant at that palace, now destroyed. We give the description in the words of this simple but picturesque compiler:—"There the Queen had had great entertainment, with banquets, especially on Sunday night, made by the said Earl, together with a mask, and the warlike sounds of drums and flutes, and all kinds of music, till midnight. On Monday was a great supper for her; but before night she stood at her standing in the further park, and there she saw a course. At night was a play by the children of Paul's and their music master Sebastian; after that a costly banquet, with drums and flutes. This entertainment lasted till three in the morning, and the Earl presented her Majesty with a cupboard of plate." In the year 1562, when the parish clerks of London celebrated one of their annual feasts, after a morning service in Guildhall Chapel, they retired to their hall, where, after dinner, a goodly play was performed by the choristers of Westminster Abbey, with waits and regals, and singing. The children of the Chapel Royal were also famous actors under the conduct of Richard Edwards, a musician and a writer of interludes already mentioned. All Lilly's plays, and many of Shakspeare's and Jonson's, were originally performed by boys, and it seems probable that the title



given by Jonson to one of his comedies, called *Cynthia's Revels*, first acted in 1605, by the children of her Majesty's Chapels, with the allowance of the master of the revels, was an allusion of this establishment of Queen Elizabeth, one of whose romantic names was Cynthia. The great reputation which they gained, and the particular encouragement and countenance, which they received from the Queen, excited the jealousy of the grown actors at the theatres: and Shakspeare, in *Hamlet*, endeavours to extenuate the applause which was idly indulged to their performances, perhaps not always just. "In the following speeches of Rosencrantz and Hamlet, there is an aiery of little children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of the question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't. These are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages, so they call them, that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come hither.

"*Ham.* What are they, children? Who maintains them? How are they escorted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing, &c.'

"This was about the year 1599. The latter clause means, 'Will they follow the profession of players no longer than they keep the voices of boys and sing in the choir?' So Hamlet afterwards says to the players, 'Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.' Some of these, however, were distinguished for their propriety of action, and became admirable comedians at the theatre of Blackfriars. Among the children of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel was one Salvadore Pavy, who acted in Jonson's *Poetaster* and *Cynthia's Revels*, and was inimitable in his representation of the character of an old man. He died about thirteen years of age, and was elegantly celebrated in one of Jonson's epigrams."\*

The ceremony of the Boy-Bishop is supposed to have existed, not only in collegiate churches, but in almost every parish. He and his companions walked in procession. A statute of the collegiate church of St. Mary Ottery, in 1337, restrained one of them within the limits of his own parish. On December 7, 1229, the day after St. Nicholas's day, the Boy-Bishop, in the chapel at Heton, near Newcastle-upon-

---

\* Warton, vol. ii., p. 534.

Tyne, said vespers before Edward I., on his way to Scotland, who made a considerable present to him, and the other boys that sang with him. In the reign of Edward III. he received a present of nineteen shillings and sixpence for singing before the King in his private chamber, on Innocent's day. Dean Colet, in the statutes of the school founded by him in 1512, at St. Paul's, expressly orders "That his scholars shall, every Childermas (Innocents') day, come to St. Paule's Church, and hear the Chylde-Bishop's sermon; and after bee at the Hygh Masse, and each of them offer a penny to the Chylde-Bishop, and with them the maister and surveyors of the schole, by proclamation of Henry VIII. dated July 22nd, 1542, the shewe of the Child-Bishop was abrogated, but, in the reign of Mary, it was revived. One of the flattering songs sung before that Queen by the Boy-Bishop, and printed, was a panegyric on her devotion, and compared her to Judith, the Queen of Sheba, and the Virgin Mary. The accounts of St. Mary-at-Hill, London, in the 10th Hen. VI., for 1549 and 1550, contain charges for the Boy-Bishop of those years. At this period his estimation seems to have been undiminished; for on Nov. 13, 1554, the Bishop of London issued an order to all the clergy of his diocese, to have a Boy-Bishop in procession; and in the same year he went about St. Andrew's, Holborn, and St. Nicholas Olaves, in Bread-street, and other parishes. In 1556, the Boy-Bishop again went abroad, singing in the old fashion, and was received by many ignorant but well disposed persons into their houses, and had much good cheer. Warton affirms that the practice of electing a Boy-Bishop subsisted in common grammar-schools; for St. Nicholas, as the patron saint of scholars, has a double feast at Eton College, where, it seems, before the Reformation, the scholars (to avoid interfering, as it should seem, with the Boy-Bishop of the college on St. Nicholas day,) elected their Boy-Bishop on St. Hugh's day, in the month of November. Brand is of opinion that the anniversary Montem at Eton is only a corruption of the ceremony of the Boy-Bishop and his companions, who, by the edict of Hen. VIII. being prevented from mimicking their religious superiors, gave a new face to their festivity, and began their present play at soldiers, by electing a captain. When Brand wrote, the Montem was kept in the winter time, a little before Christ-

mas ; it was subsequently kept on Whit-Tuesday. We have seen the nature of the diversions provided for the people on the Continent, and one of them, the ceremony of the Boy-Bishop. From the same source England derived the precursors of its regular drama, the Mysteries. The first trace of theatrical representation in this country, is recorded by Matthew Paris, who wrote about 1240, and relates that Geoffrey, a learned Norman, and Master of the School of the Abbey of Dunstable, composed the play of *St. Catherine*, which was acted by his scholars. Geoffrey's performance took place in the year 1110, and he borrowed copes from the sacristy of the neighbouring Abbey of St. Albans to dress his characters. Geoffrey afterwards became Abbott of St. Alban's Priory.\*

The last Montem was in 1844.

Let those, who are disposed to ridicule these rude beginnings and infancy of the drama, remember that the troubadours and minstrels were the parents of the sublime inventions of the Italian poets, and of their disciple Spenser, and that the pantomimes and extempore comedy were the nurseries of the epic poets of the middle ages. As popular amusements, which brought together all classes of the community, they were of peculiar and essential service not only in civilizing the people, who could not read, but in abolishing the barbarous attachment to military games, and the bloody contentions of the tournament, which had so long prevailed as the sole species of popular amusement. Rude, and even ridiculous, as they were, they softened the manners of the people, by diverting the public attention to spectacles, in which the mind was concerned, and by creating a regard for other arts than for those of bodily strength and savage valour.

The drama, as well as the fine arts, suffered with the monarch Charles I. Actors were often called "proud, parrotting players ; subservious ruffians ; asses clothed in lions' skins ; dolts, who imagine themselves somebody, and walk in as great state at Cæsar." The anecdote is sufficiently well known of the actor who surrendered himself in battle to one of the "Saints," whereupon the Saint exclaimed—"Cursed is he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently,"

---

\* Warton, vol. i.

and then shot his prisoner because he was an actor. Many actors who had lived in the sunshine of a court, amidst taste and criticism, perished in the field from affection for their royal master ; some sought humble occupations ; and not a few, who, by habits long indulged, had hands too delicate to work, attempted often to entertain secret audiences, and were in consequence often dragged to prison. At this period, though deprived of a theatre, the taste for the drama was perhaps the more lively among its lovers ; for, besides the performances already noticed—sometimes connived at, and sometimes protected by bribery—in Oliver Cromwell's time, a practice of privately acting at noblemen's houses, particularly at Holland House, Kensington, was stealthily introduced ; and Alexander Goffe, the woman actor, was the jackall to give notice of time and place to the lovers of the drama. The players, urged by their necessities, published several MS. plays, which they had hoarded in their dramatic exchequers, as the sole property of their respective companies. In one year appeared fifty of these new plays. Of these dramas many have, no doubt, perished ; for, though numerous titles are recorded, the plays themselves are not known ; nevertheless some still remain, in their MS. state, in hands not capable of valuing them. All our old plays were the property of the actors, who bought them for their own companies. The immortal works of Shakspeare would not have descended to us had Hemminge and Condell felt no sympathy for the fame of their friend. But for them they would have been scattered and lost, and perhaps never have been discriminated among the numerous MS. plays of the age. Actors sold MS. plays to relieve their necessities. Middleton's "Witch" was not printed until 1778, and "The Second Maiden's Tragedy" remained in MS. until 1824.

1578. Plays were performed on Sundays, after prayer hours.

1580. Plays were forbidden on Sundays and on holidays, except after evening prayer.

1585. A regular company was established of "the Children of the Royal Chapel," under the management of Richard Edwards, and shortly after there was formed another company, styled "the Children of the Revels." Besides these, Queen Elizabeth, at the request of Sir Francis Walsingham,

established on handsome salaries, twelve of the principal players, under the name of Her Majesty's comedians and servants.

Of the remarkable works in opposition to the drama, the following are the most powerful :—

Stephen Gossen published in 1579, "The School of Abuse, or a Pleasant Infective against Poets, Players, Jesters, and such like Caterpillars." Dr. Reynolds published "The Overthrow of Stage Plays" in 1593. This volume of Reynolds seems to have been the shadow and precursor of one of the most substantial of literary monsters, in the tremendous "Histrio Mastrix, or Players' Scourge of Prynne," in 1633. In that volume, of more than a thousand closely printed quarto pages, all that ever was written against plays and players may be found.

Collier, in 1698, renewed the attack. Arthur Bedford, a few years afterwards, wrote his "Evil and Danger of Stage Plays," in which extraordinary work he produced "several thousand passages, taken out of plays of the present century," in which fourteen hundred texts of scripture were ridiculed by the stage. The anti-dramatic religionist must have been more deeply read in the drama than its most servent lovers.

The proper title of this singular book is "A Serious Remonstrance, in behalf of the Christian Religion, against the horrid Blasphemies and Impieties which are still used in the English Play-houses, to the Great Dishonour of Almighty God, and in Contempt of the Statutes of this Realm." Certainly it is an extraordinary book, and assuredly written with the best intentions ; but the act of selecting the most obscene and indelicate portions of the drama without comment or context, and publishing them, was not judicious. It is impossible to read a more indelicate work.

"Histrio-Mastrix, the Player's Scourge, or Actor's Tragedie, by William Prynne, an Utter Barrester of Lincolne's Inne. Divided into two parts, wherein it is largely evidenced, by divers arguments, by the concurring authorities and resolutions of sundry texts of Scripture, of the whole Primitive Church, both under the Law and Gospel ; of 55 Synods and Counsels ; of 71 Fathers and Christian Writers, before the year of our Lord 1200 ; of the above 150 foraigne and domestique Protestant and Popish Authors ; since, of 40 Heathen Philosophers," &c.

The work entitled "Prynne (W.) his Defence of Stage Plays, or a retraction of a former Book of his called 'Histrio-Mastrix' (reprint,)" is considered a fabrication.

Collier says:—"In Prynne's 'Histrio-Mastrix' (1633,) p. 414, is inserted a marginal note, in these words: 'Some French women, or monsters rather, in Michaelmas term, 1629, attempted to act a French play at the play-house in Blackfriars—an impudent, shameful, unwomanish, graceless, if not more than whorish attempt.'" In the following letter, written by a person, named Thomas Brande, which was discovered, among some miscellaneous papers, in the library of the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Lambeth, after giving some other information, Brande proceeds as follows: "Furthermore, you should know that last daye certaine vagrant French players, who have been expelled from their own countrey, and certaine women did attempt, thereby giving just offence to all vertuous and well disposed persons in this town, to act a certain lascivious and unchaste comedye, in the French tongue, at the Blackfriars. Glad I am to saye they were hissed, hooted, and pippen-pelted from the stage, so as I do not thinke they will soone be ready to trie the same againe. Whether they had license for so doing I know not; but I do know that, if they had license, it were fit that the Master (of the Revels) be called to an account for the same. About 1633, came out the most learned and notorious work ever published against theatrical performances, 'Histrio-Mastrix, the Player's Scourge,' by William Prynne, bearing the date of 1633, but published in 1632."

The following extract is from a familiar communication, containing a summary of the current news, from Justinian Pagett, a barrister, dated 28th of January, 1732—3. It is addressed "To my much-honored friend, James Harrington, Esq., at Walton-upon-Trent."—*Harl.* (MSS. No. 1026.) "Mr. Prynne, of Lincolne's Inn, hath lately set forth a book, entitled 'Histrio-Mastrix, or Players' Scourge,' the sale of which is prohibited, and he is to appeare at the High Commission on Thursday next, where, when I have heard what is charged against him, I will (if you desire it) send you a more particular relation. His book is extraordinarily stuffed with quotations of old authors, which (they say) are his only arguments. He cites St. Austen, woo sayeth, Si

*tantummodo boni et honesti viri in civitate essent, nec in rebus humanis Ludi Scenici esse debuissent*; but I do not conceive this to be the cause why he is called in question, but rather some exorbitant passage concerning ecclesiastical government; for, I heare, he compares the playing on the organ, 'twixt the first and second lesson, to enterludes in stage playes. It is observable that his booke was published the next day after the Queen's Pastorall at Somerset House."

The writer of the preceding account, on the 28th of January, had not seen Prynne's book, and only spoke of its contents from rumour; but Mr. George Gresley, in a letter dated from Essex House, 31st of January, 1632—3, to Sir T. Pickering, quotes the author's words, and gives very exactly the nature of the charge against Prynne. He says: "Mr. Prynne, an Utter Barrister of Lincolne's Inne, is brought into the High Commission Court and Star Chamber, for publishing a booke on the Unlawfulness of Plaies; wherein, in the Table of his Booke, and his brief additions thereunto, he hath these words: 'Woman actors are notorious ——,' and St. Paul prohibits women to speake publicly in the church; and dares then, (sayth he,) any Christian women be so more than whoreshly impudent as to act and to speake publicly on a stage (perchaunce in man's apparrell and cut haire,) in presence of sundry men and women, which wordes, it is thought by some, will cost him his eares, or heavily punisht and deeply fined! Having been tried in the Star Chamber, he was twice set at the pillory, lost parts of both eares."

The following is from the "Harleian Miscellany"—"A brief relation of certain special and most material passages and speeches in the Star Chamber, occasioned and delivered, June 14, 1637, at the censure of those worthy gentlemen, Dr. Bastwicke, Mr. Burton, and Mr. Prynne, as it hath been truly and faithfully gathered, from their own mouths, by one present at the said censure—Between 8 and 9 o'clock in the morning, the 14 June, the lords being set in their places in the said Court of Star Chamber, and casting their eyes at the prisoners then at the bar, Sir John Finch, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, began to speak after this manner: 'I had thought Mr. Prynne had no eares; but methinks he hath eares,' which caused many of the lords to

take the stricter view of him ; and, for their better satisfaction, the usher of the court was commanded to turn up his hair and shew his ears ; upon the sight whereof the Lords were displeased, they had been formerly no more cut off, and cast out some disgraceful words of him. To which Mr. Prynne replied : ‘ My Lords, there is never a one of your honors but would be sorry to have your ears as mine are.’ The Lord Keeper again : ‘ In good faith, he is somewhat saucy.’ ‘ I hope,’ said Mr. Prynne, ‘ your honors will not be offended ; I pray God give you ears to hear.’ Thus the prisoners, desiring to speak a little more for themselves, were commanded to silence, and so the lords proceeded to censure. The Lord Cottington’s censure :—‘ I condemn these three men to lose their ears in the Palace Yard at Westminster ; to be fined five thousand pounds a man to his Majesty : and to perpetual imprisonment in three remote places of the kingdom—namely, the Castles of Caernarvon, Cornwall, and Lancashire.’ The Lord Finch added to this censure. ‘ Mr. Prynne to be stigmatised in the cheeks with two letters (S and L) for a seditious libeller :’ to which all the lords agreed. The execution of the lords’ censure, in the Star Chamber, upon Dr. Bastwicke, Mr. Prynne, and Mr. Burton, took place, in the Palace Yard of Westminster, the 15th day of June last, 1637 ; at the expectation whereof the number of people was great (the place being very large,) that it caused admiration in all that beheld them, who came, with tender affections, to behold those three renowned soldiers and servants of Jesus Christ : they paved their way with sweet herbs, from the house of which they came to the pillory, with all honor that could be done unto them. Dr. Bastwicke and Mr. Burton first meeting, they did close one in the other’s arms three times, with as much expression of love as might be, rejoicing that they met at such a place, upon such an occasion, and that God had so highly honored them as to call them forth to suffer for his glorious strength. Then, immediately after, Mr. Prynne came, the doctor and he saluting each other, as Mr. Burton and he did before. The doctor then went up first on the scaffold, and his wife, immediately following came up to him, and, like a loving spouse, saluted each ear with a kiss, and then his mouth, whose tender love, boldness, and cheerfulness so wrought upon the people’s affec-



tions, that they gave a marvellous shout for joy to behold it. Her husband desired her not to be in the least manner dismayed at his sufferings : and so, for a while, they parted, she using these words : ‘ Farewell, my dearest ; be of good comfort, I am nothing dismayed.’ Now, the executioner being come to sear him and cut off his ears, Mr. Prynne said these words to him, ‘ Come, friend, come ; burn me, cut me ; I fear not. I have learned to fear the fire of hell, and not what men can do unto me. Come, sear me, sear me. I shall bear in my body the marks of my Lord Jesus ;’ which the bloody executioner performed with extraordinary cruelty, heating his iron twice to burn one cheek ; and cut one of his ears so close that he cut off a piece of his cheek ; at which exquisite torture he never moved with his body, or so much as changed his countenance, but still looked up, as well as he could towards heaven, with a smiling countenance, even to the astonishment of all beholders, and uttering, as soon as the executioner had done, this heavenly sentence : ‘ *The more I am beaten down, the more am I lift up ;*’ and, returning from the execution, in a boat, made, as I hear, these two verses by the way, on the two characters branded on his cheeks, S. L., STIGMATA LAUDIS.

‘ STIGMATA maxillis bajulans insignia LAUDIS,  
Exultans remeo, victima grata Deo.’

Which is thus Englished :—S. L. LAUD’S SCARS.

‘ Triumphant I return, my face decries  
*Laud’s* scorching scars, God’s grateful sacrifice.’”

Prynne’s book was published “At the Blue Bible, in Greene Harbour, in Little Bailey, 1633.” If the following extracts indicate only the commencement of the reign of James I., we, in these days, can well sympathise with the author’s abhorrence of the many things, which must have been known at that period.

Prynne’s exhortation to his legal brethren, in “The Epistle Dedicatory” of his book, is worth quoting :—“ And so much the rather that you may now at last falsifie that ignominious ceasure, which some English writers, in their printed works, have passed upon Innes of Court Students ; of whom they record, ‘ That Innes of Court men were undone but for players ; that they are their chiefest guests and imployment, and the sole business that makes them afternoon’s

men: that this is one of the first things they learne, as soone as they are admitted to see stage plays, and take smoke at a play-house, which they commonly make their studie, where they learne to follow all fashions, to drink all healths, to weare favors and good cloaths, to consort with ruffianly companions, to sweare the biggest oaths, to quarrell easily, fight desperately, game inordinately, to spend their patrimony ere it fall, to use gracefully some gestures of spish complement, to talk irreligiously, to dally with a mistresse, to hunt after harlots, to prove altogether lawlesse in steed of lawyers, and to forget that little learning, grace, and vertue, which they had before; so that they grow at last past hopes of ever doing good either to the Church, their country, their owne or others' soules: which heavy censure, if any dissolute play-hunters have justly occasioned heretofore, to the dishonor of those famous law societies wherein they live." Prynne was a wayward, ill-conditioned man; he opposed the Court and suffered terribly. He has been looked upon as a regicide (see *Dr. Hookwell's Life of Johnson*); but before the trial of Charles I. he was a Royalist.

The other books against the stage are:—

"The Stage Condemned," 1698. (Second Edition.)

"The Ancient and Modern Stages Surveyed, or Mr. Collier's View set in a True Light," 1699, published without name, by Dr. Drake, M. D.

"A Short View of the Profaneness of the Stage, in Answer to Mr. Congreve, Dr. Drake, Jerney Collier, A.M., 1738.

Bedford published, in addition to his "Remonstrance," "The Great Abuse of Music," 1711; and "The Temple Music," 1712.

"A Defence of Dramatic Poetry, being a Review of Mr. Collier's Immorality and Profaneness of the Stage," 1698.

Of the entertainment, given by Cecil, in honor of the two Kings of Great Britain and Denmark, at Theobald's, July 24, 1606, Dr. Lingard gives the following account (see *Lingard's His.*, vol. ix., p. 83:—

"No expense, no decoration was spared to give a splendour to this entertainment. There was, however, one drawback. Ebriety, at this period, was not confined to the male sex, but, on some occasions, females of the highest distinction, who had spent weeks in the study of their res-

pective parts, presented themselves to the spectators, in a state of the most disgusting intoxication."

Dr. Lingard was abused by one of the Reviews for publishing the above: it must be observed his sense of decency was, perhaps, over-scrupulous. The letter of Sir John Harrington, one of the guests, however, places the whole affair before us. Some portions of the letter cannot be printed.\*

Wright says, "That, before the civil wars, there were five companies and six play-houses, viz., the Blackfriars and the Globe, belonging to the same company, called the King's servants: the Cockpit, or Phoenix, in Drury-lane, called the Queen's servants; the private house, in Salisbury-court, called the Prince's servants; the Fortune, and the Red Bull. The two last were mostly frequented by citizens and the meaner sort of people. Blackfriars, Cockpit, and Salisbury-court were small, and were all three built almost exactly alike for form and bigness. Here they had pits for the gentry, and acted by candlelight. The Globe, Fortune, and Bull were large houses, and lay partly open to the weather, and there they always acted by daylight. \* \* All these companies got money and lived in reputation."

Randolph, in his "Muse's Looking-Glass," mentions five

---

\* "Those, whom I never could get to taste good liquor, now follow the fashion, and wallow in beastly delights. The ladies abandon society, and are seen to roll about in intoxication. After dinner, the representation of 'Solomon, his Temple, and the Coming of the Queen of Sheba,' was made, or (as I may better say) was meant to have been made. \* \* \* The lady who did play the Queen's part, did carry most precious gifts to both the Majesties; but forgetting the steppes arrising to the canopy, overset her caskets into his Danish Majesty's lap, and fell at his feet, though I rather think it was in his face. Much was the hurry and confusion; cloths and napkins were ready to make all clean. His Majesty then got up, and would dance with the Queen of Sheba, but he fell down and humbled himself before her, and was carried to an inner chamber, and laid on a bed of state, which was not little defiled with the presence of the Queen. \* \* \* The entertainment and show went forward, and most of the presenters went backward or fell down; wine did so occupy their upper chambers. Now did appear, in rich dress, Hope, Faith, and Charity. Hope did essay to speak, but wine did render her endeavours so feeble, that she withdrew. Faith was then all alone, for I am certaine she was not joyned with good works, and left the court in a staggering condition. Charity came to the King's feet, and seemed to cover a multitude of sins her sisters had committed; in some sorte she made obeysance, and brought gifts. \* \* \*

of the six play-houses in a dialogue between Mrs. Flowerdew and Bird, two Puritans, who serve the theatre with their wares :—

- Flow.** It was a zealous prayer  
I heard a brother make concerning play-houses.
- BIRD.** For charity, what is't?
- Flow.** That the Globe,  
Wherein (quoth he) reigns a whole world of vice,  
Had been consumed; the Phoenix burnt to ashes;  
The Fortune whipt for a blind whore; Blackfriars  
He wonders how it 'scaped demolishing,  
I' th' time of reformation. Lastly he wished  
The Bull might cross the Thames to the Bear Garden,  
And there be soundly baited.
- BIRD.** A good prayer.
- Flow.** Indeed, it sometimes pricks my conscience;  
I come to sell them pins and looking glasses.
- BIRD.** I have their custom, too, for all their feathers.  
'Tis fit that we, which are sincere professors,  
Should gain by infidels.

The Puritans having the ascendancy in Parliament, an Act was passed, Feb. 11. 1647. O.S., "That all stage galleries, seats, and boxes should be pulled down, by warrant of two justices of the peace; that all actors of plays, for the time to come, being convicted, should be publicly whipped: and all spectators of plays, for every offence, should pay five shillings."—This was literally putting Prynne's "*Histrio-Matrix*" into execution. When the civil wars began, most of the players, except Lowin, Taylor, and Pollard (who were superannuated,) went into the King's army. For instance, Robinson was killed by the well-known enthusiast, Harrison, who refused him quarter, and shot him in the head, after he had laid down his arms, saying, "Cursed is he that doth the work of the Lord negligently." Mohun was a captain, and, after the civil wars were over, served in Flanders, where he received pay as a major. Hart was a lieutenant of horse in Prince Rupert's Regiment. Burt was a cornet in the same troop.

Chalmers, after mentioning the story which Wright relates of Robinson, says, "The fact, which is more creditable than the story, is that Richard Robinson died quietly at London, in 1647; for the parish register of St. Anne's Blackfriars, expressly records that Richard Robinson, a

*player*, was buried on the 23rd of March, 1646—7. William Robins, of the Cockpit, seems to have been called William Robinson in the D. P. of 'Fair Maid of the West.' John Robinson's name, in 1640, stands for a part in 'Messalina.' It was, perhaps, one of the actors whom Harrison killed, and whom Wright supposed to be Richard Robinson; the story may not be true, but it certainly wears a strong appearance of probability. When the wars were over, and the Royalists totally subdued, most of the actors who survived made up one company out of the wreck of several, and, in the winter of 1648, they ventured to act some plays, with as much caution and privacy as could be, at the Cockpit. They continued undisturbed for three or four days, but at last, as they were acting the *Bloody Brother* (*Rollo, Duke of Normandy*,) in which Lowin played *Aubrey*; Taylor, *Rollo*; Pollard, *the Cook*; Burtha, *Torch*; and Hart (probably,) *Otto*, a party of soldiers beset the house, surprised them about the middle of the play, and carried them away to prison dressed as they were: where, having detained them some time, and plundered them of their cloaths, they set them at liberty. Afterwards, in Oliver's time, they used to act privately three or four miles or more out of town, sometimes at one place and sometimes at another—occasionally at noblemen's houses, in particular at Holland House, Kensington, where the nobility and gentry met, but in no great numbers, and made a collection for them: Alexander Goffe, the woman-actor at Blackfriars, used to be the person to give notice of time and place. At Christmas time and at Bartholomew Fair, they generally bribed the officer, who commanded at Whitehall, and were thereupon connived at, to act for a few days at the Red Bull: but were sometimes, notwithstanding, disturbed by soldiers. Some picked up a little money by publishing copies of plays never before printed. For instance in 1652, Beaumont and Fletcher's "Wild Goose Chase" was printed, for the public use of all the ingenious, (as the title-page says) and the private benefit of John Lowin and Joseph Taylor, and, by them, dedicated to the honored few lovers of dramatic poesy; wherein they modestly intimated their wants, and with sufficient cause, for they were now reduced to a necessitous condition. Lowin, in his latter days, kept the Three Pigeons, at Brentford, where he died

very old and very poor. Taylor died at Richmond, and was there buried. Pollard, who lived single, and had a competent estate, retired to some relations he had in the country. Peking and Sumner, of the Cockpit, kept house together at Clerkenwell, and were there buried. They all died some years before the Restoration.

While the stage was suppressed, one Robert Cox, who was an excellent comedian, betook himself to make certain drolls or farces; these he found means to get performed, by stealth, under the pretence of rope-dancing. In these drolls he used to perform the principal parts himself, and was a great favourite both in London and in the country. He was so natural a performer, that, after he had been playing in the part of Simpleton the Smith, at country fairs, a real smith, of some eminence, in those parts, offered to take him as his journeyman, and even allow him twelpence per week more than the customary wages.

In 1809, was published a print of the inside of the Red Bull Theatre; it was taken from the frontispiece to a Collection of Drolls printed by Kirkham, in 1672. The figures, brought together on the stage, are intended as portraits of the leading actors in each droll; the one playing Simpleton is Cox. This print may be considered, not only as highly curious for the place it represents, but as an unique specimen of the interior economy of our English Theatres.

The decline of German poetry may be dated from about the earlier part of the fourteenth century, the accession of the house of Hapsburg, being the era marked out for the decadence of all that was rich and harmonious in German versification, and the substitution of a cold, artificial, mechanical system of riming by line, square, and compass. The question naturally presents itself, as to the cause of this degradation of the German Muse. No branch of European vernacular literature gave so rich a promise of a golden future—to none was a speedy fruition into finished excellence so nearly accorded; yet no expectations were more completely frustrated, without any apparent cause, to account for this prostration of poetic taste. Why so much beauty and harmony of language, such depth of tenderness and feeling, and such refinement of thought, failed in producing their natural results, is a problem difficult to solve. We can offer no solution to this too patent fact, and though the

question has been so frequently mooted—Why German poetry took so comparatively unfavourable a turn when contrasted with other countries? We can only reiterate that it has not been altogether accounted for. Princes and nobles, it is true, had ceased to sing, and the neglected “geige” had to be taken up by humbler minstrels; but this, in itself, would offer no solution as to the deterioration of German rhythm. Surely, the patent of nobility is not necessary to aid in ascending the classic mount; the gentle goddess woos her votaries from the peasant class, as well as from those who claim their title by a due pedigree of heraldic quarterings. The inspirations of poetic genius have flashed as brightly beside the plough, as in the gilded saloon. And the mystic wreath has encircled the brow of the peasant with as golden a hallow of glory, as the twofold coronal by which the temples of the prince poet are wreathed. Be the cause what it may, it is an historical though a melancholy fact, that from the age of the Minnesingers almost to the eighteenth century, with but a few and rare exceptions, a dearth of poetic genius overspread the country, rendering it a vast and almost cheerless blank. Form and rule in everything was the characteristic of the Troubadour age, guided by the caprice of the aristocracy, and upheld by the excited tone of feeling prevalent in society. The protecting principle being removed, a reaction ensued causing a disrespect of the art which had been forced beyond its level by such patronage. For two or three centuries, the vernacular tongues, which had, at their first cultivation, progressed so rapidly, retrograded rather than advanced; these, so far from being assisted, were rather retarded, by the increased tastes for literary pursuits, that taste being chiefly directed towards classical objects. The beautiful ballads and popular songs of this period, which, like relics, were strewn over this mass of desolation, and which more or less belong to every country in Europe, proved that the feelings which an artificial state of society had prematurely excited, and afterwards left to decay, still existed, and were only dormant, till aroused by the more mature culture of advancing civilization.

Various opinions have been entertained as to the proper line of demarcation relative to time and character which

should be drawn between the two classes of minstrels, the Minnesingers and the Mastersingers; the question still agitates the antiquarian polemics of Germany, as to the precise period of their definitive separation. We are, however, inclined to think that they blend imperceptibly—that during the decline of one, the other, from various incidental causes, political as well as social, spring naturally into existence; we have conclusive evidence, however, in the *Limburg Chronicle* (see Bouterwek, 1,292) that long after the formation of the Mastersingers, many minstrels preferred the more natural and independent style of the Minnesingers; and we have undoubted proofs of the occasional use of the term masters in the adepts in poetry, even during the best age of the Minnesingers. About the beginning of the fourteenth century a class of minstrels calling themselves Mastersingers formed themselves into guilds or trading companies in the towns of Germany, and entered into a compact by which they were bound to adopt certain fanciful and arbitrary laws of rhythm. It is probable that the title by which they were designated, was only universally and distinctively bestowed, when the spirit of pedantry prevailed amongst them; and when the “song-schools” or “guilds” became in Germany what the “academies” and “consistories” were in other countries, heralds of the decay of art.

This forcing of the growth of native literature proved fatal in its results, and institutions, devised for the purpose of fostering poetry, and cultivating purity of language, were mainly instrumental in accelerating the progress of that decay, which they assumed to avert. Bowring, in his “*Batavian Anthology*”, notices the failure of such attempts in Holland thus, “It is a singular fact,” says he, “that the means which were employed in the fourteenth century for the advancement of the language and its literature became in the highest degree instrumental to its degradation. We allude to the foundation of the Chambers of Rhetoric, which took place towards the end of this era. The degeneracy of the language may mainly be attributed to the wandering orators, (sprekers,) who, being called to the courts of princes, or admitted, though uninvited, rehearsed, for money, the miserable doggerel produced by themselves or others. These people afterwards formed themselves, in



Flanders and Brabant, into literary societies, which were known by the name of Chambers of Rhetoricians, (*Kamers der Rhetorijkers* or *Rederijkers*,) and which offered prizes to the most meritorious poets. The first Chambers appear to have been founded at Dixminden and Antwerp; at the former place in 1394, and at the latter in 1400. These societies were formed in imitation of the French, who began to institute them about the middle of the fourteenth century, under the name of *Collèges de Rhetorique*.\*

"The example of Flanders was speedily followed by Zealand and Holland. In 1430 there was a Chamber at Middlebourg; in 1433, at Vlaardingen; in 1434, at Nieuwkerk; and in 1437, at Gonda. Even insignificant Dutch villages had their Chambers. Among others, one was founded in the Lier, in the year 1480. In the remaining provinces they met with less encouragement. They existed, however, at Utrecht, Amersfoort, Lenwaarden, and Hasselt. The purity of the language was completely undermined by the rising self-called Rhetoricians, and their abandoned courses brought poetry itself into disrepute. All distinction of genders was nearly abandoned; the original abundance of words ran waste; and that which was left, became completely overwhelmed by a torrent of barbarous terms."

The character of German poetry altered with the class of poets who superseded the princes, nobles, and knights; this change was, however, gradually effected, if we may judge from what is extant. The quality of the verse, though differing in its tone, when emanating from clerks, schoolmasters, and even mechanics,† who now wielded the pen as well as the hammer, was, nevertheless, not altogether deficient in merit. A few names present themselves as not quite unworthy of notice. The Chancellor (*Der Chanzler*), originally a fisherman of Steiermark, raised, we presume, by his talents, to some office under

---

\* See, for further information on this subject, the paper on Academies in the *Odd Phases of Literature*, No. XXIII, of this *Review*.

† Even the heraldry adapts itself to the change; and in the *Manesse M.S.* we find *Regenbog* with hammer and tongs for the device on his shield; and, instead of the pomp of the tournament, the "school-master," is armed with the humbler honors of the rod.

Rodolph of Hapsburgh, has left some pieces of very considerable merit. Regenbog, a smith by trade, and one of "the Twelve Old Masters," attained a very just celebrity; he seems, however, to have regretted relinquishing the humble though honest trade for which he was originally designed, to follow the loftier, but more unprofitable calling of a poet, and in some of his stanzas deprecates the failing spirit of the age in their non-appreciation of poetic genius.

The modern poem of "The Three Warnings" is perfectly foreshadowed by one of his songs, in the Colmar MS. and printed by Hagen and Docen in their Museum, II., 187; the similarity of idea is so striking, as to render it worthy of note. Death pays a rather unwelcome, and as he considered, a premature visit to the poet in the days of his youth; and after a parley with the grim messenger on the unreasonableness of his call, he enters into a compromise with the songster, and after granting him a respite, cautions him to make no demur at his next visit, promising that his messengers should give him notice by signal warnings of his approach. Time speeds on—and all the ills inherent on old age have been sent by the herald Death; still the poet is all unconscious, and has to be reminded when the final hour approaches that he must yield obedience to that fiat which is inevitable. He succumbs, and "gently closes the strife," according to the song, in an address of supplication to the Blessed Virgin, to intercede for the wearied and resigned traveller who is about to close his earthly pilgrimage.

Henry of Meissen, a doctor of theology, and a canon of the Cathedral at Mentz, became a powerful rival of Regenbog; Mentz having now become the high place of the "song schools." Regenbog felt this infringement on his prerogative more acutely, Mentz being his native city. A strange incident is on record of the extraordinary demonstration at the funeral of this Henry, who was more commonly known by the title of Frauenlob or praise-the-ladies, a cognomen which he acquired probably from his zealous services in supporting the honor of the sex.

The old chronicle of Strasburg records that on the eve of St. Andrew, in the year 1318, "Henry, surnamed Frauenlob, was buried at Mentz, in the parvis of the great church, near unto the stairs, with marvellous solemnity:—his corpse was carried by ladies from his dwelling house

unto the place of burial, and loudly did they mourn and bewail his death, on account of the infinite praises which he had bestowed on womankind in his poetry." The chronicle adds that "so much good wine was poured into the grave that it overflowed with the libations." This dirge for the loss of their minstrel, was in sooth a prophetic requiem over the departed spirit of German poetry; which lay entombed for centuries, after the good ladies of Mentz had laid the last of the minstrels in his grave! Identification with the ancient glory of the Minnesingers, was eagerly sought after, and claimed by the "Masters;" they traced their school to an almost fabulous period of antiquity, and the most celebrated names, were by all species of anachronisms placed among the supposed united band of ancient founders. The poetic battle or tournament of Wartburg, held at the Court of the landgrave of Thuringia, was most suitable for this purpose; to this supposed contest or tenson, be it real or imaginary, the masters looked with great veneration as an undoubted type of a "song school," and a proof of the systematic cultivation of the art among the earliest worthies of the Suabian age. As a symbol of the degeneracy and bad taste of the age this pseudo historical tradition was dressed up with supernatural details.

This legend (which with the authorities will be found in Grimm's *Deutsche Sagen*, II., 342,) represents the poetic contest entered into at the Court of the landgrave of Thuringia, between Henry the virtuous clerk, Walter Von Der Vogelweid, Reinmar the Second, Wolfram of Eschenbach, Biteroff and Henry of Ofterdingen; where it was decreed by common consent that whoever came off worst in the poetic strife should suffer the penalty of death. Henry of Ofterdingen being the successful competitor, aroused the jealous enmity of his rivals, who conspired to reverse the sentence, and commend the victor to the tender mercies of this new patron of the muses, the hangman. Henry fled for refuge to the landgravine Sophia, and obtained a year's truce on condition, that during that time he will seek out Klingsor of Hungary, a Minnesinger endowed by the legend with a wizard power, and whose competency to decide differences was duly acknowledged. Henry succeeded in finding Klingsor, who, charmed with his singing, promised to accompany him. Time, however, passed so pleasantly with the poets that the

eve of the day on which the truce was to terminate arrived, without their being conscious of its proximity. Klingesor, however, is quite at ease, aware that his wizard power is sufficient to accomplish the feat however apparently impossible; he gives his guest a sleeping draught, places him by his side in a leather trunk, and orders his attendant spirits to transport them to Wartburg. Henry is astounded on awaking in the morning to hear the pealing of the well-known bells of Wartburg; and is even more amazed on rising to find himself on the field of action. The news of their rapid transmission created universal surprise, but this was rendered even greater when Klingesor reading the stars that evening predicted the birth at that same hour of a daughter to the queen of Hungary, who should unite holiness and virtue to extrema beauty, and who should eventually marry the landgrave's son. The trial of skill at length commenced between Klingesor and Wolfram of Eschenbach. The contest was for a time pretty equal, no decided superiority could be claimed by either party; Klingesor contrived at last to substitute one of his spirits for himself, thinking he could carry on the war more effectively. Wolfram of Eschenbach, however, quickly dispatched him, by turning his song to the consideration of the mystery of the Holy Sacrament. Another of those imps was commissioned to try his skill by night as a more potent means of accomplishing his opponent's defeat, and though Wolfram was more learned in divinity, the devil beat him in astronomy, and to record his victory, and his adversary's disgrace, he stamped him in indelible characters on the solid wall, a *schnipfen-schnappf*, which we presume may be translated into a *snipper-snapper*. Klingesor at length departed in the same manner as he arrived, but loaded with presents. Thus ended the legend, and if proof were wanted to mark degeneracy in the taste and spirit of the age, this pseudo-historical tradition, dressed up with such supernatural details, is sufficient evidence of the decline of true poetic feeling.

The *Edinburgh Review* (vol. xvi., p. 202,) has given so correct and clear a condensation of the history and characteristics of this most curious school of poetry; and of the critical researches of the German Antiquarians, that we are tempted to give it in extenso:—

“ From the time of *Frauentob* and *Regenbog*; the culti-

vation of German poetry devolved almost exclusively upon the 'master singers' in the great towns, to whom we have already alluded. Poetry certainly never had so singular a fortune in any other country. It actually became one of the incorporated trades in all cities; and the burghers obtained the freedom of it as of any other corporation. Of many of these humble bands, we know very little more than their names, which, in truth, are not particularly prepossessing:—Zwinger and Wurgendrusel, Buchenlin, Amker and Hell-fire, old Stoll, and young Stoll, Strong Bopp, Dang Brotscheim, Balt Spiegel, Peter Pfort, and Martin Gumpel. The period when these guilds (or schools) of verse first received their statutes and regulations is involved in great uncertainty. On this head the German antiquaries are divided in opinion. By M. Grimm, the *minnesingers* and the *master-singers* are supposed to have originally formed but one class of poets; and one of the works noticed at the head of this article, maintains this theory, against the objections of Hogen, who has taken the opposite side of the question. At all events, these societies offer a most singular phenomenon. Composed entirely of the lower ranks of society; of hard-working tradesmen and artificers, they obtained a monopoly of verse-craft, and extended their toneful fraternities over the greater part of the Empire. Wherever the *hoch deutsch* was spoken, there the master-singers founded a colony; and they were even formed in Bohemia, where the German was more familiar to the mixed population of the towns, than the Slavonian language.

"The vulgar, all over the world, delight to indulge themselves with glitter, and parade, and external distinction; and it is amusing to observe how easily the lower orders can contrive to gratify the cravings which they feel in common with greater folks. The *king* will have it, that the king is the sole fountain of honours; but those who are too diminutive and feeble to toil up to the pinnacle of the rock, and lave themselves in the streams of royal favour, find means to alake their thirst quite as effectually from humbler sources. A lodge of odd fellows will marshal a funeral with as many staves and banners as could be furnished by the Lord Lion, King of Arms, and all his heralds and pursuivants to boot, from Albany to Dingwall. The petty huckster of the country town has no order dangling from

his button-hole, and can never hope to figure in the installation; but his veins swell with quite as much dignity when he stalks in the procession with his pinchbeck badge and embroidered apron, the grand officer of the lodge of free-masons, gazed on and admired by all the slipshod wenches and ragged urchins of the parish. The workings of this insatiate propensity may be distinctly traced in the pride and solemnity of the schools of verse of the mastersingers. The candidate was introduced with great form into the assembly. The four 'merkers,' or examiners, sat behind a silken curtain, to pass judgment on his qualifications. One of these had Martin Luther's translation of the Bible before him, it being considered as the standard of the language. His province was to decide whether the diction of the novice was pure, and his grammar accurate. The others attended to the rhyme and metre of the composition, and the melody to which it was sung. And if they united in declaring that the candidate had complied with the statutes and regulations, he was decorated with a silver chain and badge—the latter representing good King David playing on the harp; and he was honourably admitted into the society.

"The metrical system of the master-singers was peculiar to themselves. Their technical terms cannot be well translated; we shall therefore add the few which we shall notice in the original. Our mineralogical friends are so well content to crackle, and whizz, and thump, through many an Anglo-Wernerian page of quartz, gneiss, trapp, schorl, blue whack, and gray whack, that we humbly hope and trust that, for once, the nomenclature of this marketable poesy may also be allowed to pass muster. The poems of the master-singers were always lyrical, and actually sung to music. The entire poem was called a 'bar,' and it was divided generally into three, but sometimes into five or more stanzas, or 'gesetze,' and each 'satz' also fell into three portions, the first of which was a 'stole,' like the first. The rhymes were classed into 'stumpfe-reime' and 'klingende-reime,' and 'stumpfe-schlage-reime' and 'klingende-schlage-reime' and other denominations were employed, which we shall spare ourselves the trouble of transcribing. The poets, singers and maskers counted the syllables on their fingers; and if there was a proper number of syllables in the line, it was of no consequence whether they were long or short. The length of the verse, the

number of lines, and the order of the rhymes in each 'stole' and 'abgesang,' was variable, and consequently their poems were susceptible of a great variety of forms, which were called tunes or 'weise.' The invention of a new 'weise,' was considered as a test of a master-singer's abilities. There were some hundreds of these 'weise,' all named after their inventors; as, Hans Tindeisen's, Rosemary weise, Joseph Schmierer's flowery-paradise weise, Hans Fogel's fresh weise, and Henry Frauenlob's yellow weise, and his blue weise, and his frog weise; and his looking-glass weise. The code of criticism to which the master-singers were subjected, was contained in the rules of 'Tabulatur' of the societies; and it certainly was unreasonably severe. They were actually prohibited from employing 'sentences which nobody could understand,' or 'words wherein no meaning could be discovered,' which unfeeling interdictions are found in the 4th and 5th articles of the Nuremburg Tabulator.

"The mastersingers amused themselves by ascribing an extravagant antiquity to their institutions, although their statutes and regulations do not appear to have been completely established till the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries. Master Cyril Sprangenburg, indeed, deduced their history from 'the Celtic bards in the time of Abraham:' and this elaborate disquisition gave such satisfaction to the society, that it was transcribed in vellum, and 'bound with gold bosses, clasps and corners,' and preserved amongst their archives with as much veneration as the Florentine copy of the Pandects. The charter of incorporation of the 'Twelve Wise Masters,' was said to have been granted by the Emperor Otto and Pope Leo the Fourth. To show the absurdity of the fable, it will be sufficient to observe, that Conrad of Würzburg, and Frauenlob, and others of yet later date, are said to have been cited by that emperor, in the year 962, to appear before him at Pavia, where, as Adam Puschman gravely records, they sang before professors of the University, and were declared to be the masters and founders of the art.

"The city of Nuremburg was the Athens of these incorporated poets. To the credit of Hans Foltz, the barber and mastersinger, who shaved there in the middle of the fifteenth century, it must be told that he took great interest in promoting, the then newly discovered art of printing, and even set up a private press at his own house.

"But none of the mastersingers can vie with the industrious Hans Sachs, the shoemaker. Hans was born at Nuremberg in the year 1494; and his father, an honest tailor, placed him, at an early age, in the free school of the town, where, as he mentions in one of his poems, 'he was indifferently taught, according to the bad system which was followed in those days.' However, he 'picked up a few scraps of Greek and Latin.' In his fifteenth year he learned shoemaking, and about the same time, one Nunnenbeek, a weaver and mastersinger, instructed him in the rudiments of the 'meister gesang.' According to an old German custom, it was usual for young workmen to travel round the country for some years before they settled in their trade. Hans confesses that his conduct during his rambles was not altogether exemplary, but he lost no opportunity of improving himself in the 'praiseworthy art;' and in his twentieth year he composed his first 'bar,' a godly song, to the tune of 'Long Marner;' and was admitted to share in the honors to which he had so long aspired. Hans was partial to narrative poetry; but he gained most renown by his plays and farces, some of which extend to seven acts, and which afforded wonderful amusement to the patient Nurembergers. In the seventy-seventh year of his age, he took an inventory of his poetical stock in trade, and found, according to his narrative, that his works filled thirty folio volumes, all written with his own hand, and consisted of 'four thousand two hundred master-ship songs; two hundred and eight comedies, tragedies and farces; one thousand seven hundred fables, tales and miscellaneous poems; and seventy-three devotional, military, and love songs; making a sum total of six thousand and forty-eight pieces, great and small.' Out of these he culled as many as filled three massy folios, which were published in the years 1558-61. And another edition being called for, Hans could not resist the temptation of increasing it from his manuscripts. During the whole of his life he continued to work at his trade, although he found leisure enough to spin out a greater mass of rhyme than was ever produced by one man, if Lope de Vega be excepted. Hans had the satisfaction to find that his 'collected works' were received as a welcome gift by the public; and in the year 1576 he died, full of years and honour. The fame of this indefatigable writer has lately revived in Germany, and reprints have been made of his works, or at least a part of



them. The humour of his *fabliaux*, or 'schwänke,' certainly is not contemptible. He laughs lustily, and makes his reader join him : his manner, as far as verse can be compared to prose, is not unlike that of Rabelais, but less grotesque."

Opitz, opened the first modern school of German poetry, about the beginning of the seventeenth century. Up to that period, and even to a later, a species of dull pedentry seemed to prevade all, save the simple ballads and popular songs of the country, in which poetic feeling was manifest in a very high degree. Many of those charming lyrics have been transmitted to us by the traditionary attachment with which they were regarded, though the names of the authors have been lost to posthumous fame.

Though the few specimens of lyric poetry which we here present have been preserved without name or date, they are not uninteresting or unworthy of the best spirit of the Suabian age.

The first is from Eschenburg's *Denkmäler*, p. 456.

Sweet nightingale, thyself prepare,  
The morning breaks, and thou must be  
My faithful messenger to her  
My best beloved, who waits for thee.

She in her garden for thee stays,  
And many an anxious thought will spring,  
And many a sigh her breast will raise,  
Till thou good tidings from me bring.

So speed thee up, nor longer stay ;  
Go forth with gay and frolic song :  
Bear to her heart my greetings,—say  
That I myself will come ere long.

And she will greet thee many a time,  
"Welcome dear nightingale !" will say ;  
And she will open her heart to thee,  
And all its wounds of love display.

Sore pierced by love's shafts is she,  
Thou then the more her grief assail ;  
Bid her from every care be free :  
Quick ! haste away, my nightingale

Our next is from the collection of German popular ballads called "*Wunderhorn*"—

If I a small bird were,  
And little wings might bear,  
I'd fly to thee :  
But vain those wishes are ;  
Here then my rest shall be.

When far from thee I bide,  
In dreams still at thy side,  
I've talk with thee;  
And when I woke, I sigh'd  
Myself alone to see.

No hour of wakeful night  
But teems of thoughts of light—  
Sweet thoughts of thee—  
As when in hours more bright,  
Thou gav'st thy heart to me.

The following is also from *Wunderhorn*, p. 93.

Sweet nightingale! I hear thee sing,—  
Thy music makes my heart upspring;  
O quickly come, sweet bird, to me,  
And teach me to rejoice like thee.

Sweet nightingale! to the cool wave  
I see thee haste, thy limbs to lave,  
And quaff it with thy little bill,  
As 'twere the daintiest beverage still.

Sweet bird! whoso'er thy dwelling be  
Upon the linden's lofty tree  
Beside thy beauteous partner, there  
O greet a thousand times my fair!

With the following exquisite little Poem, Longfellow's *Walter Von Der Vogelweid*, whose name is already mentioned, at page 182, we close our sketch of the Minnesingers, and notes on "The Tuneful Nine":

Vogelweib the Minnesinger,  
When he left this world of care,  
Laid his body in the cloister,  
Under Würzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,  
Gave them all with this behest:  
They should feed the birds at noontide  
Daily on his place of rest.

Saying, "From these wandering minstrels  
I have learned the art of song;  
Let me now repay the lessons  
They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed:  
And, fulfilling his desire,  
On his tomb the birds were feasted  
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,  
In foul weather and in fair,  
Day by day, in vaster numbers,  
Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches  
Overshadowed all the place,  
On the pavement, on the tombstone,  
On the poet's sculptured face—

On the cross-bars of each window,  
On the lintel of each door,  
They renewed the War of Wartburg,  
Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,  
Sang their lauds on every side;  
And the name their voices uttered  
Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot  
Murmured, "Why this waste of food?  
Be it changed to loaves henceforward  
For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,  
From the walls and woodland nests,  
When the minster bells rang noontide,  
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,  
Clamorous round the Gothic spire,  
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers  
For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions  
On the cloister's funeral stones,  
And tradition only tells us  
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,  
By sweet echoes multiplied,  
Still the birds repeat the legend,  
And the name of Vogelweid.

---

Pages 145 to 162 of the foregoing paper have been devoted to the consideration of the rise and progress of Sacred Music. Amongst the Professors of Sacred Music, in our present time, there is no man more deeply learned, theoretically, and (a most important matter), practically, than Mr. C. B. Lyons. Mr. Lyons is an Honorary Member of the Pontifical Academy of St. Cecilia, Rome, and has had vast experience in the training of Choristers. He is, however, not merely a musician, but he is a scholar and a learned musician; and having been fortunate enough to have placed within his reach, should he be willing to accept the advantages, everything calculated to make him a Master in the art and science of Church Music, he has published "THE CATHOLIC PSALMIST; or, Manual of Sacred Music, containing the Vespers in Latin and English, for all Sundays and Festivals of the year; Chants, Hymns, and Litanies for Benediction, Novenas, and the Forty Hours' Exposi-

tion; instructions for Choirs, etc. With an Appendix, including the Gregorian Chants for High Mass, Processions, Holy Week, etc. Compiled by C. B. Lyons, Honorary Member of the Pontifical Academy of St. Cecilia, Rome.\*

Having examined closely and jealously Mr. Lyons' *Psalmist*, we can give our fullest support and approval to his Preface, and we recommend to every lover of Church Music, and to every Catholic, who desires to see cultivated the grand old music of his Church, of the Catholic Church, this Book, the reasons for the production of which Mr. Lyons thus explains in the Introduction:—

The want of a *Manual of Sacred Music*, comprising all that is requisite to enable Congregations to take part in the solemn devotions of the Church, and at the same time sufficiently cheap to come within the reach of all, has long been generally felt by the Clergy as well as by the Laity. Such a *Manual* should comprise not only the Vespers for Sundays and Festivals throughout the year, but also Chants, and Hymns, etc., appropriate to these other functions which occasionally take place, such as *Benediction, Novenas, the Forty Hours' Exposition, Devotions for the Month of May, etc.* To meet this general want, is the object of the present publication.

In compiling "THE CATHOLIC PSALMIST," the most approved editions of the *Antiphonarium Romanum* and *Directorium Chori*, as well as the works of Alfieri and others, have been constantly consulted, while, at the same time, the utmost care and diligence have been employed, and no amount of labour or expense has been spared, in order to render it most accurate and comprehensive.

The notation of Modern Music is adopted as being more generally known than the Gregorian; directions, however, are given to those acquainted with Gregorian Music, as well as to those whose knowledge of the Keys in Modern Music does not extend beyond that of C, which will enable them to sing at sight the music contained in "THE PSALMIST." All this music has been written in such Keys as will best suit the register or compass of all kinds of voices.

Each verse of the Psalms has been so divided as to secure the uniform movement of the chant to which it may be sung. These divisions, or pauses, are indicated by \* and '.

Considering how very difficult, and even impracticable, it would be for the generality of Choirs to sing the Gregorian music given in the *Antiphonarium*, and other approved books, for the Antiphons and Hymns of all the vespers throughout the year, it has been deemed advisable to give an easy chant that will suit all Antiphons;† and after classifying all the Hymns according to metre, to give a few simple airs—Gregorian amongst others—for each class. The substitution of the easy chant for Antiphons, and of the airs for Hymns, will not be considered unwarrantable, when the reader is assured that a deviation from the Gregorian chant in regard to Hymns, etc., is justified by the practice of Pontifical and other Choirs in the Eternal City.

"THE PSALMIST" has been enriched by a new translation of the Hymns into English, preserving the original metre. These translations will be found most suitable for Novenas and similar functions; and, by reason of the identity of metre, can be sung to the very same airs

\* Dublin: James Duffy, 7, Wellington-quay. 1858.

† These can be sung from a Diurnal or two by the Select Choir.

which are assigned to the corresponding Latin originals. We may take this opportunity of returning our most grateful and sincere acknowledgments to the Rev. Thomas J. Potter, Professor of Belles Lettres in All-Hallows Seminary, to whose piety and kindness we owe these translations.

All the Versicles and Responses for Vespers are placed in alphabetical order and numbered. This plan, which obviates the necessity of repeating them in various parts of "THE PSALMIST," will enable singers to find out at once those that may be marked in the *Directory*.

Vespers for Holy Saturday have been added; as also those for the Dead, since they form a portion of the Office for the evening of All Saints.

The "Directions for chanting Psalms, etc.," are those followed by the generality of Choirs at home and abroad.

The "Practical method of teaching the singing of Vespers, etc.," is the result of long experience.

A syllabus has been given, which comprises in short paragraphs complete directions for the Psalms, etc., sung at Vespers on each Sunday and Holiday throughout the year. The Tones and Endings assigned to the Psalms, are exactly those which are appointed in the *Antiphonarium*. This syllabus will be found especially useful to those who are permitted to take part in the singing of Vespers, inasmuch as they will thus, with the aid of the *Directory*, be enabled to devote some portion of time during the week to practise the Vespers for the following Sunday. Organists, too, will have the advantage of previously knowing what they are to accompany at Vespers.

"THE PSALMIST" has been so compiled as to render it suitable to IRELAND, ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, HALIFAX, N. S., and the UNITED STATES: hence, besides the Calendar common to all, that which is proper to each country is also given. These Calendars, as inserted in "THE PSALMIST," make no mention of Semidouble Feasts; because whenever such occur on a Sunday, they are, at most, only commemorated. A *Directory* will be issued each year, adapted to "THE PSALMIST," comprising the Vespers for each Sunday and Holiday, and arranged according to the Ordo of each country.

With regard to the pieces assigned for *Benediction, Novenas, the Forty Hours' Exposition, etc.*, instructions are prefixed to each which will be found most useful for their correct performance in connexion with the proper celebration of those sacred functions. These instructions, as well as the Ceremonies recommended to be observed by Choirs at Vespers, etc., are drawn from Baldeschi and other Rubrical writers, and are followed in the Churches in Rome.

It has been considered useful to give, for lay Choirs, a few general rules for the pronunciation of Latin, as well as to accentuate Latin words more than two syllables.

AN APPENDIX has been added, comprising the Gregorian Chants for *High Mass, Processions, Holy Week, etc.* The object of collecting together these Chants, has been to obviate the necessity of recurring to many separate books, some of them large, others not easily attainable and very expensive.

In conclusion, it may be observed, that there is scarcely, anywhere, a Congregation to be found, out of which a Choir might not be formed, fully adequate to sing Vespers and perform pieces of Sacred Music. Following the "Practical method of teaching the singing of Vespers, etc.," and the other instructions given in "THE PSALMIST," any person, possessing even a very moderate knowledge of music, will be able to train a Choir in a very short time. And Congregations will easily come in on those pieces allotted to them, when they will have heard them sung for some time previously by the Choir.

## ART. V.—FACTS, FAILURES, AND FRAUDS.

*Facts, Failures, and Frauds, Revelations financial, mercantile, criminal.* By D. Morier Evans. Groombridge and Sons, 5 Paternoster-Row, London. 1859.

This is the age of invention and progress, lauded for the march of human intellect, for the depth of its researches in science, and for its development of mercantile resources. We flatter ourselves in these countries, that we have attained almost the highest point of human excellence, and that nothing will be left for posterity, but to enjoy the fruits of our genius. Railways and telegraphs speed the body and soul of man quicker than time itself over the surface of the earth, the revolutions of the sun cannot keep pace with the missives of the latter. Our commerce is so scattered over the face of the deep and the shores of the ocean, and yet so intimately bound together by the merchant at home in his counting house, by means of his banks, bills, checks and orders, that all nations appear dependent upon us for food and raiment, so that if our sustaining hand were withdrawn, they should all sink into utter barbarism. Thus do we flatter ourselves, and yet is there a canker at the heart of this complicated system, eating slowly into the core day by day, threatening at no distant period to expose to view a rottenness and disease, which will revolt the senses of those to come after us, and make us a bye-word to future generations.

Speculation is the great characteristic of this period; nothing can succeed now-a-days which is not done on the most vast and expensive scale. Former years or centuries saw their South Sea Bubbles in England, Law's Banking Scheme in France, the Tulip-mania in Holland, other absurd projects in other countries, but it was left for our times to see almost the entire community rushing headlong into numberless undertakings by which money was to be made at the shortest notice, and princely fortunes realized by a few strokes of a pen, without the expenditure of a solitary particle of hard cash. How is this attempted? By the influence of the credit-system, by practising on the credulity of the public at home and abroad, and by victimising to the widest extent those who put the most implicit confidence in their betrayers. Let it not be

supposed that we mean to say there is no real honesty to be found in the community, or no legitimate dealing founded on real wealth. There does fortunately exist much that is stable and durable, many commercial houses of undoubted riches and experience in trade still uphold the mercantile honour and renown of the country, but the distinctive mark of this generation is the prevalence of shallow schemes, often based on fraud, too often supported by honourable names to the deluding of unsuspecting victims. These projects and those connected with them, often bring the honest trader to the brink of perdition, while they spread desolation and misery among the middle classes of society.

England is looked upon as being the richest country in the world, and yet she may not possess more of the precious metals, certainly she does not contain so much valuable land, or so much of the luxuries and necessities of life, as might be found among other nations. It is said that there is ten times more silver hoarded up in China, than could suffice for all the circulation and bankers of the United Kingdom. The silver coin of France is also very enormous on account of the absence of small notes, and the general distrust of a gold currency there. The wealth of the English does not consist principally of tangible objects such as coin, bullion, land, or property of any visible description. It is represented by the profits derived from countless projects, the carrying trade by sea and land, the national debt, which almost doubles the income of the people in a circle, the exchange system of London, which makes it the head quarters of banking for all Europe, where sovereigns and nations negotiate their loans to the advantage of the dealer. Yet all these things might be swept away in a few years, and leave England the poorest nation in Christendom. She is somewhat in the position of Spain after the discovery of the gold mines in America, and may be reduced to the same state of apathy and poverty as that country is brought to at present. Any great misfortune at sea during a European war should necessarily smash up her marine, both mercantile and naval, her colonies would drop away from her in order to provide for their own interests, the debt now a representative of wealth would become an onerous burthen, weighing down the people, and preventing them from regaining their position in the scale of nations. These are, however, very distant speculations, not likely to be realised in our own

time, though the forerunning signs of them may begin to appear—yet there are other means by which this fabric of fictitious wealth may be and is daily being undermined in a surer, though not so perceptible a manner.

The gigantic ramifications of the various projects of speculation going on at the same time amongst us, render it absolutely impossible that even the lynx-eyed public could be able to watch over their own interests in them, and to detect malversation or speculation. The shareholder, who has bought up his shares in the market, trusts to the interest and honesty of the directors, thinking foolishly that his benefit and theirs must be identical. The directors trust their managers and clerks, whose reputation is of the highest order, and whose only means of livelihood is supposed to depend upon their integrity and good name. The depositor trusts his banker, on account of his reputation for upright dealing and riches, while the banker gives credit to his customers partly from extensive profits derived, and by the general course of trade. Thus the whole trading and dealing community are bound together by a web of credit and confidence, liable at any moment to be broken through by a successful schemer. The last few years have brought to light many of the abuses to which this system is subject, and have discovered on how insecure a stratum many of our speculations are based. The most striking instances have been collected by Mr. D. Morier Evans, in his "*Facts, Failures, and Frauds*," a useful, entertaining, and instructive study for the general public.

There may be enumerated five classes of "high art" delinquency, or fraud—that of the Railway system, that of the Banking system, that of mercantile overtrading, that of clerks of public companies, and that of sleight-of-hand thieves and forgers. The first consists of making use of the intimate knowledge one may possess of the affairs of a railway or railways, and the management thereof, to represent to the shareholders and general public a state of facts and figures different from the truth, by means of which shares may be made to rise or fall in the market, according to the interest of the party misrepresenting, so that he may clear a large sum by the difference. This is called "cooking accounts"; but it is not the only way in which shareholders may be defrauded. The influence of a director or manager may be put to some use in getting allotted to himself, as remuneration for his supposed services, a large



number of shares, for which he pays nothing, but makes a good deal by a timely sale. He may also net a large sum by trading in those articles chiefly in demand on a large scale by Railway companies, such as iron and timber, using his opportunities to get an advantageous bargain from his brother directors. Within a very short period the law altogether ignored as crimes such speculations as those; happily for the interests of the public that state of things is changed, and no manager or director can now dabble in such things without rendering himself liable to very penal consequences.

The second class of frauds, or those to which the Banking system has been open, are due to the over confidence of the public in private depositories of money or money's worth. Its effects are more disastrous than the former, because it carries off at one fell swoop the entire savings of a family or of a life of industry; it often ruins the widow and the orphan, reducing to mere penury hundreds who had been before prosperous. Depositors, who have trusted all their available capital to well known and long established firms, find themselves suddenly deprived of all means of carrying on their trade, or are robbed of the only means of getting daily sustenance for themselves and their families. Those who place in the custody of bankers transferable securities, such as coupons or bonds of different stocks, run the risk of having them transferred to third parties in order to raise a loan, by means of which the failing firm may meet some sudden emergency. The third class of fraud is somewhat allied to this, because it is chiefly practised upon bankers themselves, and by pulling them down, brings destruction upon all those dependent upon them. Thus a merchant with a fictitious capital manages to obtain almost unlimited credit from a discounting house, or to become a director of a joint-stock concern, and to overdraw his account to an enormous extent. The consequence is evident and sudden; when he becomes unable to meet his engagements, or that any further advances are refused to him, he stops payment, and ruin to all concerned is the inevitable result.

The fourth class of frauds, those of the clerks or *employés* of public companies, arise from the excessive negligence and carelessness with which the affairs of many of these extensive concerns are conducted by the managers of them. They trust to a certain routine business being carried out, without at all examining personally to see whether this has been performed

or not. It is very difficult to expect that persons in needy, often penurious circumstances, who are constantly passing the money of their employers to vast amounts through their hands, should not be very strongly tempted to appropriate some of it, especially when they are personally cognizant of the great remissness with which the accounts are kept, of the facilities afforded to the skilful swindler, and of the difficulties of detection. The real fault in such cases lies with those who do not keep up an active supervision, and they ought to be made responsible for the consequences of their neglect. The fifth class is so nearly allied to common crime, that it is not necessary to enquire into its origin; neither are its effects, or those of the preceding, so dangerous to the community as those of the first three.

The career of George Hudson, M.P., as Railway King, and general manager of many companies, may be set down as almost the only example on a large scale of the first denomination into which our subject is divided. Although he has been cast down by the Court of Chancery and Public Opinion from his high estate, and forced to retire into comparative obscurity, yet he is still member for Sunderland, and must be considered as an honourable man. When he flourished in all his glory, the recent legislation with respect to the duties and liabilities of directors and trustees, was not in force, so that we cannot apply to his acts any stronger terms than these of misrepresentation and legal fraud. But this much must be said, that if any of the directors of existing companies at the present day, were to practise on their shareholders or the public half the deceptions put forward by George Hudson, they might run the risk of being transported beyond the seas.

This remarkable speculator and calculator had amassed a considerable fortune as a linen draper, and his family, a respectable one in Yorkshire, held there for two centuries a small estate. In the year 1833 he conceived the idea of setting on foot a project for a Railway into the West Riding, and gained numerous supporters, but George Stephenson, the celebrated engineer, set aside the scheme as premature, and it was laid aside for a season. Hudson was not, however, to be baulked; in 1837 he was able to get an Act of Incorporation passed for his favourite company, and soon displayed an energy in carrying out the enterprize, which caused him to be elected chairman, and won him golden opinions from all the parties

interested. He obtained the land necessary for the construction at the very moderate rate of £1750 a mile, a fabulously small sum in those days of imagined railway wealth. His attention to the interests of the people of York caused him to be raised to the highest civic honours of that city, and at the close of his official year, he was presented by his fellow citizens with a lasting testimonial, for the public services he had rendered by bringing to a completion the York and North Midland line of Railway.

Having now attained his primary object, he very soon began to shew the skill in combination and management, for which he afterwards became deservedly famous. In order to extend the traffic of the York and North Midland as much as possible, he managed to set on foot another feeding project, the York and Scarborough, then reduced the fares so as to draw the maximum traffic, got at the head of the North Midland board and obtained a lease of a competing line, the Leeds and Selby. All this time he was the head calculator and keeper of accounts of the various companies in which he was engaged; but his method of keeping accounts consisted more in retaining in his memory with great power the items, than in jotting them down on paper. In fact, afterwards, when all these transactions were being investigated, it was discovered that he had no rule or order in his book-keeping, which resembled more the tally of a chandler's shop, by strokes, dots, and noughts, than the day-book and ledger of a vast traffic concern.

He now had an opportunity by skilful management of putting very large gains into his own and his friends' pockets. When the Leeds and Selby line was about being leased he gave private information thereof to many of his acquaintances, who bought up the shares very rapidly, and thereby occasioned such a rise in their market value, that incredible profits were realized by those in the secret. The same thing happened when he caused a combination of six companies, under the name of the Newcastle and Darlington, to purchase up the Great North of England Railway. The new company had three times the necessary capital allotted to it, exorbitant rates of interest, impossible to be paid by the revenues, were guaranteed to the shareholders, such as 10 per cent. on £50 shares, and the consequence was that the original proprietors netted more than cent. per cent.

A combination was next formed of several Railways in the

North East, Middle and South West of England, extending from York down to Bristol, and representing a capital of some 17 millions of money. This was got up for the purpose of maintaining a monopoly of traffic, and supporting excessive exactions upon the public in the shape of exorbitant fares. Still in the face of all this, during the next year Hudson gave evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, with respect to various schemes, by means of which Railway Companies evaded the provisions of Acts of Parliament, blindfolded the public, and put enormous sums into the hands of directors. He exercised also a species of iron tyranny over his brother-directors, often refusing directly to allow them to investigate arrangements into which he had entered without their knowledge. On such an occasion, when the board intimated to him that they were desirous of knowing the nature of his future plans, he rejoined—"You are, are you? Then you will not," and the ordinary business of the meeting was proceeded with.

He afterwards purchased up the Durham Junction, and took 2000 shares on his own responsibility in the line to Berwick. These transactions were all afterwards transferred to the York and North Midland, as having been done for their benefit. Now, however, he was about to enter upon a more doubtful course of procedure; he had hitherto confined himself to purchasing lines, amalgamating companies, subscribing for shares, and regulating traffic. But suddenly he issued 14,000 additional unauthorized shares of the Berwick line, appropriated near 10,000 of them, and must have realized by the sale of these more than £145,000. In another company he appropriated 590 shares, and cleared £4,000. In 1845 he purchased 10,000 tons of iron, at £6 10s. per ton, and shortly afterwards got 7,000 tons of the quantity sold to one of the Railways he represented at £12 per ton, clearing nearly £40,000 by the bargain. This in itself was at the time illegal, but not punishable as such an act would be at the present day. He received also as a bonus from the Directors of the Brandling Junction a sum of £42,000, and drew out of the Berwick line, for his own private account at various times, an amount greater than £70,000, which he was obliged afterwards to refund.

These transactions had nearly all happened before the period of the great railway mania, 1846 and 1847. When this time of speculative madness arrived the originators of every scheme

desired to have Hudson's name attached to their committee, as by the credit of that the shares were sure to be at a large premium. The first which reaped the benefit of his countenance and management was the Eastern Counties line, whose capital of nearly 12 millions was at a fearful discount, only three shillings per share being the last dividend. Almost at once upon his undertaking the management, this was increased to nine shillings, solely by charging the capital account with the dividends. In three years during his régime, £294,000 was thus added to the stock of the railway, without the shareholders being aware of the enormous additional liabilities they were incurring. Shortly afterwards a large number of new shares in the Berwick line were distributed among themselves by the directors, and Hudson received several thousands as the lion's share. Yet, in the same year he deplored at several public meetings, in the most feeling manner, the loss suffered by the public in general, and the railway interest in particular, by the death of George Stephenson, the great engineer. He does not seem to have had any sympathy for those whom he deprived of their property by his various financial arrangements.

Thus he went on for several years, combining lines, creating traffic and dividends fictitiously, making use of all his influence to bring under his control, independent lines, which did not tally with all his regulations. When he was first made Chairman of the Eastern Counties line, he chose for his deputy, a Mr. Waddington, a most convenient tool, who understood sufficiently his system of management. They began together to work by rule at an alteration of the accounts, where these were to be shewn to the public or shareholders. In the statements of revenue as made up from the books, certain items were directed to be altered in order to make up for the deficiency; but Mr. Waddington betrayed himself, as was afterwards proved, in handing back the figures to the traffic manager, when he said, "Mind, I will be no party to the cooking of these accounts." Such was the origin of the saying, afterwards become a proverb in reference to the transactions.

Such was his line of conduct pursued with the numerous companies, which came under his control for a series of years, until 1847, when the pressure on the money market, and the constant drain for railway works, made it imperatively necessary that some stop should be put to the excessive outlay of capital.

The monied-men of Manchester refused any longer to make advances for the construction of new branches and lines, the utility of which seemed altogether problematical. Earnest enquiries were made about the settlement of accounts, whose items were a complete enigma to shareholders. The Berwick company appointed a committee of investigation to examine the books and working of the line during the time that he was manager. They discovered accordingly several irregularities in which Hudson dealt with the property of the company completely as if it was his own. The several instances of malversation given above, and others, were shewn in the clearest manner; one other in particular attracted considerable attention, from the extent to which he evidently argued to himself irresponsibility in relation to it. He had been authorized to purchase for the account of his co-directors 3000 shares in the Sunderland Dock; but he took also in his own name 2345 more, which he paid for out of the funds of the line without consulting his colleagues on the subject. These, no doubt, yielded him afterwards a very nice profit. His own favorite company, the York and North Midland, discovered that he had debited them with shares to the extent of £40,000, and that the accumulation of irregularities in the revenue, from charging it to capital, and by various alterations, amounted in a few years to £75,000.

Investigations were set on foot by other lines, the Eastern Counties in particular found that he had increased their net profits for one half year most enormously, by adding nearly £100,000 to the capital; and that in three years and a half more than £300,000 had been so distributed as dividends, to which the shareholders were not at all entitled. Hudson's sun had set; the clouds of misfortune and obloquy began to gather around him. He was summoned before a committee of investigation, when the following scene took place:—

“George Hudson,” said Mr. Cash, the Chairman of the Committee and a member of the Society of Friends, “will thou take a seat; as thou hast the financial department of this Company under thy especial control, thou art required to answer a few questions, which the committee will put to thee? Didst thou ever after the accountant had made up the yearly accounts, alter any of the figures?” Mr. Hudson in a subdued tone, answered after a moment's hesitation, “well I may perhaps have added a thousand or two to the next account.” “Didst thou ever add £10,000?” continued Mr. Cash. “Ten Thousand! that is a large sum.” “It is a large sum, and that is the

reason why I put the question to thee. Wilt thou give the Committee any answer, yea or nay?" Mr. Hudson in a very subdued tone, and evidently much embarrassed, replied, "I cannot exactly say what may have been the largest sum I carried to the following account." "Perhaps, George Hudson, thou couldst inform the Committee whether thou ever carried to the next account so large a sum as £40,000?" "Oh I should think not so large a sum as that." "But art thou quite sure that thou never didst?" Here again the deposed monarch of the Railway Kingdom showed considerable embarrassment, on which his Quaker inquisitor did not further press the question; and putting the interrogatories upon a sheet of paper, into his hand, observed with a dry nonchalance, which must have been very annoying to the former Chairman of the Company—"George Hudson, take the questions home with thee, and send written answers to the Committee at thy earliest convenience." It was observed that from this time there was a marked change in the manners and the appearance of Mr Hudson. Formerly even his colleagues in the Directorship were afraid to speak to him, but now he was all humility, mildness, and docility; willing to answer any question, and to do anything he was respectfully required.

These and other disclosures gave the finishing blow to his reputation, as a public man of business, for candour or fair dealing. The tide of favor turned completely against him; he was scouted in all society, and even in the House of Commons was listened to only with coldness and disgust. Several suits in Equity were brought against him to make him refund sums, which he had either appropriated to himself, or caused to be lost to various companies by underhand and unauthorized dealing. The claims put forward against him amounted in the aggregate to very near £600,000, yet the princely fortune he had amassed withstood all the demands upon it; he paid off by degrees, or settled in some way, the various heavy charges upon his resources, and yet had sufficient left to maintain the expensive method of life to which he had been accustomed when possessor of Albert Gate House. Providence only knows from what sources these funds were obtained, and how much he had privately amassed by speculations which never saw the light.

Many considered it wonderful that he was not made the subject of criminal proceedings, while others regarded his dealings as more in the nature of extravagant, but legitimate traffic, and deplored the situation to which he was reduced. This shews to what a low state of morality the commercial mind may be brought by a period of speculative excitement. The citizens of York certainly did not abandon him, for he had benefited their interests very largely by his projects. When the

rest of the community were down upon him, and crying out against his delinquencies, they gave him a public banquet, at which their Lord Mayor presided, to do honor to their benefactor. Sunderland too retained a very large sense of his services, and does so still, for that town still keeps him as its representative.

It cannot be said, that the wrongful acts of Mr. Hudson are to be classed with the frauds of some bankers and swindlers of the present day, because at the time they were perpetrated the legislature did not reach them as offences. Still the deception practised on the community in general was as great, and the injury suffered by private individuals in consequence as disastrous, as if he had put his hands actually in their pockets and extracted the various sums from them personally. Falsifications of accounts in a mercantile community, such as England, must be considered as dangerous to the welfare of society, as the most wholesale swindling could be among any other people. Yet is Mr. Hudson still looked up to as an honorable man, many regard him still as a genius of combination and calculation. He certainly stands forward unique in the greatness of the sphere in which he once reigned, a railway monarch, managing vast enterprises, which amounted in value to nearly one third the National Debt. Anyone, however, who in future endeavours to obtain the same eminence by the like means, will certainly find himself at the mercy of the law officers of the Crown—It may be doubted also whether he did more injury or benefit to the railway interests in England. On the one hand he extended them tremendously, gave rise to the network of lines, which have developed so largely the inland traffic of that country and called into existence a species of investment formerly unknown. All this was done at the sacrifice of one-third the value of the various stocks, ruinous competitions were set on foot, beggaring the original shareholders, and making it almost impossible ever to pay a reasonable dividend on the enormous sum subscribed.

Such is the only example we find in the book before us of that gigantic underhand dealing with the public, that tampering with the accounts of Railway Companies, to an extent that might become injurious to the general welfare. It bears, however, no comparison to the lamentable effects produced by the failures of numerous banking companies within the last few years, some on account of the frauds or forgeries of their



directors, others through the overdrawing of private accounts by the partners or directors, or by using the money of depositors for the purposes of independent speculation. Allusion need only be made here to the frauds and forgeries of John Sadlier, entailing an awful amount of misery on the depositors of the Tipperary Bank. The failure too of Messrs. Strahan, Paul, and Bates, is so well known that it requires no comment here. Then we have the bankruptcy of the Royal British Bank, and the prosecution and trial of its directors, and last of all the fraudulent transactions of Colonel W. Petrie Waugh and Mr. J. E. Stephens with the London and Eastern Banking Company. We will only take this short notice of the first, that the unfortunate depositors of the Tipperary Bank, seem to have been the laughing stocks of fate from the moment of the failure. They were completely deluded with the hopes of obtaining a large dividend from the shareholders, but on account of the senseless opposition of some individuals, and the interested meddling of others, the greater part of the proceeds were squandered away, or never brought into the account. Then the last blow to them has been the most heavy, that dealt by Judge Longfield's decision *in re* Burmester's Estate, by which the very estates, which were bought with their own money, and pledged for the repayment, are taken out of their grasp, and applied to secure advances made to the swindler by a London house. Certainly the strict rule of equity is very just, which decides that a registered legal mortgage should have priority of an unregistered equitable mortgage or agreement of which no notice is given, but then, this does not touch the question, when the actual money can be traced by which the property has been bought, and ought to be considered as held in trust for the depositors. The matter has still to come before a higher tribunal, but it is to be feared that it will be decided adversely to the Irish interests.

The firm of Messrs. Strahan, Paul, and Bates, has been a very old one, dating from 1640. In the time of the Commonwealth, Snow and Co., the original name, did business as Pawnbrokers under the sign of the "Golden Anchor." They were robbed in common with many other London Banks about the year 1679, by Charles II., and some of their books of that period, still preserved, show that their accounts in common with others of the time were kept in decimals. Some of the entries in it disclose the very curious character of some of the articles

deposited, such as—" March 10th, 1672.—To fifteen pounds lent to Lady —, on the deposit of a golden *pot de chambre*." Strahan's original name was Snow, which he changed about twelve years ago on receiving a bequest of £180,000, from an uncle. Sir John Dean Paul's father had given 332,000 guineas for an estate in Yorkshire many years ago, but where this went to it has been found impossible to determine. The losses and defalcations of the firm began as early as 1816, when already they abandoned the first principles of safe banking, and borrowed their customers' money to the extent of £29,000. This was subsequently increased and reduced to various times up to the 11th of June, 1855, when they became bankrupt in consequence of a run of three days upon them, during which they paid over the counter some £23,000.

Their liabilities amounted to nearly three-quarters of a million sterling, of which about a sixth has been paid off by the assets in Bankruptcy. In consequence however of disclosures, which they voluntarily made in that court, of having disposed of their customers' securities held in trust, they were put upon their trial at the Central Criminal Court in October, 1855, and sentenced to penal servitude for life. This has been remitted in the case of Mr. Bates last year by the exertions of his friends, on the grounds that he was only a managing-clerk at a salary of £1000 per annum, and had nothing to say to the disposal of the securities. It is understood now also, that the rest of the sentence on the other partners will be shortly remitted, on account of its severity when compared with the operation of the Fraudulent Trustees' Act. The disasters caused to private fortunes by their malversations were only equalled by those of the famous Fauntleroy in 1824, who suffered an ignominious death for having transferred fraudulently some stock; or by those of Roland Stephenson in 1828, who robbed his customers of £200,000, and finally fled to Savannah with a final theft of £50,000 in his pocket.

The Royal British Bank was established as lately as 1850, on the Joint-Stock System, with the further benefit of a management on the Scotch principle, lending out the money of the depositors as fast as it came into the till. It was supposed that this method of doing business would meet more nearly the requirements of the London tradesmen and merchants, than the old humdrum routine of available securities and advances or deposits. The managers and directors however considered,

that they were themselves perfectly entitled to draw on their own account to an almost unlimited amount without any balance being in their favour. The originators of the Company were Mr. John M'Gregor, M.P. for Glasgow, and Mr. Cameron, who had been a Sheriff in Scotland, and was created manager at a salary rising from £1500 to £2000 a-year. One of their first acts was to establish a secret ledger, in which was entered the business done in discount accommodation with their customers, the principal items in which were sums advanced to themselves and their co-directors to the amounts of from £7000 to £80,000. A new director was shortly after taken in, Mr. Humphrey Brown, M.P. for Tewkesbury, who commenced operations by subscribing for his shares by a note of hand for £1000, a mere piece of waste paper; then paying in a sum of £18 14s. as lodgement to entitle him to advances, he drew in the space of some four or five months nearly £70,000 of the shareholders' money from the Bank. In the short space of five years the directors had lost altogether the original £158,000 subscribed by the shareholders, and were besides nearly half a million of pounds sterling in debt. The chief losses were on account of the Cefn Iron Works, to which enormous sums had been applied from time to time, but they finally turned out to be wholly valueless. The stoppage of the concern was mainly due to the letter written by John Sadlier to his brother, in which he advised the cooking of the accounts of the Tipperary Bank, on the same principle as those of the Royal British. This occasioned a run and finally closed the doors in September, 1856. In the month of February, 1858, six of the directors were put upon their trial on several heads of indictment, and after thirteen days' very patient hearing by Lord Campbell, were all found guilty. Their sentences varied from one year to three months of imprisonment, according to the degree of complicity apparent in their acts. The few words uttered by Lord Campbell in sentencing the first three, will illustrate very strongly the dangerous consequences of the crime of which they were convicted.

Lord Campbell said—"I shall first pass sentence on you Humphrey Brown, Edward Esdaile, and Hugh James Cameron. After a long, and I hope impartial trial, you have been convicted by a jury of your country, upon the clearest evidence, of an infamous crime. You were charged with conspiring to deceive and defraud the Shareholders of the bank to which you belonged, by false representations, and it is clear that you did so. I acquit you of having originated this Bank

with the fraudulent intent to cheat the public ; but it is now demonstrated that for years you have carried on a system of deliberate fraud, and have fabricated documents for the purpose of deceiving the public, for your own direct or indirect benefit. It would be a disgrace to the law of any country, if this were not a crime to be punished. It is not a mere breach of contract with the shareholders or customers of the Bank ; but it is a criminal conspiracy to do what inevitably leads to great public mischief, in the ruin of families, and reducing the widow and orphan from affluence to destitution. I regret to say, that in mitigation of your offence, it was said that it was a common practice. Unfortunately a laxity has been introduced into certain commercial dealings, not from any defect in the law, but from the law not being put in force ; and practices have been adopted, without bringing a consciousness of shame, and I fear without much loss of character among those with whom they associate. It was time a stop should be put to such a system, and this information was properly filed by her Majesty's Attorney-General, and the Jury have properly found you guilty. I hope it will now be known that such practices are illegal, and will not only give rise to punishment, but that no length of investigation, no intricacies of accounts, and no devices will be able to shield such practices. On account of this being the first prosecution of this nature, I pronounce a milder sentence than I otherwise should ; but the mildest sentence that I can pronounce on you, Humphrey Brown, Edward Esdaile, and Hugh James Cameron, is that you be imprisoned in the Queen's Prison for one year."

Another speculation of somewhat the same character as this last, and reducible to the second class of frauds, was that of the London and Eastern Banking Corporation, established on the Joint Stock principle, and apparently set on foot to draw in the wealth of India to its coffers. The originator of it in 1854 was a Mr. J. E. Stephens, who had been well acquainted with many persons high in rank in India, and well experienced in the course of trade and exchanges of that country. This gentleman introduced to his co-directors, as customers of the concern, several companies, the Lett's warf Sewing Company, Minter and Co. upholsterers of Soho, and Barnwise and Co. watchmakers of Piccadilly ; but the strange part of these proceedings was, that parties who composed these firms, were none other than Mr. J. E. Stephens himself, Mr. Black, the Secretary of the Bank, and occasionally one of the co-directors.

A more important personage, however, soon appeared upon the scene, under the name, style and title of Colonel Waugh of Branksea Island and Castle. It would appear from the subsequent dealings with him, that he must have been the originator of the entire scheme, and that Stephens and others were put

forward, only for the sake of deluding the public. The gallant colonel put in a modest request to be allowed to have credit accommodation from the Bank, as he was about to undertake large speculations in brickmaking and alum works in Branksea Island. This was granted, and he commenced at once making large drafts, on the credit of his own acceptances. He next purchased shares in the Bank by loans from the establishment itself, and then considered that he was entitled to draw any amount for his own use and benefit. In the space of two years the various sums advanced to him in this way formed a total of £244,000, within £6000 of the whole capital subscribed by the company. When the Royal British Bank, smashed, an attempt was made to stay the ruin of the London and Eastern Banking Corporation, by refusing any further advances without securities; but Colonel Waugh was too pressing, he should be kept upon his legs, and finally he decamped to Spain with some £10,000 or £12,000, and set his creditors at defiance. Mr. J. E. Stephens became a bankrupt in Scotland, and the affairs of the company have not yet been wound up.

Such are the different examples given by Mr. D. Morier Evans, of the second class of frauds, those relating to Banks, their managers and directors, from which it would appear that they are entirely due to the system of giving credit on nominal securities, the overdrawing of accounts of the directors themselves, and the absurd method of making entries in the balance sheets submitted to the shareholders, in order to bring the debits and credits on an equality. In this way any fictitious sums may be put down, which will delude the public and those not in the secret, unless a strict and laborious investigation of all the books are made at short intervals. The legislature has not as yet gone far enough in fixing liability and criminality on all persons engaged in such deception and mystification. The very clerks themselves, who must be cognizant of this unfair dealing, ought to be held responsible for their acts, even though under the direction of their employers. Shareholders too are not sufficiently jealous of the care bestowed upon their interests; there is no reason why the transactions of persons in trade, whether they borrow money by discounts or loans, should have their affairs so kept secret from the persons, whose money they obtained, that these latter cannot even enquire where their property has gone to. It might be a very useful provision,

that a government inspector should be appointed, whose power ought to extend to examining periodically all the secret accounts, documents, securities, &c., of every bank in the kingdom, and to determine whether a company had come within the provisions of the various acts for winding up, or bankruptcy as the case might be. Or authority might be vested in any ten of the shareholders, to appoint from time to time, as they thought fit, some competent auditor who should examine the accounts, and look after their interests.

Nearly allied to these fraudulent transactions to which the banking system is liable, are those to which the general trading community and banking firms are subject, by the overtrading of individuals, and the obtaining of advances by them on fictitious or forged securities. Colonel Waugh's case might very nearly come within this category, but the most striking instance of such a mode of dealing, is that afforded by Windle Cole, and the dock warrant frauds. A bolder scheme for obtaining money under false pretences, and driving an enormous traffic by means of a ruinous credit system, from the very commencement of his dealings, has never been heard of, and can scarcely be conceived. Neither can any example be shewn, which can illustrate more clearly, how much the present elastic principles of mercantile confidence in England, may be perverted so as to produce distrust among the entire community, and sap the very foundations of genuine honest trading.

Cole had been a partner in a firm which failed in 1847. In the following year he set up again on his own account in Birchin-lane, under the protection of a certificate of Bankruptcy, with two of his brothers as clerks. He intended to embark in an extensive branch of the metal trade, calculating that he would soon monopolise it all to himself, and became connected with another firm in the same business, named Davidson and Gordon. Lack of funds and credit, however, soon cramped his operations, and he was obliged to cast about to discover how he could supply the deficiency. The manner in which he obtained advances may be better conveyed in the words of Mr. D. Morier Evans—

“In seeking for some artificial prop, some mode of replenishing his languishing means, he evidently resolved upon a new and hitherto untried experiment. His personal knowledge directed him to the fact, that the large discount houses, who, accustomed to make advances on warrants, seldom examined the documents tendered,

further than to see that they were properly signed and satisfactorily endorsed, and that a fair margin was left for profit over and above the advance required, the warrants being scarcely ever noticed again, so that the loans advanced upon them were punctually met, or duly renewed. The problem to be solved, and to the solution of which Cole now applied himself, was this:—Granted, that the guarantees tendered by me to moneylenders are wholly imaginary, how shall I arrange it, that without risk to myself, and in that case certainly without injury to the other party, seeing that interest will be duly paid, and the money so obtained be eventually refunded from the profits of successful enterprises, I can make a fictitious batch of warrants answer the purposes of a genuine series.

That certain favouring circumstances, as they successively presented themselves, must have suggested to Cole portions of the complicated scheme, or at least given to it precision and distinctness, as it slowly arose in his own mind, and was afterwards carried into execution, there can be no question; but these circumstances must have been preceded by the general conception of duplicate warrants, of cargoes turned twice over of two deliveries of the same goods, of two distinct warrants signed by separate wharfingers, acting independently of each other, of one of these warrants been made deliverable to the importer of the goods represented by it, the other to himself as the merchant-purchaser, of entering the goods in the record kept by the dock company on his own account, it being immaterial to the company, but very material to himself, as to whether he figured as purchaser or importer; in a word all these leading measures necessary for the creation of an artificial guarantee, that should avoid the risk of an opposite result. The obliteration of all obvious distinction between the true and the false warrants was, from the first, an essential condition, which pervaded all the arrangements, and characterized the whole history of the fraud. To bring a wharf under his own control and to secure a wharfinger in his interest, was the first step; and to purchase goods 'to arrive,' and to induce importers to enter goods of the character he desired for the warrants, to the largest possible amount at his own wharf, was the second step. The goods, as soon as lightered and weighed by his own wharfinger, were to be landed for storage to the nearest warehouse, and not a receipt, but a warrant obtained for them on the presumption, of course, that no other warrant had been issued. The warrant, signed by Cole's own wharfinger and made deliverable to him, would on endorsement pass current in the market, whilst that supplied from the warehouse, on being endorsed by the importers, could be used for obtaining advances."

Acting upon this plan Cole secured to himself a small wharf, named Hagan's wharf, on the Thames, at an annual rental of £130. It was close to some extensive warehouses, which opened upon it, and might be considered as belonging to the owner. Next he found a man to act as wharfinger, named William Maltby, who had a supreme idea of the omnipotence and management of his master, and who obtained leave from

the owners of the adjoining stores, Messrs. Groves & Sons, to place some of the goods arriving at the wharf in their warehouse, and allow them to be seen from time to time. Then commenced the dealing in the double series of warrants, those issued by Groves & Sons being brought into the market and sold for what they would bring, and those signed by "Maltby & Co." were carried to the real importers to be endorsed and applied in the usual course of trade. Not content with this method of transacting business, Cole set on foot another firm named Paris & Co., by means of which he was able to fabricate a large number of accommodation bills, and get them discounted at various houses. Then he continued his connection with Davidson and Gordon, as his metal brokers; all the goods landed at the wharf, and for which the warrants were issued, being of that nature. Thus they were able to obtain advances from Messrs. Overend, Gurney & Co. of nearly £80,000, in a very short space of time.

The peculiarity of this mode of dealing was, that any person who by chance discovered some irregularity in the warrants, never could suspect that a scheme of such wide operation existed, and only looked into the particular instance. Thus two circumstances of suspicion, which occurred in 1851 and 1852, were only enquired into, and settled as mistakes without further trouble, the latter case being particularly profitable; for Cole obtained from Laing & Co., who had to do with it, loans to the amount of £100,000 in a short period afterwards. His transactions during the year 1852 reached the enormous total of two millions sterling, yet the public never suspected, though Messrs. Overend & Co. seem to have done so, as they sent to inspect the metal in store. Maltby was also rewarded for his labours by having his salary raised from £150 to £200.

Messrs. Overend, Gurney & Co. having made very large advances on the fictitious warrants, were anxious to realize some portion of their money, and sold some of the warrants to third parties at high prices. This naturally produced a state of alarm in the minds of Cole, Davidson & Gordon. They had an interview with Mr. Chapman of the Banking firm, and were obliged to disclose to him that the warrants did not represent metal, which they said had been withdrawn. Mr. Chapman called Gordon a thief, and demanded some security for the loans which had been made by the firm. He received the lease of a distillery at West Ham, supposed to be producing



nearly £20,000 a year, and a promissory note of Cole's for £120,000. The Banking House then continued their advances to Cole until the end of the year 1853, when they reached more than the sum of £250,000. During the previous year he had had transactions to the amount of £2,000,744.

In the course of 1854 Messrs. Laing & Co. began to suspect that something was wrong with the Hagan wharf warrants. They sent agents down to inspect the metal in store and to demand delivery of the goods. They were met by various objections from Maltby as to the rent of the warehouse, and a stop being on the goods, but received no satisfaction, and were put off by Cole with the most consummate impudence. One loan more was obtained by Cole on these fictitious securities, from a firm in Liverpool, to the extent of £25,000; then suspicions began to be aroused in all quarters, and Messrs. Davidson and Gordon, who found themselves implicated beyond recovery to the extent of £160,000, fled over to the continent to escape the disgraceful disclosures of Bankruptcy. The Liverpool firm began to make strict enquiry after their securities, and Maltby secreted himself at Ostend, to await directions from Cole. Yet this man, in such a perilous state of affairs, never doubted but that he would be able to extricate himself; this, however, he found impossible, and he stopped payment in the month of June, 1854, leaving liabilities on fictitious warrants to more than £350,000, while those of Davidson and Gordon reached, independently, the sum of £150,000.

Poor Maltby, who remained at Ostend, in communication with Cole or his solicitor, and who endeavoured to shield himself from the effects of the schemes, by refusing to give up the keys of his wharf, or to give authority to take the goods from it, was at length obliged to fly from France, return to England, and was captured by a law officer at Brentwood. He was brought up at the Mansion House; not much information was elicited from him; he was committed for trial, but before the time came round he expiated his offences, being found dead in his cell in Newgate, as it was surmised, from disease of the heart, consequent upon anxiety and ill treatment by his employers. Such was the end of one of the first actors in this scheme.

Cole, after several examinations, was tried on October the 27th, 1854, on the general grounds of representing, with a

view of obtaining money under false pretences, that he had disposable power over goods not under his control, and of uttering invalid dock-warrants with fraudulent intentions, and with being one of a conspiracy for the same purpose. He was very near escaping, however, on these general counts of indictment, were it not for the acuteness of Chief Baron Pollock, who discovered that Cole had made use of Messrs. Groves' warrants at the same time as those of Malthy's for the same goods; otherwise the charge of false pretences would have fallen to the ground. He was found guilty, and sentenced to four years' penal servitude. Davidson and Gordon, who were meanwhile amusing themselves on the continent, were hunted out of Neuchâtel, in Switzerland, Naples and Valetta, by Mr. Beard, one of their creditors, and were forced to embark for England. Here, after escaping two indictments under their bankruptcy, for embezzlement, they were convicted of obtaining money under false pretences, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment, with hard labour.

The most remarkable result, however, of these trials, and the examinations in bankruptcy, was the charge brought against the firm of Messrs. Overend, Gurney & Co. the largest discounting house in London, in the person of Mr. Chapman, their manager, by the *Times*, in a leader of December 18th, 1858, of having passed away, for valuable consideration, warrants, which he knew to be of a fictitious character. The firm had sustained a loss of £126,000 by the frauds of Davidson, Gordon and Cole, but they asserted that after the discovery of the fraudulent nature of the warrants they did not issue one of them, but retained the whole, up to the present time. This was a matter of controversy for a considerable period in the London Press, and was the subject of some very strong remarks from Commissioner Goulburn, in bankruptcy. He even went so far as to say that Mr. Chapman had been "an accessory, after the fact, to a most gross and wicked fraud."

As to the disastrous consequences to commerce in general, from such a loose method of dealing as they adopted with Cole, it is not necessary to make any remark; the whole injury seems to have arisen from the too great elasticity of the credit system, the custom of allowing parties to get advances without any adequate available assets, and without enquiry as to the genuine nature of securities. This would seem to confirm what was said before, that a great deal of the wealth in trade

among English merchants really does not belong to themselves, but to their customers, and their actual property resides only in the profit derived from the circulation of goods and manufactures.

We have now passed over the mere commercial and banking frauds, contained in the first three classes, and arrive at the more entertaining, it might be almost said romantic, ones of the two last categories, those perpetuated by clerks upon their employers, and by sleight-of-hand thieves and forgers. The swindling operations of Walter Watts in the Globe Assurance Office, those of James Robson in the Crystal Palace, and those of Leopold Redpath on the Great Northern Railway, are the most remarkable instances of the former which have occurred for many years. Each of these men had begun life in an humble, honest manner, contenting themselves with small salaries, living quietly within their means. They were all remarkable for their artistic and literary taste, the desire to gratify which seems to have been the cause in at least two of these cases of their subsequent delinquency. When they had advanced somewhat in the confidence of their employers, and had large sums of money passing through their hands, they were not able to resist the temptation of applying it to their own purposes. Then going on from little to little, they became so hardened and desperate in crime, that they almost defied the discovery of their evil deeds.

Mr. D. Morier Evans' description of the early career of Walter Watts, is one of the best passages in his book, drawn with considerable graphic force.

"It was somewhere about the year 1844 that the name of Walter Watts became associated with fashionable life. He appeared suddenly, and as suddenly made his presence felt. His course was like that of a meteor—brilliant but brief. Where he came from nobody knew. What were his resources nobody could ascertain. It was clear that they were ample for the gratification of the most extravagant tastes. He spent his money like a prince. He was naturally luxurious, and fond of pleasure in every form—a devoted disciple of Epicurus. He was the patron of art—the encourager of sport, if not of science. At all the theatres he was well known. He had his box at the opera, and the entrée to the *sanctum sanctorum* behind the scenes. He addressed the *coryphées* by the affectionate but professional appellation 'dear,' and liberally atoned for his familiarity by champagne suppers after the ballet. With *prima donnas* and dramatic notabilities he was on terms of intimacy; and at one time he was the actual proprietor of two metropolitan theatres. He kept an

establishment in town in the most fashionable quarter of the West-End, and he had his country house at Brighton, at both of which he dispensed a princely hospitality. He was a connoisseur in wines, and stocked his cellars from the most celebrated vintages, regardless of price.

But who was he? And what was he? From what source came his apparently inexhaustible means? \* \* \* Some said he was the depository of certain state secrets, which enabled him to operate with effect in the public stocks. \* \* \* Again, it was hinted that Davis, of betting celebrity, had taken him by the hand, and initiated him into the art and mystery of 'making a book.' \* \* \* That he had a city occupation was an ascertained fact, for, regularly as the morning came, a neat carriage and pair, or a brougham of the most approved and luxurious build, conveyed him to the neighbourhood of Cornhill and there set him down. \* \* \* But the curious enquirer, who happened to be in Cornhill or Leadenhall-street when the carriage alluded to drove up, might observe, if he followed the occupant who alighted from it for about a couple of hundred yards, he would see him enter the Globe Assurance Office. Yes, Walter Watts was an employé in that respectable institution—not the manager with an income of £800 or £1000 a year, but a simple check-clerk in the cashier's department, with a salary of something like £200 a year, having been placed there by the interest of his father, who for near forty years had filled with credit a comparatively subordinate position in the same office."

Here he found the system of conducting business so lax, that making use of his position to gain access to the cheque—and banker's—books, he was able to extract funds to the extent of £70,000. It is incredible how his expensive style of living, and magnificent tastes, did not attract the attention of the managers of the company, before he had appropriated such a sum; it only shews, however, the extreme carelessness with which the business of some of these public offices is conducted. His speculations now became of the most extravagant nature; he became lessee of the Marylebone Theatre in 1847, and opened it at immense expense under the auspices of the celebrated Mrs. Warner, without achieving any great success in the first season. The next two years were distinguished by several "stars," especially Mrs. Mowatt, an American actress, poetess, and beauty, who contributed very much to elevating the character of the theatre. Watts paid her the most extreme attention, had a dressing-room fitted up for her below the stage, like a fairy grotto, where she received visits from ladies and gentlemen high in literature and art, and where also elegant *recherche* suppers were provided for the initiated. He gave up the Marylebone

Theatre at the end of 1849, but before retiring gave a farewell ball, at which an ominous incident occurred, the burning of a young lady in the midst of the dancers, which remained impressed on the minds of the guests when they afterwards learned the violent end of the career of their entertainer.

The Olympic in Wych-street was next taken, and fitted up in the same style of taste and extravagance as that of Marylebone, but with even less success, as empty boxes evinced the apathy of the public. Meanwhile the lavish expenditure of Watts began to attract general attention, and notwithstanding the rumours of his success on the turf and in the funds, they questioned the legitimacy of his resources. Suddenly in 1850 a rumour is spread abroad that immense defalcations were discovered in one of the Assurance offices, and that Walter Watts is the delinquent. At first this was scouted by all his friends, especially by his theatrical corps, on account of the liberality and strict honour with which he had conducted his managership. It was found, however, to be only true, notwithstanding Watts' own assertion of his innocence, relying upon the dexterity with which he had perpetrated the frauds, so that they were scarcely to be discovered; and also on his character as a joint shareholder, defying the directors to do their worst. He was brought before the authorities at the Mansion House, and after several examinations fully committed for trial.

The manner in which he committed his frauds was one of the most simple cases of forgery, founded upon the fact that the banker's pass-book was made the source from which entries were posted into the books of the company, instead of taking them from the documents referring to the payments ordered. Thus Watts being keeper of the pass-book could easily falsify it, as, for instance, in the following mode:—Suppose a cheque to be drawn, as for an annuity no. 6, for the sum of £554 10s. which was paid by the bankers. He erased the 55, making it appear as if only £4 10. had been paid, while he transferred the large balance to his own pocket. Then in order to balance the account, he transferred to some small sum, such as a fire loss of £7 10s., the 55 he had erased, changing it to £557 10., and thus making the figures appear all right, rendered the fraud extremely difficult of detection. He also tampered very largely with the dividend account, drawing as much as £1500 in one half year for his own benefit. In fact he had brought

his system of defalcation to such perfection, that the law could scarcely reach him. He was tried at the Old Bailey before Justice Cresswell for stealing a cheque for £1400, and also on a count of the indictment for stealing a piece of paper of the value of 1d., the property of the Assurance Directors. The prosecution failed on the first branch altogether, on account of the precautions he had taken, and his destruction of the documents; but it succeeded on the second ground, and he was sentenced to ten years' transportation. This unexpectedly heavy punishment so preyed upon his mind, that he hung himself in the water-closet of the infirmary, in the prison where he was confined. Thus ended the career of one of the most successful swindlers on record, whose crimes did not originate in extravagance or dissipation, but rather gave rise to them, and were calculated carefully beforehand to avoid detection.

The next case of this class which we would call attention to, is that of William James Robson. In the commencement of his life, he was of a very literary disposition, composing poetry and several plays, which had some success on the London boards. The best of these latter—"Love and Loyalty"—was considered by many critics of the day to be a superior production, and contained many sentiments of the highest morality and feeling. Robson obtained a clerkship in the office of the Northern Railway Company at a very small salary, but soon got himself transferred to that of the Crystal Palace at £1 a week. Shortly before this period he had entered into the bonds of wedlock, and succeeded in maintaining himself by writing for the press and other literary labours. Soon, however, he obtained a more respectable and responsible position, as chief clerk in the transfer department, at a salary of £150 a year, under a Mr. Fasson, whose ill-health caused him to be frequently absent from his duties. The temptation, which was now thrown in his way seems to have become too great for his resolution; he succumbed under it, and commenced a series of frauds of the following kind. By a register kept in the office, he knew the names of all the parties who were shareholders in the company, and who were entitled to certificates for the shares they held. He issued certificates in false names, principally that of his own brother-in-law, Henry Johnson, and directed the broker of the company to sell the shares so-represented, the proceeds of which he put in his own pocket. His first forgery of this

nature was committed in 1856, and he put his own name as attesting witness to the bottom of it.

Robson now launched into a gay and fashionable life ; took a villa at Kinburn, a suburb of London, called the Priory, which might have suited a rich retired merchant. Here a great number of fast livers, male and female, were gathered around him, all the luxuries of life, dress, parties, &c., were indulged in with the greatest profusion. As a cover to the surmises, which might arise from this style of living, he gave out that he had made large gains by several successful mercantile speculations ; he even went so far as to establish a factory for antimony in Lambeth. His wife, who knew nothing of his delinquencies, certainly enjoyed the fruits of them without being at all aware that he was faithless to her, as well as to his employers. The detection of his crimes was of the simplest kind ; in fact it was difficult to conceive how it was that they had not been detected before. Mr. Fasson enquired one day for a certificate which was found to be missing—Robson, ever ready, stated that he had brought it home to the Priory. Mr. Fasson insisted on going at once for it ; the two set off in a cab. Robson endeavoured to evade his principal, who had evidently become suspicious of something wrong, but finding this impossible, he collected all the available cash and bolted. He evaded the continental police for some time, but at length was captured at Elsinore, by the recognition of the initials upon one of his shirts. It was found that his frauds and forgeries amounted to the sum of £27,000, exclusive of appropriated funds from season tickets. He was convicted at the Old Bailey of stealing valuable securities belonging to the Crystal Palace Company, and sentenced to 20 years transportation. Such a career did not arise from any idleness, or want of occupation, or from innate love of crime ; but from want of sufficient supervision in his department, and an unfortunate love of luxury and expense.

The celebrated Leopold Redpath, is another instance of much the same species of fraud and forgery, as the last two whom we have noticed. He commenced as a clerk in the Peninsular and Oriental Company's Office, became noted for his great philanthropy and piety, furnished an expensive house from a broker ; then turned Insurance agent, was made Bankrupt for £5000, and paid two shillings and six-pence in the pound. Even at this period 'twas found at the sale of his effects, that

he had an insatiable taste for very great luxury and refinement. His jewellery, watches, pictures, musical instruments, &c., were of the most expensive description, and his furniture of the most *recherché* kind. Shortly after his bankruptcy he was able to obtain an appointment as clerk, in the service of the Great Northern Railway Company, when he commenced a life of great luxury, taking a house at Chester-terrace, at £400 a year. The principal registrar of shares of the Company having retired, Redpath was able to obtain his place, on account of the intimate knowledge he had formed of the affairs of the shareholders, and now commenced a system of swindling, perhaps the most unparalleled for boldness. His first method was to forge regular transfers of stock in the name of fictitious persons to himself, and then enter the sums in different forms at both sides of the ledger, so as to balance the account exactly. Another method was to purchase a small amount of real stock, and placing a figure 1 or 2 before it, to increase the value ten or twenty fold. All these sums he afterwards sold out by his broker, and put the proceeds in his pocket. While this swindling was going on, the auditors of the company had several times examined the books, found them all correct, and gave strong certificates of their accuracy to the shareholders.

Redpath's life during this period, though expensive, was not grossly sensual, as had been those of Watts and Robson. He was sumptuous in his carriages, entertainments, servants, and spared no expense, yet in very good taste. One curious peculiarity he indulged in, which evinced a large amount of human vanity; every morning he got his hair dressed by a perruquier from Strathearn's, in Princes-street, Hanover square, whose cab was often kept waiting more than an hour, while the friseur was operating on Redpath's locks. But he shone in charity and private benevolence, was a governor of several Hospitals and Societies, and sought out poor objects, whom he relieved out of the cash he had abstracted from richer pockets. Yet no one suspected where his wealth could come from; he was reported as a successful speculator, and even though he added to his possessions a second mansion and park at Weybridge, no one thought of questioning his solvency or honesty. So much for the mysterious way in which much of the wealth of England is accumulated together.

The manner in which he was finally discovered indicates



most clearly the great remissness of the directors and auditors, in not examining their books with the greatest strictness. It is thus related by Mr. D. Morier Evans—

“An incident, however, occurred which suddenly startled them into a knowledge of the reckless extravagance of Redpath's life. Mr. Denison, the chairman of the line, was standing on a station platform, conversing with Lord D——, when Redpath happened to come up, and lifted his hat to Mr. Denison. The nobleman, however, was on easier terms. Taking Redpath cordially by the hand, ‘Ah! my dear fellow,’ said he, ‘how are you?’ Having parted, the chairman turned to Lord D——, and asked what he knew of their clerk. ‘Oh!’ said he, ‘he is the jolliest fellow in life; he gives the most sumptuous dinners and capital balls that I know of.’ This was an ominous rencontre for Redpath; and, coupled with the then agitated state of the shareholding community, it was determined to scrupulously examine the books of the company. This course once decided on, it was deemed advisable to begin the investigation from an early date, and a distinct department was created for the purpose. The officials instructed to carry out this process first met on November 15th, 1856. A day or two after, when the actual enquiry was being commenced, Redpath came into the room, and asked what they were going to do. ‘To go through all the accounts,’ said the head of the department, ‘from the commencement of the company.’ ‘That is perfectly useless,’ said the thunder-stricken Redpath, smothering his emotion, ‘you will find all the accounts right in the gross, and it is no use entering into special *details*.’”

Finding them determined to go on, he resigned, and at once fled off to Paris. The enquirers were not long in discovering his forgeries, and seized on his goods and houses at Chester-terrace and Weybridge. His wife at the former place was taken by surprise by a detective, who announced to her the first, the villany and flight of her husband. The forger himself, however, repented and turned back, sending a telegraphic message to that effect, which was not at first believed, but afterwards found to be true. He surrendered, and underwent his trial in January, 1857, along with a clerk named Kent, who was indicted for conspiring with him to defraud the Company. The latter was acquitted as he acted completely under the direction of his principal, and without any knowledge of the frauds.

These three instances cited above, shew how carelessly the accounts of public companies are regulated in England. The same charge might be extended to Ireland, as we have had our own Redpath, under the name of Knighting, though his career was not so brilliant or so lasting. With respect to some

Railway Companies, it has now become almost a matter of impossibility to make them the objects of frauds, as their accounts pass every month or three months through the clearing house, where they are investigated with thorough accuracy, and very small errors or defalcations easily detected. Other public bodies are, however, much more difficult to deal with; they must rely altogether upon the integrity of their own officials, and nothing but a strict personal supervision of some of the Directors and Shareholders, can relieve them from the anxiety of being made the objects of some swindling Watts or Robson.

A very strange practice was alluded to in the judgment of Mr. Justice Willes, as existing in many of the brokers' offices in the metropolis, which if it be true as stated and asserted on the trial, would go far to weaken public confidence in the trustworthiness of these gentlemen for transacting other people's business. Kent, who had been arraigned along with Redpath, got off on the substantial ground, that being an under-clerk in the office, he had taken for granted as true the representations of his principal, and had signed his name as attesting witness to a great many deeds of transfer, without enquiring into the genuineness of signatures, when at least by looking at them he ought to have known them to be in the handwriting of Redpath. He certainly deserved some punishment beyond dismissal for thus putting his hand to a lie; but when such a practice was asserted to have been common in all the offices of London, it is hard to conceive how it does not lead to much more complicity in crime than sees the light.

We now come to the last class of frauds, that of sleight-of-hand thieves and forgers, in which there is more of the adventurous and romantic mixed up, than in any other. Two very striking instances are recorded in Mr. Evans' book of this category, the Bullion robbery on the South Eastern Railway, and the cheque forgeries on the Metropolitan Banks. The first required so much patience, perseverance, skill, and promptitude with daring in the execution, that it surpasses all others of the kind, which have been ever perpetrated. The strange manner also in which it was discovered, and but for which it would never come to light, stamps it with a character of originality, altogether different from ordinary robberies. Mr. Evans thus shortly describes the principal facts and the actors in it—

"On the night of the 15th May, 1855, three large boxes containing gold were delivered by their owners to Messrs. Chaplin, the carriers, and by this firm they were conveyed to the South Eastern Railway, London Bridge. The gold belonged to Messrs. Abell and Co., Messrs. Spielmann, and Messrs. Bult. Every caution was taken with the precious freight. The boxes were bound with iron bars; they were sealed and weighed by Messrs. Chaplin; they were placed in iron safes secured by Chubb's patent locks. To these safes there were duplicate keys, in the possession only of confidential servants of the Railway Company—keys in London, in Folkestone, and also in the possession of the captains of the boats belonging to the South Eastern Railway. These safes were all specially placed in the guard's van, under his immediate care. On the boxes being taken out of the safes at Boulogne, it was discovered that one weighed some 40lbs. less than it ought to have weighed, while the other two each weighed a trifle more than they should have done. Inquiry, at once set on foot, proved that the gold, safely deposited in iron-bound boxes, and the boxes in iron safes, had been stolen on the Railway. The precious metal had been abstracted, shot had been substituted, and the outward appearance of the safes had been restored as before. The principal actors in this clever crime were Burgess, who had been for thirteen years a guard on the South Eastern Railway; Pierce, who had been a ticket printer to the Company; Tester, a clerk in the traffic superintendent's office; and Agar, who had been for years a professional thief."

The first two and the last plotted together how they should get the impressions of the keys. For weeks and months they watched their opportunity, but would never have obtained it but for the co-operation of the third conspirator. He it was who communicated to them that two new keys had been made for each chest, and procured for Agar the occasion of obtaining the impressions of these in wax. The devices adopted by them in order to arrive at this result were of the most complicated and painstaking kind, even going so far as the sending down money themselves, in order to have an opportunity of watching the clerk in charge of the safes. Their next steps were to file keys which should fit the locks, and weeks were occupied at this laborious business. Burgess, the railway guard, then lent his aid to accomplish the fitting of the keys to the locks, for which four or five excursions up and down the line in the guard's van, at great risk, were necessary. Shot was next provided in large quantities, to replace the weight of £12,000 worth of gold, which might be abstracted, and nothing was now left but to await a fitting occasion to put their scheme into effect.

They determined not to make any attempt until they should

be able to secure a large booty ; the clerk, Tester, should give information by which the proper time might be known. Many successive evenings, with deliberate perseverance, they hired cabs, and carrying the shot in carpet-bags, hurried to the station, but for a long time they were doomed to disappointment. At length an occasion happened, which was taken advantage of in the following manner :—

“ At last, on the 15th of May, 1855, Tester met Agar at the station, and told him it was ‘all right.’ Pierce was in waiting not far off, and the two drove up to the station dressed as gentlemen, and obtained first-class tickets for Folkestone. They handed their carpet bags to a porter, who little knew that they were filled with shot, and he gave them to the guard, Burgess, who put them in his van. Watching his opportunity, Agar jumped into the van with Burgess, and Pierce got into a first-class carriage. Here then was the opportunity, which had been sought and planned for months. Agar and Burgess found themselves alone in the guard’s van with bullion boxes containing about £12,000. . . . With a mallet and chisel, with which he had provided himself, Agar wrenched off the iron clasp from the box of Messrs. Abell, took out the gold bars which it contained, substituted the shot bags previously arranged, replaced the iron clasps and nails, lit some wax with a taper, which Burgess had provided, resealed the boxes with a common seal, which Pierce had bought in Fetter Lane, and secured the greater part of the gold in his courier-bag before the train arrived at Redhill.”

Here a portion of the gold was transferred to Tester, and Pierce slipped into the van along with Agar and Burgess. Again they attacked the safe and boxes, and before they reached Folkestone had transferred very nearly the entire amount into their carpet-bags. The safes were removed at this station by the officials, but the gang continued on their way to Dover, where they alighted and put up at the Dover Castle Inn. There they remained only a very short time, but were near falling into a trap by taking off their courier-bags, which they found it difficult to replace without exciting observation. Having determined on returning at once to London, as the best hiding place, they had provided themselves with return Ostend tickets, in order to lull suspicions from their short stay, but this plan gave rise to a difficulty. The porters remarked that no luggage had come from Ostend that night. “Oh, no,” was the ready answer, “our luggage came the night before,” and they passed on to the train. On arriving in London, they drove a cab to near Paddington, then back to the North Western, and finally drew up at a public house but went into another.

The next thing to do was to turn the gold to account and divide the proceeds. Part of it consisted of American eagles, which were disposed of to money changers, and next they set about melting down the bars in crucibles. This was partially done at the house of Agar, who lived with a young woman named Fanny Kay as his wife. A furnace was erected, and fire kept up in it for several days and nights at a great heat. This aroused the suspicions of the woman, who became troublesome. Agar quarrelled with her, separated from her, and went with Pierce to other lodgings, where they completed the division of their spoil. Part of the gold was sold to a man named Saward, who had been a barrister, and of whom we shall speak more hereafter.

So far all their plans had succeeded, and Agar was so contented with his work, that he sold out £3,000 consols, and passed to Pierce £2,500 to invest for the benefit of Fanny Kay and her child. A former crime of Agar, however, now came against him. He was betrayed by an accomplice in a forgery, arrested, convicted, and sentenced to transportation for life. Finding himself completely deprived of all liberty, he made over to Pierce, all the rest of his property, nearly £15,000, for the benefit of Fanny Kay. Pierce determined to swindle the poor woman; made her a few payments, and then abandoned her. Indignant, she disclosed all she knew of the robbery to the South Eastern Railway authorities, and Agar being under sentence, confirmed her story and gave full particulars. Pierce was arrested, his residence searched; Burgess and Tester were taken, and the three put on their trial. Agar and Fanny Kay, their former accomplices and associates, were brought as evidence, with other corroboration, against them. Burgess and Tester were sentenced to fourteen years transportation, as being servants of the company, and the mean villain, Pierce, escaped with only three years' imprisonment through a defect of the law. Baron Martin, in passing sentence on him, said, "I do declare, that if I stood in that dock to receive sentence, I should feel more degraded to be in your place than in that even of either of your associates. Agar trusted you—in all, you must have got out of him £15,000. This you stole and appropriated to your own use. It is a worse offence, I do declare, than the act of which you have been just found guilty. I would rather have been concerned in stealing the gold than in the robbery of that wretched woman—call her harlot if you

will—and her child. A greater villain than you are, I believe, does not exist." So ended this romantic drama, so interwoven with plot and counter-plot, that it forms the subject of one of the most interesting trials on record. We are very sorry that we have not had more space to give some extracts from Mr. Evan's book, which would thoroughly develop the story.

Connected with this is that of the great cheque forgeries, by Seward the barrister, before alluded to, as having disposed of some of the gold, who had associated with him three other villains—Anderson, Atwell, and Hardwicke. Their plan of operations was the following. Having attained by pocket-picking, or fictitious letter writing, the blank checks and signatures of respectable moneyed men, Seward forged checks to large amounts. Then advertising for a young man to fill a situation as porter, they employed him to go to the Bank to get the check cashed, watching him narrowly to see whether the forgery was detected, or if he tried to make off with the money. By this system of fraud they obtained many hundreds of thousands of pounds; but having extended their scheme too far, down to Yarmouth, a bungle on the part of one of the confederates was the cause of disclosing the whole catalogue of crime. The details of the method of working these forgeries are of a very interesting nature, useful to be known to bankers and others, who may be in danger of being made the victims of similar swindlers.

Such are the contents of the book before us. They disclose how much unworthy matter often lies beneath the surface of high-sounding, money-making concerns; how necessary it is that in public and other companies the strictest supervision should be exercised, and, as we think, they show that the government does not interfere with a sufficiently direct action, to protect the interests of shareholders and the public. There is not sufficient responsibility attached to the offices of directors or managers, although the law in that respect has been of late very much strengthened. Officials are not looked after as they ought to be, and above all, the police has not got sufficiently easy access to railway trains and other places where robberies may be committed. The rules of railways with respect to exclusion of persons from platforms are not strict enough in this country; such a robbery as that of the gold bullion could never occur in France, where a sharp eye is kept after the exact regulations of the service of trains.

We have shewn how these various classes of frauds and forgeries originate; it may now be asked, how are they to be guarded against? In Railways, all the accounts and vouchers should be passed through a central clearing office, where ample check could be held on alterations, falsifications, and forgeries. This is found to operate so beneficially on some lines in Ireland, that the saving effected by the detection of mistakes and speculations more than repays the cost of the audit. Nearly the same thing might be done with banks, or they might be put under a very strict governmental inspection, and made liable to daily personal examination by committees of shareholders. With respect to the overtrading by merchants, it is almost impossible to check it, except by introducing some more stringent penal clauses in the Bankruptcy Acts against those who continue to obtain goods on credit after a certain proportion of their capital is lost, or who overdraw largely their accounts in Banks without lodging adequate securities. The other cases are those of an absolutely criminal nature, already provided for by the law, which, however, still seems very imperfect and easy of evasion in some particulars, as where Cole and Watts very nearly escaped conviction, were it not for the acuteness of the Judges who tried them. Mr. Evans' book ought for these matters, to attract the attention of the Law Amendment Society, and furnish grounds for many improvements by acts of the legislature.

ART. VI.—PUBLIC CHARITY FROM A CATHOLIC  
POINT OF VIEW.

*La Question de la Charité et des Associations Religieuses en Belgique.* Par Ed. Ducpetiaux, Inspecteur Général des Prisons, et des Établissements de Bienfaisance. Bruxelles : Aug. Decq. 1858.

Religious orders are, in all Catholic countries, indispensable auxiliaries for the exercise and promotion of charity. On this ground they are entitled to those privileges and protection guaranteed to the latter. To deny their co-operation would be to suppress the practice of charity itself, inasmuch as it is inspired by religion.

This proposition implies an unconditional, or *absolute*, character which, no doubt, is liable to be disputed.

We are all aware of those prejudices which exist against religious orders, and the accusations of which they are the object. It is this that induces us to examine, by the light of history, and an impartial and minute investigation of facts and proofs, if those prejudices are well founded, if those accusations be of a nature to justify their exclusion from the sphere of benevolence. It is not an apology of religious orders that we have undertaken; such is not our mission. The rights and claims of religious communities can be sustained by arguments of a higher order, foreign to the subject on which we are engaged. We shall therefore confine ourselves to the investigation of their influence on the sphere of charity, referring only to those sources of information which are open to all who wish to avail themselves of them. Our only object is the desire, and the necessity we feel, of discovering, of stating and proclaiming the truth fairly and dispassionately. Let those who are disposed to disagree with us adopt the same plan; let them search for the truth, as we have done, without any preconceived notions, with impartiality, and we feel convinced they will come to the same conclusions with us.

To render this study easy, and to put it into proper order, we will first prove the rights of religious orders, then their use and the services they are calculated to confer on society; we will then pass in review the objections to which they give rise,



the trials to which they have been subjected, and the changes they have undergone; we will hear what Protestants say, and finally discuss those facts peculiar to countries such as England and Belgium, where a recent debate has given to the subject before us an importance which it has not acquired in any other country.

Religious societies are inherent in Catholic worship; they cannot be annihilated and suppressed without annihilating and suppressing the worship from which they emanate.

If we admit, if we proclaim religious freedom, liberty of conscience, principles of toleration on a large scale, in everything relating to different forms of belief, we must, as a necessary consequence, admit also the freedom of religious societies, which is nothing but the expression and result of religious toleration itself.

"If there be any societies more sacred, or more entitled to be respected than others," says *Le Globe* of 1828,\* "they are religious societies. Instead of one principle to entitle them to protection they have two, that of the freedom of society and the freedom of worship. In vain will it be objected that a religious society is not a religion; it is the mode of practising one; and here let us ask, what is religion without practice? what is liberty if it is not fully developed? where will the prohibition begin? will the exception only apply to Catholics? If a colony of Jews should determine on establishing themselves at Montrouge, and to proclaim the Grand Rabbi as their chief, would they be opposed by the state? A community of atheists, enthusiastic disciples of the school of Holbach and Diderot, having all their income in common, purchase a house, and pass their days in discussing the properties of matter and the advantages of chaos. They profess the doctrine of Helvetius; man has no law to guide him but his own interest, no object in view but his pleasure. Virtue is for them merely a conventional term, and honour nothing but a prejudice. In reality there is no such thing as good or evil, sin or virtue. Men who believe in such doctrines can be of no use to society. However, they are not molested by society. By degrees the notions of those philosophers become modified. At first they

---

\* *Le Globe* of 1828 was that conducted by Dubois (de la Loire-Inférieure), Rémusat, Renouard, Duvergier de Hauranne, &c.; to this journal succeeded *Le Globe Saint-Simonien*; then that of Granier de Cassagnac. They must not be confounded.

become Pantheists, then theists, then converted Christians, and finally Catholics. In all those changes they are equally protected by the laws. By a final effort their Catholicity assumes a mystical form. Then they cover their head and invest themselves with a girdle; they become Trappists or Carthusians. Will it then be said to them: as long as you remained atheists, deists, or philosophers we respected your liberties, your opinions, and your practices, but now we cannot do so. You assume the gown, you fast, you are not permitted to speak; these are irregularities and disorders which are not to be tolerated. Disperse and obey the laws of your country. To complete this code we will add a supplementary article, *Express prohibition against the law of celibacy.*"

"When," says the same journal, on another occasion, "we behold such extravagancies of a parent society extending its mighty ramifications to every part of the kingdom, and everywhere dictating laws and regulations, we fancy we are reading one of Perrault's fables. We confess, for our part, that we would prefer to see a Jesuit in the garb of a priest than a layman." (Globe of March and April, 1828.)

At this same period, 1828, a barrister of the Court of Cassation was heard to exclaim, "A Jesuit is a being of the most dangerous class, who should be shunned like a plague; the Jesuits preach murder, and their principles are the same as the Atheists. Any man connected with the Society of Jesuits is an individual morally degraded." Who does not remember the declamations of the *Constitutionnel*, the accusations of Count Monthosier, the threats and cries for confiscation? However, the liberal party do not altogether go so far.

"If," says the Journal de Commerce of the 23rd March, 1828, "the Jesuits only wish to adhere to the rules of Saint Ignatius, if they only pretend to preach the religious doctrine as they interpret it; if, in corresponding with their general, or the Pope, they only wish to promote the interest of their order, and comply, in every other respect, with the laws of the country, we cannot see what objection there can be to them. To refuse to the Jesuits the privilege of meeting, and extending their order, of openly and publicly professing their political and religious belief, is to deny a right which is common to all Frenchmen."

However, the French Government, yielding to the pressure

of blinded opinion, suppresses the Jesuits in 1828, and this prohibition embraced all religious educational communities. But strong protests are heard from every part of the country, and the rusty weapon soon shows symptoms of decay in the hands of those to whom it had been entrusted. Thus M. Saint Marc Girardin, a member of the University Senate, gave expression to an opinion in 1836, in the chamber of deputies, at variance with the decree of 1828.

"We hear," says M. Girardin, "of communities abolished by the state, and who, if we are not on our guard, will take possession of our schools. We have nothing to do with religious communities, but with individuals. It is not from communities we receive our degrees and diplomas, but from individuals. We know not, we have no means of knowing, if they belong to any religious order, for, what have we to guide us? by what sign can we distinguish them? how can we be satisfied on this point? When a Frenchman, a citizen 21 years of age, presents himself before the examiners to qualify himself as a teacher with his degree of A. B., or when he presents himself at twenty-five years of age before the Rector of the University with his degrees and certificate of moral conduct, you can be satisfied that he has complied with the laws and conditions imposed upon him, and that he is all right; but beyond this you cannot go. Imagine for a moment the precautions it would be necessary to take to prevent a member of a religious order from becoming a professor or a secondary teacher, what formalities it would be necessary to invent, the absurd and inquisitorial laws it would be necessary to make, and then think that this code with all its machinery, research, and learning, could be evaded by a single falsehood."\*

The controversy between university monopoly and free education, represented by religious orders, continued during the entire reign of Louis Philippe. Brought before the Chamber of Peers in 1844, it gave rise to an animated discussion, in which several members warmly took up the cause of religious orders. The Comte de Montalembert, amongst others, denied that the Chamber had the right to discuss what was, or was not, part of the Catholic church.

"The French Bishops," says he, "in all the documents they

---

\* *Moniteur Français*, Debate in the Chamber of Deputies, June 14th, 1836.

addressed to you, have solemnly protested against the exclusion of religious orders. You deny the free exercise of the Catholic faith to those who think that this exercise consists, as far as they are concerned, in the profession of a religious and contemplative life as the only means for ensuring peace and salvation. You would fetter Catholicity in one of its vital parts, you wound it to the very heart."

Again, after contrasting two of the greatest religious orators of France, de Montalembert continues:—

"No, if Father Lacordaire and Father de Ravignan founded a school in Turkey, it would not be closed upon them for the only reason that they consecrated themselves to God by three vows, which, for fifteen centuries, have wrought so many miracles. And where then have the authors of this exclusion learned that those men have not left behind them other men like unto themselves? They both belong to orders which have filled the world with their virtues, their genius and their martyrs. Who then has the right to tell them in the name of France:—we have sufficient of all such courage, talent and self-devotion: we want for nothing of the kind. It is said that those men possess all those qualities: but it matters little, we will not even make a trial: they are Frenchmen too: but still it matters little: the heart of their country must be steeled against them: they demand liberty and equality: let equality be for them a phantom, and liberty nothing but a falsehood, or rather let them enjoy the freedom of liberated convicts, and let them be on an equality with those in penal servitude (*Reclamations.*) Yes, gentlemen, ticket-of-leave men, convicts and monks, such are the three classes which you exclude. What, you say, the monks are always preaching exclusion and intolerance! But when shall we see them striking at the liberty of conscience of our fellow citizens? We are forging a weapon to be used against our own conscience and liberty, and this dreadful sword of violence and persecutions, which we think we can always wield with impunity, may one day be turned against ourselves, and pierce us in our turn with its venomous point."

In 1839, the Abbé Lacordaire gave the example which was followed in 1844 by the Abbé de Ravignan; he undertook the defence, not only of his own order, but of all other religious orders, of the same form of prayer and worship.\*

---

\* See the paper on Xavier de Ravignan, in the thirty second number of this REVIEW.

"We are living," said he, "in an age when a man who desires to become poor, and to be the benefactor of all, has more difficulty to encounter than if he wished to amass a fortune, or make a name for himself in the world. Never before was society so much in dread of a man because his feet are naked, and that he is clothed in a garment of the coarsest texture. When we, enthusiastic admirers of the age we live in, sprung from its very bosom, claimed the privilege of believing in nothing, we were allowed to do so without being molested; when we demanded as a right to aspire to every post and every honour, we were allowed to do so, but now when, animated by those noble instincts which stimulate also our age, we ask for leave to follow the inspirations of our faith, having no worldly pretensions whatever, to live poor with a few friends who have the same desire as ourselves, now we find ourselves opposed, restricted by innumerable laws, and nearly the whole of Europe ready to unite, if necessary, to crush us.

"The act of thus devoting ourselves now-a-day to this kind of existence proves that living in common is simply the vocation of a certain number of individuals. What injury do those poor women do to society who secure by their virtue a shelter for their youth and their old age? What injury are those secluded and hard-working monks to society who only claim from the liberty of their country the privilege of sharing each other's toil? Religious orders in France for the last forty years present an aspect so pure and perfect that we should be very ungrateful to reproach them with the errors and faults of times long since gone by."

"Monks, like oak trees," continues Father Lacordaire, "are everlasting. A religious community is composed of three parts, the material, the spiritual element, and the element of action. The material element consists in dwelling in the same house, in rising and going to bed at the same hour, in eating at the same table, and wearing the same costume. The spiritual element consists in a vow which conscience holds sacred, but it is merely an act of faith which has nothing to do with civil law. To annul a vow would be to suppress an act of faith. An engagement in those words:—We, the undersigned, engage to live together as long as we please, &c. this would be a legal act; but to say:—We pledge ourselves before God, &c. the contract becomes illegal. We send away our servants when they marry, and we expel the monks because they do not marry.

"We hear of the passive obedience of monks. To assert that religious communities engage to obey their superior in everything he might take into his head to wish them to observe is a ridiculous error; they engage to obey the superior of their choice in everything conformable to divine law, and the statutes of their order. As to the element of action, the third constituent element of religious orders, here religious communities are subject to the laws common to all. As soon as the inmate of a monastery passes the gate to take part in worldly affairs, he is met at once by the law which governs the acts, the rights, and the duties of society. If he wish to preach, he must have the consent of the bishop, should he desire to become a teacher of youth in the schools, he must prove that he is qualified before the authorities who are charged with the superintending of public education; if he intends to become a farmer, he must study agriculture.

"There is nothing which can be reproduced that is not necessary, and that has not in itself the conditions of immortality. And behold us again brought back, we, monks, nuns, brothers, and sisters of every name, we now cover this land from which we were driven forty years ago. We have returned because it should be so, because we were the first overcome by that life within us; we are immortal, like the acorn, that grows at the foot of an ancient oak, dead and unconscious of that life which shoots it up to Heaven. It is neither to gold nor to silver that we are indebted for our regeneration, but to that spiritual growth implanted in the world by the hand of the Creator. The world is convulsed, and requires all its resources, and since, in the depth of that egotism which is threatening the honour and peace of modern society, there are found men who give an example of self-denial, let us at least respect their works. Let us give to virtue the right of asylum and protection which we formerly granted to crime. This asylum could only be obtained by a new revolution in France."

"Religious liberty," said the minister of public instruction and worship, in a letter addressed in 1848, to the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons, "was solemnly recognised in one of the first acts of the provisional government, and that of religious societies is equally admitted. The republic does not oppose the consecration of any right; on the contrary, it protects all, and the provisional government is not disposed to prevent

citizens from assembling for any religious or benevolent purposes, no more than it wishes to prevent them assembling for the exercise of their political rights. The provisional government is anxious there should be no misunderstanding, as to this point, in the public mind.\*

There can be nothing clearer, or more unreserved, than this avowal of principles: revolutions, generally in their commencement, manifest a spirit of generosity, and seem to have an intuitive knowledge of justice; but inevitable reaction soon follows, and the principle proclaimed in France in 1848 has yet to be confirmed, and legally sanctioned. Although by the present state of the law in France a religious community cannot be founded without first applying for leave to the government—yet there is no penalty attached to the violation of this law. Jurisprudence has lost some of its severity, and religious orders are not brought under the 49th article of the Penal Code. They are *actually* sanctioned, and come under the act of the liberty of worship. Societies, although not sanctioned by law, exist without being molested, and under the *surveillance* of the civil authorities. (Letters of the Minister of Worship, 3rd September, 1840, 23rd June, 1852, 12th March, and 28th November, 1853.) But in virtue of the law, as it stands, the government is invested with the power of dissolving all religious societies not sanctioned by a vote in the chamber of deputies.

It is not so in Belgium. The constitution of 1834 has formally sanctioned the right of religious communities by its 20th article, which says, "The Belgians have a right to form themselves into associations, and this right can in no way be restricted." If all citizens, without any distinction of class, profession, or descent, have the right to unite freely for a political, social, industrial, commercial, scientific, or artistic object, or even for mere pleasure, surely they should also be allowed to exercise this right for a moral, religious, and charitable purpose. It is on this grand principle that religious orders exist and flourish in Belgium. Their utility may be questioned, but their right is incontestible, and to deny or restrict that right we should commence by suppressing the constitution itself.

When, therefore, we protest against the multiplicity of

\* Decree of the Court of Cassation, 26th February, 1849, see Martin Doisy, *Dictionnaire d'économie charitable, &c.*, Congregations hospitalières et enseignantes, tom iii.

convents in Belgium, or that we evince an intention or desire to fetter, or restrict them, we forget the foundation on which they repose, and we would overturn the authority of a compact made by the state.

Religious societies, besides, only claim what is the common right of all; and this right implies no privilege whatever. They require for their support neither annual grants, nor bequests; liberty suffices, and they are content with it, and none, that we are aware of, have put forth pretensions at variance with the legal system under which they were founded.

It is only, however, when they aim at a charitable end, that the question is started if the guarantee required for the interest of temporal works of relief may be justly and legally refused to works of charity founded in a religious principle. In other words, can the school, or the hospital founded by private individuals, be freely constituted, and create for themselves the resources necessary for their support, when those advantages are denied to the school and the hospital founded by religious orders? It is only necessary, we should think, to ask the question for a reply. All citizens are equal in the eyes of the law. The law recognizes no distinction of order.\* It matters not whether they be bound or not by vows, or what costume they wear; that they be *célibataires*, or married, living in communities, or alone, all have the same rights. If, therefore, the lay classes are allowed the liberty of charity, surely the same privilege should be extended to religious orders also. This seems to us beyond dispute.

During the old régime, this equality might have caused inconvenience, and here given rise to abuse. Under the new régime, religious societies have no longer a distinct legal existence, they are mixed up with the great society of which they constitute but a fractional part. Their members are merely private citizens, subjected to the common laws. These recognize neither engagements nor vows, nor do they observe monastic vows. Any citizen may, of his own free will, embrace a religious order, and leave it at his pleasure. The civil authorities have nothing to say to this; where, then, is the danger?

Not only can religious orders, however, demand their rights, but they can point to the services that they have rendered and still render to civilization, and to humanity. Closely connected with the institution of Christianity, they are founded on the Bible, and their origin may be traced to the earliest ages

---

\* Constitution Belge, Art. 6.



of the Church. From the foundation of the latter, monastic life appears under some form or other; widows and virgins consecrated to the Lord, bind themselves by vows of perpetual chastity; the ancient councils occupied themselves in a special manner with this favourite portion of the fold of the Church. To regulate in a proper manner the discipline on this point, was the object of the constant care and solicitude of the Fathers of the Church. Virgins made their profession publicly in the Church, they received the veil from the hands of the bishop; even when the virgins and widows resided with their parents, they were still considered as forming part of the ecclesiastical community; and we have already said that their services were made available in caring the sick and instructing the young.

In the mean time, persecution, a dislike of the world, and a desire to lead a religious life, induced many to retire into the neighbouring solitudes, and thus was established canobitical life, which was soon so widely extended.

It has been justly observed that the establishing of monastic institutions, independent of its superior and divine object, was a reparation, or a means of satisfying some want of an earthly or social nature. Thus, when Christianity had burst its chains of slavery, it immediately saw that it had a sacred duty to fulfil, towards those whom it had delivered. Having given them religious liberty, social liberty, and political liberty, it had to provide for their daily wants. Some social and powerful means had to be adopted, to protect the lives of those who had obtained their liberty, and to prevent their dispersion and total disorganization. This is what principally gave rise to monastic institutions. Let us bear in mind that two-thirds of the human race were plunged in slavery, when Christ came upon earth, to announce to them the glad tidings of their redemption. Thus De Maistre says, that Christianity substituted for the compulsory slavery of the body by antiquity, the voluntary spiritual slavery of the monastic life. This voluntary sacrifice was indispensably necessary to provide, by agricultural labour, for the wants of an increasing population restored to liberty.

To monastic institutions may be mainly attributed the civilization of the middle ages. After the conquest of the Franks, the monks applied themselves to clearing the forests, in cultivating the soil and the mind, and in diffusing sentiments of religion and morality, in the midst of a barbarous population. It was at the schools of the monks that the young Franks

acquired both the first principles of religion, and a taste for learning.

"It is Christianity," says M. Laurent,\* "that has civilized Europe. The monks, indefatigable pioneers, cleared away the forests, and drained the swamps; the cultivation of the land brought about the cultivation of the mind. The Church served as a link to connect ancient civilization and barbarism. It saved the world in refining the manners of the people, it became a principle of peace and humanity in the midst of an age of brute force.

"What was the condition of Germany previous to its conversion? The land was, in a great measure, covered with woods and marshes, and the condition of the people corresponded with that of the soil. The Germans occupied themselves moeltly in hunting and rearing flocks; they were afraid, lest by attaching themselves to the soil, they should lose their warlike propensities and habits. Living in miserable huts, apart, and rudely built, clothing themselves in the skins of the animals they had killed in the chase, they were as wild and savage as the country they inhabited. The monks commenced by changing the appearance of the land; the woods disappear, and the marshes are dried up. Agriculture is substituted for pasture, villages and towns soon rise round the cells of the monks.† The founders of Abbeys are to Europe what the first settlers were to the new world; but the pioneer is stimulated to labour by the love of gain, whilst the monk labours for the salvation of his soul, and the poor profit by his labour."

To whom is humanity indebted for those blessings? To St. Benedict, the organizer of monastic orders in the west. He sends forth his monks to clear away and cultivate the land. Let us quote those rules by which he changed the face of Europe. "Idleness is the enemy of the soul, therefore should the brothers be occupied, during certain hours, at manual labour, and at others, in reading pious books." After having stipulated the hours to be devoted to labour, the Saint continues: "If the poverty of the locality, necessity, or the gathering-in of the harvest, keep the brothers constantly occupied,

---

\* See *Etudes sur l'histoire de l'humanité*, tome v. ; *Les Barbares et le Catholicisme*, p. 133, 195, 272, 426, &c.

† Mignet, Germany, in VIII century.

let them not be afflicted on that account; for they are true monks if they live by the fruit of their labour, as did our fathers and the apostles before us."

The cultivation of the soil went hand-in-hand with intellectual improvement; convents became a kind of fortresses, in which civilization took shelter;\* they were, at the same time, agricultural, industrial and literary establishments. There was attached to each monastery an extern, or public school, in which were received the children of the neighbourhood, who were taught the principles of religion, the Dominical chant, singing and grammar. There were, besides, schools within the convents, reserved for the monks, in which the sciences, both sacred and profane, were taught.†

The books and the various languages of antiquity have been transmitted to us by the monasteries; without them the link which connects the past with the present would have been broken. There were, in the convents, Monks appointed to transcribe books, others whose business it was to compile them, adding paintings and ornaments in gold, binding them with care, and sometimes with luxury.‡ It is to the monasteries that science is indebted for almost all the manuscripts of ancient literature that we possess.§

It has been said that the Church was the cause of the barbarism of the middle ages, and that monastic institutions contributed to enslave the body as well as the mind. All records protest against these ill-founded accusations; the most eminent historians and philosophers, Protestant as well as Catholic, are unanimous in proclaiming aloud the services of religious orders during this period of social regeneration.

"Monks," says Herder,|| "are the benefactors of Europe; their peaceful hermitages, in the midst of a barbarous people, were the schools for moral perfection, and the bells of their cells resounded like a song of hope through those stormy ages."

"Monks," says another Protestant writer,¶ "have been more

\* Chateaubriand, *Etudes historiques*.

† Mignet, d'après Mabillon *Acta sanctor.* Sæcul, III, pars. 1. Pref. p. 15. s.

‡ Mignet la Germaine au VIII. siècle.

§ *Histoire littéraire de la France, par des Religieux Benedictins*, t. III. p. 31.

|| Herder, *Ideen* xviii, 3.

¶ Plank, *Geschichte der christlichen, Gesellschaftsverfassung*, II, 481.

than the benefactors of their age ; all humanity has been benefited by their labours. Fertilizing the deserts, clearing the forests, and the draining of marshes, are the least important of the benefits they have conferred on society ; their whole lives have been an existence of privations and sacrifice ; it is by this means they acquired such influence over the barbarous tribes."

"Had not such retreats," writes Macaulay, "been scattered here and there among the huts of a miserable peasantry, and the castles of a ferocious aristocracy, European society would have consisted merely of beasts of burden, and beasts of prey. The Church has, many times, been compared to the Ark of which we read of in the Book of Genesis ; but never was the resemblance more perfect than during that evil time when she alone rode, amidst darkness and tempests, on the deluge, beneath which all the great works of ancient power and wisdom lay entombed, bearing within her that feeble germ from which a second and more glorious civilization was to spring."

"Civil, national, provincial and municipal society," says Guizot,† "was a prey to every kind of disorder. It was totally dissolved. Those who wished to converse, to exercise themselves in any way, or live together, had neither centre nor protection ; but the monastery afforded this asylum. Monastic life kindled a flame of intellectual development, and served as an instrument for arousing and propagating ideas. The monasteries of the South are the philosophical schools of Christianity, the favorite haunts of meditation, discussion and teaching ; it is from them we have all new ideas, even heresy itself."

The greatest men we read of in history have come out of those monasteries ; Descartes, Racine, Pascal, Corneille, La Bruyère, not to mention Voltaire, and Luther himself.

"It was," says Voltaire, "a consolation for the human race that there were such places open to those who wished to fly from the oppressions of the Goths and Vandals. They escaped the horrors of war in the peaceful solitude of the cloister. According to the Feudal law a slave could not become a monk, but the convents knew how to evade this law. They cultivated land, chanted the praises of the Lord, lived soberly, kept hospitals ; their example was well calculated to subdue the ferocity of those barbarous times."‡

And even at the present day are there not suffering and

\* History of England ch. 1.

† Histoire de la Civilization.

‡ Essai sur les mœurs.

miserable creatures that require refuge? Are there not in our own society slaves aspiring to liberty? When was there ever a time that we stood more in need of good example, of prayer, and the exercise of that charity and self-sacrifice which religion alone inspires, and which can only find in the cloister their most faithful ministers?

In 1789, M. Necker opposed the law abolishing religious orders, on the grounds that ecclesiastical establishments are closely connected with the preservation, in its purity, of religious worship, and of the Catholic faith. He even aimed at having religious orders entrusted with the administration of prisons.

"I should wish," said he, "to see the economical department of prisons confided to the care and the charity of religious societies, the spirit of which is always the same, because it is fostered and supported by a religious feeling, and consequently, order and honesty are upheld by them, for the same motive which dictates or determines their complete devotion to the services of the poor. Such institutions as form part of Catholic worship are truly to be admired, and we can never appreciate too highly the services to be derived from them in this respect. The State, by the aid of the greatest *surveillance*, could never acquire the great influence of that secret motive power which stimulates to the accomplishment of the most difficult duties, and which requires as much care and attention in obscure and accessory matters, as the vainest man, and most ambitious of praise, would be capable of, in all he could say or do in public."

We need not say Necker was a Protestant.

The accusations of which Catholic religious societies have been and are to this day the object, arise from the ignorance or forgetfulness of the services rendered by the societies to humanity and civilization. We only remember, and exaggerate at will, those abuses which crept into some monasteries, without giving any credit to the Church for the persevering efforts it made to eradicate them, and re-establish monastic discipline in its primitive purity. Let any one take up the history of Religious Orders, and at each page will be met noble examples of self-denial, devotedness and charity. We ourselves, writes Dupetian, before undertaking this work, had not escaped the influence of prejudice; and it is only by a conscientious study of the sources of authority, that we have arrived at the truth. As we cannot here insert the numerous proofs we have met with in our study; let

us at least be permitted to give a few whose authority will not be disputed.\*

The *Chartreux* have been classed among the contemplative orders, and, on this account, they are condemned *a priori*, and without hesitation, as parasites and useless beings, who are a dishonor to society. Is this sweeping condemnation just? To reply to this question it is only sufficient to go to the origin, and take a review of the progress of the institution. St. Bruno, Bishop of Rheims, assisted by the councils of Hugus, Bishop of Grenoble, retired to the deserts, now known as *la Grande-Chartreuse*, with six companions, and there constructed seven small huts, three leagues outside Grenoble, and an oratory; this is the foundation of the order of the *chartreux*. These seven poor cells, erected on the most barren summits of the French Alps, became the source of mighty industry. The deserts fertilized, were soon covered with that timber, which now principally supplies France: pines, cedar, the larch, and sturdy elm, with gigantic plane-trees planted on barren rocks, or in the depths of frightful precipices, rise one above the other, to heaven, like the hands of those who planted them.

In science the Carthusians are the rivals of the Dominicans. The lay brothers, equal in number to the fathers, are employed at all kinds of trades: they make excellent carpenters, skilful joiners, and remarkably clever turners. The Carthusians created a forest system which the government of the time knew how to appreciate, and which was adopted and extended all over the kingdom. The spirit of order soon led them to design better principles of domestic economy, by which also social economy was enriched and developed. The pious labor of a few hundred monks supplied the French fleets with building materials. Torrents, enchained in their beds, fertilize beautiful prairies, covered with rich harvests. The children of Saint Bruno contemplate heavenly things in those mighty woods, the work of their own hands, and in the solitudes to

---

\* M. Martin Doisy, Inspector General of Charitable Institutions, in France, has given us some very valuable information concerning religious societies in that country in his *Dictinnnaire d'economie charitable*, see t. III: *Congregations hospitalières et enseignantes et manifestations diverses de la charité monastique*. We have availed ourselves considerably of this valuable work, which will be consulted with profit by all those who wish to acquire information, or are concerned in the question of religious charity in Catholic countries.

which those hands have given life. This is not all. They turn to the account of the poor labourer the agricultural progress which is due to their superior intelligence, and the local improvements, the result of their indefatigable toil. Bridges are thrown over torrents, manufactories arise, and frequent exploring excursions, occupy, on the summit of the mountain, and in the depths of the valleys, those vigorous limbs that have no other occupation. The Carthusians construct, at their own expense, cottages for the protection of the homeless poor, and even entire flocks, belonging to the monks, are appropriated to the use of poor families. By means of industry, and thus laboring together, happiness takes the place of misery, and the vow of poverty which the monks observe, gives ease and comfort to the poor laborer, whilst his weakness is protected by their system. The poor peasantry thus flourish, grow, and extend beneath the shadow of the monastery, and round the institution which protects them from violence.

At the death of St. Bruno, (1101,) there were but two Carthusian monasteries. In 1259, their number increased to 173—we do not mean in France only, but all over the Christian world. The benefits which the Carthusian orders, but particularly la Grande-Chartreuse, rendered to the working and agricultural classes, were so multiplied from age to age, that towards the end of the eighteenth century, seven hundred years after its foundation, a famous English statesman, who visited it in 1792, relates that the country people never spoke of the monks who had been expelled, but with the greatest veneration. "They supplied," said he, "the wants of the poor for many miles round." The same writer adds, that they frequently advanced money to the farmers when pressed, to the fathers of families in need, as well as to encourage such branches of industry as were sought to be established among their mountains. The Prior examined into all such applications, which he granted when well founded. The property of la Grande Chartreuse now consists of 12,000 acres of wood, and 400 acres of land. They occupy six leagues of a desert. Trade, workshops, and the cultivation of the sciences, form part of their system as formerly. The spirit of the Carthusians is materially unbroken and unchanged, as their fidelity to their rules has remained uncorruptible."

In 1792, *la Grande-Chartreuse*, when set up for sale, could not get a purchaser, and by a decree of 27th April, 1816, Louis XVIII. restored it to the children of Saint Bruno.

Whilst the Carthusians are founding manufactories, erecting workshops, providing work for the poor, and opening new roads to industry, others are engaged in supplying one of the most material and indispensable wants, and one which had been most neglected in the middle ages—that of binding the population together by means of roads and bridges. This was the special, and even exclusive business of the *Frères pontifes* (*Fratres Pontifices*). A considerable number of bridges, many of which, no doubt, still exist, are the result of those pious labors, and which must be considered as specimens of the finest and most solid construction. The *Frères pontifes* were the promoters of civilization; when the civil authorities wished to continue what they had commenced, they retired; but they must, notwithstanding, get credit for the great services they had rendered.

The *Trinitarians* about the same period—1198—extend the influence of their order beyond the mother country in rescuing Christian slaves out of the hands of a barbarous and infidel people. They gathered some of the laurels of Saint Vincent de Paul, whose heroic soul and genius of universal charity are fresh in the minds of all wherever the interests of humanity are concerned. Voltaire himself calls the Trinitarians a heroic order.\* It has been calculated that the number of slaves ransomed by the order of The Trinity, could not be less than 900,000.†

The Dominican order, or Preaching Brothers, founded in 1206, had for their special object the diffusion of the Gospel, and divine science. Their missions rapidly extended in the new world, where they possessed several establishments. It was they that gave birth to Barthélemy de Las-Casas, the apostle of India. Father Lacordaire says in his *Life of Saint Dominic*, that the Spaniards treated America and its inhabitants as a tiger falls on its prey. Who was to avenge humanity, Europe, and religion thus outraged? The glory was reserved for the order of St. Dominic. Pope Paul III. joins him in protecting the poor Indians by his decrees. Barthélemy de Las-Casas traverses the ocean eight times in defence of this holy cause of humanity. "All nations," exclaimed he, "are equally free; and to none is it permitted to trample

---

\* Essay on Universal History, chap. cxxv.

† Dictionary of Religious Orders.



under-foot the rights of another." He was at last appointed by Charles V. protector general of India.

The order of Saint Dominic has been accused of being the promoter and principal instigator of the Spanish Inquisition. Father Lacordaire proves from history that this accusation is false. The Dominicans had no more to do with the Inquisition than other religious orders. It was Philip II. who, transforming the Spanish Inquisition into a political instrument, gave it its sanguinary character. It is to Rome we must go, to look for the true Inquisition, to the Holy Office, where a single capital condemnation had never been pronounced. "The Inquisition," says the author, "existed before Saint Dominic, who never did anything towards its development; and it was not till long after his death that this tribunal acquired a definite character and real power."

The brothers of the order of Preachers joined the Inquisition like others; and as to the *auto-da-fé*, it was Philip II. who invented them. The Inquisition was a royal, not a religious tribunal. Father Lacordaire, in order to prove that the faults of the Inquisition were the faults of the times, connects the *auto-da-fé* with the star chambers of France, the tyranny of Henry VIII. who put to death 70,000 men during his reign, on account of their religion, and with the deeds of Elizabeth, who caused the dead bodies of Catholics to serve as manglers for her horses. During those times of blood, there was not one drop shed by Rome. "Let us be generous," says the author in the conclusion of his pamphlet on the restoration of the order of Preachers; "let us grant if you will that both truth and error were equally intolerant. Truth has not put an end to error, nor has error annihilated truth. Let us put a limit to the crimes and misfortunes of the past, and may this standard of peace, planted by common consent between the past and the future, presage for our posterity a better solution of those human problems than that which was expected from the sword, but which the sword has not been able to give."

It is the special and providential mission of religious orders to propagate and render popular amongst mankind a truth which only a few philosophers have been able to comprehend, that life is but a time of trial, and that it is the duty of man to bear courageously those crosses and sufferings inherent in his nature. In order to familiarize us with the idea of those

sufferings which we inherit from our birth, the monks have voluntarily imposed others both on their mind and body. The penance of the desert was substituted for the bloody combats of the gladiators, who were themselves symbols of the dangers we must expose ourselves to in defence of our country. The struggles of the soul in the monastery serve to spiritualize or purify mankind ; and those orders that are supported by begging, or charity, afford to the world the lessons which the pilgrims gave to the wise men of old. None others could ever have been so well understood by semi-barbarous nations. The humble family of the poor labourer, and the cultivators of the soil, are thus taught by the example of the poor monk to be satisfied with their daily bread. The Benedictines and Carthusians have taken the vow of poverty, but their convents are rich. The begging monk is not rich, he is attached to the people, he is humble and of low degree, like them, and much poorer. The poor working man, and the farm labourer feel themselves happy in presence of the monk, to whom they cheerfully give their humble mite, and share with him their morsel of bread. Not only is this poor monk the personification of Christian repentance for the people, but he is the first to visit them when suffering from any affliction ; the first to risk his life in case of fire ; the foremost in ministering to the most essential wants of the living, and in discharging the last duties to the dead. This *beau idéal* of the begging monk has not escaped the notice of George Sand.\* So naturally has this order of the begging monks sprung from Christian ideas, that several Protestant sects have endeavoured to imitate them in living, as they do, on the alms of the faithful.

The order of St. Francis, or *Frères mineurs*, founded by St. Francis d'Assise, was confirmed by the Holy See in the council of Lateran in 1215. From this order sprung a great many societies of the same kind during the following centuries. The order of the *Capucins* dates from 1525 ; the conversions which they made are innumerable. The assistance which they rendered to the sick in times of disease, and to the suffering class in all times of public calamity, made them equally popular. When Marseilles was visited by the plague, they were at the head of the benefactors of the desolated city.

---

\* See, in her Novel, *The Spiridion*, the visit to the Monastery of St. Hyacinthe.

Who has not heard of the *Hospitallers of Mount Saint Bernard*? The object of their institution, which dates from the 10th century, is to give hospitality to all travellers gratuitously and without exception. The monks, assisted by their servants, provide themselves with all necessaries, such as bread, wine, &c., accompany the traveller at his departure, and at the first warning, set out to meet those in danger from fatigue, the tempest, or the avalanche. They bring with them clothes necessary to protect the traveller from cold, some to give to the poor, and others to lend, according to circumstances. The rules strictly forbid the servants, as well as the religious themselves, to demand any compensation whatever from the traveller for any service of hospitality which they are bound to render. If the traveller wish to make any offering, it is put into a box, either by the benefactor himself, or by the person who receives it, to defray the expenses of the convent.

The Brothers of the Great Saint Bernard rendered vast service to the French army in the month of May, 1800. With the assistance of a little money, they sustained with food and wine the strength of the soldiers, for which the first Consul was ever very grateful to them. He formed the idea of founding two similar institutions, one on Mount Cenis, and the other on the *Simplon*, both to be branches of the Great Saint Bernard. The Cisalpine republic was to allow them a considerable annual grant. But as the Emperor Napoleon liked to see everything done expeditiously, he had the former constructed at the expense of France.\*

The confederation of Switzerland will have bitter cause to regret having lately disturbed the repose of those pious *hospitallers*, who afford aid to no less than 10,000 travellers annually.

Christian proselytism is charity itself in the strongest sense of the term—heroic charity. Missionaries can only spring from that faith, which believes with its founder, "Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel shall save it." *Missions* are a continuation of the life of Jesus Christ, of the teachings of the Apostles, who, like their Master, gave their lives to seal with their blood those doctrines which they diffuse through the world. In the heart of the missionary flows a double current of strength and vigour, that of the monastic life, and that of the martyrs of the three first

---

\* Thiers' History of the Consulate and the Empire.

centuries of Christianity; from this springs that superhuman strength with which they are gifted; hence it is that, when reading their history in the *Lettres Edifiantes*, or in the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* of the present day, we fancy ourselves transported to the times of the Primitive Church.

Missions, properly speaking, date their origin from St. Francis d'Assise, and from St. Dominic; their work has been continued, and is still carried on by a great number of religious orders, who shrink from no sacrifice, from no danger, to accomplish the holy work with which they are entrusted.

The Abbé de Lamennais, in his work on Indifference, sums up the many acts of heroism of monastic charity. The *Brother of happy death* (*de bien mourir*) attended the bed of the dying to smoothen his path to eternity. The *burying Brother* covered his mortal remains. The Brother of *mercy* came, like a conqueror surrounded by those captives whom he had liberated from their chains. The humble Carthusian went through the country to assist the shepherd in his toils; he descended to the very depths of the dungeon, carrying words of consolation and peace to the unfortunate being, suffering under human injustice, and, like an angel of hope whose minister he was, accompanied, even to the foot of the scaffold, the wretch who was about to die; sharing his sufferings, sustaining his faltering courage, and fortifying him in repentance and in hope. His sympathizing hands never abandoned the poor condemned wretch whom they had received at the foot of the inflexible tribunal of man, till after having deposited him at the foot of the tribunal of the all-merciful God.\*

It is said that on Mount-Saint-Bernard, the air is so sharp that it obstructs the breathing, and that people seldom live there longer than ten years; therefore the monk who shuts himself up in the monastery may very easily calculate the number of days he has to remain on this earth: all that he gains through his service of man is to know something of the precise moment of his death, which is hidden from the rest of mankind.

It has been ascertained that nearly all the religious women in charge of the hospitals of the *Hôtel-Dieu*, in Paris, are continually suffering from slight fever, which is consuming

\* Essay on Indifference in matters of Religion, vol. I., p. 442.

them by degrees, and which arises from the tainted atmosphere by which they are surrounded. Those monks who dwell in the mines of the new world, and in the depths of which they have established infirmaries in eternal darkness, for the unfortunate Indians—those religious men also voluntarily shorten their days; they are poisoned by metallic vapours. Also those priests who confine themselves in the pestiferous convict-ships of Constantinople deliver themselves up to the most speedy martyrdoms. “We confess,” says M. de Chateaubriand, “we are unable to praise such works as they deserve; tears and admiration are the only tribute we can give.” “The stoics,” says Voltaire, “have only given us one Epictetus, but Christian philosophy has given us thousands who know not that they are such, and whose virtue reaches so high a point that they are even ignorant of their own virtue.”†

From the foundation of charitable institutions the church saw the necessity of forming religious orders dedicated to them. Hence we can conceive the necessity for creating religious communities devoted to the duties of hospitality and education, which have for their founders men the most venerated, and the greatest saints.

Thus from the commencement of the sixth century we see a religious order established under the patronage of Saint Alexis, whose mission consisted in caring lunatics and the sick, and to minister the last rites of the church to the poor. They were called *Lollards*, *Bagards*, and when those names became objects of suspicion, *Alexians*.

About this time a new scourge having fallen on humanity, gave rise to new institutions, which are always sure to spring from the inexhaustible source of Christian charity. The whole of Europe was seized by leprosy, and hundreds, nay, thousands of hospitals, destined for those attacked by this fearful disease, were immediately established. The order of Lazarists took upon themselves the duty of attending and ministering to the wants of those wretched outcasts of society.

Again, other Christian orders received within their walls those poor unfortunate beings who had lost the use of their limbs by a disease no longer known amongst us, but which we read of in history, under the name of *Saint Anthony's Fire*.

\* Genius of Christianity, book VI., chap. IV.

† *Correspondance générale*, tome III., p. 222.

The *Cilands* were a lay order, presided over by the clergy, the object of which was to afford relief to its own members. They were of great use during the plague in 1350, but especially in 1370:

We might also cite the order of *Saint Jacques de Haut-Pas*, in the south of France; the order of *Hospitaliers Pontifes*; the order of the Holy Ghost, which, during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, extended themselves over the whole of Europe, everywhere displaying the greatest activity and zeal.

The orders of *Hospitaliers de Saint Protas et Saint Jervais* were founded in France in the year 1474.

In Spain, one of the most ancient orders of *Hospitaliers* is that of the *Chanoines réguliers de Roncevaux*, commonly called *Ronceveaux*.

The *Hospitaliers de Burgos* are still more celebrated. In 1409, a priest, named *José Gilaberto*, founded in Valance the institution *Los Innocentes*, for the care of lunatics.

There were also established in Germany and the Low Countries, societies of young women, with a view of practising, without altogether retiring from the world, the works of charity. For instance, the *Béguines*, who in former times, in Germany, were constantly employed in the service of the poor.

The Augustinian Sisters, who can boast of being an order of the illustrious Bishop of Hippo, whose rules they still follow, have supplied the various hospitals and infirmaries with a great many devoted subjects, and their services have been so uninterruptedly continued, after the founding of the order of the Sisters of *Saint Vincent de Paul*, that they are still to be seen at the present day in the *Hôtel Dieu*, in Paris, the first hospital in the world.

The vices and corruption of large towns inspire pious souls with the thought of establishing Reformatories and houses of refuge for such as wish to repent and amend their lives. Starting from Germany, the order of Magdalen takes root in Naples in 1324, is established in Metz in 1452, in Paris in 1492, in Rouen and Bordeaux in 1618. All houses of repentant women are varieties and branches of this order, amongst which we may place in the first rank, the order of the *Good Shepherd*, which has extended itself, particularly in France, for some years past.

The *SŒURS GRIS*ES of the third order of St. Francis have

supplied a good many hospitals and asylums for the poor, both in France and Flanders, since the 13th century.

In 1530, a famine, and a dreadful contagious disease, fell upon Lombardy, devastating the country all round. Many children were thus left orphans, whom Christian charity soon gathered together, and sheltered in her bosom; and thus the order of the *Somasques* was founded for the purpose of affording them shelter and education, and to rear them.

In 1591, *St. Camille Lellis* founded the order of *Ministres, or Servants of the Infirm*. Those who were in the hospitals, and the objects of their devoted attendance, called the members of this order *Crucifères*, from their wearing a red cross on their breast.

*Angela de Brescia*, one of those holy virgins, says: "Also, whose sole joy consists in forgetfulness of themselves, to give comfort to the afflicted, assembled around her several of her companions, who, though living in the world, had consecrated their lives in consoling those in affliction, and in attending the sick. They soon formed themselves into a community, and assumed the name of *Ursulines*, about the year 1537."

In France, Francis de Sales, this amiable Saint, in whose language, writings, and acts redounded the penetrating influence of his great virtue, founded, in 1610, with the assistance of *Mme. de Chantal*, the order of the *Visitation*, intended to visit and care the sick.\*

In 1615, appeared in *Armentières*, in Flanders, the *Hospitallers*, known as the *Bons Fieux*; they were, originally, tradesmen, leading a regular and pious life; subsequently, they adopted, in part, the third order of St. Francis, and in 1679, at the request of Louis XIV., they undertook the care of the sick in the hospitals of Duinkerque, Mons, and Ypres. They also visited the sick at home, and particularly maniacs.

The most consuming apostolic zeal, the most burning love of Jesus Christ, inflamed the soul of a Portuguese, who, was called, from his heroic charity, *Jean de Dieu*. He ran through the streets of Granada, crying, "Do good to one another, for the love of God." After having wrought divers miracles of charity, he founded one of the greatest orders in the history of the Church, (1540). This order extended itself over all France, where its members got the name of *BROTHERS OF CHARITY*, (1602). In Germany they were called *BROTHERS OF MERCY*.

\* See "A Friend of St. Francis de Sales," in the XXVIII number of this REVIEW.

In the first years of the 17th century was commenced the mission of St. Vincent de Paul. Never, since the days of John the Almsman, had the world produced a greater example of the power and resources of a religious mind, devoting itself to the alleviating of misery. The grand idea of St. Vincent de Paul was to form societies, and thereby give more social effect to religious charity. Pious souls congregated around him. He founded confraternities, societies of ladies who were to devote themselves to the service of the poor, to wait on the sick, and everywhere scatter the blessings of charity. Following his example, the Abbé Olier founded a society for visiting the sick, and a confraternity for visiting those poor who were ashamed to beg. But the great and principal work of St. Vincent de Paul was the establishment of the order of the Sisters of Mercy, (1633), an order which, by degrees, has thrown its branches over the entire world.\*

Thus the zeal of charity was stimulated by emulation and example in the bosom of those pious societies, presided over by the fostering care of St. Vincent. What holy thoughts, what noble devotedness, what acts of touching tenderness towards the poor and the suffering, must have sprung up from the contact with those souls so zealous, so ardent, and so pure! Is it therefore to be wondered at that the number of these great establishments of charity so rapidly increased at that time?

In 1624, Elisabeth de Ranfrain founded at Nancy the order of *Hospitallers of Our Lady of Refuge*, whose object was to save from vice and perdition the victims of human depravity.

In this same year, a poor young girl, named Simonne Gauduin, whose youth was spent in following the flock of her father, founded the order of *Hospitallers of the charity of Our Lady*, whose mission was to attend and minister to the wants of sick women.

In 1625, appeared the order of the *Sisters of the Cross*.

In 1630, the holy service of charity was recruited by the order of the *Hospitallers of Lorraine*, and *Touraine*.

The order of the *Mercy of Jesus* dates from 1630; their great services and devotedness to the poor were well remem-

---

\* In 1769, the society of the Sisters of Mercy possessed, in France alone, 426 establishments, a good number in Poland, and some in Austria and Silicia.



bered, and appreciated by the authorities who were commissioned to close those establishments in 1792.

In the same year, Madame de Pollalion opened, with the co-operation of St. Vincent de Paul, a new asylum, that of *Providence, and Christian Union*,—in which holy women devoted themselves in bringing to repentance those unfortunates who had given themselves up to all kinds of vice.

In 1836, a new order was founded for the same purpose, under the patronage of St. Genevieve.

In 1838, the *Hospitallers* of St. Joseph began to establish houses of refuge for orphans.

The Society of *Our Lady of Charity* was founded in 1841, for the purpose of devoting themselves to the service of those unfortunate beings living in intemperance and irregularities, and who carried about them the withering brand of human scorn.

In 1848, the order of the *Hospitallers of the Arrets* was established.

The year 1845 will be ever memorable in the annals of charity by the founding of the order of the Sisters of St. Agnes.

In the year 1550, the Sisters of St. Joseph, at Puy, commenced their holy mission; the *Hospitallers of Saint Thomas de Villeneuve* go as far back as 1660; the Sisters of *Saint Mary*, to 1666; the Sisters of la Charité d'Erroy, to 1678; the Daughters of the *Good Shepherd*, to 1683, and the Sisters of Saint Paul date from 1899.

The venerable de la Salle founded, in 1682, the institution of Christian Brothers, which, in a few years, was so vastly extended.

In 1716, a priest, Louis-Marie Grignion de Montfort, animated by the spirit of St. Vincent de Paul, founded the order of the Daughters of Wisdom, the object of which was to afford relief, particularly in the country, to the sick, and to educate the children of the poor: such, also, was the object of the institution called *Sisters of Providence*, founded in 1776.

In 1720, Anne Leroy founded in Caen the order of *Filles du Bon Sauveur*, for the purpose of visiting sick women. Driven from their house in 1795, in which they were supporting and caring about twenty poor lunatics, they set out, bringing their patients with them into exile, as the ancients did their household gods.

We will now stop; the bare mention of the numerous

societies created by the Catholic religion would fill a volume,\* checked for a while by the French Revolution; this generous movement again resumed its course, as soon as the conscience was relieved from oppression, and the road to Christian devotedness again thrown open. Let it suffice, then, to add one more, the admirable institution of the *Little Sisters of the Poor*, established but a few years since in France; this land so fertile in charity, the benevolent work of the abbé Trévis, the Vincent de Paul of Belgium.

All these institutions are the free and spontaneous result of Catholic charity. Religious orders have been represented as the blind fanatics of tyrannical theories. Those who can see things in their proper light, will perceive that the spirit of true liberty plays a part in the Church no less important than authority on the one side, and obedience on the other. It is in the Church, in a word, that we see authority and liberty fully combined, particularly as regards religious and charitable institutions. Authority never produced, or even led to the creation of a single society in the Church; they all first had their origin in, and spring from, the liberty of conscience. Thanks to this same impulse, they grew and prospered; authority only stepped in to confirm them, to direct them, to reform, and, finally, to abolish them.†

In order to account for the influence which the Holy See exercises over religious orders, it is only necessary to peruse the letter, addressed by Pius IX., 17th June, 1847, to the different superiors of those orders. "Amongst the many anxious cares arising out of our Apostolic charge," says the Sovereign Pontiff, "we deem it one of the most important to convey to your pious communities, the most affectionate sentiments of our paternal charity; we will protect and defend them by every effort of our zeal, and contribute by every means in our power to their splendour and their welfare. Instituted under the inspiration of the Divine Spirit, by men of eminent

---

\* The following works, especially, may be consulted: Hutton, *History of Religious Orders*.—Abbé Migne, *Dictionary of Religious Orders*.—Martin Doisy, *Dictionary of Charitable Economy*.—Dr. H. Haeser, *History of Christian Institutions devoted to the service of the Sick*.—E. Léon, *On the Free Exercise of Charity*, pp. 62, 80, 84, 99.

† Catholic Religious Orders, by Ch. Lenormant, Member of the Institute, Professor in the College of France, Paris, 1853.

sanctity; for the advancement of the greater glory of God, and the salvation of souls, confirmed by the Apostolic See, they compose that beautiful variety which surrounds the Church with such glory, and constitute, as it were, those auxiliary troops, chosen guards of the army of Christ, who have at all times been both the brightest ornaments, and the firmest support of religion and of States.

"There is no one, therefore ignorant, nobody can be ignorant, that religious orders have, even from their very institution, rendered themselves illustrious, by producing numbers of men, almost beyond counting, distinguished by the universality of their genius, the extent of their erudition, the splendour of their virtues, their brilliant sanctity, and who have attained the highest dignities that man can possibly be raised to; it was their glory, from dawn till sunset, to propagate the Catholic faith and doctrine, to cultivate, to guard, and rescue from ruin, literature, the arts and sciences, to train up from the most tender years, and with the greatest care, the mind and the heart of youth in the practice of piety and virtue, and to place again on the road to salvation, all who had the misfortune to stray from it.

"And, nevertheless, this is not all. There is no kind of heroic charity to which these men, whose hearts are burning with love for mankind, even at the peril of their lives, have not devoted themselves. Captives, prisoners, the sick, the dying, the poor, in fact, there is no species of misfortune which they have not relieved with the most tender love, and with a kindness and foresight entirely Christian; no grief or pain that they have not soothed, no tears that they have not wiped away, no want that they have not supplied by all kinds of works of charity, and in every form of relief."

In order that religious communities should not lose any of their original perfection, the Sovereign Pontiff has instituted a society called *The Religious State; De Statu Regularium ordinum*, for the maintenance of discipline. He invites all superiors to see that their respective orders resume, or preserve their primitive splendour in all its purity.

"You know," continues the letter, "what examples of sanctity, and consummate virtue, should be given by those who, after having solemnly and formally renounced every charm, every pleasure, and every allurements, and all the vanity of the world, have promised and vowed to adhere to God

alone, and His worship; so that the faithful, looking upon them as on a spotless mirror, may receive such lessons of piety, and religion, and every other virtue, as will enable them to trace, with pleasure and happiness, the foot-steps of the Lord."

It concludes with this important advice—

"We implore of you, and again most earnestly implore of you that, united by the strongest ties of concord and charity, and by the most perfect harmony, with our venerable brothers the bishops, and secular clergy, you hold nothing dearer in the discharge of your sacred duties, than uniting your zeal, and directing all your energies, to the edification of the fold of Christ, always aspiring to still greater perfection."

Religious orders are this very day what they were in ancient times; the spirit which animates them is perpetuated from age to age. Far from falling to decay, they are, on the contrary, every day gaining in perfection, even in the midst of trials and persecutions. They keep pace with the age, in adapting themselves to those wants and necessities which are constantly met with in society.

To-day as formerly, religious orders have a double object—a spiritual, and a temporal, emanating from a common principle, renouncing the world to practise those virtues which elevate man to God, and lead to Christian perfection. Self-denial, sacrifice, devotedness, such are the first duties of the monk. If a Catholic be asked in what consists the great utility of a religious life, he need maintain it by no other argument than that which religion itself supplies. Is prayer of any use? is it not more effective when said in common? Are the fall and redemption of man identical? Can the dependence of man on God be denied? If these bases of our faith be admitted, who then has a right to ask, what good do those men who devote themselves to the service of others, and who offer prayer and perpetual sacrifice for the spiritual and temporal welfare of all?

Care should be taken then not to confound religious orders that are active with those that are not; one should not be prized at the expense of the other. We should not brand as dangerous anomalies, silent prayer and contemplation. God has, in the Bible, emphatically pronounced and consecrated the superiority of a contemplative life; and those who, in the course of ages, He has marked as *His own*; those to

whom He assigned the BETTER PART, the church has never disowned. True vocations are much more rare in this path than in any other; and it has invariably been the custom to submit them to severe trials before they were believed in; but wherever the true spirit of Catholicity reigns sincere, members of silent and contemplative orders have been viewed by all good and virtuous men in the same light as they were viewed by the Redeemer. Therefore, a community, apparently the most inactive, provided it prays fervently to Heaven with all the merits of sacrifice, may justly be considered most useful to man and meritorious in the sight of God.\*

But *contemplative* orders have also had, from time immemorial, a temporal utility which distinguishes them even at the present day. The primitive monks, in presence of pagan materialism, raised the dignity of man in establishing the superiority of the mind over the body. They powerfully contributed to the regeneration of mankind, and the subversion of barbarism after the invasion, and the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. In the middle ages they assisted the progress of civilization, and handed down to us what remained of the arts and science—they gloried in their labour. Relieving, and providing bread for numbers of poor, their's was a true mission of benevolence, checking the advance of pauperism. In ransoming captives they laid the axe to the root of slavery, and proved to the world the value which the church sets on the liberty of man.

Even to-day, purely religious orders continue this divine tradition. In the exercise of their sacred duties, and in preaching, they supply the insufficiency of clergymen in the different parishes, and afford them their indispensable co-operation. In their foreign missions they are incessantly propagating the light of the Gospel, and are every day suffering martyrdom to extend the dominion of Christian civilization.

But it is particularly in the sphere of charity that the utility and necessity of religious orders manifest themselves. In the midst of the misery which afflicts society, in presence of the egotism of those who are favored by fortune, and of the envy which their accumulated wealth excites, do we not see that gulf which separates the poor from the rich growing constantly wider? But this chasm must be filled up, if we do not wish to

---

\* Ch. Lenormant, Catholic Religious Orders, p. 181.

see society, sooner or later, buried within its depths. But how set on this mass, who are burning with thirst to ameliorate their condition, and to secure their share of those enjoyments which the rich possess? How reconcile the poor man with his lot; console him in his misfortune, and render his present sufferings supportable, by holding out to him brighter prospects? How inspire him with a due respect for property, obedience to the laws, submission to authority, instil in his mind gratitude for acts of kindness, temper his hatred; lessen his envy, or assuage his anger? How, in fine, elevate his mind, remove all desire for sensual pleasures, give him ideas of sound morality, capable of keeping him free from vice and crime? To accomplish this, something else is required besides material aims, labour and the propagation of charitable institutions; with the administrative effect of laws and regulations; besides, and above all, it is necessary to submit him to the indelible action of that Christian charity which associates the moral with the material aim, which is kindle with the poor man, and gives him her hand as to an equal and a brother. Balzac has put this topic clearly. He writes:—

"Society, in its present state, cannot last without the aid of religion and moral means." Limited and restricted, as these means are, at the present day, they are not sufficient, and therefore it becomes indispensably necessary to found institutions calculated to exercise on society a real and effectual moral influence. Books alone will not answer this purpose, instruction is but an imperfect means, which may even become fatal, if not grounded on sound ideas of religion. Vague and indefinite notions of religion, without any particular creed or worship, serve only to propagate amongst the mass of the people gross superstitions, and to create amongst the upper classes a religion of poetry and romance; vain remedies, which do not check the evil in its course, but increasing the fever of the patient, precipitate his death.

"Education, instruction and religious training of the people, words which are in the mouths of everybody, prove how foreboding and universally felt is this wound of the social body, and how necessary it is to apply a speedy remedy; this is why so many occupy themselves with the question of charity and benevolent institutions; why so many schools for children, for adults, and other similar institutions, have been tried and ex-

perimented on. But all those efforts will be to no purpose, unless the work be entrusted to, and is animated by, Christian charity. However, let us turn to some account the information we have gained from experience on this subject; and in order the better to succeed, let us improve and utilize its administrative progress; let those institutions be adapted to the requirements and exigencies of our time; let charity never interfere with, or embarrass the free action of power, and let power, on the other hand, oppose no obstacle to the free practice of charity. All this would be very well; there is nothing in it incompatible with that system which restores to the Catholic religion, that influence to which she is entitled; it may be said of her, with all truth, *there is nothing she did not do to gain the hearts of all.*

“Those narrow minds, who never see beyond a limited horizon, the wicked, and ill-disposed who live but on malice and envy, the fanatical partizans of a purely material and sensual civilization, will attach but little importance to the reflections which I have here thrown out. For such men the moral improvement of the individual and of society is nothing; they do not even perceive what is passing under their eyes; history is dumb, experience is of no avail, and the future a blank. Fortunately, there are other men, and a great many, too, who consider their minds to be superior to metal, too great, too sublime to be satisfied with temporary and fleeting pleasures. In the eyes of such men, humanity is not a thing created, and living by chance, a being without a better destiny, and without obligations. If the physical world be subject to the laws of the Creator, the moral, or intellectual world is not less so. Let a belief in another existence, and charity, descended from the very bosom of God, be the means of fertilizing the mind, and purifying and directing the thoughts; you will then plainly see that Matter has no claim to be queen of the world.

“But if you proposed to build upon any other foundation, except that one distinctly marked by God himself, your structure will be like the house built on the sand; at the approach of rain and storm, it is overthrown, and falls to the ground destroying and desolating.”

Such is the grand mission of religious orders in modern society. Surely, Christians, living in the world, might form themselves into societies for the same purpose; and therefore religious communities implore their aid and co-operation for

this laudable object. But there are many duties which, in a special manner, require the co-operation of those exclusively consecrated to fulfill them. Besides, we require a nucleus to serve as a centre for all efforts, a nucleus, which, from its peculiar and intimate nature, will prove a safeguard, and prevent those interruptions and inevitable oscillations amongst so many agents isolated amongst themselves.

Religious orders, in carrying out their mission, invite and receive within their bosom those Christians who feel a vocation for the different states they embrace, and who voluntarily renounce the joys of this world, in order to have a better claim to those of Heaven. In this point of view communities are not only an active instrument of charity, but also a refuge for those who are tired of the world, to suffering souls, to the uneasy and the wavering, to those of a weak and timid conscience, for whom the convent alone affords a refuge, an asylum, a protection against those allurements and weakness, very often fatal, and always dangerous. All of a violent and turbulent disposition have in the salutary rules of the convent a protection against their passions, where, instead of being a nuisance and a trouble to society, they can employ themselves usefully in the service of their fellow citizens, and their country. It is thus that the Church avails herself, for the benefit of mankind, of those elements which, without her patronage, would contribute to the mass of human misery and suffering.

But it is with regard to female convents particularly that religious orders assume the character of real social institutions. A religious life elevates woman in inviting her to the service of society and humanity. It affords an opportunity of profitably employing those talents which otherwise would seldom produce any fruit. It realizes the most ardent aspirations of the soul, self-devotion and sacrifice. How many young females would there not be lost in idleness, and who perhaps would fall into vice, if the gates of the convent were not open to receive them? Celibacy in our society is sometimes an insurmountable necessity. It is permitted by religious life to adopt it with resignation, with joy, and even with legitimate pride. If the nun renounces all family ties and pleasures, can she not console herself with the numerous family of the poor, the abandoned, and the orphan? She has in the hospital, the school, the house of refuge, and the Reformatory, a substitute



for home; it is here she dispenses those treasures of love and charity which God has implanted in her heart; these are her family circle, where she cultivates her talents, and exercises her activity and zeal, which are incessantly strengthened and refreshed at the pure and sparkling fountain of that satisfaction which she derives from having performed her duty. Christianity had already raised woman from the abject state in which she was plunged during the reign of paganism, and completed her regeneration in entrusting her with the duties of consoling the afflicted, of serving the poor, and instructing and educating youth. Thus, woman became one of the principal instruments of the order and well-being of modern society.

It will be said, perhaps, that to do all this, and to accomplish her mission, a woman need not renounce the world, and break those ties which bind her to her natural family. We, by no means, wish to maintain that charity and devotedness are inconsistent with the duties of a daughter, a wife, or a mother. This is proved every day, by many examples under our own eyes. But there are many instances where there are no family ties, and there are vocations that cannot be overcome, and which surmount all human consideration.

Neither can the advantages, and even the necessity of a noviciate, or apprenticeship, be contested, for the exercise of works of charity. We shall see farther on, that it is on this account that in England efforts have been made to imitate the custom of Catholic convents. In a word, it is religious association alone that can give those holy women that strength and fortitude which is necessary to keep them from failing in their various duties, that enables them to surmount their fears, and inspires them with confidence to overcome the disgust which sometimes fills the heart of even the most devoted to this painful and monotonous labour of every day, in presence of the most hideous diseases which demand the greatest and most unremitting care at their hands, whilst having constantly before their eyes the most loathsome and fetid ulcers, which they dress with the greatest solicitude. We have frequently interrogated those devoted women, who thus dedicate themselves to the care of the sick, the incurable, and the insane, and never have we heard them express one word of regret, or betray the slightest symptom of weakness; on the contrary, they all seemed calm, contented, and even happy, in their position which they had voluntarily embraced; but they

all likewise admitted that they derived their sole strength and support from the spirit of religious association and communion to which they belonged. We have known a member of a religious order who, for three years, was the constant companion of a furious maniac, afflicted with a suicidal and homicidal monomania ; he never, for a moment, forsook this brute in human form, but made him the object of his most tender and affectionate care ; when we asked him how he was able to resign himself to, and resist this long and terrible ordeal ; " It is my orders," replied he, simply ; " am I not a Brother of Charity ?" If in the army *l'esprit du corps* is all powerful, and begets, and keeps alive, ambition for glory, stimulating to self-sacrifice and devotedness, can it be doubted that this same spirit will not call forth the devotedness of charity in those religious orders, which have been instituted to fight against enemies not less formidable—misery, sickness, ignorance and vice ?

If we now look upon those orders in another light, in an economical point of view, we must admit that, indirectly at least, they render services not less important.

The natural progress of man—that is, his reproduction—is a source of singular embarrassment to economists. If man follow at the same time his inclination and his duty ; if, limiting in early life his passions within the bounds of marriage, he contracts a holy union, and surrounds himself with numerous children, he is, according to Malthus, the author of incurable misery. There is danger attending man's marrying too young. Legislators are called on to prevent premature marriages. But if, on the one hand, there is danger attending a regular, moral life, which is lamentably productive, we have on the other the inconveniences of an immoral disorder, although unproductive. Political economy admits this two-fold difficulty, but, unable to impose restraints on the human passions, it confines itself to recommendations, frequently ineffectual, then crosses her hands, and shuts her eyes.

The Catholic religion, on the contrary, solves this terrible problem after a manner, at once the most simple, the most rational, and the most humane.

The variety of vocations, regulates beforehand the productive and unproductive part of each generation. When it is admitted that the discipline of the soul is sufficiently powerful over the body for man to renounce marriage, we will perceive also, that there are in the social contest many duties which

cannot be accomplished in the marriage state. Religion, which assigns to celibacy this part so extensive and so beautiful, does not, however, abandon marriage to the chance of its formation, or to the danger of its calculations. It watches over marriage, and encourages it as a remedy against the dangers of unrestrained passions; it imposes it on healthy and well constituted beings, and thereby renders it abundantly productive. It is a general opinion that the blessing of God attends a numerous family, and this opinion is particularly true as regards Catholic countries. There, celibacy, which is respected and honoured by man, is never a source of shame, or humiliation for woman. Large families have ample opportunities of varying their professions and vocations in the careers open to them, both in the married and unmarried state; the increase of the population will be gradual, and the labouring classes will all enjoy ease and security.\*

Religious orders are, if we may so express it, great sluices, through which flows the excess of society to fertilize the land of charity. They also are of great use in opening a career to many possessing intelligence and ability, who, without this resource, would be either an *onus* to society, or would go to add to the superfluity which already exists in all the other professions. The excess of the population over the wants of each profession is one of the evils of our society, to which a religious life has applied a remedy. In launching forth men indiscriminately among the hazards and uncertainty of life, we are violating the laws of nature, which has framed at least as many who require to be guided, as are capable of guiding others. It is so with marriage, in which, as a necessary consequence of our social uniformity, very many plunge themselves who have no vocation for it, and who, not being able to discharge its duties, can enjoy but imperfectly that reward they anticipated, for the responsibilities they assumed. Religious orders are, therefore, calculated to re-establish the equilibrium which is disturbed and oscillating between vocation and employment, in assigning to each his proper place in society, in order more effectually to carry out the object of their institution.

Religious orders are also an obstacle, or rampart, against the encroachments of *legal charity*.

---

\* Ch. Lenormant *Des Associations religieuses dans le Catholicisme* p. 201.

"The geography of legal charity," says M. Naville,\* "shows that this system weighs more heavily in general on Protestant than Catholic countries. In England it has acquired its fullest development. It has taken root in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Livonia, whilst there is scarcely a trace of it to be met with in Spain or Italy.

The states of Germany which have furnished us with the most striking examples of its progressive march, and its lamentable effects, are those where Protestants predominate. It has made almost as much progress in the canton of Berne as in England, whereas, it scarcely exists in the other parts of Switzerland, where the Catholic religion prevails, as in Valais, in Tessin and the cantons of Appenzelle; Rhodes exterior is Protestant, and it is taxed, whilst Rhodes interior which is Catholic is not taxed. Bale, it is true, is an exception, which, however, is not of much importance. It is the same in America as in Germany. Those states of the Union, where legal charity is most developed, are those which contain proportionally most Protestants; in South America, it is not known.

How then is it that this tax has been more generally admitted, and acquired more development in Protestant than in Catholic countries? It is because the reformation is favourable to, and calls for measures which lead to the imposition of this tax, to support legal charity, in the absence of benevolent institutions maintained by voluntary charity. In causing the suppression of convents, it has produced in some countries, pauperism, whose fatal results must have led to the establishment of this system.

When once the spirit of reform is put in motion, it spreads imperceptibly in every direction, and a desire to see the administration of charity turned into its proper channel, may easily lead to the establishment of legal charity. We must also bear in mind those changes which the reformation makes in the prerogatives of the ecclesiastical and civil powers. The latter becomes rich and powerful at the expense of the former; its invading action, or if you wish, its legitimate influence—for we only wish to state the fact, and not to qualify it—may easily assume an appearance of benevolence. It then introduces in it, either for selfish motives, or under the forms of administration, certain changes which, as we have already stated, may be but too favourable to the imposition of this tax."

This testimony, given by a Protestant Minister on the effect of the suppression of convents, cannot be suspected. It is the result of a conscientious, a profound and impartial study, which subverts, in a great measure, the opinion too generally believed in, that the existence of religious orders produces misery and encourages pauperism. Fortunately, after having suppressed religious communities, Protestant states have had the good

---

\* *De la charité légale*, tome, ii., p. 119.

sense to recognize and maintain the principle of the liberty and free exercise of public charity, and its close connexion with religion. Backed by this principle, Catholic religious institutions were speedily re-established in the very heart of Protestant populations, where they act as a counterpoise to the system of legal relief, and which are imitated, as we shall soon see, after a manner to produce the most beneficial and salutary results.

In a remarkable article published lately in the *Correspondant*,\* M. Aug. Cochin, formerly Mayor of the X. *Arrondissement*, and now member of the Municipal Council of Paris, has courageously taken up the cause of religious orders in replying to those criticisms of which they are still occasionally the object.

"Facts, which are your masters, as well as ours," says M. Cochin, "refute you, and justify us. Sickness prostrates thousands of human beings, and death creates legions of orphans; misery has every where in the towns, as well as in the country, her victims; ignorance degrades entire populations; vice defiles the half of the human race, and precipitates them into an abyss of wretchedness from which we must extricate them; or drives them to the convictship, where we must follow them to reform, not the prison, but the prisoner; the two-thirds of the human race are chained in slavery and idolatry. But humanity, thanks to the spirit of Christianity, has risen at last, when our patience was sadly tried, against those dreadful evils of society. It is time that good and virtuous men conspire against vice and misery, before vice and misery rise against them. This is the propitious hour for the heart of man to expand, for all difficulties are now removed, and free communication has been established between mankind inviting us to form other projects, and enter on other speculations besides the exchanging of wines and flocks of sheep.

"Catholics and Christians of every denomination, what armies shall we raise to carry on this mighty war and sustain this contest?

"There are but three means of action, the state, religion and its institutions, and finally the co-operation of society at large. If you ask me which of those three means I would prefer, I would answer the whole three; neither is too much, for neither is sufficient. But who will say that public charity is not entitled to assistance, that the dispenser of charity strictly private, does not follow his own caprices, having to dine out, for instance, to go to the theatre, or that he has any fixed hour or resources? These are common-place truths. How then, in order to spread abroad education and contentment, invent a system of charity which will kindle certain hopes without creating an absolute right to relief? This is a miracle realized by religious charity. How guard against this charity becoming the victim of official routine, or private caprice? This is the wonder of Catholic

---

\* No. du 25 Octobre, 1857.

benevolent bodies. We do not desire to see the poor become our creditors, and this is why we disapprove of the tax ; and we do not wish that they suffer, or beg, and this is why we like the Sisters of Charity. To this I am answered—Sophistry? I speak of religious societies, and I am answered, Works. I am for Works, but I detest religious communities.

“Such are the arguments which the opponents of religious orders use. Here are mine. Sophistry.—You cannot have works without communities, the same as you cannot have flowers without roots ; why then detest them, what have you to reproach them with?

“Let us sum up your grievances.

“*Donations*—but this has a double meaning. The Sister of Charity cannot live without means, and she wishes that all contribute to her support, except the poor ; besides, properly speaking, she lives on charity, but her services are not taxed. What great triumphs have those paid nurses in the East accomplished?

“*Vows*.—I should very much like to know why a woman should not be as free to consecrate herself to God in the service of the poor, as to devote herself to man in the bonds of marriage. Vows, the contracting and the breaking of them are things sacred, appertaining to the conscience ; the law may ignore them, but it can no more break them than make them. We know, however, that the Sister of Charity does not take the vow of perpetuity.

“*Obedience*.—We cannot understand by what authority Catholics are governed ; how could we understand in what their obedience consists, and how pleasant is the yoke and light the load? Practically speaking, it will be admitted that this obedience has so many advantages that it could not be dispensed with. The picture which is often given of this obedience proves that it is but little understood ; without any doubt the slavery, to which it has been compared, both enchains, confines, and destroys the intellect. But look at the Sisters of St. Vincent-de-Paul ; discipline has made angels and heroes of ten thousand women who, in private life, would not, perhaps, have been capable of preparing their husbands' dinners, or making their children's clothes. Is this an obedience which withers the heart and enslaves the mind?

“*Pride*.—It is said the Sisters of Charity look upon themselves as called by a special grace, and that this conviction is a source of pride to them, &c. I should like to compare the humility of the superiress of some Biblical society, patronised by H. M. the Queen of England, with the pride of the proudest Sister of Charity. The pride of sweeping the dormitories, of dressing and caring the scrofulous, and teaching children their alphabet. Oh ! if pride should inspire us to do all this, what a great virtue would not this vice become, and how grateful we should be to it for all the good that it does in being such a friend to the poor.

“*All are not obliged to contribute to public charity*.—For, it is added, instead of acting ourselves, we make others act, and in supporting the Sisters of Charity, we think we are benefiting the poor. This remark is not ill-founded. I have often heard charitable men say ; ‘I have done all in my power for those people, I contribute to the funds of the Christian Brothers, and the Sisters of Charity for

them, and I do not see them getting any better. And as for those Christian Brothers and Sisters of Charity, they are never tired asking for something.' We are astonished that, after a century of bad example, and half a century of absenteeism, a village having but two Sisters of Charity for one or two years, is not reformed!

"We will now hear what a very clever woman says concerning religious orders, whose judgment, from her intimate acquaintance with them, is entitled to respect."

'When, to acquire new strength and courage, and to detach themselves, for a time, from the vanities by which they are surrounded, ladies of rank and fashion join the Sisters of Charity, and follow them with faltering step, through some of their works, which of them does not feel, in this sacred communion, her heart filled with holy joy and peace, which she had never known before, and which the world can never give?—which of them does not feel inspired with a greater love of God which inspires a greater love of the poor and a desire to serve them; and alleviate their sufferings? And how pleasing must be the ties that unite souls of so many, and varied vocations! What happiness, what gaiety in those relations which can never be conceived by those who view things from the outside! We accompany them through those long and dreary halls, not without trembling at the sight of so much suffering; and we feel almost ashamed of the noise made by the rustling of our silk dress in presence of the humble and coarse woollen gown of the Sisters of Mercy. If we make this reflection, they answer us with a smile, and seem to derive more pleasure from our passing visit than from their perpetual sojourn amongst so much misery, and they never seem to think that they could be anything else than what they are, or that we are not what God intended us to be. They know well, and have constantly before their eyes, this precept of the church, that salvation does not consist in any particular vocation, but in the faithful discharge of those duties assigned to us by God. They believe that their lives are such as we have described them, and take no pride in, or give themselves any merit, for faithfully discharging the duties of their position; and when we leave them, happy, and often obliged to breathe the fresh air, and inhale the sweet odour of flowers and perfume, they accompany us to the gate, with a thousand blessings, promising to pray for us, and then return to resume joyfully those duties which seem to them much lighter than ours, and far surpassing all the pleasures of the world.

"*Costume and ceremonies.*—A labouring man being once asked by a functionary why he preferred a Christian Brother to a schoolmaster, replied:—'Because one is a well-dressed gentleman who, assuming to be religious, I know despises me; the Christian Brother wears a gown which is his *blouse*; he is a labourer, like myself, and can never be anything else.' Such is the opinion of the working class concerning costume.

"*Celibacy.*—The author of *Eastern Hospitals*\* has well observed;

---

\* *Un mot de vérité sur la vie religieuse des femmes*, par Madame Craven, née de La Ferronnays; Paris, 1858

'this duty cannot be performed by persons with the ties and responsibilities of a family: you naturally admire a missionary who cheerfully suffers martyrdom when encouraged by his wife who shows him his child; but it very frequently happens that his wife will dissuade him from risking his life by the very act of pointing to his child; and you, who so forcibly recommend others to perform their duties towards the State, and their families—duties recognised, and of daily occurrence—how could you blame him?'

M. Cochin replied to the remarks of a distinguished woman, Madame de Gasparin, who, in her work, *Des corporations monastiques au sein du Protestantisme, par l'auteur du Mariage, au point de vue chrétien*; Paris, 1854, and attacked religious orders, both Catholic and Protestant. In a future paper we shall take a review in our turn of the most serious of those charges which have been brought against convents, and religious charity in general; and we shall see how religious orders, prostrated for a time in France, by the revolutionary tempest, have been re-established by the very heirs of the revolution. We shall avail ourselves of information and documents on this subject, the authority of which cannot be disputed.

We are indebted for this very excellent paper, condensed from the great work placed at its head, to Mr. B. O'Toole, Assistant Secretary to the Dublin Catholic Reformatory Committee.—ED.

---

• "Eastern Hospitals and English Nurses."



## ART. VII.—THE OFFICE OF CORONERS—ITS PRACTICE AND DUTIES.

*Chitty's Blackstone's Commentaries, Vol. I. Edited by Har-  
greave, cap. vii. London: Sweet. 1842.*

It is with a deep feeling of regret at the dearth of reliable information on the subject, that we venture to consider the institution of coroners, the defects of the present working system, and the changes which in our opinion should be made for the purpose of making its operation more perfect and more extensive. The chief danger in considering alterations in the law is in rushing hurriedly to a conclusion when we perceive that certain advantages will follow from a particular change, without weighing carefully, or through haste, or heedlessness, from overlooking the disadvantages, and inconveniences which may ensue. We must see whether what is proposed is practicable, whether it will work with the other joints of the great machinery of the law in which it only forms a part—will it be productive beyond question of considerable advantage, and as far as careful reasoning and inquiry enable us to judge, will it be liable to no countervailing objections. If all these and perhaps many more recommendations are wanting, we should intrench ourselves in that old maxim, so full of wisdom, yet so shamelessly abused and misquoted, “*nolumus mutari.*”

Every reader of newspapers, which we may assert, includes every person who can read, and we might add, were it not for the bull, many who cannot, is acquainted with the principal functions of the Coroner. In most cases of sudden and unexplained deaths we find him holding inquests to ascertain the cause of death. Perhaps the old statute of Edward the First, *de officio coronatoris*, 4 Edwd. I. cap. 2, in its quaint language, will detail this, the principal branch of his duties, most satisfactorily.

“That the Coroner, upon information, shall go to the place when any be slain or suddenly dead or wounded; and shall forthwith command four of the next towns or five or six to appear before him in such a place, and when they are come thither the coroner, upon the oath of them, shall inquire in this manner,

“*Cellebaizit*, if it concerns a man slain, whether they know was slain, whether it were in any house, field,

\* *Un mut de ve paun*, and if any, and who were there.

Craven, née de La F<sup>e</sup>o be inquired who were, and in what

manner culpable, either of the act or of the force, and were present, either men or women, and of what age soever they be, (if they can speak or have any discretion.)”

“And how many soever be found culpable by inquisition in any, the manners aforesaid, they shall be taken and delivered to the sheriff, and shall be committed to gaol, and such as be founden and be not culpable shall be attached until the coming of the justices, and their names shall be written in the Coroners’ Rolls.”

“If it fortune that any man be slain in the fields, or in the woods and is there found, first, it is to be inquired whether he were slain there or not, and if he were brought and laid there they shall do so much as they can to follow their steps that brought the body thither; or of the horse which brought him, or cart, if perchance he was brought upon a horse or cart. It shall be enquired also if the dead person were known or else a stranger, and where he lay the night before.”

“And if there be any who are said to be guilty of the murder the Coroner shall immediately go into their house and shall inquire what goods they have, and what corn they have in the grange. And if they be Freemen he shall inquire how much land they have, and what it is worth yearly; and further what corn they have upon the ground. And when he has thus inquired upon everything he shall cause all the corn and goods to be valued, and the land to be extended in like manner, as if they should be sold incontinently; and thereupon they shall be delivered to the whole township which shall be answerable before the justices for all; and likewise of their freehold, how much it is worth yearly, over and above the service due to the Lords of the Fee; and the land shall remain in the King’s hands until the Lords of the Fee have made fine for it. And immediately upon these things being enquired, the bodies of such persons, being dead and slain, shall be buried.”

“In like manner it is to be inquired of them that be drowned or suddenly dead; and after it is to be seen of such bodies, whether they be so drowned, or slain, or strangled, by the sign of the cord tied straight about their necks, or about any of their members, or upon any other hurt found upon their bodies; whereupon they shall proceed in the form aforesaid; and if they were not slain, then ought the Coroners to attach the finders, and all others in company.”

“And also all wounda ought to be viewed, the length,

breadth, and deepness, and with what weapons, and in what part of the body the wound or hurt is, and how many be culpable, and how many wounds there be, and who gave the wounds; all which things must be enrolled in the roll of the Coroners."

"Concerning horses, boats, carts, &c., whereby any are slain, that properly are called deodands, shall be valued and delivered unto the towns as before is said."\*

"If any be suspected of the death of any man being in danger of life, he shall be taken and imprisoned as before is said."

In addition, Coroners are a species of Deputy Sheriff, or rather to adopt a French legal phrase, are "adjoin" to the Sheriff in certain cases. If it is suggested that a Sheriff is in any way interested, juries may be summoned by the Coroner for a county or borough, and the different writs of execution, both against the body and goods of debtors, may be placed in the Coroner's hands. This, however, is a jurisdiction which Coroners are not we believe frequently called on to execute; at the same time we consider it useful that such a check should be placed on sheriffs, and do not see any reason for taking such powers from coroners, and placing them in other hands.

In offering suggestions on this subject, as already stated, we feel the difficulty, nay, more, the impossibility of dealing fully with it in the absence of authentic information. There have been a few returns made to the House of Commons, of the number of inquests held, of the sums allowed for mileage, and of fees disallowed, when the magistrates took it upon themselves to pronounce verdicts to have been unnecessarily held; but the only possible information which could be of any use, framed as these returns were, was not called for, namely, the circumstances of those cases where the magistrates so unwarrantably interfered. We were wrong in saying, however, that there was no report, there was a report from a Committee who took, or at least printed no evidence, and who recommended that as the session was closing, a new Committee should be appointed at the meeting of Parliament to consider the subject. There was also a report, made by a Committee as to the wording of the Act, which left it a matter not quite free from doubt, as to whether magistrates had jurisdiction to inquire into the propriety or necessity of holding inquests, for the purpose of

---

\* The provisions relative to the seizure of the goods and lands of persons found guilty, and also concerning deodands are repealed.

striking off fees claimed by Coroners. After the most careful search we can find nothing more on the subject in Parliamentary papers.

This matter has been recently the subject of discussion by the Law Amendment Society at one of its late meetings, and in the paper which was read, are contained many useful suggestions, although as to several, we entertain grave doubts as to their being either advisable or practicable.

We allude to a paper on this subject read by Mr. Whitty before the Law Amendment Society, and after finding that gentleman fall into some mistakes and propose an extension of powers which we look upon as unnecessary and impracticable, we deem it necessary to be very cautious, to avoid falling into similar errors. We do not expect that legislation of any kind will be attempted on the subject until it has received the consideration of a select committee who will take evidence as to the working of the present system, and hear and publish everything that may be offered on the subject by persons competent from their experience to give evidence, and therefore it is that we trust for a mild criticism on what would under other circumstances be an exceedingly meagre discussion of the subject.

Before proceeding to consider the suggestions we have to offer for the purpose of rendering this office more useful and effective, it will be necessary to say a few words in defence of the institution—for there are many who insist that at the present day the Coroner is an useless relic of the middle ages, and that for all the purposes of repressing crime, and inquiring into guilt, the same object would be more effectually and satisfactorily effected by our police and stipendiary magistrates.

Now if the only purpose of a Coroner was to bring to conviction an accused person we might be quite satisfied to dispense with him altogether; but the Coroner's chief duty being to inquire into deaths which in the majority of cases involve no criminal charge, we do not think it would be satisfactory either to the public or to the family and friends of a deceased person, if a private inquiry were held by a government official, and that official so connected with the criminal procedure of the country as to cast a stain upon character by his very presence. The institution is a sound one, one truly English, bringing in the people as represented by a jury to stand between a man

and even the imputation of a crime. There can be no sufficient (if any) reason given for abolishing the institution and entrusting its duties to the police of the country, and until we have some arguments in favor of such a course we shall not consider it necessary to go at any length into the question.

The changes which would seem desirable are that in large towns the duties of the office should be discharged by barristers of a certain standing; that in these places a respectable fixed salary, such as would compensate a competent person for devoting his entire time to the duties, should be attached to the office, with some small amount for fees in every case of an inquest held, to give a direct incentive to the active interference of this functionary; that a power should be given to Coroners' Juries to assess small sums not exceeding £100, by way of damages to the next of kin of any person whose decease has been caused by negligence not excusable in point of law in a civil court; and last and most important of all, that some provision in the shape of a registration of deaths, should be made for affording an assurance that an inquiry has been held in every case which demanded it, and to afford that necessary information to Coroners which, as we shall hereafter show, is not and could not under the present system, be provided for. These are the main amendments we would suggest, but at the same time there are several minor details by which we think the effective procedure of the Coroners' court might be altered, as by demanding, in cases of suspicion, something in the nature of a *proces verbal*, and by appointing by statutory provisions certain evidence to be laid before the Coroner to excuse him from holding an inquest, when it may fairly be supposed that death has resulted from natural causes, and that there can be no suggestion of criminality.

With respect to an increased rate of remuneration to Coroners our proposal is, that a slight addition should be made to their salary in counties, so as to induce the most respectable medical men of the county to compete for the office, (and in writing thus we must not be accused of sneering at County Coroners as a class). But although, from the great over supplies of the professions in these countries, medical men may often accept situations with salaries shamefully inadequate, yet we do not think it either prudent or truly economical to offer the lowest price for which such an article is to be procured, although we may chance to get something worth more than

the money. It would be most desirable that these Coroners' Inquests should be conducted by legal men. Even in the days of Shakespeare, and from thence down to the present day, "Crown's quest" law has been a subject of ridicule. Medical knowledge is unquestionably of paramount importance in such cases, but it can be supplied through the length and breadth of the land by properly qualified medical men residing in every inhabited locality. A knowledge of the laws of evidence, and a sharpness in seizing upon important facts, and elucidating apparently trifling matters, is the next most important quality of a Coroner, and cannot be so readily supplied, as practising barristers are only found in large cities. Under these circumstances we think these appointments should be filled by barristers, but in taking this course we must be practical, and having a regard to the immensely increased expense which such appointments would create and what a furor it would excite, and justly excite, amongst indignant country gentlemen and payers of county taxes, we could not recommend that course to be taken in counties.

Perhaps we should explain how it is that the appointment of barristers in counties would increase so very much the expenses of the office. The Coroner must be a resident in his jurisdiction—there is no demand for the professional services of barristers in county districts, and therefore the appointment of barristers as Coroners in such places would involve the payment of very considerable salaries, as they should relinquish every chance of adding to their income. Medical men, however, are differently circumstanced. Wherever there are enough of inhabitants within a certain circuit, there medical men will be found, as their almost immediate aid is frequently required, and the additional duties of a Coroner in a county could be discharged by a medical man without its interfering with his fair prospects of private practice. For this reason we think a distinction should be taken between Coroners as a body and the Coroners of large cities. With regard then to the class from whose ranks Coroners are at present generally taken, we would not further interfere, except to provide that in cases of difficulty and importance, these officers should have the power of procuring the attendance of a properly qualified barrister to sit with them as an assessor, and to assist in conducting the inquiry, and that he should be at liberty to pay a reasonable fee for such assistance, and charge it amongst the other expenses incidental to his office. With regard to large cities, however, the same objections

do not present themselves. In most of these, in fact in all, in which we should recommend the appointment of barristers as Coroners, there are some gentlemen of that profession fully qualified to discharge the duties permanently residing, and in effect it would not make much difference, as the great demands upon his time in such cities would render it almost impossible to transact any other business. The salary of the Coroner, whether he be a legal or medical man, should be such as to remunerate an educated man for devoting the whole or a great part of his time (as he should) to duly discharge his official functions. This suggestion about barristers, even to the limited extent proposed, will raise a cry, and the question will be re-echoed,—are barristers the only men competent?—are they so gifted, by virtue of their horse-hair wigs, with quickness and sagacity, that none can compete with them in these qualities? Our answer is that, *cæteris paribus*, which we should always assume, there is in the training and practice of a lawyer, a necessary developement of these qualities which render a barrister more likely to be gifted with them.

Although we think that there is just at present an over anxiety on the part of the public to entrust to inferior tribunals the administration of the law, yet we think that in some cases, a limited jurisdiction may, with beneficial effects, be entrusted to them. We therefore have no hesitation in saying, the power of awarding damages in a sum not exceeding £100, might with propriety be given to Coroners' Courts. It frequently happens, when the parties are in an humble rank of life, that they might have legal rights to damages, without possessing the funds necessary to enable them to assert those rights; and further, it is to be borne in mind, that even in the clearest cases, the results of any litigation, would be to swallow up the entire means of the litigants, and leave the injured parties with almost nothing more substantial than the mere verdict. We would not press for so large a jurisdiction as even £100; but that some such power should be given to Coroners' Juries. This result is, at present, sometimes attained in an indirect manner, as we are informed, by the Coroners suggesting such an arrangement; but if it is desirable that some compensation should be made to poor people, who may have lost their only medium of obtaining support, surely no person could contend that the matter should be left as it is, without power to the Coroner either to compel such an arrangement to be made, or to en-

force its execution if entered into. Let us take an instance of unhappily too frequent occurrence, that from some neglect on the part of a small builder or carpenter, insufficient planking or scaffolding is provided for a man to work on, and that in consequence, a labourer or a tradesman meets his death, or that through careless driving mortal injuries are inflicted, under circumstances which make some humble cab-proprietor or shop-keeper, the proprietor of the vehicle, legally responsible. Nothing can be more cruel or unjust, than to leave the family of the deceased, without the means of obtaining some compensation for the loss they have sustained from the person through whose default death has been occasioned. We never meet such a case coming into court, because the injured persons have not the means of advancing money to their attorney, and even if a speculative professional man could be found to undertake the case, after running the risk of litigation, the defendant would hardly be able to pay the costs, much less the damages which might be awarded against him. It may be said, that we propose entrusting to a tribunal, ignorant of the law, the administration of the law; but the general principles which regulate, and apply to such cases, might be mastered by a non-professional man, so far as to enable him to administer substantial justice. The discharge of a Coroner's duties at present, involves a considerable acquaintance with law, to enable him to tell juries the differences between murder, manslaughter, excusable homicide, and accidental death, and we would give a power of appeal to the next going judge of assize, if either of the parties quarrelled with the decision of the Coroners' court. In addition, we might observe that the attendance on the part of the parties interested, of some of the solicitors who practise at quarter sessions, many of whom are men of considerable legal information, would both afford assistance to the coroner, in discharging his duty correctly, and furnish a check to any error or misconduct into which he might fall.

The introduction of a registration bill for births, deaths, and marriages, in this country, as in England and Scotland, has long been felt as a great want, and such a measure for Ireland is now under the consideration of the legislature. But neither the Acts which have already passed, nor that now before the House of Commons, provide the necessary information for our purposes. Neither do they contemplate the difficulty of which we complain—that an opportunity of in-



investigating every case, properly the subject of inquiry, is not furnished. The highest duty of a state is to preserve life, and for this purpose, to be active in discovering guilt, and punishing the offender. To such a paramount necessity, ordinary considerations of convenience must yield, and if out of a hundred cases, in which troublesome, and to the parties concerned, vexatious inquiries had been held, but one case of guilt should be disclosed, a sound policy would dictate the propriety of so investigating every case.

It does happen, we believe, that in the greater number of cases of guilt, that suspicion is sooner or later excited; but we can easily conceive that, from time to time, persons may be unfairly made away with, without suspicion being raised, or inquiry held. A case occurred within our own knowledge, recently in this city, in which, if there were a motive to crime the death of a domestic servant might be considered suspicious; and yet the Coroner never heard of the death at all. As we cannot, however, vouch for the truth of the statement, as we heard it, we will not give the details. Without, however, putting supposititious cases, in which deaths requiring investigation might be passed over and escape the Coroner's notice, we can refer to facts. In Palmer's case, both as regards the man of whose murder he was found guilty, as well as others, who, when suspicion was aroused, were as it was supposed, drugged by him, we have abundant evidence of the occurrence of deaths which, if they were not murders, at least demanded investigation, and yet escaped the Coroner's notice.\* Can anything be more disgraceful to our criminal system, than to find that Palmer's brother had his life insured for a large amount, that the Insurance Office refused to pay it, that Palmer allowed the matter to lie there, and that nothing more was done, and no further inquiry made? Now on which grounds did the Insurance Office refuse to pay? There are but two suppositions, either that the policy was void, on account of untrue statements having been made in the proposal for the policy, or that Walter Palmer was murdered by the man who was preferring the claim against the Company. With such a fact as this staring us, will any person be rash enough to say—"oh, there is really no practical use in making any more work about Coroners, or sudden deaths—we can get on very well as we are. I am not going to murder my wife, or my mother, or any of

\* Any inquiry held was after a considerable lapse of time, and not directly originated by the Coroner.

my family, and I am sure my neighbour Timmins, has no notion of the kind; neither has Brown, nor Jones, nor Robinson — we really have quite enough of fuss made about criminals, and gone to quite enough of expense in the way of Coroners, and judges, and lawyers, and constables, and all those kind of people.”

To meet every case; (at least as far as human foresight can provide) we would suggest that the head of the household, or the senior member of the family, the landlord, and all persons residing in the house or some one of them, when there has been a sudden death, should on pain of fine or imprisonment, communicate to the coroner, within twenty-four hours after death, intelligence of the fact. This should be done by filling up a printed form, which should be so framed as to extract all necessary information. It may be said that this would be a great hardship inflicted unnecessarily on the community, but frequent as are sudden deaths, they bear but a very small proportion to the number of families in that community, and a little trouble should be cheerfully borne in such a case. As members of a great society, we have to pay dearly enough in one shape or another, for the luxury of living in this civilized society, and an occasional tax of this kind on time, either for the general protection or convenience, ought not to cause much grumbling. It might be that the very person on whom primarily devolved the duty of making this communication, would have such an interest in completing it, that he would disregard the fine or imprisonment to which he made himself liable, and we may be told that it is unjust to visit with punishment, servants, or the landlord, or other persons living in the house, in which there has been a sudden death, when those persons may have taken it for granted that the proper person has made such a communication. This, however, would be a matter for the consideration of the magistrate, before whom these parties might be summoned, in estimating the punishment which in a case of excusable neglect, might be 6d. fine or a day's imprisonment. We do not think it desirable that such a provision should be introduced into the bill now before the house; it is one to be cautiously and carefully considered and framed, and we should prefer that this, with other legislation on the subject which may be suggested, should be the matter of inquiry by a committee of the House of Commons, and legislated for fully and not piecemeal. In the English and Scotch Acts, and in the Irish bill, the provision with regard to deaths, is that within eight days some one of

several persons designated, and on whom the duty is cast, should give the information to the Registrar General, but as we have already remarked, this provision is completely *alio intuitu*, and we deem the amendment, required in our coroners' law, of too much importance to desire to see one of several necessary changes dove-tailed into a bill framed and intended for other purposes.

With regard to a memorandum, in the nature of a *proces verbal*, we should insist on the preparation of such a document, in every case in which there was not positive medical evidence immediately laid before the Coroner, to excuse him from this duty. We are aware that this would be a troublesome task, but if men are fairly remunerated for their services, they will always be found ready to undertake what in most cases will turn out to be an useless task. Society will be repaid for the cost of preparing an hundred of these documents, by one case of guilt being brought to light or a clue being given to trace an assassin. We think that all the formalities and precautions required in such cases by the French Code, should be observed by Coroners in preparing this process, if we may apply this term to it. The duties of the French official are pointed out by the Code Napoleon, under the title "*Code D'Instruction Criminelle—De la Police Judiciaire—Livre I., Art. 32, Dans tous les cas de flagrant delit lorsque le fait sera de nature a entrainer une peine afflictive ou infamante le procureur du roi se transporter* sur le lieu sans aucun retard y pour dresser les *proces verbaux* necessaires a l'effet de constater le corps du delit son etat l'etat des lieux et pour recevoir les declarations des personnes qui auraient ete presentes ou qui auraient des renseignements a donner 33 Le procureur du roi pourra aussi dans le cas de l'article precedent appeler a son *proces verbal* les parents voisins ou domestiques presumés en etat de des eclairecissements sur le fait; il recevra leurs declarations qu'ils signeront; les declarations recues en consequence du present article et de l'article precedent seront signees par les parties ou en cas de refus il en sera fait mention Art. 34. Il pourra defendre que qui quece soit sorte de la maison ou s'eloigne du lieu jus qu' apres la cloture de son *proces-verbal*. Tout contrevenant a cette defense sera sil peut etre saisi deposé dans la maison d'arret; la peine encourue pour la contravention sera prononcee par le juge d'instruction sur les conclusions du procureur du roi apres que le contrevenant aura ete cité et entendu

ou pardefant s'il ne comparait passans autre formalité ni delai et sans opposition ni appel. La peine ne pourra excéder dix jours d'emprisonnement et cent francs d'amende Art. 35, Le procureur du roi se saisira des armes et de tout ce qui paraîtra avoir servi ou avoir été destiné à commettre le crime ou le delit ainsi que tout ce qui paraîtra en avoir été le produits enfin de tout ce qui pourra servir à la manifestation de la vérité il interpellera le prevenu de s'expliquer sur les choses saisies que lui seront représentées ; il dressera du tout un proces verbal qui sera signé par le prevenu ou mention sera fait de son refus Art. 36 Si la nature du crime ou du delit est telle que la preuve puisse vraisemblablement être acquise par les papiers ou autres pieces et effets en la possession du prevenu le procureur du roi se transportera de suite dans le domicile du prevenu pour y faire la perquisition des objets qu'il jugera utile à la manifestation de la vérité Art. 37, S'il existe dans le domicile du provenu des papiers ou effets qui puissent servir à conviction ou à décharge le procureur du roi en dressera proces-verbal et se saisira desdits effets ou papiers Art. 38, Les objets saisis seront clos et cachetés si faire se peut ; s'ils ne sont pas susceptibles de recevoir des caracteres d'écriture ils seront mis dans un vase ou dans un sac sur lequel le procureur du roi attachera une bande de papier qu'il scellera de son sceau Art. 39, Les operations prescrites par les articles precedens seront faites en presence du prevenu s'il a été arrêté ; et s'il ne veut ou ne peut y assister en presence d'un fondé de pouvoir qu'il pourra nommer. Les objets lui seront présentés à l'effet de les reconnaître et de les parapher s'il y a lieu ; et au cas de refus il en sera fait mention au proces-verbal—Art. 44, S'il s'agit d'une mort dont la cause soit inconnue et suspecte le procureur du roi se fera assister d'un ou deux officiers de santé qui feront leur rapport sur les cause de la mort et sur l'état du cadavre. Les personnes appelées dans les cas du present article et de l'article precedent prêteront devant le procureur du roi le serment de faire leur rapport et de donner leur avis en leur honneur et conscience."

Taking these directions as the basis for the guidance of Coroners, and altering them in certain respects to make them applicable to the cases with which Coroners would have to deal, we think a sound and most useful system of inquiry might be framed. Of course we should not insist on the preparation of such a process in every case in which the intervention of the

Coroner would be required—it should, only be in suspicious cases that this particular and searching inquiry would be called for. In every case of sudden death, we would have the Coroner to examine the medical men who had been attending the deceased person. The worthlessness of certificates is shown by Palmer's case, in which it will be remembered, an old man was induced by Palmer to certify that Cook's death was caused by an apoplectic fit, although the doctor was in reality quite unable to come to that or any other conclusion on the subject. If no medical man had been in attendance on the deceased, a post mortem examination should be made by a medical man appointed for that purpose by the Coroner, and upon his testimony, that death had certainly ensued from natural causes, the *procès verbal* might be dispensed with.

There is another subject into which we think it would be desirable to give Coroners authority to inquire, namely, cases in which fires have occurred in houses in which persons have been residing. Very frequently, perhaps more frequently than is generally supposed, such fires have been designed, either for the purpose of obtaining the amount of an insurance, which has been effected to cover loss in case of such a fatality, or to obtain from the county, compensation, as for a malicious burning. It would be desirable, also, that if such a fire has been caused through the act of a malicious incendiary, that the earliest and most searching inquiry should be instituted to trace the offence to the guilty party. Under the present grand jury system, in case the owner of a house or premises which has been burned, should seek compensation as for a malicious burning, he has within six days to serve certain notices, and the matter comes to be enquired into, after the lapse of a considerable period, by the grand jury. A much more satisfactory investigation might be held in the course of a day or two after the conflagration, while all the attending circumstances were fresh in the minds of the witnesses, and small pieces of evidence would be forthcoming, the value of which it would be impossible to estimate. In every case of that kind, if there has not been a loss of life, life has been more or less in danger, and thus such an event would come properly within the jurisdiction of an officer, whose principal function is to assist in the preservation of life, and in the administration of the law, which is intended to protect life. It will hardly be disputed that a timely enquiry of this description would be

useful, and finding as we do an officer competent for the task, we have no difficulty in recommending that such a jurisdiction should be entrusted to him, and that he should be required to exercise it.

It would be useless as well as tedious to go through the different acts, providing for the payment of Coroners in this country and England. In England the wording of the original act which provides for Coroners' fees, is that there shall be allowed 20s. for every inquest "duly taken" by the Coroner, and it has been held in a case of *Rex v. Justices of Kent*, 11 East, 329, that the justices have authority to decide not alone as to whether the inquest was properly and formally held, but also whether it was a case in which the Coroner should have held an inquest. This is the subject of much just complaint, because frequently country gentlemen are seized with a penny-wise mania in administering the county funds, and they have thus both the power and temptation, being judges as well as paymasters in their own case, to cut down improperly the reasonable charges of their Coroners. In this country, under 9th and 10th Vic. cap. 37, it is mandatory on the grand jury to allow at the rate of 80s. for each inquest, provided that in counties the presentment does not exceed £50 for the half year, and in counties of cities and towns the sum of £85 for the same period. As we have said, the coroner should have a decent fixed salary, say £100 in counties, to be paid out of the consolidated fund, and also a small fee of about 10s. for each inquest held by him. The office is really an important one, and is not worked as it ought to be.

While on this subject it would not be out of place to state what recently occurred in one of the principal counties in Ireland, (we prefer not giving the name, but can vouch for the facts.) The grand jury, we suppose acting on the cheese-paring system, passed a resolution to the effect, that the constabulary before calling on the Coroner to hold an inquest should communicate with the magistrate of the district, and have his sanction in writing for doing so. The county inspector as soon as he received this notice, before acting on it very properly sent it to the head of his department, who in his turn submitted it to the law advisers of the crown. These gentlemen of course advised that this order was in violation of the Act of Parliament, which directed information to be given to Coroners by the constabulary, and called the attention of the magistrates to certain sections of the

Act, which provided for the punishment of Coroners who acted improperly, or made improper charges for fees. Now we do not mean to say but that these gentlemen acted from the best motives, but certain it is that they did not feel the importance of a full inquiry being held in every case of sudden or suspicious death, or of having that formal evidence, which the inquest alone could afford, that there were no grounds for suspicion when there has been a sudden or unexpected death.

There are many suggestions which occur to us, but admitting of controversy as they do, and unable as we are to come to a satisfactory judgment on them, we think it would only weaken the effect of these observations if we brought forward propositions, and suggested modes of action, perhaps impracticable, perhaps more open to objections than deserving of credit. The more we reflect upon it the more we are convinced that this subject is deserving of deep consideration, and with the feeble lights that we at present possess, with the scanty information which is available, we could not go further than press for the appointment of a select committee to enquire into and report on the present working of the Coroners' courts, and the different suggestions which might be offered by men of information and experience. We cannot expect to do more at present than to bring it under public notice, and to provoke comment and discussion, and for the brevity (it may fairly be called the meagreness) of this paper, we trust that a consideration of the imperfect materials at our command will form some excuse.

## ART. VIII.—THE HUMAN POLL AND THE BARBER'S.

*La Pignonotomie, ou L'art D'apprendre à se Raser Soi-Même, avec la manière de connoître toutes sortes de Pierres propres à affiler tous les outils qu'instruments ; et les moyens de préparer les cuirs pour repasser les Resoirs, la manière d'en faire de très-bons ; suivi d'une Observation importante sur la Saignée.* Par J. J. Perret, Maître et Marchand Coutelier, Ancien Jéré-Garde. A Paris, Chez Dufour, Libraire, Rue de la Vieille-Draperie, vis-à-vis L'Eglise Sainte Croix, au Bon Pasteur ; MDCCLXIX.

In the last number of this Review, under the head *A Corsair Expression*, we wrote of those intensely capillary attractions, at least to young ladies, who, as Byron says in *Beppo*, "Smell of bread and butter;" and we threatened the reader with a paper on Wigs and such like things, and we now, to fulfil our threat, produce our paper as named above—"The Human Poll and the Barber's."

The beautiful features and personal attractions of the fair sex, are especially set off to advantage, by that ornament to the person—a fine head of hair; whether the auburn tresses fall in many a graceful fold; the rich and glossy curls are bound with roses, or

"The long dark hair,  
Floats upon the forehead in loose waves  
Unbraided."

The pillar of the Ionic order, in the composition of which, both elegance and ingenuity are displayed, is said to have been constructed upon the model of a beautiful woman with flowing soft hair:

"Her ringlets unconfined,  
About her neck and breast luxuriant play."

This architectural pillar presents a marked contrast to the Doric, which is formed after the model of a strong robust man.

There is not a voluptuous or luxurious scene in poetry or romance, into which a description of the heroine's hair is not introduced.

"Richer treasures than her hair  
Never yet did forehead bear;



On her ivory shoulders lying  
Every curl—for lustre trying,  
With the yellow light that breaketh  
When the fresh-eyed morning waketh.

Without this elegant ornament crowning the stature with grace, even the goddess of Beauty, though possessed of the brightest eyes, and the most fascinating charms, would appear hideous and deformed. When Homer mentions the celebrated fair who set all Asia in arms, he invariably call her the “beautiful-haired Helen.” Apuleius maintains, that if Venus were bald, though circled by the graces and the loves, she would not please even swarthy Vulcan. Petronius, in his picture of Circe, describes her tresses, falling negligently over her shoulders, which they entirely covered. Apuleius praises her trailing locks, thick and long, and insensibly curling, disposed over her divine neck, softly undulating with carelessness—

“Whose golden hair  
Around her sunny face in clusters hung.”

Ovid notices those beauties who plaited their braided hair like spiral shells.

Amasia is described with hair distilling the perfumes of myrrh and roses; and that of Venus, as diffusing around the divine odors of ambrosia—

Coleridge speaks of

“Mirth of the loosely flowing hair.”

Though the bards of Hellas may boast of a “Hypsipyle,” that gorgeous beauty whose hair fell flowingly to her feet;—yet would she bear but poor comparison with the beauties of our own favored land, who are universally eulogised for the luxuriant and silky glossiness of their hair; and the praise-worthy attention they pay to the duties of the toilet.

In no country in the world is more attention paid to the hair than in Great Britain; and unlike other nations there is no set fashion or uniformity of practice in wearing it, every female exercising her own good taste, and taxing her ingenuity in displaying her beautiful hair to the best advantage according to the contour of the face. This variety is pleasing, and one is delighted in a mixed fashionable assemblage to glance from head dress to head dress, witnessing here the hair flowing freely in ringlets, waving unconfined over neck and shoulders; there crisp set curls, framing the temples and blooming cheeks;—aun braids and plain Madonna bands set off with a

simple flower or wreath.\* Another has elaborately woven and twined masses adorning the back of the head interlaced with ribbon or pearls:—each eye forming its own beauty.

The natural hair, observes a modern writer, after its long term of imprisonment, seemed for a moment to have run wild. The portraits of the beginning of the century, and even down to the time of Lawrence's supremacy, show the hair falling thick upon the brow, and flowing, especially in the young, over the shoulders. Who can ever forget, that has once seen it, the portrait of young Lindley in the Dulwich gallery by Sir Thomas; that noble and sad looking brow, so softly shaded with luxuriant curls? At the present moment almost every lady one meets has her hair arranged in "bands," nothing but bands,—the most severe and trying of all coiffures, and one only adapted to the most classic style of beauty. For the face, with a downright good-natured pug nose, or with one that is only pleasantly *retroussé*, to adopt it is quite as absurd as for an architect to surmount an irregular Elizabethan building with a Doric frieze. Every physiognomy requires its peculiar arrangement of hair, and we only wonder that this great truth has ever been lost sight of. There is a kind of hair full of graceful waves, which, in Ireland, is called good-natured hair. There is something quite charming in its rippling line across the forehead. Art has attempted to imitate it, but the eye immediately detects the imposture—it no more resembles the real thing, than the set smile of the opera-dancer does the genuine play of the features from some pleasurable emotion of the mind. This buckled hair is, in short, the same as that denounced by the early churchmen under the name of the *malice of the D—l*, a term which it well deserves. There is another kind of hair which is inclined to hang in slender thread-like locks, just on the sides of the face, allowing the light and shade to fall upon the white skin beneath with delightful effect. Painters particularly affect this picturesque falling of the hair, and it is wonderful how it softens the face, and gives archness to the eyes, which peep out, as it were, between their own trellis work or *jalousies*. We owe to a love of the soft glossy ringlets which dally and toy with the light on their airy curves, and dance with every emotion of the body. There is something exceedingly feminine and gentle in them, we think, which makes them more fitted for general adoption than any other style. But most of all to be admired for a noble generous

countenance, is that compromise between the severe looking "band" and the flowing ringlet, in which the hair, in twisting coils of flossy silk, is allowed to fall from the forehead in a delicate sweep round that part of the cheek where it melts into the neck, and is then gathered up into a single shell-like convolution behind; the Greeks were particularly fond of this arrangement in their sculpture, because it repeated the facial outline, and displayed the head to perfection. Some naturally pretty women, following the lead of the strong-minded high-templed sisterhood, are in the habit of sweeping their hair at a very ugly angle off the brow so as to show a tower of forehead, and, as they suppose, produce an overawing impression. This is a sad mistake, Corinna, supreme in taste as in genius and beauty, knows better. The ancients were never guilty of thinking a vast display of forehead beautiful in woman, or that it was in fact, at all imposing in appearance. They invariably set the hair on low, and would have stared with horror at the atrocious practice of shaving it at the parting, adopted by some people to give height to the brow. We do not mean to lay down any absolute rule; however, even in this particular, the individuality which exists in every person's hair, as much as in their faces, should be allowed to assert itself, and the dead level of bands should never be permitted to extinguish the natural difference between the tresses of brown Dolores—"blue-black, lustrous, thick as horsehair," and the Greek Islanders' hair like sea-moss that Alciphron speaks of. Least of all is such an abomination as "fixature" allowable for one moment. He must have been a bold bad man indeed, who first circulated the means of solidifying the soft and yielding hair of woman.

Hair, most unquestionably, constitutes the proudest ornament of female beauty; and clustering locks, compared, both by the ancients and oriental poets, to the growth of grapes, has even been considered a *desideratum* at the female toilet; artificial means to curl the hair having been resorted to from time immemorial, even by man.

We find Virgil speaking contemptuously of Aeneas for the care he took of his locks:

Vibrato calido ferro myrrhaque madentes.

The Romans called a man who thus frizzled himself *cothimistratus*.

Crisp and curled ringlets were ever admired, and Petrarch thus describes them—

Aura che quelle chiome blonde a crespe  
Oreonda, e mora, e se ne abbea de loro  
Soave mente, e spargi quel dolce oro  
E poi raccogli, e 'n bel nodi l'incroscpe.

The royal family of France had it as a particular mark and privilege of the kings and princes of the blood to wear long hair, artfully dressed and curled. Long hair for men went out of fashion during the Protectorate of Cromwell, and hence the term "Roundheads." It again became unfashionable in 1705; and very short hair was the mode in 1801.

St. Paul (1 Corinthians, chap. xi. ver. 14-15) writes—  
"Dost not even nature itself teach you, that if a man have long hair, it is a shame unto him? But if a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her; for her hair is given her for a covering."

"No reason," observes the Rev. Albert Barnes, when commenting on this passage, "can be given, in the nature of things, why the woman should wear long hair and the man not; but the custom prevails extensively everywhere, and nature in all nations, has prompted to the same course. 'Use is second nature;' but the usage in this case is not arbitrary, but is founded on an anterior universal sense of what is proper and right; a few and only a few regarded it as comely for a man to wear his hair long. Aristotle tells us, indeed, that among the Lacedemonians, freemen wore their hair long. In the time of Homer also, the Greeks were called by him, long-haired Greeks; and some of the Asiatic nations adopted the same custom. But the general habit among men has been different. Among the Hebrews, it was regarded as disgraceful to a man to wear his hair long, except he had a vow as a Nazarite (Numbers chap. vi., v. 1 to 5; Judges chap. xiii., v. 5; chap. xvi., v. 17; 1 Samuel chap. i., 11 v.)

Occasionally, for affectation or singularity, the hair was suffered to grow as was the case with Absalom, (2 Samuel chap. xiv., v. 26 v.) but the traditional law of the Jews on the subject was strict. The same rule existed among the Greeks; and it was regarded as disgraceful to wear long hair in the time of *Ælian*. (*Hist. lib. ix., chap. 14. Eustath on Hom., II. v.*) It is doing that which almost universal custom has said, appropriately, belongs to the female sex. *Irbý* and *Mangles*, writing of Syria, state, "that about the country

of the Dead Sea, some of the men wear long hair of a tawny color plaited in small plaits, very much in the Nubian manner, but without grease. The woman had a singular way of plaiting their braided hair across the forehead, which had the air of a formal wig." To women, long hair is, however, an ornament and adorning. The same instinctive promptings of nature which make it proper for a man to wear short hair, make it proper that the woman should suffer her's to grow long. It is given to her as a sort of natural covering, and to indicate the propriety of her wearing a veil. It answered the purposes of a veil when it was suffered to grow long, and to spread over the shoulders and over parts of the face, before the arts of dress were invented or needed. There may also be an allusion here to the fact that the hair of woman actually grows longer than that of man. The value which eastern females put on their long hair may be learned from the fact, that when Ptolemy Euergetes, King of Egypt, was about to march against Seleucus Callinicus, his queen Berenice vowed, as the most precious sacrifice which she could make, to cut off and consecrate her hair if he returned in safety.

Milton, in his "Paradise Lost"—book iv., in his description of our first parents, makes this marked distinction :

"Hyacinthine locks,  
Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad;  
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist,  
Her unadorn'd golden tresses wore  
Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd,  
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied  
Subjection; but requir'd with gentle sway."

Outside of Rome, long hair was generally prevalent among freemen. The slaves were invariably cropped, and Cæsar relates that he always ordered the populations of the provinces he had conquered, to shave off their hair as a sign of their subjection. In the decline of the Empire, when any of these provinces revolted, the insurgent captains directed the masses to wear their hair long *again* as a signal of recovered freedom. Thus the hair-crops of whole countries were alternately mown and allowed to grow like so many fields at the command of the husbandman—the most important of facts, political, being indicated (we despise the vile imputation of a pun) by the state of the poll. Long hair during the dark ages, was very much respected; and at the beginning of the French monarchy the people chose their kings by the length of their locks. In our own island it was equally esteemed; and so far from its being

considered a mark of effeminacy, to carefully tend it, we are told that the Danish officers who were quartered upon the English in the reign of Ethelred, the Unready, won the hearts of the ladies by the length and beauty of their hair, which they combed *at least once a day*!

The clergy seem to have been the only class of men, who wore the hair short; and this they did as a kind of mortification. Not content with exercising this virtue themselves, however, they attempted to impose it on the laity. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, fulminated decrees of excommunication and outlawry, against all persons wearing long hair, both in England and France. In England the clergy did not confine themselves merely to denouncing the flowing tresses of the nobility, impregnated with the practical turn of mind of the country, they acted as well as talked. Thus, Serlo, a Norman prelate, preaching before Henry I. and his court, from the well-known text of St. Paul, brought the whole party to such a state of repentance respecting the profligate length of their locks, that they consented to give them up; whereupon the prelate pulled a pair of shears out of his sleeve, and secured his victory by clearing the royal head in a twinkling.

Such occasional results of pious impulse were, however, of little avail; on the whole, the abomination remained, throughout the early reigns of both France and England, quite triumphant.

William of Malmesbury relates, that the famous St. Wulstan, Bishop of Worcester, was peculiarly indignant whenever he saw a man with long hair—he declaimed against the practice as one highly immoral, criminal and beastly. He continually carried a small knife in his pocket, and whenever anybody offending him in this respect, knelt before him to receive his blessing, he would whip it out slyly, and cut off a handful, and then throwing it in his face, tell him to cut off all the rest, or he would assuredly go to purgatory.

In Richard II's time, the men, as well as the women, confined the hair over the brow with a fillet. What the clergy with all their threats, could not affect in a series of ages, was at last brought about by an accident. Francis I. having been wounded in the head at a tournament was obliged to have his hair cropped, whereupon the whole of fashionable France gave up their locks, out of compliment to the sovereign.

In the History of England, illustrated with wood cuts of the Kings' heads, which we have all of us thumb'd over so at school, the sudden and complete change in the method of wearing the hair, between the installation of the Tudor dynasty, and the meridian of bluff king Hal, must be well remembered. The portraits of the latter period, by Holbein, are, however, the best of illustrations. The women, as well as the men, appear almost totally deprived of hair, and we cannot help thinking that much of the hard expression of features, which especially marks the female heads of Henry VIII's great painter, was owing to the withdrawal of the softening influence of the hair.

The cavaliers began to restore long locks early in the reign of Charles I. ; the Puritans, so far from adopting the fashion, polled even closer than before, and at last came to rejoice in the cognomen of Roundheads.

Dr. Hall, who published a little work in 1643, on the "Loathsomnesse of Long Hair," exclaims, "How strangely do men cut their hairs—some all before, some all behind, some long round about, their crowns being cut short likes cootes or popish priests and friars; some have long locks in their eares, as if they had four eares, or were prickeared; some have a little long lock onely before, hanging down to their noses, like the taile of a weasell; every man being made a foole at the barber's pleasure, or making a foole of the barber for having to make him such a foole."

Stowe, in writing of this period, asserts on the authority of some more ancient chronicler, "that men forgetting their birth, transformed themselves by the length of their haire, into the semblance of woman-kind;" and that when their hair decayed from age or other causes, "they knit about their heads certain rolls and braidings of false hair."

In Voss's pretty German Poem of "Louisa," there is the following description, in the lovely scene where the young betrothed in her maiden delight, is coaxed by her friend, Amelia, into trying on her bridal finery:—

"Quickly the frolicsome, youthful Amelia took out the pins which  
Fastened Louisa's nut-brown hair, which, flowing in ringlets,  
Over her shoulders fell, by the powder in vogue undisfigured;  
And stood bridesmaid-like, first smoothing her hair with attention,  
Using a tortoise-shell comb, and delighting to play with her ringlets,  
Braided it then, and arranged it in the mode of the Grecian maidens,  
Just as Praxiteles once and Phideas, goddesses sculptured;  
Or as our German Angelica paints at the present the Muses,  
Some loose tresses she left, which, priding themselves in their freedom,  
Back from her forehead rolled in an easy and natural manner.  
Round, on her lily-white neck, played gently a delicate ringlet,  
As it escaped; and therefore upon both her shoulders entwining,  
Wound two beautiful locks, low down on her bosom depending

After, she brought some sprigs of the myrtle which stood at the window,  
Whose luxuriant growth concealed one half of the table;  
Made of the myrtle a wreath, young virgins becoming, and crowned thee.  
Worthy wert thou of the wreath, and the wreath of the gentle Louisa!  
Round it her ringlets were twined, and behind by a ribbon were fastened."

The color has always been a point of considerable interest in the physiology of the hair. It was for a long time believed that the coloring fluid circulated in the centre of the hair; but the idea has been exploded by the researches of modern microscopists, and that all these dreams and fancies were but fancies cannot be for a moment questioned.

Bienvenu states, that the various colors of the hair may be reduced to three principal ones,—black, red and white, of which all the others are merely so many different shades; but, remarks M. Cazenave (a French physician, who has published an interesting little treatise "On Diseases of the Human Hair,") "it appears to me that white is either the result of absence of the coloring matter, as in the Albino, or of discoloration of the hair, as we see in the diseases vitiligo and canitia; therefore I think it better to reduce the types to two principal ones, as Grellier has done; namely, red and black, to which belong the intermediate or decreasing shades, brown, chestnut, fair. Independently of these distinctions, the color of the human hair is subjected to certain influences, the study of which is not devoid of interest. Thus," he adds, "the color varies in a remarkable degree, according to the climate in which men live. The nearer we approach the north, the fairer we observe the hair of the inhabitants."

According to the investigations of Liebig, the composition of the prevalent tints of hair are shown in the following percentages:—

	Fair Hair.	Brown Hair.	Black Hair.
Carbon .....	49.34	50.62	49.93
Hydrogen .....	6.58	6.61	6.63
Nitrogen .....	17.94	17.94	17.94
Oxygen and Sulphur ...	26.14	24.83	25.50

100

These analyses would lead to the inference that the brightness of the beautiful golden hair is attributable to the excess of sulphur and oxygen, with a deficiency of carbon. The coloring tint, or pigment forms, however, but one portion of the difference existing between the soft luxuriant tresses of the Saxon



girl, and the coarse blue-black locks of the North American squaw. The size and quality of each hair, and the manner in which it is planted, tell powerfully in determining the line between the two races.

The depth of the color of the hair, very generally bears (it is observed by Dr. Hassal) a relation to the developement of pigmentary matter in other parts of the system, as in the eye and beneath the skin. To this rule, however, some remarkable exceptions are occasionally encountered.

The color of the lighter hairs, as the red and flaxen, would appear to depend less upon the number and depth of coloring of the pigment cells and granules, than upon the presence of minute globules of a colored oil. In the hair of Albinoes but little coloring matter is present, and in grey hair also the color has deserted the pigment cells and granules.

Not only as a means of ornament has the hair been seized upon by all classes and generations of our kind, but it has been converted into an index, as it were, of their religious, political, and social opinions. The difference between the freeman and the slave was, (as we know) of old indicated by the length of the hair. In later times we all know how the Puritan rejoiced in a "polled" head, whilst the Cavalier flaunted about in exuberant curls. The fact of its being the only part of the body a man can shape and carve according to his fancy, is sufficient to account for the constancy with which he has adopted it as his ensign of party and doctrine, and also for the multitudinous modes in which he has worn it.

Some writers have supposed that there exists a certain relationship between the color of the hair and the moral temperament, so to speak. Thus, for example, rapidity of the circulation, love of change, vivacity of the imagination; in a word, all these attributes of the sanguineous temperament are associated with chestnut-colored hair. Black hair, on the contrary, is supposed to indicate athletic strength and vigor, energy, ambition, and the passions; whilst fair hair represents a soft and lax fibre, and is the emblem of mildness, tenderness, and affection, blended with judgment—in short, all the qualities which are usually associated with a calm and mild temperament.

"If the hair," says Lavater, "cannot be classed among the members of the human body, it is at least an essential adherent part of it. It affords a variety of indications of the temperament of an individual, of his powers, of his habits of thought,

and consequently of his intellectual faculties. It corresponds with our physical constitution, as plants and fruits do to the soil which produced them. The diversity in the color and texture of the covering of the lower animals, sufficiently indicates the expressive meaning conveyed by the different qualities and color of the human hair; compare the wool of the sheep with the fur of the wolf, the hair of the rabbit with that of the hyena."—Vol. II., pp. 256-57.

At the present moment the fairest haired inhabitants of the earth are to be found north of the parallel  $48^{\circ}$ ; this line cuts off England, Belgium, the whole of North Germany, and a great portion of Russia. Between the parallels  $48^{\circ}$  and  $45^{\circ}$  there seems to be a debateable land of dark-brown hair, which includes Northern France, Switzerland, and part of Piedmont, passes through Bohemia and Austria Proper, and touches the Georgian and Circassian provinces of the Czar's empire. Below this line again, Spain, Naples and Turkey, forming the southern extremity of the map, exhibit the genuine dark-haired races. So that in fact, taking Europe broadly, from north to south, its people present in the colour of their hair a perfect gradation—the light flaxen of the golden latitudes deepening by imperceptible degrees into the blue-black of the Mediterranean shores. To this regular gradation, however, there are some obvious exceptions.

We have already noticed the dark tribes lingering within our own island—the same is true as to the Celtic majority of the Irish; and even the Normans, as we now see them, are decidedly ranked among the black-haired. On the other hand, Venice, which is almost southern in latitude, has always been famous for the golden beauty of its hair, beloved so of Titian and his school.

If we open a wider map, we only perceive ampler proof that race alone determines the color of hair. Thus, taking the parallel of  $51^{\circ}$  north, and following it as it runs like a necklace round the world, we find a dozen nations threaded upon it like so many party-colored beards. The European portion of the necklace is light-haired; whereas the Tartars, northern Monguls, and aboriginal American Indians, have black straight hair; and Canada breaks the chain once more with the blond tresses of the Saxon.

The predilection for certain colors of the hair differs in various countries.

In the East, black hair has ever been held in the highest estimation. In the song of Solomon, a distinguishing feature is stated to be the hair—"His locks are bushy, or curled, and black as a raven." Black hair also characterised the prophetic virgins of the Druids. The women of Caraccas, (Venezuela) are seldom blondes; but with hair of the blackness of jet, they have the skin white as alabaster.

Jet black eyes and raven tresses have their admirers in all countries.

Ainsworth, in his "Thirty Requisites of Perfection," enumerates three black: "Dark eyes, darksome tresses, and darkly fringed lids."

"What," says Madame Voiart, "can be more seducing than jet black hair, falling in undulating ringlets upon the bosom of a youthful beauty?"

Others, and there should be a variety of fastes, prefer brown.

"She has ringlets richly brown,  
Loveller than a jewelled crown;  
You are lost if once you press  
To your lips one single tree;  
They are nets of love, that hold,  
By some magic, young and old.  
Ah! take care!"

Margaret says to Hero, in "Much Ado about Nothing," "I like the new tire (head-dress) within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner."

Among the qualifications of Launce's lady love, (in Shakspeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona,") were that "she had more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults." Most of our Irish beauties have, however, luxuriant hair, ready wit, and few faults; and if all have not abundant wealth, certainly (as the song has it) their face is their fortune.

In ancient times the nations who were the most polished, the most civilized and most skilful in the fine arts, were passionately fond of red hair. The Gauls, the ancestors of the modern French, had the same preference, though that color is now in disrepute by their descendants, who like black hair. In some districts of Africa they prefer light hair. A taste for red hair, however, still exists in extensive regions. The Turks, for example, are fond of women who have red hair, while the modern Persians have a strong aversion to it. The inhabitants of Tripoli, who probably learned it from the Turks, give their

hair a red tinge by the aid of vermilion. The women of Scinde and the Deccan are also fond of dyeing their hair yellow and red, as the Romans did, in imitation of German hair.

There is among Europeans generally a strong dislike to red hair; but in Spain red hair is admired almost to adoration, and there is a story told of one of our naval commanders, who luxuriated in fiery locks, being idolized and caressed in consequence, by the Spanish women, and looked upon as a perfect Adonis.

Red hair is often considered a deformity; but why it should be, it is hard to say, since in all cases the hair and complexion suit each other admirably; the "golden locks" and "sunny tresses" of the poets, invariably accompanied the blonde, frank, and manly faces inherited from Saxon ancestors. We have heard of "villainous red hair," and "horrid red whiskers;" but hair is only "villainous" and whiskers "horrible" when the first is dirty, and the last worn without regard to the kind of cheeks they surround.

As a consolation for red-haired people, we may state that the Chinese rather mean to compliment us when they apply the term, "Hung Maow Kwie," literally "red-haired devil." Mr. R. P. Thoms, a very good Chinese linguist, thus explains the epithet:—"Red," he observes, "is beautiful to the Chinese; they extol the peach flower, because of its form and delicate red color; all the fronts of their houses are red; they use the vermilion pencil."

"If red be thus beautiful, how can their designating Europeans red-haired people imply insult! With regard to the word Kwei," he continues, "there is no occasion for us to take it in its most offensive signification, that of evil, it being a general term for spirits, whether good or evil, and equivalent to our word spirits." Thus "red-haired devil" becomes "beautiful spirit."

The Germans hold light hair in estimation, and the Roman ladies of old had a great partiality for flame-colored locks.

Red hair has been almost universally given to warriors, and golden tresses to ladies.

Sir Walter Scott, in his description of King James in "Marmion," says:—

"Auburn of the darkest dye,  
His short curled beard and hair."

In heathen mythology, the golden locks of Apollo, the red

hair and beard of Mars, the yellow tresses of Venus, and the flaxen braids that were twisted under the helmet of Minerva, demonstrated how much the color of this hair was appreciated by the ancients. It is a favorite subject of description with our amatory writers :—

“ Her soft, unbraided hair,  
Gleaming like sunlight upon snow above her forehead fair.”

Another invites us to contemplate a picture—

“ Where  
Streamed its long tresses of golden hair,  
Like straggling sun-beams of softest glow,  
Tinging the splendour of stainless snow.”

In the days of the elder Palma and Giorgione, yellow hair was the fashion, and the paler the tint the more admired. The women had a method of discharging the natural color by first washing their tresses with some chemical preparation, and then exposing them to the sun. “ I have seen (says Mrs. Jameson, in her “ Memoirs and Essays,”) a curious old Venetian print, perhaps satirical, which represents this process. A lady is seated on the roof or balcony of her house, wearing a sort of broad-brimmed hat, without a crown ; the long hair is drawn over these wide brims, and spread out in the sunshine, while the face is completely shaded. How they contrived to escape a brain fever or a *coup de soleil* is a wonder ; and truly of all the multifarious freaks of fashion and vanity, I know nothing more strange than this—unless it be the contrivance of the women of Antigua to obtain a new *natural* complexion.”

It was usual for the Roman ladies to disguise the real color of their hair by wearing wigs composed of the hair of the Germans. The peruke-makers of Rome, according to Ovid, bought up all the spoils of German heads to gratify those of his countrywomen, who were determined to conceal their fine black hair under a light wig. Hair from Germany was sold at Rome for its weight in gold. The Germans themselves were in the practice of using a kind of soap of goat's tallow and beechwood ashes, to stain their hair of the popular color. This Hessian soap, as it was termed, was also used to stain the German wigs, in order to give them a flame color. By a law of the Germans, passed in the year 630, it was considered a penal offence, punishable by fine, to deprive a freeman of his hair without his consent.

Modern poets seem to have been as partial to golden hair as the ancients. Thus Milton speaks of it, in a variety of places ; “ Una golden hair'd,” “ And Hecærgæ with the golden hair.”

In his drama of "Adam" he thus apostrophises :—

"From that soft mass of gold, that curls around it !  
 Locks like the solar rays !  
 Chains to my heart, and lightning to my eyes !  
 O let thy lovely tresses  
 Now light, and unconfin'd,  
 Sport in the air, and all thy face disclose !"

In another place :—

"Her breast  
 Met his, under the flowing gold  
 Of her loose tresses hid."

Petrarch again :—

"Loose to the wind her golden tresses streamed."

The royal poet, James the First of Scotland, writes of his lady's "golden haire."

From Sir Walter Scott we might cite numberless instances. Thus, describing Clara in "Marmion":—

"Now her bright locks with sunny glow  
 Again adorned her brows of snow."  
 "And down her shoulders graceful rolled  
 Her locks profuse, of paly gold."

In the "Lay of the Last Minstrel":—

"All loose her golden hair."

And speaking of Margaret, he says :—

"Her blue eyes shaded by her locks of gold."  
 "His skin was fair, his ringlets gold."

Bassanio, in the "Merchant of Venice," beholding Portia's portrait, enraptured, exclaims :—

"Here in her hairs,  
 The painter plays the spider, and hath woven  
 A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,  
 Faster than gossamer in cobwebs."

It is to the fineness and multiplicity of hairs that blond tresses owe the rich and silk-like character of their flow—a circumstance which artists have loved to dwell upon.

Shakspeare especially seems to have delighted in golden hair

"Her sunny locks hung on her temples like the golden fleece."

Again, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Julia says of Sylvia and herself :—

"Her hair is as burn-milk is perfect yellow."

Twenty other passages will suggest themselves to every reader.

Black hair he only mentions twice throughout his entire plays; clearly showing that he imagined light hair to be the peculiar attribute of soft and delicate women.

A similar partiality for this color, touched with the sun, runs, however, through the great majority of the poets—old Homer himself for one: and the best painters have seized with the same instinct upon golden tresses.

A walk through any gallery of old masters will instantly settle this point. There is not a single female head in the National Gallery—beginning with the glorious “Studies of Heads,” the highest ideal of female beauty, by such an idealist as Corregio, and ending with the full-blown blondes of the prodigal Rubens;—there is not a single black-haired female head among them.

An old song has it:—

“Still for glittering locks and gaze,  
Thou wilt ever cite the Sonne;  
Here’s a simple tresse—I praye,  
Hath he such a golden one?”

Here are a few other extracts:—

“And parted hair of a pale pale; gold,  
That is priceless every curl.”

“Tis sweet to part the sunny hair,  
And look upon the brow of those we love.”

“The breath of Heaven came from the summer bowers,  
And stirred upon her cheek the golden curl,  
That floated there as if it loved to kiss  
Its alabaster beauty.”

Light hair and a ruddy complexion, Mr. Robertson tells us, are held in Brazil to be indisputable and enviable marks of nobility, in contradistinction to the mixed race. A Portuguese poetess is reported to have sung thus:—

“Black eyes and brown you may every day see,  
But blue, like my lover’s, the gods made for me.”

Certain modes of wearing the hair distinguished particular nations; for example, hair twisted in the form of a mitre, Armenians and other Asiatics; long, floating and curled, Parthians and Persians; thick and bristly, Scythians and Goths; cut upon the crown of the head, Arabians, Abantes, Mysians, Curetes and Ætolians; long hair often washed in lime water, Gauls; long, the Athenian cavalry, and all Lacedemonian soldiers; floating only, Bacchantes; fastened upon the top of the head, girls; tied and fastened upon the nape of the neck, matrons. To remain, or be in the hair, was a phrase (especially among the Lombards) to signify unmarried girls, who wore their hair long, not twisted into knots like that of married women.

Paulus Diaconus states that the Langobardi or Longobardi derived their name from their long beards, but though this assertion has been questioned by some modern critics, it is certain that many individuals have obtained their cognomen from some peculiarity in their hair or beard. We may instance our own William Rufus; Frederic Barbarossa, Emperor of Germany; the cruel Bluebeard, of wife-killing notoriety; and Torfœus (*Hist. Nor. tom. ii. lib. i.*) says that Harold received his name of *Harfagre* or *Fairlocks* from the length and beauty of his hair, which flowed in thick ringlets to his girdle, and was like golden or silken threads.

Conspirators, thieves, &c., were shaven for punishment.

Du Cange also mentions frizzing the hair. *Criniti*, as a term for nobles, the people being shorn; *Gravia*, a fashion of arranging it on the forehead; *Crocus*, dressing it in curls or hooks, a custom of the thirteenth century; *Fleqa*, a mode of dressing it in tangles, like plaits, a woman's fashion; *Investiture by hair*, a countess holding a pair of scissors, and the count her son, taking them; and cutting the hair of a certain squire, for the purpose of confirming the donation.

It is stated that the Lombard women, when they were at war, made themselves beards with the hair of their heads, which they ingeniously arranged on their cheeks, in order that the enemy, deceived by the likeness, might take them for men. It is also asserted after Sidas, that, in a similar case, the Athenian women did as much. These heroines had more masculine customs than our effeminate countrymen.

About a century ago the French ladies adopted a mode of dressing their hair in such a manner, that curls hung down their cheeks as far as their bosoms. These curls went by the name of "whiskers." This custom it cannot be supposed was invented after the example of the Lombard women, to frighten the men. Neither is it with intention to carry on a very bloody war that, in our time, the beaux affect to bring forward the hair of the cheeks from each ear towards the mouth, yet these are also called *whiskers*.

"In former days (observes a recent writer), what was known of a woman's hair in the cap of Henry the Eighth's time; or of her forehead under her hair in George the Third's time; or of the fall of her shoulders in the belt or wing in Queen Elizabeth's time; or of the fullness of her throat in a gorget of Edward the First's time;



or of the shape of her arm in a great bishop's sleeve, even in our own time? Now-a-days, all these points receive full satisfaction for past neglect, and a woman breaks upon us in such a plenitude of charms, that we hardly know where to begin the catalogue. Hair light as silk in floating curls, or massive as marble in shining coils. Forehead bright and smooth as mother-of-pearl, and arched in matchless symmetry by its own beautiful drapery. Ear, which for centuries had lain concealed, set on the side of the head like a delicate shell. Throat a lovely stalk, leading the eye upward to a lovelier flower, and downward along a fair sloping ridge, undulating in the true line of beauty, to the polished precipice of the shoulder, whence, from the pendant calyx of the shortest possible sleeve, hangs a lovely branch smooth and glittering like pale pink coral, slightly curved towards the figure, and terminating in five taper petals, pinker still, folding and unfolding 'at your own sweet will.'

We give up the ear. Pretty or not, it cannot afford to be shown. Any face in the world looks bold with the hair put away so as to show the ears. They must be covered. The curve-line of the jaw needs the intersecting shade of the falling curl, or of the plat or braid drawn across it. So evident is it to us that nature intended the female ear to be covered—(by giving long hair to women, and by making the ear's concealment almost inevitable as well as necessary to her beauty)—that we only wonder the wearing it covered, by hair or cap, has never been put down among the rudiments of modesty.

In or out of fashion, we contend that curls are pre-eminently beautiful and becoming. As weapons aimed at men's hearts, no other revolvers are half so deadly. They look youthful. They look modest. They look caressing. The cheek is brighter for the foil they are to its lustre. Grace is in their fall over the temple. Poetry has idealized and embellished the general impression with regard to curls. Their motion coquets with the eye, and the perplexed light and shadow that play in and out of the nests of curve entrap the fancy. Few faces are beautiful enough to do without them:—few faces that have a profusion of them gracefully worn are unattractive.

Yet of late years, fashion seems to have rejected curls.

The rarest beauty in the world is hair becomingly joined on the neck behind. Usually, of course, the bandeau or braid should be so brought round from the temples as to conceal the roots of the hair, without so increasing the bulk as to give that part of the head an animal expression. This is the point we often see ill managed in hair dressing.

But, of all the arts of decorating the head, the one which

requires the most skill and taste (not to say good sense) is the locating the bulk of the hair when put up. Phrenology should be called in, for the proper point to receive additions differs with every different formation of skull. Woman has very much the advantage over man in this respect. She can make her head show, phrenologically, for pretty much what she pleases. The prominent propensities may be made unobtrusive by counterbalancing even where the bumps themselves cannot be concealed. But, upon most of the betraying prominences, complete disguise may be put, and those which are creditable and beautiful may be greatly thrown into relief, heightened and made to tell upon the expression. An inch forward or backward in the placing of the knot of the hair, gives the head (the most common observer sees, without knowing why) a very different character. How often do we wonder what it is that makes this or that lady's head so invariably dignified or stylish, when, in fact, it is nothing but her tact at rightly locating the bulk of her hair.

It is surprising that no artist has ever put forth an illustrated volume on this subject. What a sale it would have! There might be a hundred studies of the different modifications of the various styles, with an analysis of the meaning and expression of each one—the merry and the melancholy, the dignified and playful, the firm and the yielding, the proud and the timid, the sainted and the coquettish, the practical and the poetical, each finding a picture of her particular style, and guarded against stumbling ignorantly and unconsciously upon one which is entirely out of harmony with her character. It is a neglected chapter of the Arts. We admire and reverence woman too much to think that the *propriety and fitness of beauty in the dressing of her head* is a trifling matter. Science and art might well combine to give it some comprehensible system, and redeem it from its present barbarous haphazard.

One of the beauties with which nature has been most generous to woman is the hair; yet how frequently do we see it disfigure, rather than adorn the person. This, one of the perfections of Nature, with which she appears to delight in embellishing the sex, is too often left to the management of a friseur, who, without any reference to the form or to the physiognomical development, proceeds to dress the hair, leaving his imagination charged with one of his best wigs upon one of

the best blocks. He consequently produces a *fac-simile* of the aforesaid coiffure, which may look very well upon the round, waxen, high-colored figure in his window ; but which gives a most ghastly expression to a long thin visage. Let a person's hair be so arranged as to give width to the face.

"How often (remarks a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*) do we see a really good face made quite ugly by a total inattention to lines. Sometimes the hair is pushed into the cheeks, and squared at the forehead, so as to give a most extraordinary pinched shape to the face. Let the oval, where it exists, be always preserved ; where it does not, let the hair be so humored that the deficiency shall not be perceived. Nothing is more common than to see a face, which is somewhat too large below, made look grossly large and coarse, by contracting the hair on the forehead and cheeks, and there bringing it to an abrupt check ; whereas such a face should enlarge the forehead and the cheek, and let the hair fall partially over, so as to shade and soften off the lower exuberance. A good treatise, with examples in outline of the defects, would be of some value upon a lady's toilet, who would wish to preserve her great privilege—the supremacy of beauty. Some press the hair down close to the face, which is to lose the very characteristic of hair—ease and freedom. Let her locks, says Anacreon, lie as they like ; the Greek gives them life, and a will. Some ladies wear the hair like blinkers ; you always expect they will shy if you approach them. A lady's head-dress, whether in a portrait or for her daily wear, should, as in old portraits by Rembrandt and Titian, go off into shade, not be seen too clearly, and hard all round ; should not, in fact, be isolated, as if out of sympathy with all surrounding nature. The wigs of men of Charles the Second's time had at least that one merit of floating into the back-ground, and in their fall softening the sharpness of the lines of the dress about them."

Another writer thus describes a fashionable mode of wearing the hair, in the early part of the eighteenth century ;—

"She wore her hair not in the extent of the fashion, but in a manner far more becoming to her regular and beautiful features. It was raised from her forehead to her temples, and brought over a crape cushion, and a small portion was confined and curled at the top of the head, whence a plume of ostrich feathers fell gracefully over the left side, while a single curl waved on her neck beneath, which was exquisitely fair. The remaining quantity was divided into ringlets, and brought back over the right shoulder, leaving the back of the neck unshaded."

The mode of wearing the hair prevalent for a long period in France, was having it slightly curled on the temples, and collected behind into distinct tresses by means of bands or clasps of various kinds.

The distinguishing fashion of the ninth and tenth centuries was to twist and plat the lower half of the hair, so as to form two separate tresses, which were turned up on each side of the cheek. In the next century, the hair on the forehead of women disappeared entirely under the bottom of a headdress peculiar to the time. Subsequently, a tasteful mode of dressing the hair, with but few interruptions, seems to have prevailed till the close of the fourteenth century. In the reign of Charles V., the luxurious Isabella of Bavaria introduced a remarkable style of high head-dress, which was thrown aside about 1483 for more tastefully arranged head-dresses. These, however, were obscured by black veils a few years afterwards.

Early in the sixteenth century the ladies began to turn up their hair. Queen Margaret of Navarre frizzed her hair at both temples, and turned it back in front.

Various fantastical and ridiculous modes of wearing the hair prevailed from time to time. At the commencement of the last century the ladies puffed out their hair, and used hair-powder to an excessive degree. The French women wore their hair cut short and curled round their faces; but so loaded with powder that it looked like white wool.

We have thus given various striking illustrations of the most peculiar and stylish modes of wearing the hair, prevalent at different periods; as handed down to us in veritable portraits.

Mrs. Merrifield, in an interesting paper on "Dress—as a Fine Art," in the *Art Journal*, for March, 1853, has the following observations:—

"The improving taste of the present generation is, perhaps, no where more conspicuous than in permitting us to preserve the natural color of the hair, and to wear our own whether it be black, brown or grey. There is also a marked improvement in the more natural way in which the hair has been arranged during the last thirty years. We allude particularly to its being suffered to retain the direction intended by nature, instead of being combed upwards, and turned over a cushion a foot or two in length.

"These head-dresses, emphatically called, from their French origin, 'têtes,' were built or plastered up only once a month; it is easy to imagine what a state they must have been in during the latter part of that time. Madame d'Oberkirch gives, in her 'Memoirs,' an amusing description of a novel head-dress of this kind. We transcribe it for the amusement of our readers.

"This blessed 6th of June, she awakened me at the earliest dawn. I was to get my hair dressed, and to make a grand toilette, in order to go to Versailles, whither the Queen had invited the Countess du Nord, for whose amusement a comedy was to be performed.

"These court toilettes are never-ending, and this road from Paris to Versailles very fatiguing, especially when one is in continual fear of rumpling her petticoats and flounces. I tried that day, for the first time, a new fashion—one too, which was not a little *génante*. I wore in my hair little flat bottles shaped to the curvature of the head; into these a little water was poured, for the purpose of preserving the freshness of the natural flowers worn in the hair, and of which the stems were immersed in the liquid. This did not always succeed; but when it did, the effect was charming. Nothing could be more lovely than the floral wreath crowning the snowy pyramid of powdered hair."

"Few of our readers, we reckon, are inclined to participate in the admiration of the baroness so fancifully expressed for this singular head-dress."

"We do not presume to enter into the question whether short curls are more becoming than long ones, or whether bands are preferable to curls of any kind, because, as the hair of some persons curls naturally, while that of others is quite straight, we consider that this is one of the points which must be decided accordingly as one style or the other is found to be most suitable to the individual."

"The principle in the arrangement of the hair round the forehead should be to preserve or assist the oval form of the face. As this differs in different individuals, the treatment should be adapted accordingly. The arrangement of the long hair at the back of the head is a matter of taste; as it interferes but little with the countenance, it may be referred to the dictates of fashion, although in this, as in every thing else, simplicity in the arrangement, and grace in the direction of the lines, are the chief points to be considered. One of the most elegant headdresses we remember to have seen, is that worn by the peasants of the Milanese and Ticinese. They have almost uniformly glossy black hair, which is carried round the back of the head in a wide braid, in which are planted at regular intervals long silver pins, with large heads, which produce the effect of a coronet, and contrast well with the dark color of the hair."

In some satirical songs and poems on costume, written in 1755, we find the following description of the hair, as then worn:—

"Be her shining locks confined  
In a three-fold braid behind;  
Like an artificial flower,  
Set the frisure off before;  
Here and there weave ribbon pat in,  
Ribbon of the finest satin."

The follies of the head-dresses then worn by the ladies, are thus indicated in the *London Magazine* for 1777:—

"Give Chloe a bushel of horse-hair and wool,  
Of paste and pomatum a pound;  
Ten yards of gay ribbon to deck her sweet skull,  
And gauze to encompass it round."

The custom of having children's locks braided in long plats, and tied up with bows, which was prevalent a few years ago, was not a new fashion, for there is a portrait extant of the son of Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham (1637), with his hair thus ornamented.

The fashion for young people to cover the hair with a silken net, which was prevalent both in this country and in France some centuries ago, has been again revived. Some of the more recent of these nets are very elegant in their form.

Our Queen, in wearing her own fair hair in the simple style she does, has set a fashion which is very generally followed; and the massy ringlets and bunches of curls formerly so generally worn, have now given place, in a great degree, to the chaste Madonna-like bands and braids.

" Jet locks upon the open brow,  
Madonna-wise divided there,  
And graceful are, I know not how,  
Descending to the shoulders fair."

Walton, in his "Spanish Colonies," informs us that the greatest punishment that can be inflicted on an Indian, is the depriving him of his hair, which also forms the great pride of the African race. In Hispanola, or the Spanish part of St. Domingo, to this day, the women descended from the mixture of the two classes plait their woolly locks with hair-ribbon, to make it appear in long tresses, and I once (observes the same author) had the curiosity to measure what a sooty damsel was going to plait on her head, and found the united pieces made thirty-two yards. To the end they add a small piece of lead, to make the locks appear straight and long. There is a decree extant in the archives of the Council of the Indies, under the date of 5th March, 1581, that bears the stamp of singularity. In conformity with the remarks of St. Paul in his Epistle to the Corinthians, that long hair was a shame to a man, the Catholic missionaries required that those persons who were admitted to baptism, should cut off their hair; but the King of Spain, being informed that this requirement operated as an obstacle against the conversion of the Indians, who would not purchase Christianity by this sacrifice, annulled it by a law enacted under the above date.

The toilets of the Creole ladies are laborious in the extreme, and they might exclaim with Lady Mary W. Montague's "Flavia:"—

" I oft have sate,  
While hours unheeded past, in deep debate  
How curls should fall, or where a braid to place  
If blue or scarlet best became my face."

The arrangement of their hair is a work of no trifling nature, and takes up a considerable portion of their time; and the dealers in oils and pomades derive no small profit from such articles, which are indispensable in making their masses of black locks repose in their proper position.

The Zinder ladies of Central Africa, Richardson tells us, have the ends of the tufts of their hair (for they cannot be called curls) formed into clayey sticks of macerated indigo; for they color their flesh with this dye, the dark blue of which replaces the yellow ochre of the ladies of fashion in Aheer.

Leigh Hunt very justly reprobates the vile and injurious practice of curl papers:—

"Ladies, always delightful, and not the least so in their undress, are apt to deprive themselves of some of their best morning beams, by appearing with their hair in papers. All people of taste prefer a cap, if there must be anything; but hair a million times over. To see grapes in paper bags is bad enough; but the rich looks of a lady in papers, the roots of the hair twisted up like a drummer's, and the forehead staring bald instead of being gracefully tendrilled and shadowed!—it is a capital offence—a defiance to the love and admiration of the other sex—a provocation to a paper war; and we here accordingly declare the said war on paper, not having any ladies at hand to carry it at once into their head-quarters. We must allow, at the same time, that they are very shy of being seen in this condition, knowing well enough how much of their strength, like Sampson's, lies in that gifted ornament. We have known a whole parlor of them fluttered off like a dove-cote, at the sight of a friend coming up the garden."

Of all the nations of antiquity, with whose character we are at all acquainted, the Greeks cultivated beauty with the greatest care, and by them beautiful and tastefully adorned hair was held to be quite necessary to setting off their persons. Until a very late period, when they had attained to the highest pitch of refinement, they continued to dress their hair in a very simple manner. Dividing it evenly on the middle of the crown, from the forehead backwards, they allowed it to flow loosely on either side in waving ringlets on the shoulders, at the same time turning it carefully, so as to form a semicircle along the forehead towards the temples, as Byron describes it:—

" Those tresses unconfined,  
Woo'd by each Egean wind."

Or, instead of allowing their brilliant tresses to flow thus loosely, turned them up, and fastened them with a single golden pin.

The Romans, who were so remarkably tenacious of established customs, were very fickle in this respect of fashion, and one of their authors, addressing the women respecting their hair, says, "You are at a loss what to be at with your hair. Sometimes you put it into a press; at others, you tie it negligently together, or set it entirely at liberty. You raise or lower it according to your fancy. Some keep it closely twisted up into curls, while others choose to let it float loosely on the wind."

Byron's description of Haidee may be appropriately cited here:—

"Her brow was overhung with coils of gold,  
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair,  
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were roll'd  
In braids behind; and though her stature were  
Even of the highest, for a female mould,  
They nearly reach'd her heel."

Messrs. Irby and Mangles, in their "Travels in Syria," mention that during their stay at Kerek, in Petra, they saw the dowry of a young woman who was going to be married, paid at the Sheik's house, which amounted to about one hundred piastres, in white Constantinople money, consisting of silvered tin coins, about the size of a sixpence. These were only what she was to wear as her head ornament, as the ladies there decorate their foreheads with dollars and different kinds of money; sometimes the coins hang down to both ears, and must be a great weight. This is occasionally practised also in many parts of Greece.

Among the Jewish women a high forehead was considered an indispensable mark of beauty, and to prevent the hair from growing low, they were in the practice of wearing a bandage of scarlet cloth round the forehead. Patronius, to give an idea of a perfect beauty, says that her forehead was small, and showed the roots of her hair raised upwards. This fashion, adopted by the Chinese, was not long ago a modish coiffure in France.

Sterling, in his work on "Spanish Artists," says:—"Luxuriant tresses were twisted, plaited, and plastered in such a shape that the fair head that bore them resembled the top of a mushroom; or curled and bushed out into an amplitude of



frizzle that rivalled the cauliflower wig of an Abbé. An ungainly mode also prevailed of parting the hair at the side, instead of at the top of the head, thus marring the symmetry and balance of its outline; of which some wretched portraits in the Spanish gallery of the Louvre, impudently ascribed to Valasquez, might be cited as examples sufficiently offensive and deterring."

The eyebrows are usually of a darker shade than the hair, which serves to give a tone of character to the forehead.

"Black brows, they say,  
Become some women best, so that there be not  
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,  
Or half moon, made with a pen."

*Winter's Tale.*

The ancient Romans considered it indispensable for a beauty to have her eyebrows meet, and, in Scotland, persons whose eyebrows are so formed are considered lucky.

In the East a powder composed of antimony and bismuth is used to darken the eyelashes.

In Circassia, Georgia, Persia, and India, one of the mother's earliest cares is to promote the growth of her children's eyelashes, by tipping and removing the fine gossamer-like points, with a pair of scissors, when they are asleep. By repeating this every month or six weeks, they become, in time, long, close, finely curved, and of a silky gloss. The practice never fails to produce the desired effect, and it is particularly useful when, owing to inflammation of the eyes, the lashes have been thinned or stunted.

Byron, in his "Bride of Abydos," alludes to the beauty of long eyelashes, in the following exquisite lines:—

"As a stream into conceal'd  
By the fringe of its willows,  
Now rushes reveal'd  
In the light of its billows:  
As the bolt bursts on high  
From the black cloud that bound it,  
Flash'd the soul of that eye,  
From the long lashes round it."

Another poet says:—

"Half drooping lids! deep-fring'd, they shade  
The large blue orbs that shine below:  
Bright eyes! by their own lashes weigh'd  
Still, still they languish to and fro."

The Japanese have a tradition that tea sprang from the eyelashes of their Pagan saints: the tradition is thus related:—

"Darma, an eminent saint, who flourished about the year of our Lord, 519, and a successor of Siaka, the founder of their Paganism, was a very austere man, who, to attain to perfect holiness, denied himself all rest, sleep, and relaxation of body, consecrating his mind, day and night, without any intermission, to the deity. After he had watched many years, one day being weary and worn out with over-fasting, he unluckily dropped asleep. Awakening the next morning full of sorrow for breaking his solemn vow, he cut off both his eyebrows (qr. eyelashes), those instruments of his crime, and with indignation threw them to the ground. Returning the next day to the place, behold two beautiful tea shrubs had sprung up from the scattered hairs. Darma, eating some of the leaves, was presently filled with new joy and strength to pursue his divine meditations, and communicating to his disciples the great benefit he had found from tea, they published it to the world."—(*Dr. Short's Dissertation upon Tea*, 1753.)

This fable, like that of the alleged discovery of coffee by goats browsing on the leaves and becoming frisky, and monks thence testing their properties, took its rise, probably, from its effects in promoting wakefulness.

The late Mr. Abernethy, in a lecture to his students upon the muscles of the scalp, used to tell the following ridiculous story, with a view to impress this part of the subject forcibly on their minds:—

"It happened in the early part of my time, to be quite the fashion to put half a pound of grease, and another half pound of flour, on a man's head—what they called hair-dressing; it was the fashion too, to bind this round with a piece of tape or riband, and make a tail to it, and it was the mode to wear those tails very thick, and rather short. Now a gentleman who possessed great power in the motion of his *frons occipitalis*, used to go to the boxes of the theatre when Mrs. Siddons first appeared; and I don't believe there ever will be such an actress again as she was, nor do I believe there ever was her equal before her. However, when people were affected beyond description, and when they were all drowned in tears at her performance, this chap wagged his tail enormously, and all the people burst out into a roar of laughter. In vain did they cry 'Turn him out,' in vain did they cry 'Throw him over!' When he had produced this effect upon the audience, then he kept his tail quiet; but again, no sooner was their attention engaged, than wag went his tail, and again were the bursts of laughter re-echoed."

Some curious information and singular details may be furnished respecting the trade in human hair for artificial adornment; and as few, probably, are aware of the extent to which this is carried, and the number of persons who are specially engaged, more or less, in the business of hair-collecting, hair-cutting, hair-working, and dressing the hair, we shall supply some

information relating to this subject. When we consider that the population of Great Britain and Ireland is about twenty-eight millions, of which above one half are females—that two-thirds of all these require that the hair should be cropped at least once a month, and many want shaving and curling daily, and that but a small proportion perform the operation of cropping or trimming the hair themselves, we shall be able to form some idea of the vast number of persons following the business of hair dressers and per-  
ruiquiers.

Barbers all over the east have been for many ages noted as important subjects of the state. A popular periodical of the day, in an interesting article on the barber in the east, thus speaks of them :—

“In India, they are the great newsmongers of the town. Almost every English officer indeed, and every civilian, has his own particular barber ; but it often happens that the same individual, with perhaps an assistant or two, serves the whole community. They are regular attendants at regular hours of the morning, and the *habitué* in India looks forward to their arrival with as much impatience as a Lombard-street banker waits for his morning *Times*. There is not a thing stirring in cantonment, not a man married nor a woman ill, not a dog lamed, not a favourite horse shod, nor a dog who has increased her family, but the barber is acquainted with the fact, and the information is retailed by him piecemeal for the benefit of every customer he visits.

“In China, a barber's experience is extensive ; he has to do not only with the heads, but the tails of the people ; and his skill is generally acknowledged by all, from the emperor downwards. In Siam, barbers are next in importance to prime ministers, and they rank with physicians, being usually conversant with blood-letting, and a few other minor duties belonging to the apothecaries' art. But it is in Turkey, in the land of the Caliphs, that we meet with the barber in his proper soil, enjoying all the dignity of his sharp profession, looked up to and honoured by the multitude, and admitted to the confidence of the pasha. He is the advertiser of all the baths in the neighbourhood, the terror of young gentlemen with a weak growth of beard or a tender head, and the aversion of labourers, who are compelled to submit an eight days' beard to his rough management ; yet all flock to him and pay him lip-homage. Besides other things, the barber in Turkey is generally the vender of cunning drugs and charms, anti-fleabite mixtures, deadly doses for rats, with occasionally some favourite remedy for dangerous diseases. Exercising as he does such diversified functions, the Turkish barber has little spare time on his hands. He is always an early riser, and commences his day's operations by experiments upon himself. His moustache is a perfect

pattern for curl, gloss, and enormous length; his head is as smooth and hairless as a monk's at eighty; his costume is in the height of Turkish fashion; and in the season he is sure to have a bouquet of sweet-smelling flowers in his bosom. Thus equipped, and having partaken of his early coffee and pipe, the barber sets forth for his shop, which is usually in the heart of the most thronged bazaar! and there, long before the busy world is astir, he and his assistant have set all things in apple-pie order; they have swept up the floor, dusted the shelves, spread out fresh napkins, rinsed the pewter basins, set on the fire huge caldrons of water to boil, garnished the soap-dishes with sweet smelling herbs and flowers, set forth chairs and stools in goodly array, in preparation for the business of the day, which, by the time these arrangements are completed, commences in right earnest.

In former times, both in this and other countries, the art of surgery and the art of shaving went hand-in-hand. The *barbiers-chirurgiens* in France were separated from the *barbiers-perruquiers* in the time of Louis XIV., and made a distinct corporation.

The barber-surgeons of London were also once an important company in the City of London; and at that time they were the only persons who exercised surgery; but afterwards others assuming that art, formed themselves into a voluntary association, which they called the Company of Surgeons of London. This act, however, at once united and separated the two crafts. The barbers were not to practise surgery further than drawing of teeth, and the surgeons were strictly prohibited from exercising "the feat or craft of barbery or shaving." Four governors or masters, two of them surgeons, the other two barbers, were to be elected from the body, who were to see that the respective members of the two crafts exercised their callings in the city, agreeably to the spirit of the act. This company was incorporated by means of Thomas Morestede, Esq., one of the sheriffs of London, 1436, chirurgion to the kings of England, Henrys' IV., V., VI.; he died in 1450.

In 1417, in the second expedition against France, a warrant was issued to Thomas Morestede and William Bredewardyn to press as many surgeons and instrument makers into their service as they could find either in the city or elsewhere.

"Then Jaques Fries, physician to Edward IV., and William Hobbs, physician for the same king's body, continuing the suit the full time of twenty years, Edward IV., in the 2nd of his reign, and Richard, Duke of Gloucester, became founders of the same corporation in the name of St. Cosmas and St.

Damian... The first assembly of that craft was Roger Strippe, W. Hobbs, T. Goddard, and Richard Kent; since which time they built their hall in Monkwell-street; and entries relating to the company from 1309 to 1377 are to be seen in the books of the Guildhall chamber; and there also are the bye-laws of the company in 1387, and an Act of Parliament relating thereto, of the date of 1420."

It was in the first year of the reign of Edward IV. (1461) that the company of barber surgeons came as a body together. The charter bears date Feb. 24. To this charter the royal seal in green wax is appended. Holbein commemorated the granting of the charter to them by Henry VIII. in a picture, which is still preserved in the Company's Hall, in Monkwell-street. The picture is one of the best of Holbein's works in this country. The character of his Majesty's bluff haughtiness is well represented, and all the heads are finely executed. The picture itself has been re-touched. The physician in the middle, on the king's left-hand, is Dr. Butts, immortalized by Shakspeare as the King's Friend in "Henry VIII."

Pepys, in 1668, speaks of going to see this picture. "I did think," he says, "to give £200 for it, it being said to be worth £1000; but it is so spoiled, that I have no mind to it, and it is not a pleasant, though a good picture." The privileges of this Company were confirmed in various subsequent charters, the last bearing date the 15th April; 5th Charles I. By the year 1745 it was discovered that the two arts which the Company professed were foreign to and independent of each other; they were accordingly separated by an act of parliament, 18th Geo. III., entitled, "An Act for making the Surgeons and Barbers of London two distinct and separate Corporations."

One is struck in passing along the streets, by the curiosities one sees in those "armories of Venus," the hair-dressers' windows. Whence come those magnificent head-dresses which the waxen dummies slowly display as they revolve? From what source issue those pendant tresses gleaming in the background, with which the blooming belle, aptly entangling their snaky coil with her own, tempts our eligible Adams? Who are they that denude themselves of coal-black locks, that she who can afford a price may shone up her tottering beauty? Alas! for trading England, even for her artificial hair, she has to depend upon the foreigner.

Among the many curious occupations of the metropolis is that of the human hair merchant. Of these there are several, and they import between them more than fifty tons of hair annually.

Both this country and the United States draw a large portion of their supply of human hair and of articles made of hair from France and Prussia. A singular feature on the Continent, is this "*hair harvest*," as it has been termed.

Young women in England, who have beautiful tresses, are occasionally, we know, urged by poverty to part with them for money to the hair-workers; but in France and Germany it is a regular system. There are, we are told, hair merchants in Paris, who send agents in the spring of each year into the country districts to purchase the tresses of young women; who seek to obtain an annual crop with the same care as a farmer would a field crop. The agents frequent festivals, fairs, and markets; and have with them a stock of handkerchiefs, muslins, ribbons, &c., which they give in exchange for the far more graceful and natural adornment—the hair. So sensitive a barometer is commerce of slight changes in the value of exchangeable goods, that the agents know the hair of a particular district to be worth a few sous more per pound, than that of a district thirty or forty miles away—a fact which naturalists would have been long in finding out. The price paid is about five francs (4s. 2d.) per pound. The agents send the hair to their employers, by whom it is dressed and sorted, and sold to the hair workers in the chief towns of the empire at about ten francs per pound. That which is to be made into perukes, is purchased by a particular class of persons by whom it is cleaned, curled, prepared to a certain stage, and sold to the peruke maker at from twenty to eighty francs per pound. The peruke maker gives it the desired form, when, as is well known, it commands a very high price; a peruke is often sold for double its weight in silver.

Formerly, the manufacturers of artificial hair into wigs, ladies' curls, &c., obtained a considerable portion of their supply at home from hospitals, prisons, and workhouses; but now the hair is not cropped compulsorily, as was formerly the case, and the poor and distressed, or criminal, are not deprived of their fair and valued tresses. It must be understood that female hair alone is of any use to the hair worker, from its length and curling properties. That most prized, is the grey hair of aged persons, which can be prepared to any shade.

Light hair all comes from Germany, where it is collected by a company of *Dutch farmers*, who come over for orders once a year. It would appear that either the fashion or the necessity of England has, within a recent period, completely altered the relative demands from the two countries. Forty years ago, according to one of the first dealers in the trade, the light German hair alone was called for, and he almost raved about a peculiar golden tint which was supremely prized, and which his father used to keep very close, only producing it to favour its customers, in the same manner that our august sherry-lord or hookherr spares to particular friends—or now and then, it is said, to influential literary characters—a few magnums of some rare and renowned vintage. This treasured article he sold at 8s. an ounce—nearly double the price of silver. Now all this has passed away—and the dark shades of brown from France are chiefly called for.

So constant and regular is this traffic that the hair-cutters in France knew exactly where to go for their year's crop.

Keeping an account of the villages from which they gathered their supply for a certain year, they know that they will not be able to cut in the same places; till the arrival of another given year. And not only can they calculate as to quantity, but the value of each local harvest is also well known; and almost fixed; from within a space of from ten to fifteen leagues, the quality varies, as we are told, so much as to make a difference of from ten to twenty sous per pound weight.

The original price of the hair, as purchased from the village maidens, is, as we have seen, about five shillings per pound. The tradesmen engaged in the preparations of sorting, curving, and dressing it, purchase it at a price of ten shillings per pound; and after it has gone through their hands, it acquires a value of from twenty to eighty shillings per pound weight; and this is at the rate it is purchased by the hair-dresser.

By the skill of the hair-dresser, the price is again raised to an almost indefinite extent, and must be calculated by the degree of labor and dexterity employed on it.

Thus a peruke, containing only three ounces of hair, originally costing less than a shilling, is frequently sold at the price of twenty-five to thirty shillings.

The quantity of hair produced by the annual harvest is calculated at two hundred thousand pounds weight. The sales of one house alone, in Paris, which supplies four hair-cutting

establishments in the Western country, amount to four hundred thousand francs annually.

Not in this trade to be considered in itself alone, it indirectly benefits several others, especially the silk manufacture. The lining of perukes formerly consisted of a coarse net-work, but was afterwards superseded by a fine silk net-work, which for a long time was purchased of the English at fifty francs, and is now so extensively made in France, that the English are glad to avail themselves of the manufacture of Lyons, where the same article is sold at ten francs: silk linings and ribbons are made in that city for a million perukes a-year; metallic clasps and fastenings are also made and sold, to the amount of one hundred thousand francs yearly.

Black hair comes mainly from Brittany and the South of France, where it is collected principally by an adventurous virtuoso, who travels from fair to fair, and buys up and shears the chops of the neighbouring damsels. Mr. Francis Trolloppe, in his *“Satanstoe in Brittany,”* gives a lively description of the manner in which the young girls of the country bring this singular commodity to market.

Staring his full at a fair in Colloree, he says—“What surprised me more than all, by the singularity and novelty of the thing, were the operations of the dealers in hair. In various parts of the motley crowd, there were three or four different purchasers of this commodity, who travel the country for the purpose of attending the fairs, and buying the tresses of the peasant girls. They have particularly fine hair, and frequently in the greatest abundance. I should have thought that female vanity would have effectually prevented such a traffic as this being carried to any extent; but there seemed to be no difficulty in finding beautiful heads of hair perfectly willing to sell. We saw several girls sheared, one after the other, like sheep, and as many more standing ready for the shears, with their caps in their hands, and their long hair combed out, and hanging down to their waists. Some of the operators were men, and some women. By the side of the dealer was placed a large basket, into which every successive crop of hair, tied up into a wisp by itself, was thrown. No doubt, the reason of the indifference to their tresses, on the part of the fair Bretonnes, is to be found in the invariable mode which covers every head from childhood upwards, with close caps, which entirely prevents any part of the hair from being seen; and, of course, as totally



conceals the want of it. The money given for the hair is about twenty sous, or else a gaudy cotton handkerchief; they net immense profits by their trips through the country." This hair is the finest and most silken black hair that can be procured.

The destination of the imported article is, of course, principally the boudoirs of our fashionable world, and the glossy ringlets of the poor peasant girl of Tours, parted with for a few pence, as a nest-egg towards her dowry, have doubtless aided in procuring a "suitable helpmate" for some blue spinster or fast dowager of Mayfair.

Wigs of course absorb some portion of the spoil; and a cruel suspicion arises in our mind, that the clever artistes in hair in London do not confine themselves to the treasured relics entrusted to their care, but that many a sorrowing relative kisses, without suspicion, mementoes, eked out from hair that grew not upon the head of the beloved one.

We have already alluded in former pages\* to the length to which the hair will grow. We may adduce a few other instances. Sir Charles Wilkins states that while he was resident at Benares, he saw a fakir, the hair of whose head reached the enormous length of twelve feet. The tails of hair of the Chinese frequently reach the ground; and their moustaches have been cultivated to the length of eight or nine inches. White mentions an Italian lady, whose hair reached to her feet, when she stood upright: the same observation may be made of the Greek women. A Prussian soldier had his hair long enough, when loosened, to touch the ground; and in several instances, English ladies have had it from five to six feet long. One instance occurs to our memory, in the person of Mrs. Astley, the wife of Mr. Astley, of the Amphitheatre, in Westminster Bridge Road.

Sometimes a head of hair of the extreme length of nearly four feet, with a strong and continuous curl throughout, is met with, which is exceedingly valuable to the hair-dresser. But such instances are extremely rare. A good deal of hair was formerly obtained from the females in the lower ranks of life in Scotland and Ireland; but of late years they have learned to prize this adornment of the person so highly, that no temptation will induce them to part with their flowing tresses.

The importance of the trade in hair in this country, and the attention paid to its culture and due order, may be estimated from a glance at the statistics of those engaged in it in the

\* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. XXVII., Art. "The Hair."

metropolis alone. Pigot's Directory contains the names of 650 hair-dressers in London, and about the same number in the provinces. According to the London Directory of the present year there are the following persons exclusively devoted to the speciality of the human hair:—Three hair-merchants (large wholesale importers probably); seventeen hair-manufacturers; twenty-four artistes, or workers in hair—hair-jewellers, or device workers, as they may be termed—who elaborate the hair of our deceased friends and relatives into rings, brooches, earrings, chains, and other fanciful ornaments; 650 hair-dressers, barbers, &c., and twenty-seven wig-makers; besides hair-manufacturers; but we are doubtful whether the latter are merely preparers of the hair for the wig and artificial tinsel-makers, or belonging to the former division of workers in hair. The law wig-makers, who use horse-hair, are a separate class of the trade. The number of apprentices and assistants employed by these various persons in town and country, it is impossible to estimate with any degree of accuracy.

The reader must have noticed in every principal hair-dresser's window, beautiful bunches of hair, variegated with a variety of tints, to show the ingenuity of the artiste, and his ability to match the natural locks of any lady who may have the misfortune to require the services of art in replacing nature's deprivation.

"So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,  
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,  
Upon supposed fairness, often known  
To be the dowry of a second head,  
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre."

*Merchant of Venice.*

In Portugal, the quantity of false curls and braids of hair worn by every woman, is really surprising.

Mrs. Baillie, in her "Letters from Lisbon," states that the hair is suffered to grow from the earliest period of childhood, and she had often seen female infants of two years' old with their little tresses tied up behind in a knot with colored ribbons. She mentions that the hair of one young girl, Nina, the daughter of the Condega d'Anadia, was the most luxuriant she had ever seen. When performing a character in a private theatrical performance at her mother's, "she uncoiled its superb length, and, I assure you, it electrified the audience; being done suddenly, and in the most graceful manner—reminding one of

Attidora in "Don Quixote," whose ringlets were said to "Brush the ground!"

There seems (observes a recent writer) to be an innate principle in man, to make himself of as much consequence as he can; and one of the means to effect this was, at various periods, an attempt to give himself a tail; but, with great inconsistency, instead of following the indications of nature, he had recourse to an opposite part of the frame, and placed his tail or one upon his head. There was the thick braid of hair, hanging down between the shoulders; the smaller tail, tightly bound up with black ribbon; the loosely-tied tail; the tail of the courtier, with a bag attached to it; the short medical tail; the gentleman's tail, and military tails of all kinds—the most whimsical of which was that invented in the time of the Duke of York, which, looking like a small riding-whip, and hanging between the shoulders, was supposed to ward off the cut of a sabre; but which caused so much pain and inconvenience when fastened to the hair, that officers frequently attached theirs to their caps or helmets; and a row of tails might be seen hanging up in the hall, while their owners were at dinner, rejoicing in their freedom. But all these tails have nearly vanished from society; and there is now no nation which perseveres in courtship the caudal graces except the Chinese. But as the reception into China of Barbarians, or Englishmen, who delight in pulling John Chinaman by the tail, is every year increasing, there is little doubt that even these tails will eventually disappear, with other peculiarities.

We may mention, as a curious fact, that the Drottes or Gothic priests of Scandinavia in olden times, shaved the head, retaining only a long scalp-lock, or tail, hanging down the back, similar to the Chinese custom of the present day. They also wore the beard long.

False hair, such as *toupees* and *fronts* only, or entire wigs (*Galeriuli* and *Galeri*), made of goats' skins, perukes, so well made as to be undistinguishable from real hair, and of different color from the natural; (white, for women from Germany,) or of enormous size, were severally worn among the Romans.

The Romans began to cut their hair about A.U.C. 454 (300 years before Christ), when they introduced barbers from Sicily. Then they began to cut, curl, and perfume it. At night, they covered the hair with a bladder, as is done now

with a net or cap. Eminent hair-dressers were as much resorted to by ladies, as in the present day.

A writer in the *Quarterly Review*, gives us the history of the pig-tail. The natural hair, powdered and gathered in a queue, at first long, then short, and tied with ribbon, became the mode—to rout which, it required a revolution; in 1793 it fell—together with the monarchy of France. In the world of fashion here, the system stood out till somewhat later; but our Gallo-maniac Whigs were early deserters; and Pitt's tax on hair-powder, in 1795, gave a grand advantage to the innovating party. Pig-tails continued, however, to be worn by the army, and those of a considerable length, until 1804, when they were, by order, reduced to seven inches; and at last, in 1808, another order commanded them to be cut off altogether. There had, however, been a keen qualm in the "parting spirit" of protestation. The very next day brought a counter-order; but to the great joy of the rank and file, at least, it was too late—already the pig-tails were all gone. The trouble given to the military by the old mode of powdering the hair, and dressing the tail was immense, and it often led to the most ludicrous scenes. The author of the "Costume of the British Soldier," relates that on one occasion, in a glorious dependency of ours, a field-day being ordered, and there not being sufficient barbers in the garrison to attend all the officers in the morning, the juniors must needs have their heads dressed over-night, and to preserve their artistic arrangement, pomatumed, powdered, curled and clubbed, these poor wretches were forced to sleep as well as they could on their faces! Who shall presume to laugh after this, at the Feejee dandy, who sleeps with a wooden pillow under his neck, to preserve the perfect symmetry of his elaborately frizzed head.

Such was the rigidity with which certain modes were enforced in the army about this period, that there was kept in the adjutant's office of each regiment, a pattern of the correct curls, to which the barber could refer. Even at the present day, certain naval and military orders are extant, regulating the trim of the hair, whiskers, &c., and defining what regiments may and may not wear the moustache. A naval commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean gave written orders for unseemly tufts of hair worn by his officers to be discontinued.

For many years every trace of powder and pigtail have disappeared from the parade as well as the balacon; and footmen

are now the only persons who use a mode which once set off the aristocratic aspects of our Seymours and Hamiltons.

During the Emperor Paul's reformation of the Russian costume, Suwarow received a package of sticks as models of the tails and curls which, with the addition of powder, were to adorn the troops under his command. The conqueror of the Turks and Poles replied to this extraordinary despatch with three lines, which may be freely rendered :—

" The tails have not the bayonet's powers ;  
The curls are not long twenty-fours ;  
The barber's powder is not ours."

Bad as these are (and the originals are little better), it was a severe canon of criticism that punished them with banishment.

By the report of the Great National Exhibition of Arts and Sciences, at Paris, in 1834, we have the quantity of the hair, wrought and unwrought, exported in several years. From this we will take the figures for 1832, remarking that a great portion goes to England and the United States. The quantity of unwrought hair amounted to 16,551 kilogrammes, at the value of 132,408 francs ; while that of wrought hair in the same year, was 13,741 kilogrammes, at the value of 137,410 francs.

A considerable trade is carried on in hair for the manufacture of ladies' ornaments, such as bracelets, earrings, rings and brooches, as well as artificial ringlets, false plaits, beards, moustaches and perukes. The forensic and theatrical wigs, &c., are made of horse-hair ; but are fast getting into disuse.

We import from France alone, nearly fifty tons weight of human hair annually ; as will be seen by the following returns :—

		lbs.		Official value.
1848	.....	8,766	.....	£2,922
1849	.....	6,216	.....	2,072
1850	.....	10,727	.....	3,576
1851	.....	10,862	... ..	3,621

Small supplies reach us occasionally from other quarters, as from Germany, Italy, the Pacific, &c.

It is necessary to remark, respecting the value given above of the hair imported, that an agreement is made, that only two-thirds of its real value should be given in at the Custom-house, which is quite possible with such an article, and causes a great saving.

The South Sea Islanders are very expert in plaiting and

twisting the hair, far exceeding many of our modern artists in the smoothness, beauty, and fineness of the plait. We have seen in the private museum of Mr. Quining, of Kennington, a very remarkable specimen of ingenuity, in a plaited artificial head-dress of human hair, 379 feet in length, made in Tahiti, which is worn wrapped round the head of a female, in the manner of a turban, ornamented with flowers, shark's teeth, &c., and in this state it is called *Tamou*. Human hair is also used by the New Zealanders, and the natives of the Kingsmill group, the Sandwich islanders, the natives of Nootka Sound, and others, for the purposes of twine and cordage, to fasten on their spear heads, fish-hooks, &c.

The gentleman whose museum we have alluded to, has in his singular and extensive collection of curiosities, specimens of the various combs of native manufacture of different countries, samples of the head-dresses, and other illustrations of dress and obsolete customs, which are not, perhaps, to be met with elsewhere.

A lock of his lady's hair, her glove, her scarf, or some other emblem, was formerly worn by brave and gallant cavaliers in battle; and this is especially alluded to as practised at the battle of Agincourt. In peace, these love-locks were often worn on the hat.

At Upolu, and other islands in the Pacific, the Americans carry on a trade with the Feejees for curiosities; among other things, Feejee wigs, made from the hair of those killed in battle, fetch a dollar each. The North American Indians, it is well known, are fond of exhibiting their prowess in war, by suspending the scalps of those they have killed in battle to their girdles; and the wigwam of a bold and daring chief is an "old curiosity shop" for the skilful connoisseur in matted hair and savagely earned scalps.

A patent was taken out not very long ago, which is thus described in the specification.—"For a Forensic Wig, the curls whereof are constructed on a principle to supersede the necessity of frizzing, curling, or using hard pomatum; and for forming curls in a way not to be mauled; and also for the tails of the wig not to require tying in dressing; and further, the impossibility of any person untying them."

We have sufficient evidence that the Egypt of Pharoah was not ignorant of the wig—the very *corpus delicti* is familiar to our eyes; and many busts and statues in the Vatican have ac-

tually marble wigs at this hour upon them; clearly indicating the same fact in the days of imperial Rome. An Egyptian wig is to be seen at the British Museum.

As the Egyptians wore artificial hair for their shaven heads, so for their shaven chins they had artificial beards, the shape and size of which were determined by the rank of the wearer. The beards of private individuals were about two inches long; a king's beard was longer, and square at the bottom; and in the figures of the gods, the beard is turned up at the point, a form which it was unlawful for any one to imitate. On ordinary occasions, the king wore a wig of the common kind, but sometimes he wore his crown or royal cap.

To France, of course, we owe the re-invention and complete adoption of a head-dress, which sacrificed the beauty of nature to the delicacies of art. The epidemic broke out in the reign of Louis XIII. This prince never, from his childhood, cropped his hair, and the peruke was invented to enable those to whom nature had not been so bountiful in the item of flowing locks, to keep themselves in the mode brought in by their royal master.

In England, the introduction of these portentous head-dresses is well marked in Pepy's *Diary*. Under date, November 3, 1633, he says—

"Home, and by-and-bye comes Chapman, the periwig-maker, and upon my liking it (the wig), without more ado I went up, and then he cut off my haire, which went a little to my heart at present to part with it; but it being over, and my periwig on, I paid him £3; and away went he with my own haire to make up another of; and I, by-and-bye, went abroad, after I had caused all my maids to look upon it, and they concluded it do become me, though Jane was mightily troubled for my parting with my own haire, and so was Besse.

"November 8, 1653, Lord's Day.—To church, where I found that my coming in a periwig did not prove so strange as I was afraid it would, for I thought that all the church would presently have cast their eyes upon me, but I find no such things."

From this extract it would appear, that in the beginning the peruke, made as it was from the natural hair, was not very different from the Cavalier mode. The imagination of France speedily improved, however, upon poor old Dame Nature. Under Louis XIV., the size to which perukes had grown was such, that the face appeared only as a small pimple in the midst of a vast sea of hair. The great architect of this triumphant age of perukes, was one Binetti, an artist of such note

and consequence, that without him the king and all his courtiers were nothing. His equipage and running footmen were seen at every door, and he might have adopted, without much assumption, the celebrated *mot* of his royal master—“*L'état, c'est moi.*”

The clergy, physicians and lawyers speedily adopted the peruke, as they imagined it gave an imposing air to the countenance. This mode grew so universal that children were made to submit to it, and all nature seemed be-wigged.

For a long time after this invention, the head dress retained the natural color of the hair, but in 1714, it became the fashion to have wigs bleached; the process, however, was ineffectual, and they speedily turned an ashen grey; to remedy which defect, hair-powder was invented—another wondrous device, which speedily spread from the source and centre of civilization over the rest of Europe.

The changes of fashion often causes great distress among the workmen. In 1765 the peace of the metropolis was disturbed by the peruke-makers, who went in procession to petition the king against the innovation of people wearing their own hair. At the recovery of George III., after his first illness, an immense number of buckles were manufactured; they were spread over the whole kingdom. All the wealth of Walsall was invested in this speculation. The king went to St. Paul's without buckles. Shoe-strings supplied the place of straps, and Walsall was nearly ruined. The disuse of wigs, leather breeches, buckles, and buttons, is supposed to have affected the industry of 1,000,000 persons.

About the close of the 17th century, the peruke was made to represent the natural curl of the hair; but in such profusion, that ten heads would not have furnished an equal quantity, as it flowed down the back, and hung over the shoulders half-way down the arms. By 1721, it had become fashionable to tie one-half of it on the left side into a club. Between 1730 and 1740, the bag-wig came into fashion, and the peruke was docked considerably, and sometimes plaited behind into a queue, though even until 1752, the long flowing locks maintained their influence. After 1770 those were rarely seen, and since that time persons wearing perukes have generally had substantial reasons for so doing, from baldness, and complaints in the head. At one time, indeed, when the stern virtues of Brutus were much in vogue, the young men of Europe wore



perukes of black or dark hair, dressed from his statues. Many particulars on this subject have been preserved by Mr. Malcolm in his "Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London," from which we learn that a young countrywoman obtained £60 for her head of hair in the year 1700, when human hair sold at £3 per ounce; and in 1720 the grey locks of an aged female sold for £50, after her decease. Wigs of peculiar excellence cost as much as £140 each. A petition from the master peruke-makers of London and Westminster, presented to the king in 1763, points out the great decline of their use to have taken place at that time. In this memorial they complain of the public wearing their own hair; and say, "That this mode, pernicious enough in itself to their trade, is rendered excessively more so, by swarms of French hair-dressers already established in those cities, and daily increasing."

In Brand's History of Newcastle, we find it ordered (Dec. 11, 1711), that periwig-makers be considered part and branch of the company of barber-chirurgeons.

About 1711 an attempt was made to incorporate the peruke-makers with the Barbers' Company, and we have met with the following curious memorial on the subject:—

"THE CASE OF THE MYSTERY AND COMMONALTY OF BARBERS AND SURGEONS OF LONDON; AND OF THE PERUKE-MAKERS, INHABITING WITHIN LONDON, AND SEVEN MILES COMPASS OF THE SAME.

*Humbly Offer'd to the Honourable House of Commons.*

"That the *Barbers* and *Surgeons* of *London* were incorporated by the Statute of 32 Hen. VIII. Chap. 42, whereby it was enacted, That no *Barber* should keep a Shop within *London*, unless free of the Company. And the Search and Correction of all Inconveniences in *Barbery* or *Surgery*, happening within *London*, or one Mile Compass thereof, was by that Act lodg'd in the four Masters or Governors of the Company, which Powers are enlarg'd to a Circuit of seven Miles from the City, by the Charter of King *Charles I.* granted to the Company in the fifth Year of his Reign.

"That the Art of *Peruke-making* is a late Invention, and tho' it has been always exercis'd by the *Barbers*, yet 'tis justly doubted whether any of those Laws that relate to the one Trade, do comprehend the other.

"The Intent thereof of the Petition humbly offer'd to this Honourable House, is to obtain an Act to set them both in the same Condition, and that the law of 5. Eliz. whereby it is already provided, that *Barbers* shall serve seven Years' Apprenticeship, shall extend also to the *Peruke-makers*, which said Act the Petitioners humbly hope shall pass for these Reasons:—

"I. For that the Clause propos'd is upon the same Reason of

publick Benefit, that first in the time of Queen *Elizabeth* introduc'd a seven-Years Apprenticeship, as a necessary Qualification for *Barbers*, and all other Trades that were then in Exercise, which has been thought a very reasonable Regulation for all Trades depending upon Skill, because it hinders the vending of Goods ill wrought up at home, or the exporting them abroad, to the Discredit of the Publick Manufacturers of the Kingdom. Wherefore the Petitioners hope that this Honourable House will think this Clause more seasonable and necessary, for that the Petitioners can prove the Exportation of Perukes, by the forein Demand for such Commodities, has, of late, very much increas'd to the Profit of the Nation, and the Enlargement of the publick Revenue.

"It has indeed been thought by some that the Clause of seven Years Apprenticeship is an unnecessary Restraint upon Trade, as it tends to contract the Number of the Traders. But admitting that such restraints were inconvenient in Trades that relate only to the Buying and Selling, Exportation and Importation, of Commodities; yet in all Trades that are merely artificial, such a Regulation seems to be absolutely necessary, because it tends to the Perfection of the Works, and preventing the ignorant from interfering with the Skilful.

"II. The good Education and putting out of Children, depends very much in the setting proper Bounds to particular Trades; and a seven-Years Apprenticeship was therefore thought necessary, that the Master might be encourag'd, by a sufficient Recompence from the Continuance of the Service, to instruct his Servants: And that Children might not enterprise in Trade before they had acquir'd a competent Knowledge: As also that they might not gain a Credit, to the Ruin of others, before they were arrived at the Age when the Law makes them capable of contracting. And for this purpose it seems to be that the Law of the 5th of Queen *Elizabeth* has provided that no Man shall be bound till fourteen, that the Time of his Apprenticeship might expire at, or after, his Age of one and twenty. And indeed no parent would be prevail'd on to bind his Child an Apprentice, and to give a Sum of Money with him, if he had it not in prospect that he should exercise his Trade at full Age, uninterrupted by such as might attempt it without this Qualification.

"Nor is there in the Trade of *Peruke-making* (which is out of the present Statutes) any regular Way of binding Infants Apprentices; nor are they subject to the Authority of Correction or the Justice of Peace, which has been found in other Trades so useful a Regulation in the Education and Discipline of all Children, and therefore is attempted by this Bill.

"III. Because otherwise the Condition of *Barbers*, that have qualified themselves according to the Act, is much worse than that of any other Trade comprised in the Statute, since all people that will, under the Notion of a new invention, are admitted to the Exercise of the most material Branch of the *Barber's* Trade; and the Bill, as it is now propos'd, only looks forward to guard against this Inconvenience for the future, and does not injure any person who is in the present exercise of it as Master, or prevent the Exercise of it by such as are now Servants.

"IV. For that such Apprenticeship has been esteem'd as a good

Probation of the Fidelity of Servants, and generally fixes them in a certain Place, so as to make them more visible and better answerable to public Taxes and Contributions.

"V. For that the Establishment of a Propriety of the Artist in his Trade has never been thought an inconvenience, but rather an Advantage to Trade, as far as it does not tend to Monopoly; and the present Professors of this Art being so numerous, and being no ways restrain'd to take any Number of Apprentices at Pleasure, it is impossible that the Trade should ever fall into so few Hands as to create any Prejudice; Nor do we find it, in Experience, that an Art overloaded with a useless Number of unskilful Persons, can tend to any publick Benefit; or that a Regulation, by appointing a proper time of Apprenticeship, has contracted the Number of the Artists, but rather enlarg'd it; since it is easie to make it appear, that the Number of Traders hath received a greater Increase from the time of Queen *Elizabeth*, than it had during the whole Period between the Conquest and her Reign.

"Besides, It is a Maxim in Trade, That the number of all Traders increases or diminishes in proportion to the Use of that Manufacture whereupon they are employed: so that as on the one Hand, it's impossible to extend any Trade by crowding it with Numbers, where there is no demand of the Commodity, so, on the other Hand, it is as impossible that the Number of Artists should diminish where that Demand increases. Wherefore the Numbers in this Trade cannot lessen by the Bill propos'd, but, on the contrary, the Trade will receive the additional Benefits already mention'd, *viz.* To be manag'd only by the Skilful; To take in, and provide for, Children, by regular Apprenticeships; and to afford 'em a competent livelihood when they are Masters.

"The *Peruke-makers* are only to be admitted forein Brothers of the Company, and are not Freemen of the City of *London*, and therefore will not, by the Bill propos'd, be subject to bear any office in the Company, which is only a Consequence from their being free of the City.

"That the Act of 5. *Eliz.* does not, nor will the Bill propos'd, exclude any Person from the Exercise of this Art, that have serv'd the customary Apprenticeships of their own Country.

"The Petitioners were obliged to apply to this Honourable House, in this extraordinary Manner, because their Establishment being by Act of Parliament, no Enlargement of their Incorporation could be properly obtain'd from the Regal Authority.

"Wherefore it is humbly pray'd, That this Honourable House will be pleas'd to give Leave for the bringing in of a *BILL* for Incorporating the *Peruke-makers*, (within such Distance of *London* as your Honours shall think fit) with the Masters or Governors of the Mystery and Commonalty of Barbers and Surgeons of *London*, under such Rules and Orders as to the Wisdom of this Honourable House shall seem meet."

When full-bottomed wigs were worn, in the reign of Queen Anne, which cost thirty guineas, or more, each, they were frequently left as legacies, in common with expensive gold-headed canes, to dear and respected friends.

Art can seldom match the color of the hair to the complexion and the temperament of the individual. Did any one ever see a man with a head of hair of his own that did not suit him? On the other hand, was there ever seen a wig that seemed a part of the man? The infinite variety of nature in managing the coiffure is unapproachable. One man's hair she tosses up in a sea of curls; another she smooths down to the meekness of a maid's; a third she flames up, like a conflagration; a fourth she seems to have crystallized, each hair thwarting and crossing its neighbor, like a mass of needles; to a fifth she imparts that sweet and graceful flow which Grant, and all other feeling painters do their best to copy. In color and texture again, she is equally excellent; each flesh-tint has its agreeing shade and character of hair, from which, if a man departs, he disguises himself. What a standing protest is the sandy whisker to the glossy black peruke! Again, how contradictory and withered a worn old face looks, whose shaggy white eyebrows are crowned by chestnut curling locks! It reminds one of a style of drawing in vogue with ladies some years since, in which a bright-colored hay-maker is seen at work, in a cold black-lead pencil landscape.

The horse-hair court wigs of the judges seem to be recollections of the white perukes of the early Georgian era; but they are far more massive and precise than the old flowing head-dresses—their exact little curls and sternly-cut brow-lines making them fit emblems of the unbending, uncompromising spirit of the modern bench. At this day hardly one wig even is visible in the House of Lords.

In one of a course of Lectures on Sculpture, delivered in 1852, by Mr. Westmacott, at the Royal Institution, he was irreverent enough to have a fling at the wig—a piece of marvellous and senseless folly which is hugged especially by a class of highly educated men, from whom, of all others, we should have expected its earliest condemnation.

“When,” he observed, “King Charles was the pensioner of Louis XIV., the French court rejoiced in the peruke; our king and his court servilely adopted this strange piece of costume, with the other follies, and worse than follies of that court; and the fashion was transplanted into England. All—princes, peers, and commoners, adopted it; the church, medicine, law, gentry, all imbedded their heads in this most absurd dressing. By slow degrees, good sense, and it may be hoped better taste, have led to the discontinuance of this unsightly piece of French costume, amongst many who, so late as our

own times, indulged in it. Among the most eminent of those who have discarded it are our bishops, who now exhibit without disguise the natural developments of their heads. Even parish beadies and coachmen (except *state* coachmen!) have repudiated the wig—be it buzz, full-bottomed, bag or scratch. And who now wears it as a dress appendage? dandies or dancing-masters? Alas, no! The judges of the land, and counsel ‘learned in the law,’—and, still more strangely, the ‘first commoner’ (as his official badge)—are now the only supporters of this most ridiculous disguise. What a reflection it is on the *taste* of a nation, which alone, I believe, tolerates such a monstrous absurdity!”

The ridiculous and anomalous effect in monumental design was shown by a drawing of the well-known statue of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, from his monument in Westminster Abbey,—where this admiral is represented in flowing full-bottomed wig, a Roman cuirass, a large mantle, naked legs, and feet with sandals. “If, (adds the *Athenæum*) the wisdom which is proverbially said to reside in the wig, can by any possibility be separated from the horse-hair to be preserved for society, we hope to see the day when ‘The Last Wig’ may furnish a theme and a title for some one of our elegiac poets.”

The wigs of the Roman ladies were fastened with a cord of goat-skin. Periwigs commenced with their emperors; they were awkwardly made of hair, painted and glued together. The year 1529 is deemed the epoch of the introduction of the periwigs into France; yet it is certain that *teles* were in use here a century before. Fosbroke says—“that strange deformity, the judge’s wig, first appeared as a general genteel fashion in the 17th century.” Archbishop Tillotson was the first prelate who wore a wig, which then was not unlike the natural hair, and worn without powder.

Among the *Curiosa Cantabrigiensas* it may be remarked, that our most religious and gracious king, as he was called in the liturgy, Charles II., who, as his worthy friend, the Earl of Rochester, remarked—

“Never said a foolish thing,  
Nor ever did a wise one;”

sent a letter to the University of Cambridge, forbidding the members to wear periwigs, smoke tobacco, and read their sermons! It is needless to remark, that tobacco has not yet made its exit *in fumo*, and that periwigs still continue to adorn the heads of houses.

We remember a country surgeon who was bald, being on

a visit at the house of a friend whose servant wore a wig. After bantering for some considerable time, the jocular doctor remarked, "You see how bald I am, and don't wear a wig." "True, sir," replied the servant, "but an empty barn requires no thatch."

"The women say, Anacreon's old,  
And tell him what his glass hath told—  
That time hath blanched his flowing hair,  
And left his temples thin and bare.  
But be or clothed, or bare my crown,  
Or be my tresses hoar or brown,  
I care not."

There are few, however, who can face ridicule, and contemptuous remarks on personal deprivation. Even the negro likes to have

"Wool on the top of his head,  
In the place where the hair ought to grow."

All, therefore, are glad to replace artificially what time and circumstance may have removed or altered.

Some years ago a minister of the name of Salter, who had red hair, managed to purchase an hair dye, which, like magic, turned his hair to a glossy black. One of the deacons of his church, seeing his pastor so metamorphosed on Sabbath morning, objected to it, stating that he was departing from the rules of the church.

"How so?" asked the astonished divine.

"Why, sir," said the deacon, half smiling, "is it not ordered that the *Psalter* shall be *red* in church?"

Many, like Benedict in "Much Ado about Nothing," prefer, however, that their "hair shall be of what color it pleases God."

Some strange *contre-temps* have occurred from wearing false hair. Thomas Haynes Bayley alludes to such a mishap:—

"I saw the tresses on her brow,  
So beautifully braided;  
I never saw in all my life,  
Locks look so well as they did.  
She walked with me one windy day—  
Ye Zephyrs! why so thieving?  
The lady lost her flaxen wig!—  
Oh, seeing's not believing."

Another poet alludes to a similar accident in the following verses:—

"Give me a tress of curling hair,  
Above thy forehead, love, reclining,  
And next my faithful heart I'll wear  
The golden treasure brightly shining."

Thus spoke I to my Laura dear,  
And brightly on her cheek the blushes  
Of modesty and love sincere,  
Glow'd in their rosy transient flushes.

"Repulsing me, she gently strove  
To free her tresses from my fingers,  
And as I sought the gift of love,  
The glance she gave in memory lingers—  
'Twas partly anger—partly fear—  
I wondered at her strange emotion,  
When in my hand her ~~wig~~ fell down,  
A cooler to my love's devotion."

The classical reader cannot fail to recollect the anecdote of Cæsar, who, desirous of concealing his baldness, (the effects, it is said, of a dissipated life,) petitioned the *Senatus populusque Romanus* to be permitted to wear a laurel crown. He, however, did not inform them that it was for the purpose of concealing his baldness, but intimated that he desired it as a distinguishing mark of the opinion they entertained of the good services he had rendered his country. The prayer of the petition was granted, and we are told that Cæsar was more gratified with this boon—because it ministered to his vanity—than he had been with all the orations and honors and dignities that a grateful nation had conferred on him.

A friend has related to us an amusing incident, in which he played a prominent part, some time since, in California. He had stopped to rest himself, and while there he took a walk to an Indian camp a short distance from the house. Seating himself by the fire, he picked up a knife which was lying near by, and deliberately taking off his hat, took hold of his forelock and passed the knife gently under his hair. This attracted the attention of all the Indians; when he gave the knife a quick motion, and off came his bloodless—wig. In an instant the camp was a perfect scene of confusion, the squaws ran off screaming, and the children close at their heels keeping up a chorus. The males started to their feet perfectly horror-stricken—glancing, first, at the bald and shining cranium of our innocent looking friend and the shining scalp which hung dangling in his hand; and then at the bloodless knife in the other. Horror was depicted in every feature, and there they stood as if rooted to the earth. Our friend at last rose from his seat and showed the males that it was only a hoax. The women and children were soon brought back, and they all joined in a hearty laugh, to think how egregiously they had been deceived.

Washington Irving, in his "Adventures of Captain Bonneville," speaks of the astonishment of the North American Indians when he uncovered his head. The worthy captain was completely bald, a phenomenon very surprising in their eyes. They were at a loss to know whether he had been scalped in battle or enjoyed a natural immunity from that belligerent infliction. In a little while he became known among them by an Indian name, signifying the "Bald Chief." "A soubriquet," observes the captain, "for which I can find no parallel in history since the days of 'Charles the Bald.'" Those who have seen Wright the comedian in the Adelphi play of "Green Bushes," will remember the fun that is made of this circumstance, and the happy release from scalping which a wig affords.

Mr. Drummond Hay, in his "Western Barbary," tells an equally good anecdote of the advantage of a wig. Davidson, an African traveller, being bald, wore a toupet. A body of Arabs having on one occasion surrounded him, and had commenced plundering his effects, and threatened even his life; when suddenly Davidson, calling upon them to beware how they provoked the Christian's power, dashed his false hair to the ground, saying, "Behold my locks; your beards shall go next!" The Arabs fled, abandoning their plunder.

The scalp of a bald man is singularly smooth and ivory-like in aspect, a fact which Chaucer noticed in the "Friar:" "His crown it shon like any glass." Our humorous friend *Punch* recently depicted an intelligent child making the discovery that one of his mamma's visitors had a second shining forehead at the occiput.

Dromio, in "Comedy of Errors" says, "There's no time for a man to recover his hair that's grown bald by nature, unless he pays a fine for a peruke, and wears the lost hair of another man; but then, what time has scantied them in hair, is made up to them in wit."

Among the Romans, those who were bald and would not wear a wig, had recourse to a method which to us appears truly extraordinary. They caused hair to be painted on their bare skulls with perfumes and essences, composed expressly for that purpose. The existence of so strange a custom might, perhaps, be doubted, had we not proofs of it in the works of contemporary writers.



The following quotation from "Martial," in an epigram addressed to "Phœbus," alludes to the practice:—

"Your counterfeit hair is a falsehood of the perfume which imitates it; and your sense, disgracefully bald, is covered with painted locks; you have no occasion for a barber for your head, Phœbus; you may shave much better with a sponge."

The powdering of the hair took its rise about the year 1614, when some of the ballad singers of St. Germain are said to have whitened their heads with flour, to make themselves ridiculous. Hair powder came into general use about the close of that century, and in 1795 a tax was levied on its use in England, which netted to the revenue £20,000 per annum. So anxious were all to be in the fashion, that the tax was paid without scruple as a proof of gentility. Its use is now confined principally to coachmen and footmen, and a few elderly gentlemen of the old school; the ladies now resort to the profuse use of violet powder for the skin instead.

At the coronation of George II, an old magazine informs us, there were only two hairdressers in London. In the year 1795 it was calculated that there were in the kingdom of Great Britain 50,000 hairdressers.

Calculating that each of those used one pound of flour in a day, this, on an average, would amount to 18,250,000 pounds in one year, which would make 5,314,280 quartern loaves, valued at 9d. each the aggregate would be £1,246,421. This statement did not take in the quantity of flour used by the soldiers, or that consumed by those who dressed their own hair. Were a foreigner to have written then on the English, he might justly have described them as a people who wore three-penny loaves on their heads by way of ornament.

Among the lighter ornamental works at the Great Exhibition in London of 1851, few were finer or more curious than those executed in human hair; of which there were many exquisite specimens shown by French and English exhibitors.

In the French department, M. Lemonniere particularly excelled; a portrait of Queen Victoria, worked in hair, being so chaste and delicate, and at the same time so truthful that it was difficult to believe it was not a sepia drawing. There was also shown in an ornamental frame in the south gallery an interesting collection of likenesses, correct and pleasing, worked in hair, of her Majesty, Prince Albert, and all the royal children. Beneath these were emblems of church and state, the army

and navy, arts and sciences, commerce and industry, &c., beautifully executed in hair and gold, and exceedingly minute and perfect. There were various other interesting specimens of this description of art, in earrings, bracelets, brooches, rings, purses, hair worked in every possible way—in all kinds of coils and curves, in imitation of feathers or flowers, in scrolls or bouquets: For instance, there was the tomb of the Maid of Orleans, handsomely carved and covered with weeping willows, worked in the same delicate film-like material; a large family memorial—a sort of scroll of feathers—each supposed to be worked in the hair of some member of the family; and a basket, about eighteen inches square, filled with flowers and fruit. It is difficult to express how admirably these flowers were executed, or with what artistic skill the variety of shades, from almost white to all but black, were arranged.

Doubtless these were overlooked by many visitors who were more attracted by the multiplicity of larger and more dazzling objects arresting the eye in every direction; but they were nevertheless admirable specimens of patient ingenuity and skill, in grouping tastefully a difficultly worked material and an unpicturesque object.

A late number of a London journal states that hair ornaments of jewellery were never more in favor than at the present time. Many novel and elegant designs for brooches, bracelets, &c., have been introduced. Among the most remarkable productions of the beautiful art of hair working, may be instanced a *parure*, recently completed in Paris for a foreign Princess. It consists of a necklace, bracelets and earrings. The hair, which is a portion of the beautiful dark tresses of a Spanish lady of rank, is wrought with small globes, resembling beads of various sizes. These globes are transparent, and are wrought in a style of such exquisite delicacy that they seem to be made of the finest lace. They are clustered together like drooping bunches of grapes, and between each bunch there is a small tulip formed of diamonds. The ear-rings consist of pendent drops formed of hair beads, with tops consisting of diamond tulips. Hair ornaments, in designs similar to those here described, are made with pearls, or with the admixture of gold or silver, in lieu of diamonds.

Russia, with that arbitrary mode which characterizes despotic nations, published in June, 1853 a new ukase for the kingdom of Poland, prohibiting the wearing of false hair

by the women of the Jewish nation, as if government had anything to do in legislating on such a matter. Several infringements of this unjust law were punished.

We may here note the mantle of King Ryence, (so celebrated in romance) of rich scarlet, bordered round with the beards of kings sewed thereon craftily by accomplished female hands; and which must have tried the skill and patience of the fair votaries of the needle to the uttermost.

"We all have seen," observes the Countess of Wilton, in her "Art of Needlework," "perhaps we have, some of us, been foolish enough to manufacture, initials with hair, as tokens or souvenirs, or some other such fooleries. In our mother's and grandmother's days, when 'fine marking' was the *sine quâ non* of a good education, whole sets of linen were thus elaborately marked; and often have we marvelled when these tokens of grandmotherly skill and industry were displayed to our wondering and aching eyes."

But what were these, compared to the curiously elaborated mantle of kings' beards. In what precise way the beards were sewed on the mantle, we are not exactly informed. Whether this royal exuberance was left to shine in its own unborrowed lustre, its own naked magnificence, as too valuable to be intermixed with the grosser things of earth—whether it was thinly scattered over the surface of the "rich scarlet;" or whether it was gathered into locks, perhaps gemmed round with orient pearl, or clustered together with brilliant emeralds, sparkling diamonds or rich rubies—"sweets to the sweet;" whether it was exposed to the vulgar gaze on the mantle, or whether it was so arranged that only at the pleasure of the mighty warrior, its radiant beauties were visible:—on all these deeply interesting particulars we should rejoice in having any information; but, alas! excepting what we have recorded, not one circumstance respecting them has "floated down the tide of years." But we may perhaps form a correct idea of them from viewing a shield of human hair in the museum of the United Service Institution, which may be supposed to have been *compiled* (so to speak) with the same benevolent feelings as that of the hero's to whom we have been alluding. It is from Borneo Island, and is formed of locks of hair, placed at regular intervals, on a ground of thin tough wood: a refined and elegant mode of displaying the skulls of slaughtered foes.

Geoffrey ap Arthur, or, as he is more commonly called, Geoffrey

of Monmouth, has interwoven a tale in his "Chronicle," that seems to have an allusion to the introduction of hair manufacture. "Rheta Gawr made for himself a robe of the beards of princes that he had reduced to the condition of shaved ones (or slaves), on account of their oppression." In the romance of "Morte Arthur," this giant is called Ryence, king of North Wales; and we are told:—

"This giant had made himself furs of the beards of kings he had killed, and had sent word to Arthur, carefully to cut off his beard, and send it to him; and then, out of respect to his pre-eminence over other kings, his beard should have the honour of the principal place. But if he refused to do it he challenged him to a duel, with this offer, that the conqueror should have the furs, and also the beard of the vanquished, for a trophy of his victory. In his conflict therefore, Arthur proved victorious, and took the beard and spoils of the giant."

These coincidences are curious, and may serve, at any rate, to show that King Ryence's mantle was not the *invention* of this penman; but, in all probability, actually existed.

In Queen Elizabeth's day, when they were beginning to skim the cream of the ponderous tomes of former times into those elaborate ditties from which the more modern ballad takes its rise, this incident was put into rhyme, and was sung before her Majesty, at the grand entertainment at Kenilworth Castle, 1575, thus:—

- "As it fell out on a Pentecost day,  
King Arthur at Camelot kept his Court royall;  
With his faire queene, dame Guenever, the gay,  
And many bold barons sitting in hall;  
With ladies attired in purple and pall;  
And heraults in hewkes,\* heoting on high  
Cryed, *Largesse, largesse, Chevaliers tres hardie.*
- "A doughty dwarfe to the uppermost deas  
Bright pertiye gan pricke, kneeling on knee.  
With steven† full stoute amids all the peas,  
Sayd, 'Nowe, Sir King Arthur, God save thee, and see!  
Sir Ryence of Northgales greeteth well thee,  
And bids thee thy beard anon to him send,  
Or else from thy jaws he will it off rend.
- "For his robe of state is a rich scarlet mantle  
With eleven kings' beards bordered about;  
And there is room left yet in a kantle,‡  
For thine to stande, to make the twelfth out;  
This must be done, be thou never so stout;  
This must be done, I tell thee no fable,  
Mangre the teethe of all thy rounde table."
- ‡ When this mortal message from his mouth past,  
Great was the noyse bothe in hall and in bower;  
The king fum'd; the queen schreech'd; ladies were aghast;

\* *Hewke*—Herald's coat.

† *Steven*—voice, sound.

‡ *Kantle*—a corner.

Princes puff'd; barons blustered; lords began lower;  
 Knights stormed; squires startled, like steeds in a stower;  
 Pages and yeomen yell'd out in the hall;  
 Then in came Sir Kay, the king's seneschal.

" ' Silence, my sovereigns,' quoth this courteous knight,  
 And in that stound the stowre began still:  
 Then the dwarfe's dinner full deerely was dight;  
 Of wine and wassel he had his wille;  
 And when he had eaten and drunken his fill,  
 An hundred pieces of fine coynd gold  
 Were given this dwarf for his message bold.

" ' But say to Sir Ryence, thou dwarfe,' quoth the king,  
 ' That for his bold message I do him defye;  
 And shortly with basins and pans will him ring  
 Out of North Gales; when he and I  
 With swords, and not razors, quickly shall trye  
 Whether he or King Arthur will prove the best barbor;  
 And therewith he shooke his good sword Excalabor."

Drayton thus alludes to the same circumstance :—

" Then told they, how himselfe great Arthur did advance,  
 To meet (with his allies) that puissant force in France,  
 By Lucius thither led; those Armies that while ere  
 Affrighted all the world, by him strooke dead with feare;  
 Th' report of his great acts that over Europe ran,  
 In that most famous field he with the Emperor wan;  
 As how great Rythons selfe hee slew in his repaire,  
 Who ravisht Howell's neece, young Helena the faire;  
 And for a trophy, brought the Giant's coat away,  
 Made of the beards of kings."<sup>\*</sup>

And Spenser is too uncourteous in his adoption of the incident; for he not only levies toll on the gentlemen's beards, but even on the flowing and golden locks of the gentle sex :—

" ' Not farre from hence, upon yond rocky hill,  
 Hard by a streight, there stands a castle strong,  
 Which doth observe a custom lewd and ill,  
 And it hath long mayntain'd, with mighty wrong:  
 For may no knight nor lady passe along  
 That way, (and yet they needs must passe that way  
 By reason of the streight, and rocks among,  
 But they that Ladies' locks doe shave away,  
 And that knight's berd for toll, which they for passage pay."

" ' A shamefull use, as ever I did heare,'  
 Said Calidore, ' and to be overthrowne.  
 But by what means did they at first it reare,  
 And for what cause, tell, if thou have it knowne,'  
 Sayd then that squire: ' The Lady which doth owne  
 This castle, is by name Briana hight;  
 Then which a prowder Lady liveth none;  
 She long time hath deare lov'd a doughty knight,  
 And sought to win his love by all the meanes she might.

" ' His name is Crudor, who, through high disdaine,  
 And proud despit of self-pleasing mynd,  
 Refused hath to yield her love againe,  
 Until a mantle she for him doe fynd  
 With beards of knights, and locks of Ladies' lynd  
 Which to provide, she hath this Castle dight,  
 And therein hath a seneschall asynd,  
 Cald Moleffort, a man of mickle might,  
 Who executes her wicked will, with worse despit."

\* Drayton's Polyolbion, Song 4.

† Færie Queen, Book vi.

## IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

---

 No. XXXIV.—JULY, 1859.
 

---

## ART. I.—PREDICTIONS AND COINCIDENCES.

1. *Sketches of the Philosophy of Apparitions, or, an Attempt to trace such Illusions to their Physical Causes.* By Samuel Hibbert, M.D., F.R.S.E. Published by Oliver and Boyd, Tweedall-court, High-street, Edinburgh; and G. and W.B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria Lane, Lond. 1824.
2. *Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers, and the Investigation of Truth.* By John Abercrombie, M.D., Oxon. and Edin. V.P.R.S.E. Thirteenth Edition. 1849.

Though knowing that certain causes produce effects with which we are familiar, we are utterly at a loss to say why they do so; if we discover one cause to which the effect which we observe may be attributed, we are apt to be satisfied that our information is complete, yet the very cause which we have ascertained is the result of another cause, and so on to an extent beyond our limited comprehension. What a vast chain of causes may exist whose links we may never trace. Chance is a convenient word to which we attribute the effects of causes of which we are ignorant; but we may be assured that there is no blank in the laws of nature, and that all phenomena are the result of the different modes, by combination or otherwise, in which those laws act. But that there are coincidences purely accidental there can be no doubt; circumstances which have no connection often chime in with each other in a manner so remarkable that there are few who cannot recur to some occasion where they have appeared to bear on each other prophetically.

The desire to look into the hidden mysteries of futurity is so common to our nature, to every grade of mental capacity, and to every degree of knowledge, that it would seem, as it were, a yearning after some lost power, or of some faculty yet to be

granted, of which we are ever in search. We know that in the ruder ages omens and auguries from the flight of birds and from the entrails of animals, furnished the sources of prediction, and instances of remarkable coincidence, no doubt, strengthened the faith with which they were relied on. Astrology, too, with all its mystical forms, so calculated to strike the imagination, increased in influence, in all probability, from some happy coincidence. Fortune-telling, too, may have been indebted to the same fortunate source. Among the coincidences now selected, which are, of course, restricted by our limits, there are several for which it would be quite beyond our province to pretend to account ; but some may be reasonably referred to an excited state of the nervous system. Some dreams are strangely accurate as to events which never were presented to our waking thoughts, and yet it may be fairly said that with so many dreams, dreamed every night, and with so many occurrences happening every moment, it is perhaps more strange that coincidences should be so rare as to make them remarkable ; but while all that it justly claims is given to chance, we must acknowledge that there are coincidences so extraordinary that even those the farthest removed from superstition or credulity are startled by them, and unable to trace them to the ordinary rules by which we are governed, or to any mental suggestion. We are quite aware that influences beyond our comprehension may be so modified as to produce effects which appear marvellous. Every advance in science reveals the action of a power hitherto unknown. Theodore Hook says, "When I breathe the air, and see the grass grow under my feet, I cannot but feel that He who gives me power to inhale the one and stand upon the other, has also the power to use for special purposes, such means and agency as He in His wisdom may see fit, and which, in point of fact, are not more incomprehensible to us than the very simplest effects which we every day witness, arising from unknown causes."

"God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform,  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm."

There is no subject which excites more interest than that of dreaming, or about which there have been a greater variety of theories. Prophetic visions, whether sleeping or waking, we

find by the Old Testament, were of frequent occurrence in the olden time, and have been recorded at a later period in the New Testament, as having taken place in the early days of Christianity. From the remarkable manner in which the prophecies they conveyed were fulfilled it appears at once that they were divinely ordered. The dreams of Joseph and of Nebuchadnezzar are remarkable examples of allegorical dreams and their fulfilment. It was in a vision that the power was conferred on Daniel of recalling all the particulars of the last mentioned dream to the mind of the king, and of giving its interpretation. It was in a dream that Solomon was directed to ask what gift he would of the Lord—it was in a dream that he prayed for wisdom—in a dream his prayer was answered and the gift bestowed. Soon after followed his remarkable judgment, *when all Israel saw that the wisdom of God was in him, to do judgment*. That such favor may still be vouchsafed seems so far from being impossible, by no means improbable, and thus, from time to time, some extraordinary dream has been related, which points either allegorically or prophetically to a coming event, and has, in many instances, been happily acted upon as a warning or an intimation of some great advantage. The governor of Dover absolutely refused to let Harvey embark with a party about to sail for the continent. The prohibition appeared unreasonable, as there was no reason given for it: but when news arrived that the vessel was lost, and that all on board had perished, the governor sent for Harvey and told him why he had prevented his going—it was in consequence of a command conveyed to him in a dream that he had done so. It would indeed seem that it was providentially ordered that one whose great discovery was to benefit the human race should not be lost.

Admiral Sir Henry Digby related a circumstance on which his fortunes turned, and by which he made a great portion of the wealth which he amassed while in the navy. It was when he was in command of a frigate sailing for Cape St. Vincent, and it was running to the southward, in the latitude of Cape Finisterre, that the officer of the watch heard the captain's bell ring; he hurried to his cabin—it was then eleven o'clock at night. "What sort of weather?" asked the captain. "The same, sir, as when you left the deck—fine strong breeze—starlight night." "The same sail?" "Yes sir, the same—double reefed topsails and foresail." "Was there anybody in my



cabin?" "I believe not sir, I shall ask the sentry." The sentry declared there had not been any person there. "Very strange!" said the captain, "I was convinced that I was spoken to." At two o'clock the bell was heard again, the same questions were asked, and the same answers given. "A most extraordinary thing!" exclaimed Captain Digby, "Every time I dropped asleep I heard somebody shouting in my ear, *Digby, Digby, go to the northward! Digby, Digby, go to the northward*—I shall certainly do so—take another reef in your topsails, haul your wind, and tack every hour till daylight, and then call me." His orders were, of course, obeyed. When the officer was relieved, his successor was astonished at finding the ship in a wind, and asked the meaning of it. "The meaning indeed! the captain has gone mad, that is all," was the only explanation he could give. They laughed heartily together, but were bound to obey orders, and the ship was tacked at four, at five, at six, and at seven. She had just come round for the last time as the day was breaking, when the look-out man cried out, "large ship in the weather bow." A musket was fired to bring her to; she was a Spanish ship laden with dollars—an immense prize—the captain was no longer considered a madman.

Such remarkable dreams, though of rare occurrence, may have attracted a superstitious reliance upon *all* dreams, as being manifestations of divine interference. It is most certain that unpleasant dreams often arise from something physically amiss. Beattie, in his interesting dissertation on dreaming, supposes they may sometimes be a hint to attend to the health, and to point out the particular parts of the body which are out of order. Intemperance in eating or drinking, in sleep or watching, in rest or exercise, tend to make dreams disagreeable, and therefore one end of dreaming may be to recommend temperance and moderation. This at once intimates the probability that dreams may be providentially ordered for our good. He concludes the dissertation in those words: "Providence certainly superintends the affairs of man, and often—we know not *how often*—interposes for our preservation. It would therefore be presumptuous to affirm that supernatural cautions in regard to futurity, are never communicated in dreams; it is the design of those remarks not to counteract any authentic experience or historical fact, but only to show that dreams may proceed from a variety of causes, which have nothing supernatural in them, and that though we are not much acquainted

with the nature of this wonderful mode of perception, we know enough of it to see that it is not useless or superfluous ; but may, on the contrary, answer some purpose of great importance to our welfare, both in soul and body."

Doctor Abercrombie, in his delightful work on the Intellectual Powers, furnishes many remarkable instances of dreams suggested by an action on some part of the body. He mentions that a gentleman who went to sleep with a vessel of hot water at his feet, dreamed of walking up the crater at Mount Etna, and that he felt the ground hot. One of the most extraordinary instances of a dream produced by deleterious air, on a number of persons at the same time, may be found in *The Journal of Physiological Medicine and Mental Pathology*. It was related by Andral, who told that a battalion of 800 French soldiers, spent with the fatigues of a forced march under a hot sun, took shelter for the night in a low narrow building which had been intended for the accommodation of only 300. Notwithstanding the discomfort of being so closely packed, they were so overcome by fatigue that they were all soon fast asleep, but at midnight one and all were roused by fearful screams from every part of the house. To the eyes of the astonished and affrighted soldiers appeared the vision of a huge dog, which bounded in through the window, and rushed with extraordinary heaviness and speed over the breasts of the spectators. The next night, by the solicitations of the surgeon, the *Chef de Battalion*, who accompanied them, they resumed their previous quarters. The narrator goes on to say that "*they* slept ; wide awake, we watched the arrival of the hour pending the panic. Midnight had scarcely struck, when the veteran soldiers, for the second time, started to their feet ; again they had heard the supernatural voices, again the visionary hound bestrode them to suffocation. The *Chef de Battalion* saw nothing of these events. Here," Andral says, "is a curious fact, and it is more worthy of attention, perhaps, as it seems to point out the especial operation of physical causes in the production of monomanias in the direction of the delusion towards the organs, namely, those of respiration, which had chiefly suffered in the previous marches, and in the suffocating atmosphere of the den in which they slept."

A lady recounted a frightful dream in which she had fancied herself pursued by robbers ; after a chase they came up to her, and one of them seized her hand, and held it so tight that

she was awakened by the pain. She still felt her assailant's cold hand and iron grasp—she tried for awhile to free herself, and at last with a great effort she was enabled to move, when she discovered that one of her own hands was locked in the other; the dream was at once accounted for.

The very prediction conveyed in a dream, has often been the cause of its own fulfilment—yet who can positively assert that such has not been providentially designed? The poor man who had dreamt that he was to be killed by a snake, fulfilled the dreaded prophecy himself by destroying one which he saw in the grass which he was about to mow; the scythe by which it was killed, slipped, and inflicted a severe cut on his leg, which after some days' suffering, mortified, and death ensued. A dream of impending death may produce a shock so great as to snap the springs of life—a strong impression on the imagination has been known to produce a disturbance in the nervous system so great as to act fatally. The records of all such are peculiarly interesting, from a degree of mystery in which they are involved.

In looking over the notice of deaths in Dodsley's Annual Register for the year 1773, the following singular one caught our attention—"Died, suddenly in Dublin, Miss Clancy, daughter of the late William Clancy, one of the most considerable merchants in Dublin. The circumstances of the lady's death are very extraordinary. On the morning of her decease, she told the family that she had passed a most disagreeable night, having dreamed that her eldest sister (a widow lady who resided in France) was dead, and that her ghost had appeared to her to warn her of her immediate dissolution. At first she refused to credit the ghost, and declared her health to be very good, but the apparition persevered, asserting that she had but a few hours to live; the dream affected her much, but she was rallied out of her fears. She paid some morning visits and then retired to her devotions. At dinner she was very cheerful, but suddenly dropped her knife and fork, complaining of a violent pain in her head, and instantly expired." It may be a question whether the fatal event had been intimated by supernatural agency, or whether the prediction may not have been verified by the effect which it produced on the imagination? The death of Captain Hallyman was not less extraordinary; he had been frequently heard to say, that he had been often told by his mother that he would die on the 10th of November,

1769, though in perfect health ; he was strongly impressed with the idea. On the predicted day, his spirits were depressed and he was frequently heard to sigh ; he was however in no way indisposed. He made his will and took leave of his friends, assuring them he was to die that night ; they felt no uneasiness, conceiving that he was merely giving way to a vagary of imagination, as there was no symptom whatever of illness—but in the morning he was found dead in his bed, without the least appearance of having died any but a natural death. Though we may easily account for the sad catastrophe, it is impossible not to feel surprised, that a prediction which took such fatal hold of his mind, should not have produced some apparent physical derangement of the system, previously to his death, and that the blow should have fallen with a precision as exact at the appointed time, as that of the executioner on one in the full vigour of health, under sentence.

There is no account of the accuracy of the force of imagination to the expected moment, more striking than in the well known instance of the criminal who was led out for execution, unconscious that a reprieve had just arrived. It will be remembered that all the preparations for the execution had been gone through, that he saw the axe, which he believed was about to sever his head from his body, that he laid his head upon the block, that his bared neck was struck with a wet handkerchief, and that instantly life became extinct. What a revulsion must have been in the feelings of those who watched for his rapture on being restored—what must have been the agonized feelings of the one who had planned the fatal experiment ?

Physicians prove by the directions which they give to those attending their patients, that they well know the power of imagination—they desire that the mind may be diverted as much as possible from the malady—they know that unfavourable symptoms may not only be aggravated, but induced, by the thoughts being directed to them. Sir Nathaniel Barry, a physician formerly in great practice in Cork, was in attendance upon a young man ill of a fever, who was firmly impressed with the idea that he was to die at a particular hour on a certain day. Argument was utterly unavailing—this persuasion was not to be shaken ; he kept the most exact account of every hour that passed, evidently reckoning those he had yet to live ;

this added to his restlessness of his complaint. At length under the influence of a powerful opiate he fell asleep—but when the hour drew near, as if true to an appointment, he started up awake, and asked under great excitement *what o'clock it was?* He was answered according to the instructions previously given by Sir Nathaniel; by no means satisfied, he insisted upon seeing all the watches; the wise physician had taken the precaution of having them all put on, while the young man slept. In all human probability it was owing to this happy forethought that his life was saved—from the moment that he felt assured that the dreaded hour had past his amendment commenced, and it was not long till he was quite well.

The fulfilment of the prediction of Robert Percival's fearful death, which occurred in the year 1674, was much spoken of at the time, and may have made the deeper impression, because imagination could have had no part in it. It was remarkable in this case that the same vision which had represented his dreadful fate to himself, appeared on the very same night to his near relation. It is supposed that he died by the hand of an assassin; but no surprise can be felt at the mode of his death, nor at the vision which preceded it, when his life and habits are considered. He had abandoned the literary pursuits for which he had a decided turn, and became recklessly abandoned, no longer putting the least restraint upon passions naturally violent, he was engaged in several duels; while in the midst of his vicious course, his own spectre all ghastly and bloody appeared before him; it is certain that he was so appalled that he fainted away. When he recovered, he related the particulars of the apparition to Lord Egremont, who recorded it word for word. A short time afterwards, the unfortunate young man was found murdered on the Strand; the upbraidings of a guilty conscience no doubt frequently mingled with his dreams, and it is natural to conclude that the slumbers of the friends of one so dissolute must have been frequently disturbed by wild and frightful apprehensions.

How often must the safety of those who are dear be the subject of uneasy misgiving. If they are in a situation liable to any danger, the troubled minds of those to whom they are most precious, will often shape disastrous dreams which are looked on as prophetic if accident should occur, but are soon forgotten if such should not happen. It may be remembered that the circumstances connected with the fate of Hodges the

engine-driver, were noticed a few years since in the public papers. He resided with his wife at Ely—he was wakened one night by her screaming, after which she had an hysterical fit. Upon her recovery she told that she had had a frightful dream—she thought he had been killed by an accident to the train; he tried to laugh her out of her fears, but in the morning, she implored him with tears not to think of driving the engine that day. As he bade her good-bye, she was seized with another hysterical fit, to which she had never been subject; he returned from the door and kissed her again, and then left her in charge of a neighbour. She never saw him alive again. Within four-and-twenty hours of her vision, she stood beside his mangled remains. These are remarkable cases of coincidences, but there are instances still more remarkable, instances in which no predisposing circumstances seem to have been instrumental in suggesting the prediction, or in its accomplishment. Moore, in his *Diary*, tells of a remarkable dream related to him by Bowles, in whose neighbourhood it had occurred. A dream that her husband was killed by lightning made a great impression upon a poor woman, and she found it impossible to shake it off; a thunder storm came on soon after—"that," she exclaimed, as she saw a vivid flash of lightning, "that flash has killed my husband," and so it was—the dismal tidings arrived from a field where he had been working about two miles off.

According to the theory of some who have reflected on the subject, dreams are conceived to be continuous thoughts, resembling waking reveries;—the fact that they are generally about those who are dearest, and therefore most present to the waking thoughts, seems to favour the supposition—but yet many have lamented how seldom those of whom they are fondest who have died, are present in their dreams. This may arise from the deep impressions of their death, which even sleep cannot efface. Thoughts of a dear absent brother may have occupied the mind of his sister so much, as to give shape to her dreams, but it cannot account satisfactorily for one which she detailed to a member of the family in whose service she was often observed to sigh and look sorrowful: "Ah Miss," she replied when asked why she was so sad, "I had but one brother—I was very fond of him—but he was far away serving his time, for my mother put him to a trade after my father died, and she and I lived alone in the cabin. One night I awoke thinking I heard a loud knock at the door; my mother said

it was the wind and bid me go to sleep—but I was roused up again by the knocking. My mother was vexed, told me again that it was the wind, and bid me lie down and go to sleep—but it was not easy to go to sleep, for there was a fright over me, and my heart went beating very fast, but at last it grew quiet and all without was still, except the wind moaning like, among the trees—and that seemed to lull me too,—but I was troubled again with a frightful dream and the knocking came louder than ever, and at last it flew in the door, and two great men came in ; their heads almost touched the roof, and they laid down a coffin at the foot of the bed. I jumped up with the fright, and sure enough there *was* loud knocking ; so I threw my gown about me and went to the door, and they told me from without, that they had a message from the town where my brother was serving his time. I opened the door and could perceive that there was a cart outside,—there was a great mist and the grey of the morning coming on, and the damp, and the chill went through and through me, and I had a trembling from the fright. I drew the form to the fire that the men might take an air of it—somehow I was afraid to ask about the message,—they looked pitiful at one another—and then they told it all—my brother was dead, and they had brought him home in his coffin to be buried with his own people.” The vivid foreshadowing of this dream, is exactly like what is related of the second sight.

A very remarkable dream was related to us, by a niece of Doctor D—— who was formerly Bishop of Down ; he and his lady had an only child on whom they doted. As they sat at breakfast one morning the boy said, “ Mamma, I had the oddest dream last night,—I thought a nice new box was brought home for me—it was my own, own, for my name was on it,—and the day of the month and the year,—I never saw such a curious pretty box in my life. This was the shape,” continued he as he traced with bread crumbs the shape of a coffin. The father and mother felt a chill of horror, and the little darling, always carefully attended to, was watched over with additional tenderness during the day. Instead of being taken to the house in the neighbourhood where they were to dine, it was determined that he should be left at home for fear of cold, for the dream had left its impression. When they went up to dress, whilst the carriage was being got ready to convey them to where they were invited, the boy went to

the stable and coaxed the groom to let him mount one of the horses ; while galloping round the paved yard he was thrown and killed upon the spot.

Among the numerous records of predictions conveyed in dreams, there are few perhaps were remarkable than that which foretold the downfall of the house of Medici,—the Improvisatrice Candiére, who used to delight Lorenzo with his extempore effusions which he accompanied with the lyre, continued to reside in the palace after Lorenzo's death. He told Michael Angelo one morning, that he was greatly troubled in consequence of a dream which he had the night before. He thought Lorenzo had gone to him, wrapped in a tattered black robe and commanded him to tell his son that he would soon be driven from his house—*never to return*. Michael Angelo urged him to obey—but Candiére knowing the disposition of Piero, feared to tell him. A few mornings after, Michael Angelo met him in the court of the palace, and perceived that something had alarmed and distressed him,—Candiére told him the cause of his trouble. Lorenzo had again appeared to him, and upbraided him for not having communicated what he had desired to Piero, and in token of displeasure had slapped him on the face, which had awakened him. Candiére, urged by Michael Angelo, took courage, and told Piero what had occurred,—Piero and all of his attendants laughed heartily. "Would not Lorenzo," said his Chancellor, "have appeared to his son to impart the information and not to another person?" The prediction made such an impression on Michael Angelo that he left Florence in a few days, and within the year the Medici were expelled from their possessions.

A very remarkable event took place at the College of the Propaganda of Rome, in connection with a dream ; it excited considerable interest at the time of its occurrence. It is one of the rules there that none of the students are to speak during dinner ; at that time some pious book is read aloud. It was observed one day during the repast, that one of the students appeared to be under great uneasiness ; he at length said that he must break silence, for he had that upon his mind which weighed so heavily that he must relieve himself by telling it. The Principal of the Propaganda bade him speak. "It is," said he, "of a dream that has been repeated for three nights, a dream that has made an impression that weighs upon my mind. I thought myself in a large gloomy apartment, alone—



the body of a dead man lay on the floor beside me ; the face was covered with a cloth which I strove to remove, but found it impossible." In a short time after he had spoken, the young man rose and left the room,—some time passed, he was looked for, and after a little search he was found lying dead on the walk. This dream and the melancholy fate of the young man, agree with the superstition regarding the second sight, in Scotland, where the face of the dead being covered is believed to denote the death of the seer ; the same belief prevails about dreams.

Not only are there a vast number of dreams on record, which appear to have predicted events of the most awful nature, but many of a whimsical kind which have borne on every day occurrences might be cited. A gentleman told of one which a lady, a friend of his, had. She fancied that she was walking in a field, when a crow flew over to her and said, "be prepared with abundance of good cheer for a visitor who shall be with you to-morrow. The dream was laughed at when told at breakfast, after which the lady went about her domestic concerns ; she went into her store-room, the window of which was open, she looked at various articles which she had stored, among others at a cask of grains, from which she had removed the cover ; whilst looking at it, a crow flew in at the window, and perching on the edge of the cask, remained till he had supplied himself most plentifully, evidently enjoying the bespoken banquet to his heart's content.

Beattie, in his Dissertation on the Sublime, mentions the horror which a terrific dream inspires,—he exemplifies this by a case which came under his own immediate observation ; it was that of a young man who had been frightened in his sleep, by a vision as he imagined, which he had seen about two years before he spoke of it to Doctor Beattie ; "with much intreaty," he adds, "I prevailed on him to give me some account of his dream, but there was one particular, which he said that he would not, nay, that he durst not mention ; and while he was saying so, his haggard eyes, pale countenance, quivering lips and faltering voice, presented to me such a picture of horror as I never saw before or since. I ought to add that he was, in all other respect, in his perfect mind, cheerful and active, and not more than twenty years of age."

Among the remarkable dreams noticed in *Abercrombie's* *Inquiries Concerning the Intellectual Powers*, there is one par-

ticularly striking as favouring the opinion of the community of minds, held by some. It was the opinion of Lord Bacon, that "the men who had looked deeply into the hidden nature of things, the transmission of one body to another, and the magnetic forces, have agreed that the human mind can be placed in communication with other minds, and transmit their own impressions;" there is nothing in the composition of man more lovely or mysterious than the influence of sympathy, so subtle in its essence, but so powerful in its effects. Nothing but its action being so constant, prevents its being regarded as miraculous; the full extent of its power may never be known; how its operations pass from mind to mind with electric speed, may never even be guessed at, but they are felt from the moment we open our eyes upon this world, till we close them on it for ever—in a more exalted state they may be accomplished with more vivid enjoyment, and with nothing to mar their benefit. The remarkable case to which we have referred is thus detailed: "A young man who was at an academy, a hundred miles from home, dreamt that he went to his father's house, in the night, tried the front door, found it locked, got in by a back door, and finding nobody out of bed, went directly to the bed-room of his parents; he then said to his mother, 'mother, I am going a long journey, and am come to bid you good-bye;' on which she exclaimed in much agitation, 'oh, dear son, thou art dead;' he instantly awoke and thought no more of his dream, until a few days after, when he received a letter from his father, enquiring anxiously about his health, in consequence of a frightful dream his mother had on the same night, in which the dream now mentioned, occurred to him. She dreamt that she heard some one attempt to open the front door, then go to the back door, and at last come up into her bed-room. She then saw it was her son, who came to the side of her bed, and said: 'mother, I am going a long journey, and am come to bid you good-bye,' on which she exclaimed: 'oh dear son, thou art dead,' but nothing unusual happened to any of the parties; this singular dream must have originated in some strong mental impression, which had been made on both individuals at the same time; to have traced the source of it, would have been a subject of great interest."

Many dreams are related, which so exactly resemble what is told of Clairvoyance and of second sight, that it would seem as if they originated from the same agency. "Many years ago there was mentioned in several of the newspapers a dream which

gave notice of the murder of Mr. Percival. The gentleman to whom the dream occurred resides in Cornwall; he dreamt that he was in the lobby of the House of Commons, and saw a small man, dressed in a blue coat and white waistcoat; immediately after he saw a man dressed in a brown coat, with yellow basket buttons, draw a pistol from under his coat, and discharge it at the former, who instantly fell, the blood issuing from a wound a little below the left breast; he saw the murderer seized by some gentlemen who were present, he observed the countenance, and on asking who the gentleman was, he was told that it was the Chancellor; Mr. Percival was at that time Chancellor of the Exchequer; he then awoke and mentioned the dream to his wife, who made light of it; but in the course of the night the dream returned three times, without the least variation in any of the circumstances; he was now so much impressed by it that he felt much inclined to give notice to Mr. Percival, but was dissuaded by some friends whom he consulted, who assured him he would only get himself treated as a fanatic. On the evening of the eighth day after, he read an account of the murder. Being in London a short time after, he found in the print shops, a representation of the scene, and recognized in it, the countenances and dress of the parties, the blood on Mr. Percival's waistcoat, and the peculiar yellow basket buttons on Bellingham's coat." This singular dream was communicated to Doctor Abercrombie by an eminent medical man, who procured it for him, from the gentleman himself who had it. No preceding circumstance or probable train of thought seems to have suggested it, and it may well be classed among the dreams which Professor Abercrombie says, "do not admit of explanation on any principle which we are able to trace; such we are compelled to receive as facts, which we can in no degree account for." Of such he has brought forward many curious cases. The following has been preserved in a family of rank in Scotland, the descendants of a distinguished lawyer of the last age. A case of great importance and difficulty had caused him intense anxiety and unremitting study for several days; one night he was observed by his wife to rise from bed and sit down at his writing desk, where he wrote till he had filled a long paper which he then put up carefully in his desk and went to bed. In the morning he told his wife that he had had a most interesting dream, about the case which had so much perplexed him. He said that he would give anything to recover the train of thought

which in his dream had enabled him to give a most lucid opinion on that cause which had given him so much trouble. She bid him go to his writing desk, where he found the opinion clearly and fully stated in the sheet which had occupied him, while he slept. This singular dream seems at variance with the opinion that memory is discarded in our dreams, for it would evidently appear that some points in the case must have been floating in his mind. Baxter would perhaps have regarded it as evidence of the accuracy of his theory, *that dreams are prompted by separate spirits*. "The dreams of sleeping men," according to Locke's opinion, "are all made up of the waking man's ideas, though for the most part oddly put together." Hibbert \* follows in this track; Addison thinks that "dreams look like the relaxations and amusements of the soul, when she is disincumbered of her machine, her sports and recreations, when she has laid her charge asleep."

Doctor Abercrombie says, "there is a strong analogy between dreaming and insanity; the distinction is, that in insanity the erroneous impression is permanent and acted upon; in dreaming the illusion is evanescent, being dissipated on awakening; in both states," he adds, "that memory and judgment are generally suspended; reveries are but waking dreams and are the result of recollections and associations;" if too often and too long indulged in, they frequently bring on hallucinations or end in insanity.

Philosophy has referred many of the spectral appearances of which we have heard, to illusions attendant on a disordered state of the nerves, or disturbance of the circulation, and though its explanation may be satisfactory as far as it goes, yet there still remain so many mysteries in well-authenticated tales concerning them, that something is still wanting to the theory to make it thoroughly convincing; thus, for instance, intimation is given of the death of some person, not to the individual himself, but to some friend or relation who may either not choose to reveal it to him whom it concerns, or may not have the opportunity, and yet the prediction is fulfilled. In that case the imagination, or the bodily state of the one most nearly concerned, can have nothing to do with the coincidence. There are instances in Scripture of intimations given in visions to be conveyed to those for whom they are intended, and not for the

---

\* In his *Sketches of the Philosophy of Apparitions*.

person to whom they were intrusted. It was in a vision that Nathan was directed by the Lord to desire David not to build a house for his name; it is probable that the reproof which was conveyed from God by Nathan, was given in charge to him in the same way.

The mind being directed to one subject exclusively, often becomes the victim of illusions; some variety is absolutely necessary; utter want of employment is equally dangerous; if by circumstances deprived of objects for its exercise, it is almost sure to give way, vacancy leaves it open for every idle impression or wild phantasy, a melancholy fact too often proved by the effect of solitary confinement. The human mind, like a finely stringed instrument, is adapted with admirable skill for harmony, but its delicate chords may be snapped by distension, or its fine tone lost by too great relaxation. Pinel details the case of a young man who came to Paris to study the law; his application was so intense that at last it affected his health and spirits—great depression and morbid sensibility soon brought on insanity. In hopes of dispelling his melancholy he was taken one night to the theatre, but he fancied that the comedy had been written for the sole purpose of turning him into ridicule, and in great anger he accused Pinel of having furnished the author with materials, and exposed him as a laughing stock to the public. Every priest and monk whom he chanced to meet in his walks, he fancied were comedians in disguise, who were observing his gestures and reading his thoughts, for the purpose of turning him into ridicule. He fancied himself surrounded by spies and robbers, and once in the dead of night he threw open his window calling loudly for assistance; his mind and body were reduced to such a state of debility, that it was determined to send him home from the asylum where he had been placed. All the unhappy symptoms however increased, paroxysms of delirium were succeeded by deep gloom, no one could please him, nothing could satisfy him, he rejected his food and seemed to hate his very existence; one day he eluded his keeper and escaped with no covering but his shirt. He was sought for in every direction, he had lost himself in a neighbouring wood, and after a search of some days, his dead body was found; his wretched existence was terminated by exhaustion.

The *mal du pays* of the Swiss soldier, and the calenture of the poor sailor, most probably have their origin in the reveries which represent a distant home. The sailor tossed upon the

wide seas for many a long day, has been often seen in deep meditation looking upon the waves flowing on and on in endless succession—the very monotony of the view favouring reverie. He gazes on till a new scene seems spread before him; he sees once more the refreshing green fields and shady bowers which he had never hoped to see again, and the mountain rill is flowing on, as in days gone by, through rocks and pebbles, making sweet music of its own, and the cattle still are browsing on the slopes, and he sees the tangled paths he used to tread in boyhood, and there is the cottage in its sheltered nook—it is, it is his home—his very home!—one spring and he will be there once more—one spring, and it was the last he could ever see of that home even in his reveries. Such cases exemplify the truth of Locke's opinion, that *meditating for a long time on objects, they may at length be represented as really present*; this is said to have been the case with Benvenuto Cellini while in his ecstasy in prison. Mr. Nicholson tells us in his philosophical journal, that he was determined to test the truth of Locke's theory, and that he reflected for a considerable time on landscapes and architectural views; at length rural scenes, splendid views, and noble architectural structures appeared before him in endless succession—the gorgeousness of the representation could only be equalled by the descriptions in a fairy tale. The state of the faculties in such cases appears to resemble that of "*the highest created intelligences*" in their moments of inspiration. In pursuit of a darling act, the vivid impressions made by an exalted imagination frequently bring on hallucinations which seem more real than the very realities of life. Illusions are perhaps necessary for the perfection of their art. It is known that Beethoven, when intent upon some composition, would seek the solitude of some wild scene, and would perhaps wander for days and nights watching the variation in surrounding objects, and listening to the breeze among the trees, or to the wild winds sweeping along the forest, or dashing the waves against the rocks; and as the voices of nature would furnish him with a theme, he was heard ever and anon to break into some snatch of melody. In those wild wanderings who can tell with what sublime hallucinations he may have been visited? Paganini, of whom such strange and mysterious stories have gone abroad, was known to hold converse with his violin in the dead hour of night, and he would snatch it from under his pillow, where it was placed

before he went to bed, and those who listened said it was no earthly music which they heard. Blake, the painter, lived in an ideal world, and so thoroughly was he impressed with the reality of his illusions, that his very earnestness produced its effect upon others; his friends shook their heads and said he *certainly was* an extraordinary man, and his wife, who was ever by his side, was convinced of the presence of the visionary beings with whom he discoursed, though she could not see them.

Hibbert observes, that "with numerous morbid affections of the body arising from variously excited states of the circulating system, or of the nervous influence, the production in the mind of spectral illusions is connected. The view," he says, "which I have taken is, that spectral illusions ought to be regarded as nothing more than recollected images of the mind, rendered as intense as actual impressions." It is more than probable that the causes of the delusions alluded to, in the cases just mentioned, may have been owing to morbid affections induced by too close application and exclusive interest in the pursuit of an imaginative art. The affecting tale found in the memoir of Mozart, may have had no more real foundation than the hallucinations brought on by the deep reveries of an overwrought brain. In childhood his natural delicacy was increased by excessive sensibility. An art which owes so much to deep feeling and tenderness was sure to produce a powerful effect upon its votary. Its fascinations withdrew him from every other concern, and he was led to tax his bodily strength, by close application, beyond endurance; he frequently fainted away, and in that state had to be carried to his bed. His wife and the friends he loved best, endeavoured to withdraw him from this intense application; though pleased to see them, he would not desist from his occupation, and they had the pain of perceiving that they could excite no more interest than to elicit a few words occasionally while he continued to note down his conceptions. It was while composing the *Zauberflöte*, that his mind and body seemed completely to give way; from his debilitated state he was unable to attend after its eighth performance, but he would place his watch before him, and as he observed the movement of the hands, he could tell the moment of every passage of his music. The idea that he was soon to die took complete possession of his mind, and it was while sitting alone, in one of the melancholy reveries to which he had become sub-

ject, that he is said to have been visited by the mysterious stranger who employed him in the composition of his celebrated requiem. Whether or not this was an hallucination, it is certain that ill and weak as he was, he laboured incessantly at his task. An account of the stranger's repeated visit, of all that passed, and of his sudden disappearance, are too well known to be repeated, but the effect upon Mozart's mind was apparent; his task was pursued under still greater excitement, and ill and weak as he was, he would allow himself no rest early or late; he regarded the mysterious visitor as a supernatural messenger sent to intimate his approaching death, and he believed that the requiem which was required was meant to be his own. It was ready before the day which Mozart had named for its completion; at the time, which according to his account, he was to hand it over to his mysterious visitor, a stranger did call, but Mozart was dead.

Motherwell, Byron, and a host of poets, could be named, who were impressed with a belief in supernatural visitations. Lord Byron mentioned having seen Shelley walking in a little wood at Lerici, when it was afterwards ascertained that he had been in another direction at the time, "and that," said Byron, in a sort of awe-struck voice, "was about ten days before his death;" an apparition of Byron himself, when he was lying ill of a fever at Patros, was said to have been seen in London, and talked with by Sir Robert Peel. Napoleon, ever busy with the affairs of life, with deep calculations and warlike preparations, might have been supposed unlikely to be visited by hallucinations, but his attention to signs and omens, his reliance upon his own invincible destiny, his wonderful exploits, which have all the romance of wild adventure, show an imaginative spirit. We find in the *Psychological Journal of Medicine* edited by Doctor Winslow, that he was visited occasionally by illusions, which fact, it is observed, was commented on, in one of M. Pariset's lectures. A vivid impression made upon Napoleon, early in his military career produced the hallucinations by which he was haunted. In the heat of battle he rushed into the midst of the slaughter, "his immediate followers fled, and he was left alone, surrounded on every side by fierce assailants; how he escaped from death unhurt, no one was ever able to ascertain; it was one of those miracles which seemed to be worked by his tutelary genius. The deep impression, however, of the danger in which he had been, was not effaced when he



mounted the throne. At certain times a striking hallucination occurred suddenly in the midst of the palace ; loud cries were occasionally heard, the emperor was seen fighting with the utmost desperation amongst his visionary foes ; it lasted but a very brief period, but during that time the battle seemed to be a tremendous one."

It is indeed proved by innumerable examples, that it is not the illiterate and vulgar alone, who believe in the reality of spectral visitations ; all are liable to the subjection of imagination, and everybody knows how forcibly it acts ; no faculty that we have is so despotic, it can displace reason from her throne, and make every sense subservient to its caprices. Prompt to exercise its influence over the mind, it is active on all occasions ; it presents its images to the busy and to the idle, it places them before the prisoner in his solitary cell, to the poet at his desk and the painter at his canvas ; it brings them to the sick man's bed and casts a spell upon his very medicine, for by a potent drug, illusive forms and uncouth shapes are introduced, strange and rapid as those in a phantasmagoria. The power of imagination is conspicuous in dreaming, hallucinations and insanity ; the latter differs from both the other states by the passions and conduct being affected, and it often betrays itself by something outre which cannot escape observation.

Many persons in Paris must recollect a venerable old man, who was observed to frequent the most fashionable public places in that city some years since ; his appearance was so singular that it could not fail to attract attention. In the day time he wore a large straw hat, with a flaunting ribband band tied at the side in a huge knot ; his coat and vest were such as were seen in the old Venetian pictures ; silk stockings and shoes with large buckles completed his costume. It was changed for the evening entertainment for one of the most showy colours, red waistcoat, red pantaloons, and large red slippers—a collar and star of some order that was not known, and the straw hat elaborately ornamented with artificial pearls, steel buttons, beads and tinsel finery. He conversed in the purest Italian and most perfect French. His conversation was not only agreeable, but highly instructive, as there was no subject with which he was not conversant—he spoke of music and the fine arts as if they had been his particular study ; he was familiar with the best authors of every period. It was quite impossible not to be struck by the wonderful extent of his information, and the powers of

his mind. His story was a melancholy one. He was the last descendant of one of the first Italian families; his brother had been a most distinguished theologian of Calabria—his own title was Count Carnevale. In the year 1789 he had conspired against the king of Naples, and was arrested and thrown into prison. The dungeon where he was confined was so low, that once when rising suddenly to receive some news, he struck his head against the roof with great force. He suffered for a long time from concussion of the brain; this most probably made it more liable to disorder ever after. He at length recovered, but it was to find his property confiscated, and as he was condemned to banishment he went to Paris, and for his support gave lessons. He was getting on in this way with great success; one day taking up a French paper, the first thing that struck him was the notice of the death of a lady, to whom in early life he had been tenderly attached and betrothed, but who had been forced by the king to bestow her hand upon another. From the moment that he read the paragraph he became the victim of an illusion which nothing could dispel; his memory and judgment upon the concerns of life were clear as ever, but a fixed idea brought on a hallucination which never left him. While he sat in his room, the one he had loved so well, suddenly stood before him, and told him that the newspaper had misinformed him, for that she still lived, but that her husband was dead, and that she had now come to offer her heart and hand to him, to whom they had been pledged long since. With delight he renewed their engagement, and made every preparation for their approaching marriage; he determined that no expense should be spared on the wedding banquet. The persons who were to supply it, felt no hesitation, on learning the name of the bride, but as yet no one had seen her; the count's friends and relations congratulated him on the occasion, and expressed great anxiety to see one of whom he had given such a glowing description; still she did not appear. After the lapse of some time suspicion began to be entertained that he might have been under a delusion as to the visit of his lady love. Letters of enquiry about her were written to Naples; the account of her death was confirmed, but all attempts to convince the nobleman of its accuracy, were quite unavailing, and brought on such outrageous paroxysms that it became quite necessary to place him in a lunatic asylum. By the humane treatment of the physician at Charenton his reason was partially restored, but the delusion of his approaching marriage was never removed, and he always wore

the costume which he considered most suitable for a bridal fete. He was ever on the watch for his expected bride; he slept in his wedding dress, and rose at about four in the morning that he might be quite ready. For the first few days that he appeared in his fantastic dress, crowds followed him, but curiosity subsided after a time, and his story becoming known, excited great sympathy, and as he was quite harmless, he was welcome everywhere. Whenever he felt a paroxysm coming on, which was the case at times, after the excitement caused by the endeavour of his friends to convince him of his delusion, he would return to the asylum and not leave it till he became composed. Among the delusions which after some time marked his malady, was the belief that no amiable person could ever die, and that they continued to be inhabitants of the earth, though visible but to few. He would tell of his having met and conversed with distinguished persons, long since dead, and if those to whom he spoke seemed to doubt what he said, the tears would start into his eyes, and he would lay his hand upon his heart while he assured them of the truth of what he stated. He continued to make considerably by giving lessons in Italian; the sums which hereceived, he always divided into three parcels, one for charity, another for his own necessities, and the third for his wedding dress. On this he spared no expense, but purchased the most costly velvets and richest ribands. Many anecdotes were recorded of his delicacy and integrity. He was a frequent guest at the houses of the most distinguished men of the day, and but for his fantastic dress, it could never have been supposed that part of his life had been spent in a lunatic asylum. It was one day while walking in the Boulevards that he fell, and his life passed away with a gentle sigh. Among the crowd who instantly surrounded him there were several of his own friends, in whose arms he was carried to the neighbouring hospital. He was long missed in Paris where he had been so well known. All the performers at the opera house, where he was so continually seen, and to which he had a free admission, attended his remains to their last resting place.\*

---

\* We met with an account of this interesting man in the *Journal of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology*, for the year 1850—there were many particulars in the case which reminded us of some of the patients in Swift's hospital, whom we had an opportunity of observing occasionally. When visiting one of them, many years since, we know at least two, who after being set at liberty would return, when-

When we observe, as in this case, how real their delusions appear to the insane, we find there was foundation for the saying, that "the illusions of lunatics are like the apparitions of the ghost seers." Pinel, whose acuteness and observation on the subject carry great weight, remarks that the history of insanity claims alliance with all the errors and delusions of ignorant credulity; not only do we know that affections of the body may have a morbid influence on the brain, as is the case in fevers, delirium tremens, in many nervous and other disorders, but that we possess a marvellous faculty so independent of ourselves that it can inspire us with the greatest terror, which may act upon the nervous system and the brain, and produce hallucinations tending to spectral illusions or actual insanity. If in some overwhelming grief it is not kept in check by the reasoning faculties or by a sense of duty, it may for ever haunt the mourner with an ideal object. The death of a beautiful girl with whom he was on the eve of marriage, plunged her lover into the greatest affliction; those about him did all they could to console him, and to withdraw his mind from one exclusive idea. He always appeared to fancy the one so much loved was present, and to gratify him, her chair was regularly laid at the dinner table, in the place which she used to occupy. His conversation and attention were always directed to the ideal object. His friends, becoming alarmed lest the fancy should end in confirmed insanity, determined to try to dispel the illusion; they invited a cousin of the young lady, who bore such a striking resemblance to her, that they had been frequently mistaken for each other; they made her put on one of the dresses which her cousin had been accustomed to wear, and take her seat at the dinner table. The young man entered the room, and having taken his place, immediately directed his eyes where they were ever sure to be fixed, a ghastly paleness overspread his face, and as he exclaimed, "Oh God! are there two of

---

ever they felt a paroxysm coming on, to remain till they were restored to the use of reason. Some among them were so enlightened and agreeable, that it required the palpable proofs by which they sometimes betrayed the melancholy fact, to convince us that dark shadows frequently passed over minds that appeared remarkable for lucidity. Having observed such, it does not appear strange to us that some of the ablest articles in Aikin's Biographical Dictionary were written by the inmate of a Lunatic Asylum, and the best plan for the building of Bethlehem furnished by another; nor that the inmates of the Morningside Lunatic Asylum got up a Magazine among themselves, in which many of the articles are remarkable for clearness of reasoning.

you," he fainted away, and was carried to his bed, which he never left till he was taken to be laid beside the grave of his beloved.

We are well acquainted with the wonderful effects of certain gasses, opium, hemp, chloriform; we know the utter bewilderment of the senses which they induce—what uncouth forms and strange combinations they present to the fancy. Mesmerism and electro-biology have a still more mysterious influence upon the brain. Many of the wonders of magic may be referred to their action. By their appliance or that of other means to produce similar effects, known to him, Cornelius Agrippa may have exhibited to Surrey in his magic mirror, his "lovely Geraldine resting negligently upon a couch, and reading by the light of a lamp, one of his tender sonnets." The absolute subjection of the senses of one under the influence of electro-biology to the will of another must be seen to be conceived; it may naturally lead us to think of that incomprehensible power possessed by the enemy of man, which scripture warns us to be prepared to contend with, and which appears to be the only way of accounting for the impulses to crime, for which some of its perpetrators declare an utter inability to account. The celebrated Doctor Bekker gives the description from Schottus of the power of devils, in his *World Bewitched*; "they render visible things invisible, suddenly snatching them from the sight of men; they make statues and other immoveable objects move and walk . . . they represent the figure of all sorts of matter, either gold, silver, precious stones, or others. They direct in such a manner the usual spirits of men, that they make appear to them past, present, and future things in their own shape, and persuade them that they see, hear, and do all things that are not real. Some work these bewitchments by breathing or blowing on, some work these bewitchings only by way of invocation or imprecation; they wish it, or will it, and so it falls out."

As we acknowledge that we are acquainted with wonderful effects produced by a variety of means, may we not reasonably conjecture that there may be agents beyond our ken, which may produce effects as marvellous, or still more wonderful? Though ignorant of the laws which may regulate spiritual agency it would be presumptuous to deny its influence. It is possible that it may impress the mind with images as vivid as the most tangible objects—sensations and conceptions can be made to reach the brain and impress the mind, independently of the senses. Representations thus produced are as wonderful as if the actual form were present. Hibbert, who referred

the appearance of apparitions to a deranged state of the nerves and circulation, has, nevertheless, added: "It must be confessed that the popular belief of departed spirits occasionally holding communication with the human race, is replete with matter of curious speculation. Some Christian divines, with every just reason, acknowledge no authentic source whence the impression of a future state could have been communicated to man but from the Jewish prophets, or from our Saviour Himself. Yet it is certain that a belief in an existence after death has, from time immemorial, prevailed in countries to which the knowledge of the gospel could never have extended; as among certain tribes of America. Can this notion have been intuitively suggested, or is it an extravagant supposition that the belief might often have arisen from the spectral illusions to which man, in every age, from the occasional influence of morbid causes, must have been subject?"

Johnson and Addison both believed in apparitions. "That the dead are seen no more," are Johnson's words, "I will not undertake to maintain against the current and universal testimony of all ages and of all nations; there is no people, rude or learned, among whom accounts of apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which, perhaps, prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could have become universal only by its truth." This, coming from a man of Johnson's reasoning mind, is remarkable; it is, perhaps, the truest philosophy *to disbelieve nothing which has not been disproved*. Whether it be spectral illusion, from something wrong in the state of the health, or some marvellous effect upon the senses, there are, undoubtedly, many cases on record which might reasonably induce the belief that such had not only been permitted, but divinely ordered. It is told that Cornelius Sylla was warned of his approaching death, by an apparition, the night before it took place, and that a spectre, in tattered garments, bearing a horn of plenty, covered with a cloth, was seen by the emperor Julian to pass sorrowfully before his tent. Brutus, too, is said by Plutarch to have been visited in his tent by an apparition—Cæsar's ghost appeared to him and spoke the memorable words that they should *meet again at Philippi*.

The comparative rarity, at the present day, of accounts of spiritual visitations does not militate against the possibility of such being still permitted on special occasions. Happily the unbelief which was prevalent in the past age is seldom met with

now ; but at the periods when it was not so rare a more frequent intercourse with the unseen world may have been allowed for wise purposes. It existed from the first accounts which we have of men. The earliest and most sublime communion of which we read was with the Divine Being Himself, afterwards with His angels or messengers, and since then it has been believed that the departed are sometimes permitted to visit the earth. There have been instances detailed where the exact appearance of the one about to die, or just dead, has been presented to persons who had, at the time, no apprehensions about them, who had had no previous reveries, nothing to excite the imagination, confuse the mind, or mislead the senses. The following particulars were communicated to us by a lady of the strictest veracity, and perfectly free from the least tincture of superstition. She was one of a party at the house where they occurred. It was a fine evening towards the end of Summer, when two of the company, who had been invited to tea, arrived at Mrs. M——'s house ; none of the other guests had as yet come, nor had any of the family gone up to the drawingroom into which the ladies had been shown. They placed themselves in a window which looked on the pleasure-ground. A glass door opened on a wide gravel walk, from which a winding and intricate path led, terminated by an old and picturesque churchyard. As the ladies were admiring the place, they saw the eldest daughter of Mrs. M——, who had been very ill for a long time, and, as they thought, confined to bed, come out of the house, accompanied by a younger sister. They walked on slowly, and did not mind their friends in the window, who tried to attract their notice. They watched them as they pursued their way ; when they reached the path that led to the churchyard, the girls separated, and the younger, quickening her pace, left her sister considerably behind, and was soon lost to sight amidst the yew trees and the tombstones. Just as the other had entered the grave-yard Mrs. M—— and her other daughter entered the room. The ladies congratulated her on her invalid daughter being well enough to venture out ; but said that *Sarah must have found the rank grass in the churchyard very damp, and that she should not have allowed Lucy to follow her.* Mrs. M—— was disconcerted ; she had just left Sarah sitting by Lucy's bedside, as she was still confined to her bed, without any prospect of being able to leave it for some time. A constrained and uneasy feeling

evidently pervaded the family, which soon spread to the guests, who consequently took leave at an early hour. The circumstance of the evening was never explained ; but it so happened that Sarah, who had been in full health at the time, fell ill of a fever, soon after, and died. Poor Lucy lingered on for some months, and then her remains were carried along the intricate winding path, and laid beside her sister, in the old churchyard. The circumstance of this previous vision was long remembered, and looked upon as a foreshadowing of the fate of the sisters.

There are interesting tales of the dying having appeared to those to whom they are dearest, at the moment of their departure. Some are well-authenticated accounts of children having seen the apparitions of their fathers, at the instant of their death. An idea has been held by many, that the thoughts of one about to quit the world being intensely fixed upon the object of affection, act so powerfully as to bring the dying person's image before the one of whom he has been thinking. This was Lavater's opinion ; for we find he says that the influence of imagination had power to operate on the minds of others much more directly than through the animal spirits. "The imagination," he continues, "of one individual could so act upon that of another individual, as to produce by this operation a vivid idea of the visible shape of the person from whom this influence emanated. Thus the imagination of a sick or dying person, who deeply longs to behold some dear and absent friend, can so act upon the mind of the same friend as to produce an idea vivid enough to appear like a reality ; and that gave rise to the notion of a phantom. It can act at any distance, and even pierce through stone walls. When a sailor is in a storm at sea, and about to perish, his powerful imagination can so act upon the mind of any dear relation whom he despairs of seeing again, as to produce on the mind of the same dear relation an idea of such intensity as to form a proper spectre of the unfortunate mariner." "This theory," Hibbert observes, "was well calculated to explain many coincidences of ghost stories, and it is certain that there are on record many ghost stories, which are, in every respect, worthy of such an explanation."

There is an affecting record in Theodore Hook's memoirs, which might perhaps be supposed to be in accordance with this theory. A young man, the eldest son of a nobleman, had gone to reside with his father in Paris, having broken up his establishment



in London, and separated from a young lady, who had lived under his protection for a considerable time. They however kept up a regular correspondence; the non-arrival of a letter from her in due course, caused the young man great uneasiness; he remained reading in the library after all the rest of the family had retired; in some time an indescribable feeling of apprehension as if some other person were in the room, stole over him, but he still endeavoured to fix his attention on the book, but every moment the impression became stronger that *he was not alone*. With an effort, he at length raised his eyes, and saw before him the unhappy girl whom he had left, an infant in her arms, and she stood pale and wasted, looking mournfully upon him; he rose, but found himself incapable of moving towards her. He felt that this was no earthly visitation, his head reeled and he fell senseless on the floor, in which state he was found. He soon learned that at that very time when she appeared present to him, she had died in giving birth to a child.

Though this case favours Lavater's theory, it may be referred to other causes which are known to produce powerful effects. A troubled conscience, regret for the sin and sorrow in which one who might have seen happy days, had been involved; the one who had loved him too well; the one whom he had wronged and forsaken; all this may have pressed upon his mind, and added to intense anxiety, may have excited his imagination so forcibly that it presented the sad picture with such vividness as to leave an impression of reality, which a remarkable coincidence may have rendered indelible. But for many of the stories of apparitions no such explanation can be found, and they certainly favour Lavater's theory in a remarkable manner. There is no account more striking than of that which appeared on the night of the dreadful catastrophe at Sadler's Wells, in the month of October, 1809, which was noticed in all the public journals of the day; a false alarm of fire caused a violent rush from the gallery, when many persons were thrown down and trodden under foot; some were suffocated by intense pressure. The scene was one of indescribable agony, eighteen persons were killed. An inquest was held next morning, when several witnesses were examined; the following deposition was the most remarkable. "Benjamin Price, deceased, was identified by his mother. She resides at No. 31 Lime-street, Leadenhall-street; deceased was eleven years of age, he obtained leave to accompany some neighbours to Sadler's Wells. About half-past ten, his

little sister went into the kitchen, where she saw her brother, who she thought was at the play ; she called him, he immediately disappeared ; she said it certainly was her brother's ghost, and she was sure he was dead. Witness being alarmed at the story told by her daughter, hastened with a friend to Sadler's Wells, where she found her boy a corpse."

The following passage from "The Life and Writings of Alexander Knox," edited by Mr. Hornby, bears so directly on the subject, that we transcribe it. "The incident occurred, during the secretaryship of Mr. Knox ;\* we can vouch for its truth, having learned it from a friend of the most remarkable and scrupulous accuracy, who had it directly from Mr. Knox himself. One of the officials connected with the castle was travelling on the continent. On entering the Parliament House in College-green, to listen to some debate, Mr. Knox saw what he would have supposed to be this very person, but that he knew him to be absent from Dublin ; the identity of appearance could not, he thought, be accounted for by any resemblance ; the apparition of one about to die is a common belief amongst the superstitious, and though by no means naturally superstitious, the thought at once darted into Mr. Knox's mind ; he went at once to Lord Castlereagh, and told the strange story, and kindly solicited from his Lordship a conditional promise, that if the apprehension excited by this apparition should prove well founded, the son of this gentleman should succeed to his father's office. We could mention the names of the parties but forbear doing so, as there are some whose feelings might revolt at the connexion of their family with so mysterious a story."

There are instances recorded of the appearance of apparitions, which cannot be referred to any of the causes on which we have touched—where no excitement of imagination, no morbid state of the nerves could have conjured up illusions, and when no mysterious sympathy of ardent affection could have existed. Two of the most remarkable of such, with which we have met, were repeated by Rogers and by Sir Walter Scott, and have both been noticed in Moore's *Diary*. Rogers spoke of a young couple at Berlin, who used to attend the opera ; in the box where they sat, a third person was always seen between them, from all parts of the house ; to some he appeared a fair, and to others a dark man—to some he looked

---

\* He was secretary to Lord Castlereagh.

old, to others young; no one on entering the box could see him—the young couple were then found quite alone. After a time, as no one would venture to enter their box, they left Berlin. It was said that a *guilty mystery was hanging over the connection of these young people*. The circumstances mentioned by Sir Walter Scott, had occurred to Mrs. Hook, the wife of Doctor Hook, who wrote the Roman History. While in Bath, she became intimate with a foreign, lady, a widow, and they had agreed to live together when they returned to London. As Mrs. Hook was going down stairs one day, at the lady's lodging, she met a foreign officer; "you had a visitor yesterday," said Mrs. Hook the next day, to her friend. "No," said the lady, "I have seen no one since you were here." Mrs. Hook thought this odd, but no suspicion of anything wrong occurred to her, till some days after, when by mistake she went into her friend's dressing room, where she found the officer whom she had met upon the stairs stretched upon the sofa. She mentioned the circumstance to the lady, who said it was quite impossible, but on hearing a description of the officer's dress, she fainted away. Appearances being so unfavourable to the lady's character, Mrs. Hook determined to withdraw gradually from the intimacy; the lady was now preparing to go to London, and Mrs. Hook being alone with the maid who was packing up, picked up a miniature case which fell from the portmanteau; she opened it, it was the likeness of the very officer whom she had met upon the stairs; "that," said the maid, "is the picture of my mistress's husband, he died a short time before we left Germany." A few weeks after this, an order for the arrest of the foreign lady reached England. She was charged with the murder of her husband. This strange tale is remarkable for favouring the popular belief, that the abodes of the guilty are haunted by the troubled spirits of their victims. There are tales indeed, where the murderer is said to have been discovered by a supernatural witness.

It is natural that the human mind, which is prone to look for supernatural revelations and warnings, should rest upon remarkable coincidences as having been divinely ordered, and not as the offspring of mere chance. From the earliest times, even to the present enlightened age, there has been an aspiration after

"Those mysteries which heav'n  
Will not have earth to know,"

and though auguries and omens are no longer consulted, every convulsion of nature which chimes in with a remarkable public event assumes additional interest. The storms which raged with such tremendous fury, when Cromwell and when Napoleon died, have not been forgotten. Circumstances which have passed almost unnoticed at the time of their occurrence, often seem to have borne in a striking manner on the fate of celebrated individuals, and recur to the memory after that fate has been accomplished as very extraordinary coincidences. The imagination particularly finds a pathetic interest in those omens and coincidences which bear upon a disastrous fate. Shakespeare knew this well, when he makes Ophelia say,

“ I would give you some violets, but they withered all,  
When my father died.”

The hazel tree which has been said to have overshadowed the grave of the Fair Rosamond, with its profusion of nuts, but all empty, seemed as the emblem of an unhappy career. The wanderings of *the marvellous boy*, poor Chatterton, in the churchyard, among the tombs and epitaphs; and his sinking into the grave which lay open and unobserved before him, but three days before his most pitiable death, seemed a prelude to the melancholy event. A stranger is said to have called on Flaxman one morning and to have brought to him a book, which the author, an Italian Artist, had requested of him to present, with an apology for the strange dedication which was prefixed to it; when it was ready for publication, a report of Flaxman's death reached the author, who, anxious to show his veneration for the great sculptor, dedicated his work *al ombra di Flaxman*; on finding that Flaxman still lived, he was overjoyed, but could not rest till he had explained the apparent strangeness of his conduct. Flaxman smiled as he accepted the volume with unaffected simplicity; he mentioned the circumstance to his family and friends; he was then perfectly well and in good spirits, but caught cold at church the next day, though sufficiently well to preside at the dinner table, to which he had invited some guests; he assumed a cheerfulness, and said something pleasing to everyone; they took leave thinking they were soon to meet again; but they were never to see him more, for on the following Thursday he died—the dedication *al ombra di Flaxman*, appeared to the friends of this gifted man, a mournful prediction of his death. Among the many coincidences which

have been recorded in connexion with the fate of Napoleon, it has been mentioned, that an eagle was seen to take its flight from a high rock at St. Helena, at the very moment on which Napoleon expired. His army, like their great leader, were ever observant of omens. Multitudes of the crows for which Moscow is remarkable, perched upon the towers of the Kremlin, as the army advanced, from whence they frequently descended and hovered round the French soldiers, flapping their wings and screaming, as if menacing them with the destruction which followed. It is said the troops were greatly disheartened by the circumstance, which they considered a most unlucky omen. So attentive was Napoleon to every occurrence which could bear on coming events, that the most trivial incident frequently appeared of ominous importance. It was while on one of his campaigns, at a distance from Josephine, that the glass of her miniature, which he always carried about him, was broken. To his fertile imagination it betokened misfortune; she might be ill; she might be dead; he could find no rest till the courier whom he dispatched in haste, returned with word that all was well with her. In after days, this proof of affection, with the many others which he had given, must have been treasured in her stricken heart.

As if he had a foreboding that it was the last evening that he was to spend with his family, the emperor Paul sat up with them that night—the night of his assassination—much beyond the usual time, and took a more affectionate leave of them, when retiring for the night, than was his custom.

The coincidences which occurred relative to the loss of the Amazon, were so remarkable that they were repeated by every one; Mr. Neilson, who was on board, seemed impressed with a foreboding of the very danger which was to occur; he could not close his eyes in sleep, on that night, when the vessel sailed, but paced the deck with Mr. Best, while all was safe and calm, talking of the danger of a storm; "and what," said he, "if there should be fire?" The sad fate of Elliot Warburton, who was on the way to visit the scene of his story, occupied part of the newspaper in which his novel *Darien* was announced, and commended by the press: it is a very affecting coincidence, that in this production, there is an account of a shipwreck and a vessel destroyed by fire; little did the gifted author think, while he was graphically describing from imagination the horrors of the scene, that he was so soon to prove their reality.

Many incidents have been recorded, as ominous of the fate of the unfortunate Charles ; it is said that when Bernini, the sculptor, examined Vandyke's profiles of the ill-fated monarch, to assist him in the execution of a bust, he looked at them with an anxious expression of countenance, saying, " something evil will befall this man—he carries misfortune in his face ;" tradition goes on to say, that a hawk pursued a dove into the sculptor's studio, and rending its victim in the air, sprinkled with its blood the bust of King Charles. It is a known fact that at the Coronation of James the Second, the crown tottered so upon his head, that it had to be held on, and at the same moment when the signal proclaimed that the ceremony was completed, the flag which had been erected on the tower for the occasion, was rent by a sudden gust of wind. On the day when William and Mary were proclaimed, the populace pointed significantly to the statue of the unhappy monarch, so ominously placed with its face towards the river, its back to the palace.

Many circumstances connected with the unfortunate Marie Antoinette which appeared indicative of an unhappy fate, are recorded in the pages of history ; the days consecrated to public rejoicings on her account, closed in anguish and dismay. It was on the day of the great earthquake at Lisbon that she was born ; as she was leaving the altar on the day of her marriage, the sky, which had been bright and clear, was suddenly overcast with dark and heavy clouds, peals of thunder burst through the air, and the rain fell in torrents. The dreadful catastrophe which occurred on the night of the rejoicings for her nuptials has been often referred to as ominous of the terrible events of after years. The pressure of the crowd who had assembled to see the fireworks, was so great that numbers were precipitated into the trenches along the *place Louis XV.* others fell over them ; numbers were thus stifled and trampled to death. On the same spot where so many lost their lives in celebrating the union of the royal pair, the unhappy monarch and his queen were put to death.

In moments of grief and of danger, trifling incidents which would at other times pass unheeded, often seem replete with meaning ; thus when Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, was about to engage in the fight in which he was betrayed and conquered, he mounted his war horse, and putting on his helmet, the golden lion which formed the crest fell off, and he

buted to a mere chance coincidence ; there are such striking cases on record, as to make us pause before we decide that they may have not been divinely ordered.

We find in the pages of English history that one of the daughters of William the Conqueror was beloved by Harold, and having given him her heart, she plighted her troth. She was pressed to a union with Alphonso Gallicia, who sought her hand. Tenderly attached to her lover, she tried to touch the feelings of her father ; tears and entreaties were vain, and finding that she could not move the compassion of her earthly parent, she prayed that her Heavenly Father would take her to himself, and not permit her removal to Spain. Her prayer was granted ; the affianced bride died on the passage to her unknown land.

It is told in the life of the excellent Sir Thomas More, that when his favorite daughter, Mrs. Roper, lay at the point of death, given over by all the physicians, he sought the retirement of his closet, and remained in supplication for her life for some hours. A remedy of which he never remembered to have heard, was suddenly presented to his mind ; he hastened to the physician and proposed its being tried ; he gave permission, at the same time assuring him, that though it would do no harm, it could not do any good. It was tried, and soon produced the most salutary effect ; the dangerous symptoms gave way, and the child was restored to her father. This is not a solitary case, where calamity that had seemed inevitable, has been averted by earnest prayer. The case of Mr. Reilly and his crew, who had been shipwrecked off the coast of Africa, was so remarkable, that it must be in the recollection of many. One of their number had been already put to death by the wandering Arabs, and they knew that the same fate awaited them all if they remained. A shattered boat was all they had to trust to for escape ; it was indeed a forlorn hope as they beheld the tempest tossed ocean, and the tremendous surges which broke upon the shore with awful fury. They prepared however to launch the fragile boat. " Let us," said Mr. Reilly, " let us pull off our hats, my shipmates and companions in distress." He then addressed himself to Him who rules the raging of the sea, " we pray to thee to spare our lives, and to permit us to pass through this overwhelming surf to the open sea, but if we are doomed to perish, thy will be done ! We commit our souls to the mercy of thee, our God, who gave them, and oh, universal Father, pro-

tect and preserve our widows and children." "The wind, as if by divine command," it is thus narrated, "ceased to blow, we launched the boat out, the dreadful surges that were nearly bursting upon us, suddenly subsided, making a path for our boat twenty yards wide, through which we rowed out as smoothly as if she had been on a river in a calm, whilst on each side of us, and not more than ten yards distant, the surf continued to break twenty feet high, with unabated fury. We had to row nearly a mile in this manner; all were fully convinced we were saved by the immediate interposition of Divine Providence in this particular instance, and joined in returning thanks to the Supreme Being for this mercy."

There are many cases on record, where guilt has been punished in a manner so unexpected and so sudden as may well strike the most sceptical with awe, and raise a very natural doubt whether the coincidence could have been the mere sport of chance. Indeed, so strongly has public opinion gone the other way, that we find not only the ignorant and the credulous ready to acknowledge a divine interposition, but the learned of the land, the judge upon the bench, the jury, cool dispassionate men, who are supposed to have imagination under due subjection, the minister of the Gospel, all bearing testimony to their belief in the mysterious interference of Providence. In *Well's Register* it is mentioned that in November, 1787, one William Smyth, who had been spending the evening at a public-house in Leather-lane, quarrelled with one of his companions, and while swearing one of the most horrid oaths, he expired on the bench where he was sitting. There was an inquest on the body, the verdict brought in was, "struck dead as a judgment from God." The ordinary of Newgate, speaking of the conduct of Sarah Malcolm previous to her execution, says, "I preached on the subject of murder, and when I mentioned *several examples of God's vengeance on murderers*, she wept and cried most bitterly. We find that the Provost at Botany Bay, in the year 1804, was so struck by what he conceived a manifest interposition of Providence, that he instantly acted upon it. A man of the name of Samuels, was condemned for burglary, and sentenced to be hanged; he was thrice hung up, and each time the rope broke. The Provost was so impressed by what he witnessed, that he ordered the execution to be delayed; he hastened to the governor, who equally struck by what had happened, reversed the sentence, and the Provost hurried back with the reprieve.



In Dodsley's Annual Register for 1766, there is a very curious letter from William Dallaway Esq., High Sheriff of Gloucestershire; it details at considerable length the remarkable case of Richard Parsons, who had a dispute with his companions while playing at whist, declaring that he and his partner were six, which the others denied; he was in a violent rage and uttered the most dreadful imprecations, among others *that his flesh might rot upon his bones if they were not six*. They continued to play all night; towards morning Parsons complained of a pain in his leg, which increasing obliged him very soon to get surgical advice. Violent inflammation had set in and notwithstanding all that medical skill could devise, rapid mortification ensued, and spread to different parts of his body; he died in less than a week in great agony and horror. A letter from the Surgeon was enclosed in that from the Sheriff; it stated the case, and concluded with these remarkable words, "I shall not presume to say that there was anything supernatural in this case, but, however, it must be confessed that such cases are rather uncommon in subjects so young, and of so good a habit as he had always been, previous to this illness." Though not declared in express terms, the conclusion of the Sheriff and the Surgeon can be easily inferred. The prevalent belief that imprecations, false swearing and broken vows are frequently followed by heavy judgments, has been greatly strengthened by the declaration of many a delinquent.

Sir Gervas Elwais, who was hanged on Tower hill for being accessory to the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, addressed the people from the gallows, warning them against making vows to heaven, and ascribing his own untimely end to his having broken a vow, which he had made to relinquish gaming, when he prayed that if ever he played again he might be hanged. The coincidence must have made a deep impression on his mind by its occupying it at that fearful moment. His habits of gaming and swearing, and his disregard of vows, which he disclosed in the few words which he spoke, were but preliminary to still deeper guilt.

The following incident was related by a gentleman of strict veracity, at the time of its occurrence, when it was much talked of in his neighbourhood. Having to go out early in the evening, he went to the kitchen door, to hurry the cook, who was rather dilatory with dinner; she, wishing to take her own time, and being moreover naturally of a fiery temper, answered in

extreme wrath, finishing her reply with an imprecation, "may the devil knock the frying pan out of my hand, if I can make more haste." She had scarcely spoken the words, when, as if by magic, the frying pan flew from her hand to the far end of the kitchen, and a loud clap of thunder followed; the house had been struck by lightning, but had escaped with slight injury; the inhabitants were unhurt, and the cook, no doubt, received a lesson which she was not likely to forget, having found that the evil one was not to be invoked with impunity.

The following circumstance was communicated to us by an intelligent lady, who vouched for its authenticity. A country-woman, not remarkable for strict veracity, perceiving that her word was not implicitly relied upon, was in the habit of throwing in an oath or two, or a few curses, to enforce the truth of whatever she asserted. One of her favorite imprecations, when she desired "to point a moral, or adorn a tale," was "may butter choke me, if what I tell you ain't true," an imprecation apparently so safe, as to leave to her powers of invention the most extensive latitude. It so happened that one day on her way to market to make sale of a firkin of butter, she called at a neighbour's cabin, and having told a marvellous piece of news, which evidently obtained no credence, she had recourse to her usual imprecation, "may butter choke me, if it ain't true." Her firken was placed in a hamper, which was carried in a mode usual with the Irish peasantry; a bay rope, or *sugan* was fastened to each side, and the loop slung round the head rested upon the forehead. She went on her way in great dudgeon. For a short time she took the path through the fields, she had to cross a style, but in getting over it the rope slipped, and got around her neck, the weight of the firkin drawing it so tight, that in a short time the unfortunate woman was actually *choked by butter*. It is indeed startling when the very infliction imprecated come to pass; though it is not our province to determine whether chance or a powerful influence has been instrumental in bringing such about, yet we must be struck by a number of instances of the extraordinary manner in which imprecations have been followed by the very punishment impiously braved.

One of the most remarkable cases, infliction following imprecation, occurred in Limerick some years since; it is thus stated in the Methodist Magazine for 1809, "a few years since, a Mrs. Peacock tenanted apartments in the five-pound almshouse in this city; unhappily she too freely indulged in the

habit of drinking. The establishment is attended by a clergyman, who occasionally administers the Lord's Supper to the widows. Mrs. Peacock was in the habit of attending with them, but drunkenness at last obliged Mr. O'Neil, the keeper of the Institution, to report to the clergyman her shameful conduct, and he declared her to be a person wholly unfit to be admitted to so sacred an ordinance, without repentance and amendment. The clergyman discharged his duty and reproved her for her sin, upon which she most audaciously denied being guilty of such a crime, and in the most solemn manner declared her innocence. The clergyman, willing to believe the best, supposing the accusation might be either groundless or the effect of ill nature, admitted her to the Communion, though Mr. O'Neil persisted in the most positive declaration of her guilt. However, the day immediately after receiving the Holy Supper, she got again intoxicated, and with the most fearful imprecations, cursed those whom she suspected of informing the minister, and among other dreadful speeches, prayed the devil *to burn the liars*. This is not an unfrequent expression in the mouths of the profanely wicked. That night, about ten o'clock, Mr. O'Neil heard some person run up stairs with unusual noise and hurry, and go into Mrs. Peacock's room; not knowing who it was, and it not being customary for any one to visit the widows so late at night, he resolved to watch whoever it was going out again, and in some short time after, hearing the door open, he ran out to see who it was, but to his astonishment he heard the noise going down stairs, but saw nothing. His surprise and alarm were very great; he returned to his own room, and shortly after went to bed. At about two o'clock that night, he was wakened by a person knocking at his room door, upon which he arose, and having enquired who knocked, he opened the door, and going with the person who had called him, into the apartment which lay under Mrs. Peacock's room, he found a dead body lying on the ground, burning with fire, and red as copper, having dropped down through the loft; he saw a large hole, the size of the dead body, burned through the boards and ceiling. He instantly ran up stairs and burst open Mrs. Peacock's room door, and saw in the middle of the room, the hole burned through which the body had fallen. Having with assistance quenched the fire round the hole, he examined by what means she had taken fire, but could find no cause—there was no candle or candlestick near the place, no fire in the grate, but what was raked on the ashes as is the manner of

preserving fire by night ; the room was examined, and nothing had taken fire, but that part of the floor though which she had fallen ; even a small basket made of twigs, and a small trunk of dry wood which lay near the hole escaped, and were not so much as touched by the fire. This phenomenon was the next day examined by the Mayor, the Clergyman, and several gentlemen of the city. The impossibility of ascertaining the cause of the fire, the extraordinary circumstance of no part of the room being burnt, but the centre of it, through which she had fallen, added to the well authenticated circumstance of her recent diabolical imprecations and lies, obliged every observer to resolve so awful an event into the visitation of God's judgment in the punishment of a daring, persevering sinner. This well attested and very extraordinary case has been noticed in a very clever essay on spontaneous combustion which appeared in the fourth part of the Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine ; it is from the pen of Doctor Apjohn, M.D., Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy in the Dublin University, who is well known to the Scientific world and justly valued for ability and acquirement. How often are we reminded by such cases of the words of the psalmist, "*his delight was in cursing, and it shall happen unto him.*" A medical friend gave us an account of the strange suspicions entertained by the peasantry in various parts of Ireland, during the fatal season in 1832, when the Cholera was raging. They took it into their heads that the physicians were purposely spreading the infection—and thus they accounted for the extraordinary phenomena attending that dreadful malady. In some places they proceeded to actual violence, and the medical men were thus exposed to a double danger, the risk of suffering from popular fury, or falling a sacrifice to the terrible complaint. The disorder spread so fearfully in Sligo, that there were not a sufficient number of physicians to attend to the numerous cases ; their own ranks too, having been considerably thinned by its ravages. In this unhappy emergency, some of the Dublin practitioners generously volunteered their services and proceeded to Sligo. As soon as it was known that they had arrived, it was supposed that they had brought a fresh supply of the infection, and the rage of the people was unbounded. As a bravado, placards were paraded through the town, bearing the inscription, "*up with the cholera, down with the doctors,*" a malediction fearfully accomplished by the rapid increase of the fatal malady, and the deplorable mortality among the physicians.

The imprecated infliction which so often falls upon him who invokes it, is not more remarkable than the obvious appropriateness of the punishment to the guilt of the criminal, which is sometimes observed. A remarkable case of such, may be found in Dodsley's Annual Register, for 1809. A man, who for many years had been noted for inhumanity, and gross cruelty to his horses, had been urging one of them by repeated blows to perform what he was unequal to. Almost sinking under his master's ill treatment, the poor animal was seized with a spasm in his jaw, which those around termed locked-jaw; when they entreated the wretch to show compassion, he swore violently, and said he would soon unlock his jaw; and instead of being softened by the distress of his beast, he attempted to strike him with the heavy end of his whip, but by missing his aim, instead of the horse, he struck his own face, and he was instantly seized with a spasm in his throat and jaw, and in this state he was taken to St. George's Hospital. He was unable to swallow, his speech was very inarticulate; but he was heard to swear horribly, in an indistinct manner, till within a few hours of his death, when it is supposed he felt his end approaching; then suddenly a horror appeared to seize him, and making a sign to those about him to kneel, he said with a broken voice, "pray, pray," he seemed at that moment to supplicate for mercy. The death of Burke was remarkable in the same point of view; the infamy which led to the forfeiture of his life is too notorious to need detail. Few criminals have not been objects of compassion to some among the crowds assembled to witness the last mortal throes, but his crimes were of so black a dye, his brutal traffic in human flesh was so systematic and sordid, that he was a foul object of abhorrence to all; he was led to the gallows amidst the execrations of the vast multitude. Newspaper reports which describe the execution of that celebrated malefactor, record that the rope had been adjusted by the hangman in the usual way, with the knot on one side, so that dislocation of the spine, and consequently instantaneous death, or at least insensibility, must have resulted on the fall of the drop, but it so happened that it became at the critical moment disarranged, and the wretched man perished by the most painful and protracted process of strangulation, the very death which his own guilty hands had inflicted upon so many innocent victims, a retributive coincidence by which many were struck at the time.

If vice is often punished by unthought of means, so is virtue frequently rewarded unexpectedly. We were particularly struck by a well authenticated instance with which we lately met, when humanity and courage were richly recompensed. A carpenter busy in his workshop, heard an outcry that a child had fallen into the river—he instantly threw his tools aside, and rushing out plunged into the water; his own life was long in jeopardy, in his efforts to save the child. He at length succeeded in bringing him to land, but what was his astonishment, who could describe the depth of his feeling, when on looking in the boy's face, as he laid him gently on the bank, he beheld his own child?

The astonishing escapes effected by the most unthought of coincidences, the strange ways by which the best devised schemes have been frustrated, and the most extraordinary discoveries made, are continually pressing upon our notice. Scarcely can the pages of a volume be turned without presenting some remarkable coincidence; it is often everything in circumstantial evidence, and all in poetical justice. There is hardly a professional person without some striking instance of its occurrence, which has borne on the course of his calling, and there are few who have not felt the influence of some coincidence, either in their own experience or in that of some friend. Whatever impression these coincidences may have made cannot have been without its use, whether it incited the mind to philosophic inquiry, or led to the belief in a constant, mysterious and powerful influence.

## ART. II.—LADY MORGAN.

1. *Poems, dedicated by permission to the Right Hon. the Countess of Moira.* By Sidney Owenson. Dublin : 1801.
2. *St. Clair, or Heiress of Desmond, a Novel.* 1803.
3. *The Novice of St. Dominick.* 1804.
4. *The Wild Irish Girl.* 1806.
5. *The Lay of an Irish Harp, or Metrical Fragments.* 1807.
6. *Patriotic Sketches of Ireland,* 1807.
7. *Woman, or Ida of Athens,* 4 vols. 1809.
8. *The Missionary, an Italian Tale.* 1813.
9. *O'Donnell, a National Tale.* 1814.
10. *Absenteeism, a Novel.* 1815.
11. *Florence M'Carthy, a National Irish Tale.* 1816.
12. *France.* By Lady Morgan, 2 vols., 8vo. 1817.
13. *Italy.* By Lady Morgan. 1821.
14. *Life of Salvator Rosa.* 1824.
15. *The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys,* 3 vols. 1827.
16. *Book of the Boudoir,* 2 vols.
17. *Scenes from Real Life.* 18. *Woman and her Master,* 2 vols.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a family of staunch Protestant principles and high respectability, settled in Connaught, of whom Robert MacOwen, Sub-agent and Land-Steward to Sir John Browne of Castle Margaret, County Mayo, was a collateral descendant. But M'Owen's tastes inclined much more strongly to literature than to land; he was fonder of Shakespeare than of sheep-shearing; he preferred theatres to trees, full benches to fat bullocks, and thought more highly of the Hay-market than of hay-making. He liked Home better than hoggets—but not, we may add, his Connaught home, which had latterly become distasteful to him—and whilst some neighbouring agriculturists hung delighted on the bleatings and lowing of cattle, M'Owen could alone listen with pleasure to the strum of an orchestra, or the wild strains of his native country. His scantily furnished book-shelf displayed Massinger instead of Mawe; "Bowman on Farming," gave place to Beaumont and Fletcher; he was fonder of reading Rowe, than reaping rye, and loved human fairs better than cattle fairs.\* Every day confirmed M'Owen more

---

\* "As a singer, a player, a manager, he made himself a reputation in Ireland—was more successful, it is said, among the ladies than behind the lamps."—*Athenæum*, April 16th, 1859.

strongly and decidedly in his gay and theatrical tendencies. In intrepid defiance of the "pooh, poohs!" and scowls of his "agrarian friends" he openly preferred canvas scenery to the grand Mayo mountains Crogh Patrick and Nephin; he pronounced a green curtain vastly superior in point of attraction, to the green sward; and foot-lights much pleasanter than foot-paths. Robert M'Owen was completely stage-struck—a passion which it may well be supposed an imprudent connection which he formed, with a buxom actress of celebrity, by no means diminished. On the strength of an acquaintance and Connaught relationship with Oliver Goldsmith, M'Owen applied to that great man to use his influence in promoting the objects which he had in view. Goldsmith entered *con amore* into the matter; he not only cordially promised to assist M'Owen in his project, but personally introduced him to David Garrick.

From that day all bucolic pursuits were abandoned for ever—more in favour of the histrionic and the musical.

Robert M'Owen was born in Connaught at the close of the year 1744, and as Goldsmith's light was finally quenched in 1774, it may naturally be inferred that the events to which we have alluded had all taken place before the theatrically struck land-steward had reached the age of thirty. Garrick at once gave M'Owen something to do on the boards; but as a preliminary to his success the veteran actor impressed upon M'Owen the expediency of anglicising his cognomen into the softer orthography of Owenson.\* "Would Macklin," said he, "have been as popular in England, had he not laid aside the broguish MacLoughlin of his fathers?" The hint was taken, and provincial playbills soon announced "first appearance of Mr. Owenson on any stage." The *debutant* had too much passion for a theatrical life to experience the slightest emotion of timidity or awkwardness. He flung himself, heart and soul, into every part which the stage manager allotted to him; and the result was that Owenson's engagement became a decided success. After a time he strengthened his popularity by calling a new accomplishment to his aid. He took lessons in singing from Doctor Arne as well as from Worgan, the composer of the beautiful Easter Hymn "Hallelujah." Worgan found Owenson an

---

\* Innumerable entreaties were urged with a view to make Miss O'Neill change her name, but all to no effect; at last Sir William Becher, on December 18, 1819, succeeded in effecting the desideratum, inasmuch, as from that date, Miss O'Neill became Lady Becher.



apt pupil, and urged him to cultivate the vocal taste, which he did with such effect, that our player not only mastered the science of singing, but became in a short time able to compose original airs, and to put new words and symphonies to old ones. Owenson is said to have been the author of many charming Irish airs—amongst others, “My Love’s the Fairest Creature;” but we are assured by Samuel Lover that in the original Irish of *Sheb nka chonos haint*, it has so long existed that all trace of the original composer is lost. An anonymous writer has pronounced Owenson to have been “the author of the music, with original words, of the song now popular as Rory O’More, and appropriated by Mr. Lover as his own,” but Mr. Lover denies that he ever claimed as his own exclusive composition, that highly popular tune.

In 1776, Owenson received through Garrick’s influence an engagement at Covent Garden Theatre. We have said that Owenson, when sick of his agricultural life at Castle Margaret, was fonder of reading Rowe, than of reaping rye; and this old predilection for Rowe was now sustained by Owenson attempting at Covent Garden, the somewhat ambitious part of *Tamerlane* in Rowe’s celebrated tragedy of that name. From some of the leading London newspapers Owenson received high encomiums both on the score of his commanding figure, and his marked histrionic talent; but the *Theatrical Review* ran counter to this generous tone of criticism, called him “a gawkey,” and pronounced his assumption of the part of *Tamerlane* as a gross insult to common sense and good taste. Driven from London by this poisoned arrow, “Mr. Owenson from the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden,” proceeded to go the round of the provincial houses, starring it at some, and accepting very subordinate parts at others—until having made some noise at the Shrewsbury Theatre he took advantage of his temporary celebrity to make a proposal of marriage to Miss Hill, an English lady, and the lioness of the Shrewsbury company. The offer was accepted, a romantic flight ensued—why, we have not been able to ascertain—and the nuptials of the happy pair were speedily celebrated. The first fruit of this alliance was the subject of these pages. Her birth occurred, on shipboard, at sea, in 1778; so that no country can claim the honour of Lady Morgan’s nativity; but as it took place when crossing the Irish Sea, she may fairly be called an Irish woman, even though her subsequent career had never been distinguished by those ennobling characteristics of nationality which

have rendered the name of Lady Morgan so valued in Ireland.

Owenson was proud of his baby and resolved to celebrate its christening with becoming festivity. Ned Lysaght, the once famous extempore Irish poet, was invited to attend in the onerous capacity of sponsor, or God-papa; and Ned, with characteristic good nature, at once accepted the responsibility. He and Owenson, as two very eminent boon companions, wits, poets, and singers of convivial songs, it may well be supposed that some rivalry existed between them; but it is pleasant to find that the old adage, "two of a trade never agree," was not verified in this instance. Lysaght, for many years after continued to regard the tiny child with a fatherly feeling of affection and pride; and when, in 1809, death snatched him away, she felt with bitter sorrow, her doubly orphaned position.

Sidney Owenson had begun making verses before she had left the nursery. In a poetic address to her only sister Olivia, afterwards Lady Clarke, our authoress plainly states this fact:

Have I from childhood then, been writing,  
And erst I well could write, inditing,  
In scribbling ever still delighting;  
  Since first the muse  
Did kindly string my infant lyre,  
And o'er my mind poetic fire  
  As kind infuse;

Since first young Fancy's meteor beam  
Did on my dawning genius gleam,  
And wrapt me in poetic dream:  
  As oft I strove  
To sing, a sigh, a smile, a tear,  
Or haply, an idea dear  
  Of infant love!

At Sidney's premature development of bardic genius, Lysaght's interest in his little god-daughter strengthened to intensity: and in the fulness of his delight the convivial Commissioner seized his pen and threw off the following characteristic fragment.—

The muses met me once not very sober,  
But full of frolic at your merry christening!  
And now, this twenty-third day of October,  
As they foretold, to your sweet lays I'm listening.

They called you "Infant Muse," and said your lyre  
Should one day wake your nation's latent fire:  
They ordered Genius garlands to entwine  
For Sidney:—Me, i'faith, they plied with wine.

Lysaght survived until March 2, 1809, when he sank amid a wail, into his cold grave. He is now utterly forgotten ; but one has merely to open the newspaper files of the day to ascertain that his death produced almost as singular, as strong, and as widely spread a sensation as that of "Rare Ben Jonson" himself. From the Dublin *Correspondent* of March, 1809, we rescue the following :—

"Adieu, thou soul of jest, for e'er adieu !  
Wing'd by thy wit, the fleeting moments flew ;  
None still could say (to truth however blind)  
That Lysaght's pungent jokes were e'er unkind :  
Rais'd by his pun, convulsing laughs have roar'd  
Round the wide circle of the festive board ;  
Death's frigid hand has chill'd that honest tongue,  
Whence Clare's or Grattan's mimic accents rung ;  
Nor jest, nor jocund song, one day could save  
Their gay possessor from the gloomy grave ;  
Wit, Patriot, Virtue, sunk alive with him,  
And prov'd at length this life itself a *whim*."—JUVENIL.

Upon turning over a dozen or two more pages, filled with details of Sir John Moore's disastrous retreat, and the other political news, and excitement of the day, we find a second tribute to the memory of Lysaght, and written, we are inclined to think, by Owenson.—

"*He was a fellow of infinite jest, and most excellent humour and fancy.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

"Ye Friends of Genius, and of Wit draw near,  
Shed o'er this Tomb a tributary tear ;  
Here LYSAGHT lies—Alas ! of what avail  
Is it to rise or fall in Fortune's scale ?  
The Rich, the Poor, the Humble and the High,  
Wise men and Fools when Death decrees must die ;  
No Pomp of wealth, or Treasures of the mind  
Can keep its victim one short span behind :  
Death conquers all, and to the silent grave  
Consigns alike the Monarch and the Slave.—  
Yes—For if sterling Genius, Wit refin'd,  
A sportive Fancy, an enlightened Mind,  
A Muse's tongue to breathe the Seraph lay  
Could have opposed a premature decay ;  
LYSAGHT had lived—nor could the hand of Fate  
To such endowment fix so short a date ;  
Still would his Wit delight, his Humour flow,  
And all his Talents in full lustre glow :  
Nor would HIBERNIA bending o'er his Urn,  
This Son of Genius and of Fancy mourn."—AMICUS.

Lysaght was a perfect type of the Irish gentleman of the old school. Lavish of money, he found himself at the age of thirty-five, with little but his pen and his pedigree. Convivial, gay, of high and dauntless spirit, he held hair-triggers as often as hock-tumblers in his right hand. Fond of the pleasures of the table, he had also a taste for the terrors of the field. Though sometimes eager to resent, he was perhaps more often impatient to forgive. As a second he was constantly in requisition: and thereby hangs a tale worth the telling. A virulent opponent of Catholicism, the Right Hon. Geo. Ogle, coarsely uttered at a public dinner in Dublin, "a papist would swallow a false oath as easily as I would a poached egg." Lysaght directed the attention of Mr. Coyle, a Catholic mercantile gentleman, to the words. Mr. Coyle was justly indignant; he committed the offensive words to paper, and approached the swaggering Privy Councillor in the Royal Exchange, asking if he had uttered them, and adding, "Sir, I am of that persuasion." Mr. Ogle turned to Alderman James, but Coyle insisted on an immediate and categorical answer. After some hesitation, Ogle admitted that he had uttered the words, and did not disavow them. "Then," replied Coyle, "your conduct was ungentlemanlike, and unworthy of a man and a Christian."

After some days' private consultation with his friends, whether a Privy Councillor could condescend to call out a mercantile gentleman, Mr. Ogle was assured by his particular friend, J. C. Beresford, that the dignity of a P. C. would not screen him from the notice of such an insult. Mr. Ogle sent a challenge to Mr. Coyle, which was accepted, and Edward Lysaght acted as second to the latter. The parties met and exchanged four shots without effect. Coyle insisted upon sending home for his own pistols, for he would not quit the ground, till one or the other fell. Thereupon, J. C. Beresford, who with many hundreds were on the field, went up to Mr. Ogle, and told him, that finding Mr. Coyle so determined, he begged to be allowed to draw up an explanation. J. C. Beresford wrote in pencil upon a paper, which he rested on the crown of his hat, a declaration from Mr. Ogle, that the words he had uttered were not meant to apply to the *Catholics*, but to *rebels*, on which Mr. Coyle declared himself satisfied. Previous to the settlement, Judge Chamberlain had entered the field, and commanded the principals and seconds to attend at his house to enter recognizances; but Lysaght declared, that this circumstance should not, and it did not prevent the explanation.

This was among the first efforts made by the long down-trodden Catholics of Ireland to regain their feet, and to wrest the scourge from the grasp of their tormentors.

Lysaght wrote a great number of merry national songs. One in particular descriptive of low Irish life at Donnybrook Fair will probably live for ever. Paddy

“Steps into a tent just to spend half-a-crown,  
Comes out, meets a friend, and for love\* knocks him down.  
With his Sprig of Shillelah and Shamrock so green.”

In politics Lysaght had unfortunately no fixed principle. A patriot to-day and a courtier to-morrow, he would fling awkward squibs at the feet of royalty now, and the next minute hurl a disconcerting cracker into the ranks of the popular party. He ridiculed the opponents of the Union with his pen, and received cash in acknowledgement from Lord Castlereagh.† Of his rebel effusions the stanzas containing,

“Green were the fields that our forefathers dwelt on,

And

Where the loud cannons rattle to battle we'll go,”

were the most spirited and stirring.

Thomas Moore was a warm admirer of Lysaght's genius, and strains. Dean Meyler recently informed us that in a conversation which he had with Moore in 1833, the latter expressively observed—“I look back on Lysaght with feelings of admiration and love. All his words were like *drops of music*.”

But this digression is, we fear, almost unpardonable. To return to the “infant muse,” as Lysaght called his tiny god-child.

Mr. Owenson selected the name of Sydney for his little daughter, in fond recollection of the benevolent government of Sir Henry Sydney in the reign of Elizabeth, during which auspicious period, the Protestant family from whom he was

\* “Joy” in Lysaght's original version.—Ed.

† Sir Jonah Barrington, an uncompromising and formidable foe to the Union, tells us in the *third*, and suppressed volume of his *Personal Sketches*, that Lysaght lampooned him unmercifully. “I told him,” writes Sir Jonah, “that if he found me a good chopping block, he was heartily welcome to hack away as long as he could get anything by the butchery. He shook me cordially by the hand, swore I was ‘a d——d good fellow,’ and the next day took me at my word, by lampooning me very sufficiently in a copy of verses entitled ‘*The Devil in the Lantern*.’”

collaterally descended had settled in the West of Ireland. This statement is made on the authority of Lady Morgan.

The next glimpse which we obtain of Robert Owenson, after the harsh criticism of the *Theatrical Review* on his "gawkey" personation of Tamerlane, is in the year 1775, when we find him joint proprietor of Smock-alley Theatre with Thomas Ryder; but the latter being unable to discharge an arrear of rent which had accumulated, he was necessitated to surrender the theatre to Richard Daly, of whom John O'Keefe and Sir Jonah Barrington, have left us so many amusing details in their respective "Recollections." Owenson's pecuniary losses by his connection with Ryder must have been considerable; but there are no documents in existence to furnish an idea of their extent. The quondam land agent would seem, for the moment, to have been thoroughly sick of theatricals. Owenson now embarked in mercantile concerns, and became a wine merchant; but he soon got tired of his new vocation; and abandoned sherry for Sheridan, and rum for Rowe. In 1779, we find him figuring at the Theatre Royal, Crow-street, Dublin, and regarded as one of the most respectable and popular performers on the Dublin boards. His appearance told strongly in his favour; all accounts, traditional and documental, concur in representing Owenson as the possessor of a noble, stalwart figure, a commanding aspect, Celtic features, with a most gentlemanly manner and deportment. The attack of the *Theatrical Review* had stung Owenson to the quick, but it did not nerve him to renewed exertion and stronger ambition; tragedy in general, and *Tamerlane* in particular, were abandoned as a bad job; and the lighter walks of comedy, and Irish drama, were now trod, with considerable success, by Mr. Owenson. His commanding figure and deportment were points which, as already observed, told well in his favour.

Dramatic singers were scarce moreover; Incledon and Braham had not yet appeared before the public; and the lessons which Owenson had some years previously received from Worgan and Arne, now stood to him gloriously. "His singing the Irish songs," writes one who knew Owenson well, "being master of the Irish language, as also a perfect musician, as to voice, had great effect with the admirers of our national melody. His Major O'Flaherty, was a great favourite; but his prime character was Teague in the *Committee*, or the *Faithful Irishman*, in which, wrapped in a blanket, and flourishing his great oaken

cudgel, he sung an Irish planxty, perfect in language, style and action; all which rendered his benefits very substantial; Owenson sent me over this tune, and to it I wrote the Finale to the *Poor Soldier*.” \*

About 1780, Owenson used to perform the character of “Phelim O’Flanagan,” in a popular interlude which introduced various Italian and Gaelic songs, including the original of Carolan’s *Receipt for Drinking*, and the famous *Plea paca na Ruabcaic* in Irish and English.† The latter version, if we remember rightly, began :—

“O’Ruarc’s noble feast will ne’er be forgot,

By those who were there, and by those who were not.”

Owenson’s great success in singing that class of strain to which we have alluded, was attributable to the profound acquaintance with the Irish tongue, which he necessarily formed during the long period of his sojourn in Connaught, where the vernacular language is spoken almost exclusively by the laboring classes, among whom the duties of his situation obliged him to mix.

The Dublin Theatre was, at the period of which we write, in a condition the very reverse of prosperous. The actors were most irregularly paid, and many strange expedients are recorded to which the performers resorted in order to compel the manager to pay up arrears. John O’Keefe, in his “Recollections,” informs us that one night when the lessee as King Lear was supported in the arms of an actor who played Kent, the “latter in a whisper said, ‘If you don’t give me your honour, sir, that you’ll pay me this night, I’ll let you drop about the boards.’ The manager, alarmed, said, ‘don’t talk to me now.’ ‘I will,’ said Kent, ‘I’ll let you drop.’ Mossop was obliged to give the promise, and Kent got his money.”‡

In 1780, Ryder, the manager of Crow-street Theatre, was reduced to great embarrassment in consequence of an opposition theatre in Smock-alley. On one occasion when the play was by command of the Lord Lieutenant, the players came forward and announced that the company, having been for some time unpaid, would not perform. The manager, then confined to his room from severe illness, advertised that he would appear on the stage and state his case to the public. When Ryder came for-

\* Recollections of John O’Keefe, vol. i. p. 355.

† Gilbert’s History of Dublin, vol. ii. p. 203.

‡ Recollections of John O’Keefe, vol. i. p. 158.

ward his appearance was so ghastly that the audience called the prompter to bring him a chair, seated on which he read various documents to show that the most clamorous performers were these who in reality had the least cause of complaint. Robert Owenson made an effort to answer Ryder, but the audience would not listen to him.\*

The result of a few substantial benefits at Crow-street enabled Owenson to hire successively some of the provincial Theatres in Ireland; and accompanied by a small but select company he went the round of them in 1781. Early personal associations, as well as ancestral considerations, led him to give the preference of selection to the Province of Connaught. For several years subsequently we find him performing alternately at Castlebar, Sligo, and Athlone, together with his diminutive, but singularly precocious daughter, who in 1788 was brought forward as "An Infant Prodigy." "I well remember," writes the late Dr. Joseph Burke of the Rifle Brigade in a letter before us, "I well remember the pleasure with which I saw Owenson personate Major O'Flaherty in Cumberland's then highly popular Comedy of the *West Indian*, and I also well remember that the long-afterwards widely-famed Lady Morgan performed at the same time, with her father, either in the *West Indian* or an afterpiece. This took place at Castlebar before the merry, convivial Lord Tyrawley and the Officers of the North Mayo militia. Their reception was enthusiastic in the extreme."

Richard Daly was the high-flying Lessee of the Theatre Royal, Crow-street, Dublin, at this period. He held the patent conjointly with Francis Higgins, surnamed the Sham Squire, who as we learn for the first time from the recently published Cornwallis Papers, received the Government reward for the betrayal of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. The *Dublin Evening Post*, then the exclusive organ of the popular party, poured a perpetual broadside of ridicule on Daly and Higgins. The Sham Squire was the proprietor of the Government newspaper of that day, and Daly seems to have been vilified on no other grounds than those furnished by the old adage, "show me the company you keep, and I will tell you who you are." In the *Dublin Evening Post* of May and June, 1789, we find frequent poetic squibs exploding at Daly's expense. One which casually mentions the name of Owenson we subjoin. Daly's days of prosperity were, at this time, numbered :

---

\* Gilbert's Dublin, ii. 204.



And is it come to this, at last, he cried,  
 Gone is the food of all my former pride;  
 No more will actors on my steps attend,  
 Or humble actresses obedient bend.  
 No more will authors at my levees wait,  
 No more I'll damn their works in pompous state;  
 No more shall Bellinggen's frail charms avail.  
 And now no stage is left me but a gaol.  
 E'en now perhaps with joys does Chalmers burn,  
 And OWENSON will kick me in his turn.

Yet this shall end my woes and me, he cried,  
 And drew the glittering weapon from his side;  
 But as too hard the yielding blade he prest,  
 The tragic tin bent harmless on his breast.

It is a fact worthy of note, and curiously illustrative of the lax system of law prevailing in Ireland at the period of which we write, that Richard Daly having sworn that in consequence of this Poem he had received damages to the amount £4,000 ! Lord Chief Justice Clonmel granted a fiat against the Proprietor of the *Evening Post*, marked with that exorbitant amount, although the damages subsequently given by the Jury were £200 only. The Chief Justice's unconstitutional conduct was brought before Parliament, and the result was a law restricting the judges in future to an inferior and definite sum.

Moore in his *Memoirs of R. B. Sheridan*, tells us that in consequence of the bad acting of Lee as Sir Lucius O'Trigger, the famous comedy of *The Rivals* failed on its first representation. In Ireland the play became intensely popular; and it is no extravagant flight of imagination to conjecture that Owenson's personation of the belligerent Irish Baronet contributed, in no small degree, to the success of the piece. It was as a delineator of the Irish character—not of slang characters, but of Irish gentlemen, such as Tyrone Power achieved with such *eclat*—that Owenson eventually became so famous; and there can be no doubt that Sir Lucius was a rich treat in his hands. That Owenson was among the cast of the characters at Crow-street, has not been recorded by Moore, but in the *Dublin Chronicle* of May 10th, 1791, we find it announced that “on Thursday, May 12th, will be presented a comedy, called *The Rivals*—Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Mr. Owenson.”

But it was in the character of Major O'Flaherty that Owenson took the public heart by storm. Richard Cumberland, the author of the play, went specially to witness Owenson's vivid realization of this favorite conception. The veteran

dramatist was in ecstasies at Owenson's acting; and when at length, the curtain fell, he bemoaned, almost with tears, that he had not given the major more to do and say.

But perhaps that which reflects the highest honour on the memory of Robert Owenson, is the generous and uncalculating protection and patronage which he afforded the unfortunate poet, Dermody, favorably pseudonymed "the Irish Chatterton." An account of this more than kind conduct on the part of Owenson runs, stragglingly, through a memoir of Dermody, in two volumes, written by the late James Grant Raymond in 1806. This somewhat diffuse narrative, we shall endeavor, in justice to Owenson's memory, to condense.

"While Dermody was thus employed in the painting-room, as superintendent of the glue, oil, and colour-pots," writes his biographer, "Mr. Cherry, now of Drury-lane theatre, with great rapture brought one morning into the green-room a poem written, as he said, by a most surprising boy then in the house. The subject of it was highly agreeable and entertainiag to the performers: being a sarcastic comparison between Mr. Daly, patentee of the Theatre Royal, and Mr. Astley, manager of the equestrian theatre; in which the feats of the latter were humorously and satirically enlarged upon. The description which Mr. Cherry gave of the boy, together with the merit of the composition, raised among the performers the greatest curiosity to see him; and, led on by Cherry, they rushed from the green-room to the place where the painter and his wonderful attendant were at work. If their astonishment was excited on hearing the poem read, it was now increased tenfold at the sight of the author. Infantine in appearance, and clad in the very garb of wretchedness; with a meagre, half-starved, but intelligent countenance; a coat much too large for him, and his shoulders and arms seen naked through it; without waistcoat, shirt, or stockings; with a pair of breeches made for a full-grown person, soiled and ragged, reaching to his ancles; his uncovered toes thrust through a pair of old slippers without heels, almost of the magnitude of Kamtskatka snow-shoes; his hair clotted with glue, and his face and almost naked body smeared and disfigured with paint of different colours, black, blue, red, green, and yellow:—thus in amazement stood before them, with a small pot of size in one hand, and a hair-brush in the other, the translator of Horace, Virgil, and Anacreon!—Each of the performers felt a sympathetic glow of tenderness

for the wretched boy, and each seemed anxious to administer to his necessities. Among the number was Mr. Owenson; a gentleman conspicuous for his domestic attachments, and distinguished by his humanity. In him Dermody found a benefactor: he treated him with tenderness, received him into his family with affection, clothed, and became a second parent to him.

"At the appointed time, Dermody made his appearance at the house of his new friend. The description which Mrs. Owenson had received of him from her husband, raised in her mind the greatest anxiety; and, being a lady of extreme feeling and sensibility, on seeing before her a child so forlorn and destitute, she burst into a flood of tears, clasped him in her arms, and gave vent to the noblest feelings of humanity.

"When he had partaken of some refreshment, which was pressed upon him with the warmest cordiality, Mr. Owenson asked him if he had any knowledge of the history of the college, or of its members. He answered, that the only information he had ever received, was that which magazines had occasionally given him. As Mr. Owenson's plan was to get him introduced to some distinguished person in the university, he thought that a theme on the subject which he had just mentioned would be a probable mode of paving the way to so desirable an object: he therefore gave him a slight account of it, and desired him to write down his thoughts in verse, and to notice the professors and students of the present day. Dermody took his leave; and in less than three quarters of an hour returned with about fifty lines, written as if he had been acquainted with the history of the university since its foundation was laid. Mr. Owenson was so much astonished at what he had done in the short time of his absence, that he began to doubt the possibility of his having been without some secret assistance from more matured talents; and lest he himself should be imposed upon, and laughed at for his credulity, he immediately carried pen, ink, and paper, into an adjoining room, gave him another subject to write upon, closed the door, and with impatience waited the result. In twenty minutes he re-entered, and produced a poem that would have made any further disbelief in his genius a crime. Mr. Owenson, being now fully convinced that he was in every respect what he had been represented to be, with all the reality of friendship and the ardour of humanity, put in force the plan of getting him an immediate introduction to the college." So far Mr. Raymond.

Owenson's generous interest in the boy increased, and through the instrumentality of his kinsman, the Rev. Dr. Young, afterwards bishop of Clonfert, he labored with success in getting Dermody admission to the university of Dublin. Dr. Young, who was a Senior Fellow and Professor in the college, undertook to superintend the young poet's studies.

"Though the prospect was flattering," continues Mr. Raymond, "which now opened for Dermody's future comfort and pursuits, Mr. Owenson's zeal was still unabated; and he carried and introduced him in the same garments to many of the most exalted characters in Dublin. His reception was uniformly such as humanity could wish. Mr. Owenson always introduced him in rags, that his appearance might excite both wonder and compassion. The general plan which he adopted when the ceremony of introduction was over (which sometimes created much mirth) was, to ask for a Horace; and desire the gentleman or lady of the house either to open the book and take an ode by chance, or to fix on any particular one, and then in the presence of the company he made Dermody translate it into English verse; which he always did with a peculiar grace, and in as short a time as any person could construe it in. When Mr. Owenson had fully satisfied their curiosity and gratified the feelings of the company, he generally left them, in order that at a future time he might have a claim on their generosity.

"He now fitted up an apartment for him in his own house, stripped him of his rags, made him the companion of his children, and treated him with all the endearing affection of a father. He had just lost his only son, and he considered this as a substitute sent by Providence. Mrs. Owenson, who loved genius under whatever form it presented itself, and who united to this intellectual propensity a benevolence the most unbounded, entered with the fondest solicitude into the interest of the child of her adoption, and taught her two amiable daughters to consider him almost as a being of a superior order. Her injunction was at all times held too sacred to be disobeyed; but in the present case indeed it was unnecessary; from their mother they inherited the tender throb of sensibility, and light and pleasant as the day was the task they had now to perform.

"As soon as a new wardrobe was prepared for Dermody, he made a burnt-offering of his old, and committed his former habiliments to the flames with classic solemnity; creating his new sisters, high-priestesses of the altar, and their mother the

presiding idol of the ceremony. While he stood in silence viewing the flames, his conscience appeared to strike him ; and with a want of refined delicacy which his youth rendered innocent and perfectly excusable even before such spectators, eagerly snatching his *breeches* from the general conflagration, he thus apostrophized them."

But the poem, which is below Dermody's average power, the reader will readily excuse us for withholding.

In eccentricity of movement, mental and bodily, and in tendency to laziness, Dermody was "every inch a poet;" and Mr. Owenson soon discovered, to his no small chagrin, that the bard's attendance at college had been most capriciously irregular. Whenever he paid Dr. Young a visit it was to discharge a flood of tears at the scholastic drudgery which had been opened, by special favour, to him ; and to bewail the loss of these caresses which he once enjoyed in the arms of the muses. "As often as possible," writes Mr. Raymond, "he would sculk from what he called torture, and spend his hours playing with his adopted sisters, or in writing sonnets appropriate to the familiar incidents of their happy home." Although Dr. Young possessed a poet's cognomen he had neither bardic talent nor taste ; and Dermody, as may be supposed, soon fell into dire disgrace at Alma Mater.

Mr. Owenson's intentions to serve Dermody did not stop here. He introduced the boy to the Rev. Gilbert Austin, a clergyman of great worth and learning who at that time kept a school of deservedly high repute in Dublin. Mr. Austin entered earnestly into the matter, and a plan was immediately adopted for the completion of his studies. Dermody continued for some time to attend the academy ; but he evidenced greater regularity in seeking his meals and bed at the house of his benefactor, than in penetrating the depths of Murray's Logic, or unravelling the mysteries of the Greek Lexicon.

Not long subsequent to this date we find Dermody thus addressing Mr. Owenson.

Long has my muse, devoid of wonted fire,  
Her song neglected, and unstrung her lyre ;  
Too long, alas ! has felt the iron hand  
Of dire affliction ;—but at thy command  
Again she tunes her strain ; again she tries  
On feeble pinion eagerly to rise ;  
Again the bard renews his ancient lays,

And humbly dares attempt to sing thy praise ;  
 Praise which, though void of ev'ry grace of art,  
 Yet flows unstudied from a grateful heart ;  
 For though no flatt'ry decks my servile line,  
 Yet truth superior makes thy fame divine.  
 I say but that which modesty might hear,  
 Yet unabash'd confess these lines sincere.

But these lines by no means convey an adequate idea of Dermody's ordinary poetic power.

"His adopted sisters," continues Mr. Raymond, "in whose society he passed so many happy hours, were too affectionately regarded not to receive frequent tender marks of his esteem ; and in the innocent play-mate they found the kind admonisher.

Dear girls, in youth and beauty's prime  
 Despise not friendship's graver rhyme ;  
 Friendship, that marks your early bloom  
 Perfection's brightest tints assume.  
 The tints of modest worth divine,  
 When sense and harmless wit combine,  
 Prompt each low passion to control,  
 Or bind in rosy chains the soul.  
 Oh, ever charming ! let not Pride,  
 Usurper bold, your breasts divide,  
 Nor fashion beauteous nature hide ;  
 Assur'd your soft eyes' radiant hue  
 Can heal, disturb, and conquer too :  
 Oh ! let not Affectation, queen  
 Of the nice lisp, the mincing mien,  
 And studied glance, obscure their rays,  
 Blighting the bloomy wreath of praise.

Yet, sure, this idly moral strain  
 Is both presumptuous and vain :  
 For well your tender hearts I know ;  
 Hearts formed to melt at every woe,  
 Virtue to sooth, vice to chastise,  
 And shine in bounteous pity wise.—  
 Yet num'rous is the tinsel race  
 That hover round a lovely face,  
 As round the candle's beamy blaze  
 Their brother-insect wildly plays.  
 When by those idiot suitors prest,  
 'Mid the gay flatt'ers falsely blest,  
 Ador'd and borne by sighs, you move  
 On the frail, floating, clouds of love ;  
 When fell Deceit, in angel guise,  
 True demon, plans the pleasing lies ;  
 Look round, and if you haply see  
 No honest face—oh ! think on *me*.

The unfortunate young poet was not long in falling into as high disfavor with Mr. Austin as he had previously done with Dr. Young. Some practical Anacreontic tendencies aroused the virtuous ire of the clergyman. He quarrelled with Dermody; ordered him to perform some menial offices; and the poet retaliated by writing a very caustic lampoon on his preceptor. Mr. Austin had previously shewn him many solid acts of kindness; but all intimacy was now irrevocably at an end, and the frail bard was forbidden Mr. Austin's house for ever. "Mr. Owenson," says the biographer of Dermody, "was not one of these stern and relentless moralists, who, for a few youthful irregularities, would abandon the object of his care to perpetual distress. He grieved at the cause which obliged Mr. Austin to withdraw his protection; but at the same time he had the tenderness not to suffer the late object of it to be driven forth an outcast, to despair and perish."

He accordingly introduced Dermody to Mr. Atkinson, Judge Advocate of Ireland, through whom the poor boy-poet was patronised and almost adopted by Lady Moira. But even this great patroness of literature became, eventually, disgusted with Dermody, who had now fallen into habits of intemperance and levity. He sank from bad to worse until at last death seemed a happy release to his misery.

In this deplorable state Dermody remained for a considerable time, and were it not for his tried and steady friend Robert Owenson, by whose interest he was enabled to publish a volume of poems, he would probably have perished for want of bread. So assiduous was Owenson in his exertions to make the publication profitable that he frequently took his stand in an eminent bookseller's shop, and not only offered the book for sale to the persons who entered, with an introductory sketch of the doleful history of the luckless bard, but absolutely accosted the passengers who passed the door. The biographer of Dermody assures us that Mr. Owenson "was very generally known and respected, and he was rarely unsuccessful in these applications." Owenson thus procured him considerable relief. Nor were Dermody's personal applications to the good natured actor less productive. That his situation was often as pitiable as his benefactor's liberality was praiseworthy and acceptable will appear from the following correspondence:—

*To Mr. Owenson, No. 60 Dame-Street.*

Your bounty to me has been like the Ocean, boundless and illimitable. From my appearance I am almost ashamed to call upon you. I shall only say that I have fasted for a longer time than caused the death of Chatterton.

THOMAS DERMODY.

To this appeal Owenson replied :

"Accept the enclosed ; and while so poor a man as myself can purchase a loaf you shall never want a share of it, in common with my dear girls. In answer to your former note call at Mr. Dixon's, corner of Crow-street, and by my desire he will give you three pair of stockings : it will be time enough to get some of that commodity when you enter the College, if ever you should have grace enough to accomplish so desired an object. Get them of such a kind as will be useful, not fashionable. Call at Rourke's and you will get a pair of shoes. I think you want them."

The biographer of Dermody adds : "Though foreign to the main subject it is a just tribute of praise due to Mr. Owenson to say, that he has bestowed an education upon his daughters which has enabled them to associate with the first characters for rank and talents in Ireland, and by whom they are esteemed. Miss Sydney Owenson possesses a true poetic fancy."\*

It was not until eight years after the birth of Sydney Owenson, that her only sister Olivia, the subsequent Lady Clarke, made her appearance. A son followed, who died young ; and these three children constituted the sole result of Robert Owenson's alliance with Olivia Hill. In what year Mrs. Owenson died, we have not been able to ascertain ; but it is at least certain that she was not living in 1789.† She lived quite long enough, however, to leave an indelible impression on the mind of little Sydney, and to endear her memory, in a peculiar manner, to the children. In the course of some lines on her "Birth Day," written about the year 1798, when Owenson became reduced to comparative penury, Sydney refers to

"The cheap, the guileless joys of youthful hours,  
The strength'ning intellect's expanding powers ;  
The doating glance of fond maternal eyes,  
The soft endearment of life's earliest ties :

---

\* Raymond's *Life of Dermody*, v. ii. p. 10.

† *Ibid*, v. i., p. 106.



The anxious warning that so often glow'd  
On these dear lips, whence truth and fondness flowed.

Those lips that ne'er the stern command impos'd,  
These thrice dear lips—for ever, ever closed !  
The griefs with which my later life has teem'd ;  
The loss of golden hopes I fondly dream'd,  
Of glittering expectations past away,  
As sun-ting'd vapours of a summer day !

What sweet and sad extremes I'm doom'd to know  
From bliss ecstastic to corrosive woe :  
Obscur'd, conceal'd, my future prospects lie,  
Nor more I know than that I'm born to die."

The children must have been very young when deprived of their poor mother's protection, and from that sad day their love, as was only natural, became entwined around the remaining parent, with concentrated intensity. Owenson's domestic virtues were well calculated to promote this filial feeling. "I well remember," observed the late Counsellor George Stowell, in a conversation with J. C. O'Callaghan, "I well remember admiring the undeviating regularity with which Owenson, twice a day, would take his little daughters, Olivia and Sydney, out to walk. With a child tenderly held by each hand, Owenson, every inch a model widower, would daily leave the gaieties of the city behind, and treat his tiny daughters to a healthful walk in the calm country."

The following little Poem, written by Sydney Owenson in 1796, and suggested by a portrait of her father, is not without its charms and beauties :—

Dear shade of him my heart holds more than dear,  
Author of all that fond heart's purest bliss ;  
Dear shade, I hail thee with a rapturous tear,  
And welcome thee with many a tender kiss !

This brow indeed is his ; broad, candid, fair,  
Where nature's honest characters are wrote ;  
But o'er the beauteous transcript, morbid Care  
And Time, of late, their ruthless fingers smote !

And this th' expressive eye, whose glance I've woo'd,  
(For ah ! beneath that glance each task seemed light ;)  
I've seen this eye with tears of fondness dew'd,  
And through the lucid radiance beam more bright.

Seen it transfix'd with sweet, approving gaze,  
On some faint strain the youthful muse inspir'd ;  
Seen it for hours pursue the pencil's maze,  
With parent pride, and partial fondness fir'd !

But painter, far above thy wond'rous art  
 Were these dear lips ;—dear lips where ever play'd  
 The smile benignant, where the honest heart  
 In undisguis'd effusions, careless strayed !

Dear lips where oft each fond endearment glow'd,  
 Less prompt to emanate reproof than praise ;  
 Dear lips from whence the anxious counsel flow'd,  
 The moral precepts, or amusive lays.

These shoulders too I've climbed to steal a kiss,  
 These locks my infant hands have oft carest ;  
 These arms I oft have filled, and shared the bliss,  
 For ah ! with me, these arms a sister prest !

Twin objects of the tenderest father's care,  
 A mother's loss we rather knew than felt ;  
 Twin objects still of every ardent prayer,  
 On whom each thought, each fear, each fond hope dwelt !

Come then, thou thrice dear shade, for ah ! no more,  
 Thou true and lov'd resemblance will we part ;  
 For till the last faint thrill of life is o'er,  
 Dear shade, I'll wear thee next my beating heart !

And so she did. A more filially fond heart never existed ;  
 and to the last day of Lady Morgan's long life, her father's  
 memory and portrait were venerated and treasured by her  
 with an ardour of enthusiasm, as edifying as it was intense.

In another juvenile poem, entitled "Retrospection," we  
 catch a further glimpse of Sydney Owenson's mode of life in  
 childhood. The concluding stanzas of this piece, which pos-  
 sess all the authentic interest of a little autobiography, we  
 transcribe. Ill natured critics will not fail to seize eagerly on  
 "the oaten-cake or new-laid egg," and to pooh, pooh ! such  
 abbreviations as "*and 's.*" and "*Car'lan ;*" but it must be  
 remembered, in extenuation, that the authoress was yet in her  
 teens, and that the beauties of her youthful essay more than  
 counterbalance its defects.

I sought the hawthorn tree, beneath whose shade,  
 Full oft I pass'd my truant hours gay,  
 The spot where once it bloom'd I quickly found,  
 The tree itself had droop'd into decay !

I sought the cot, near my parental home,  
 Where oft I stole the warlock tale to hear,  
 To feast on oaten cake or new laid egg,  
 I found the place ;—alas ! no cot was there ;

And you, ye treasur'd objects of my heart !  
 Dear, lov'd companions of my early days,  
 With whom I ran my life's first frolic course,  
 Mingled my smiles, and sung my untaught lays !

Oft on a stream that wound its trickling way,  
 I well remember, near our lov'd abode,  
 We venturous launch'd our barks of paper built,  
 Freight'd with currants red, (delicious load.)

And as (true emblem of our careless days,  
 Gliding life's stream) we eager bent our eyes,  
 On passing ship, for theirs who swiftest sail'd,  
 Claim'd both the fleet and fruit, a glorious prize !

Full various were our sports, yet not in sports  
 Alone, pass'd on the tenor of our days ;  
 To romps succeeded oft th' instructive page,  
 And even wisdom mingled with our plays !

The next verse alludes to the unfortunate Dermody, whom  
 Owenson had so generously befriended. This kindness, it  
 will be perceived, brought its own recompense.

And you my sometime brother, o'er whose birth  
 Genius presided ! wit new strung his lyre ;  
 The muse her future bard to slumbers sung,  
 And e'en his lisping numbers did inspire !

Thou form'd my infant taste, and from thy lips,  
 My mind imbib'd th' enthusiastic glow ;  
 The love of literature, which thro' my life  
 Heighten'd each bliss, and soften'd every woe !

My sainted mother too, methinks I view  
 Thy endearing smile, my ever sweet reward ;  
 For each unfolding talent ever gain'd  
 Thy fond approvings, and thy dear regard.

Even still methinks, soft vibrate in mine ear,  
 Thy well remember'd tones, and still I trace  
 In thy dear eyes, thy fond maternal love,  
 Oatch thy last look, and feel thy last embrace.

The dying wish that hover'd o'er thy lips,  
 Thy last, last words, soft, trembling, broken, faint,  
 That my sad breaking heart receiv'd of thine,  
 And spoke the woman's conquest o'er the saint !

Were these, " dear child of all my tenderest care,  
 Transfer that duteous love to me you pay'd,  
 To thy dear sire :—live but for him," and died ;—  
 Say blessed spirit, have I disobey'd ?

Oft does my mem'ry sketch the social group,  
 At closing eve, that circled round the fire ;  
 Sweet hour that fondly knits each human tie,  
 Unites the children, mother, friend, and sire !

Full oft the legendary tale went round,  
 Historic truth, or Car'lan's heart-felt song ;  
 For though but little understood, I ween  
 We lov'd the music of our native tongue !

And oft went round the puzzling, forfeit game,  
 Play'd with nice art, and many a sportive jest ;  
 Repeated oft—yet sure to win a laugh,  
 For those we longest know, we lov'd the best !

Dear happy group, and e'en as happy good,  
 While guileless spirits from each other torn !  
 Why has the world unclasp'd thy social bond,  
 And left my heart its fond hope's wreck to mourn ?

Thus calmly flows some pure, expansive stream,  
 Pellucid, clear, while o'er its surface plays  
 The soften'd shade of each o'er-drooping plant,  
 The moon's pale beam, or sun's meridian rays !

But lo ! should earth's convulsive struggles throw  
 Th' impending rock in scatter'd masses o'er,  
 'Tis forc'd to disunite in sep'rate streams,  
 Dwindles to viewless rills, and 's seen no more !

No attempt has hitherto been made to trace the scene of Miss Owenson's scholastic exercises and acquirements. Having applied to a party competent to furnish authentic information on this head, we received for reply ; " Little Sydney was educated by Miss Crowe, who kept an eminent seminary in North Earl-street, Dublin."

In the Dublin Directory from 1787 to 1801, the name " Elizabeth Crowe, Milliner, 20 North Earl-street," appears on record. That this establishment had some connection with " the eminent seminary " up stairs, we are inclined to think likely. The local customs of the time sanctioned such a combination. Every student of the literary history of Ireland towards the close of the last century, is familiarly acquainted with the name of Samuel Whyte, the accomplished preceptor of the Duke of Wellington, Sheridan, Moore, and Emmet. Whyte was a man of distinguished erudition, and a poet of no mean calibre. His seminary was, as Moore's Life of Sheridan

inform us, the first in the metropolis. Wilson's Directories of the period thus notice it :—

“ Whyte, Samuel, Master of the Seminary for English Grammar, Geography, &c. } 75 Grafton-street.”  
 Whyte, William, Grocer,

When we find that Whyte's\* famous Academy for Young Gentlemen was admittedly none the worse for its proximity to figs, sugar, and bottled cider, it would be hardly just or fair to pooh ! pooh ! Miss Crowe's seminary for young ladies, because the shop below may have displayed a large and varied assortment of colossal hats, and other obsolete, but once fashionable articles of female head-gear.

The public are indebted to the Rev. James Graves, of Kilkenny, for having preserved the following characteristic and interesting, but not particularly important epistle, from little Sydney, at school in Dublin, to her father at the theatre, Cork. Marlborough-street, to which she alludes, is situated, as most people know, within one minute's walk of the site of Miss Crowe's Academy.

“ October, 30, 1794.

“ I have so often expatiated on the subject of suspense, that it would be mere tautology to say what I have felt at my D' Papa's long silence ; or rather to attempt saying, for sensations of that kind are easier conciev'd than express'd, and tho' your D' Letter disipated my fears, yet I am not free from uneasiness. That affection which is ever alive in the bosom of

---

\* Mr. Q——, of the Black Rock, now in his eighty-first year, is, with one exception, the last surviving pupil of Whyte's. That gentleman is our authority for the statement that the late Duke of Wellington received instruction at Whyte's academy. Mr. Q—— has heard his old preceptor vauntingly declare, that he had flogged the breech of the subjugator of Tippoo Saib. How vastly would Mr. Whyte's pride have been increased, had he lived to boast that the conqueror of Napoleon had been under his hand, and piteously cried for mercy at his knees ! Mr. Q—— tells us that Whyte's taste and talent for flogging were not inferior to Mr. Squeers's passion in the same direction. Although his right arm was short almost to deformity, it possessed great strength, and was the terror of every pupil. “ Such brutal flogging,” observes Mr. Q——, “ would now no more be tolerated than an insolent attempt at assault and battery in the public streets.” The very interesting reminiscences of Emmet with which Mr. Q—— has favoured us, we shall use on some future occasion. Whyte died October 4th, 1811.

a *fond* child shrinks with *sensitive* feeling from the touch of apprehension, and is only to be convinced by ocular demonstration. Thus (unthankful as I am) I shall never be happy until I see you comfortably seated by the fire-side in our little parlor, and myself still more comfortably seated on y' knee (provided the burden be not too heavy) listening attentively while you the 'tale unfold,' and when 'tis finished I exclaim with Desdemona, 'tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true'; but the quotation would not be applicable to every part of your unfolded tale, as the conduct and benevolent attention of y' Physician and Mr. Brennan, merits a better reflection; when I think on their goodness to you the words of Madame de Genlis always occurs to my mind, 'Virtue may be acquired, but goodness is a gift of nature,' and nature has been so profuse in that respect to both Gentlemen, that if acquired virtue had a mind to step in, she would not find a single vacant spot to take possession of: what happiness it would give me to return personal thanks to these friends in the most literal sense of the word, is needless to say, as every friend who by their efficacious endeavours have contributed to the restoration of my D' Papa's health must be dear to me. You complain that I am sparing of my paper, but really, My Dear Sir, if you were enclosed within the walls of a boarding school y' self, you would find something to say no easy matter. As for news you will see more in a day's paper than I could send you in a week; and for writing on any subject that may occur, it is not so easy as you *Beaux esprits* imagine. The muses, like all other ladies, are whimsical and inconstant, and it requires no little art to keep in their good graces. At one time they will preside over every line, at another they will scarcely deign to look over y' shoulder: so you may always judge of my Muse's temper by the style of my letter. We spent two delightful evenings at Mrs. Lynche's of Marlborough-st. She is the most hospitable and the best natured woman I ever met with. There is a very fine grand forte piano, and I am highly gratified with my favorite amusement. We are to drink tea there tomorrow evening. I should not have visited them only I was pretty sure of y' permission, as it was y' wish I should go to the Play with them one night, and any one you would wish me to appear in public with, I am sure you would have no objection to in private. I sent Molly to Mr. Dixon's, who says there is no one in the world he would so soon have as yourself, and that tho' more than one have been about them he has kept them



**And oft I upward cast mine eyes,  
 (Tho' not I ween o'er weather-wise)  
 And gladsome view the frowning skies  
                                 while screaming crow  
 Proclaims the storm as high he flies,  
                                 to us below!**

**Now glad I hear the wind blow bleak,  
View puss by fire her station take,  
And grandmama loud moanings make  
                                of shooting corn ;  
For rain these signs portentous speak,  
                                and gloomy morn !**

Glad see I muddled streamlet stray,  
Whose course no sun-beam renders gay,  
Reflecting nought but wat'ry ray,  
                and dimpled o'er;  
While goslings on its surface play  
                before the door!

The clear, pellucid drops I view,  
As large they fall, tho' yet but few,  
And sweet as Californian dew  
                                to me appear ;  
Or stream that prophet Moses drew  
From rocky source for murmur'ing Jew,  
                                in desert drear !

**Now glad I throw straw bonnet by,  
For sure to school I cannot hie,  
While flood Deucalion pours the sky,  
                                t' arrest my feet ;  
And this excuse I'll plead so sly,  
                                compulsion sweet.**

Some doubts have been expressed as to the religious opinions in which Sydney Owenson was reared and educated. Her commentary on the following interesting quotation from Burke, furnishes some decisive information on this head. “‘Sure I am,’ says Edmund Burke, ‘that there have been thousands in Ireland who have never conversed with a Roman-Catholic in their whole lives, unless they happened to talk with their gardener’s workman, or to ask their way when they had lost it in their sports, or at best who had only associated with ex-footmen or other domestics of the third or fourth order; and so averse were they some time ago to have them near their persons, that they would not employ even those who would never find their way beyond their stable. I well remember a great, and in many respects a good man, who advertised for a blacksmith, but at the same time added, ‘he must be a protestant.’



It is impossible that such a state of things (though natural goodness in many persons will undoubtedly make exceptions) must not produce alienation on the one side, and pride and insolence on the other.\*

"It is to be hoped, and indeed to be believed, that the fatal spirit of prejudice thus strongly adverted to by Burke, is daily losing its influence; *for myself, though one among the many in my own country who have been educated in the most rigid adherence to the tenets of the church of England*, I should, like the poor Maritones of Cervantes, think myself endowed with very few 'sketches and shadows of Christianity,' were I to confine virtue to sect; or make the speculative theory of opinion the test of moral excellence, or proof of human perfection."\*

Lady Morgan has been heard to say that her mother, though possessing many endearing domestic virtues, was a person of such excessive Puritanical tendencies, that, instead of stimulating the religious zeal of her children, she but too fatally gave them a distaste to "long-visaged sanotity," and all practices of the "Praise-God-bare-bones" school. To this circumstance may be attributed the occasional deistic tone traceable in some of the later writings of Lady Morgan.

After the death of her mother Sydney went on a visit to some of Mr. Owenson's friends and relations in Sligo, including Sir Malby Crofton of Longford House. The records of this period of her life are not numerous. Among other effusions however, indicating a thoughtful and religious spirit, one, written on a tomb among the ruins of Sligo Abbey, merits transcription.—

And must I, ghastly guest of this dark dwelling,  
Pale, senseless tenant, must I come to this;  
And shall this heart congeal, now warmly swelling,  
To woe's soft languor, rapture's melting bliss?

• And must this pulse that beats to joy's gay measure,  
Throbbing to bloomy health, this pulse lie still:  
And must each sense alive to guileless pleasure,  
Torpid resist the touch of transports' thrill?

And must each sensate feeling too decay,  
(Each feeling anguished by another's sorrow)  
This form that blushes youth and health to-day,  
Lie cold and senseless thus, like thee, to-morrow?

---

\* Patriotic Sketches,—Lond. 1807, v. i, p. 62.

Terrific Death ! to shun thy dreaded pow'r  
 Who would not brave existence ? direst strife ?  
 But that beyond thy dark shade's gloomy bow'r,  
 Faith points her vista to eternal life !

*The Country Post-boy*, a relic of the same remote era of Sydney's early life, is a pleasing portraiture of a character now almost extinct :—

Ah ! careless wight, and e'en as careless, gay,  
 Slow winding down yon mountain's rugged brow,  
 Cheering with ballad blithe thy weary way,  
 And as thy thoughtless mule, as thoughtless thou !

Ne'er dreaming thou to many art a fate  
 Replete with baleful tidings ; big with woe  
 To cloud th' illusive beam of hope elate,  
 Or blast the germ of love's first ardent blow !

To snap the golden, fragile thread of bliss,  
 Deface the smiling portrait Fancy drew ;  
 Convey the last farewell, the dying kiss,  
 And change each tint of joy to mis'ry's hue !

To freeze the vital stream that warmly glows  
 Within the heart, to filial fears a prey ;  
 The sad, but long expected task impose,  
 To weep the sainted parents swift decay !

Ah ! orphan mourner, I can feel for thee,  
 For I, like thee, have cause to weep, to sigh ;  
 Like thine, the parent heaven bestow'd on me,  
 Fled from her child, to claim her kindred sky !

Yet senseless wight, if thou the heart can'st wring,  
 And sadder certainty for sad doubt give ;  
 Wealth, title, fame, 'tis also thine to bring,  
 And all for which the witless many live !

To the sad prisoner liberty convey,  
 To modest merit the unask'd award ;  
 To dark despair restore hope's vivid day,  
 To injured innocence its just reward !

The authoress, with beautiful diffuseness, then proceeds to say that " When stillness breathes along the silent groves," she loves to hear the wild tones of the Post-boy's horn float on the distance :

Now stealing faintly with vibration soft,  
 Now mingling louder with each passing gale,  
 Now 'midst the hills by echo answer'd oft,  
 And louder now, it rings along the dale !

How throbs each pulse, with every varied sound,  
 How many ardent expectations burn,  
 How does my heart within my bosom bound?  
 And how I fly to meet, yet fear to learn?

Yes, 'tis for me—each character I kiss,  
 Then trembling, hoping, break the well-known seal,  
 But why relate its tale of woe or bliss,  
 For ah! like me, who woe or bliss can feel?

The neighbourhood in which Sydney Owenson was located, possessed many striking natural beauties, and pleasing associations, peculiarly calculated to promote the growth of a warm poetic temperament. In her *Patriotic Sketches*, the authoress paints a few of the more prominent features of Sligo.

"The scenery which environs the town," she writes, "is bold, irregular, and picturesque: and though despoiled of those luxurious woods which once (in common with the rest of the Island) enriched its aspect, it still preserves many of those traits which constitute the perfection of landscape, hanging over a beautiful bay formed by the influx of the 'Steep Atlantic,' sheltered by lofty mountains, and reposing almost at the brow of a hill along whose base the River Gitley steals its devious way. The high road by which it is approached for the last twenty miles, winds through a scene of romantic variety, which frequently combines the most cultivated and harmonious traits, with the wildest and most abrupt images of scenic beauty. The groves, the lakes, the enchanting islands, and all the glowing charms of an Italian scenery which diffuses itself over the picturesque and cultivated scenes of Florence-court,\* are suddenly replaced by a dreary heath, and a bold and continued mass of rocks, through which nature, time, and art, seem to have cut a deep and narrow defile which, entered at that hour sacred to the sombre grandeur of the true sublime, awakens in the heart of the traveller such a warning as the entrance to Dante's *Inferno* holds out." Miss Owenson, in her "Fourth Sketch," refers, at some length, to the romantic Glen of Knock-na-ree, situated within three miles of Sligo, and combining the finest ocean scenery, with many traits of striking picturesque landscape. Bathed in gloom, the overhanging rocks almost knit their towering summits. The authoress also vividly describes the cloud-capped Heights of Ben-

---

\* The Seat of Lord Inniskillen.

bullen, and the Island of Innis-murry, celebrated in Irish legend, and famous in history as still containing part of the crosier of St. Moltaire. A distant view of the undulating Coast of Ulster is also sketched ; but a stronger interest is awakened by her account of Sugna-clogh, or the Giant's Grave, near the town of Sligo. Several immense stones are raised in a very curious and romantic manner, upon the ends of others, which seem pitched perpendicularly into the earth, and give to the eye an idea of Stonehenge. Sugna-clogh is one of these puzzling relics of a by-gone age, with which antiquarian ingenuity delights to amuse itself.

The singular water-flight of Glencar did not fail to excite the admiration of our authoress. Deriving its source from the summit of a lofty hill, whose base it scarcely reaches, the glittering element is again carried perpendicularly back, forming a species of water-spout. Its appearance when seen under the influence of an unclouded sun, rising like a pillar of light, is strikingly beautiful : the least variation of the air breaks it into a feathery spray, which falls at a considerable distance, like the misty shower of a summer's evening, tinged with the departing glow of the horizon. But there are other aquatic curiosities near Sligo. The steep Hill of the Hawk is the first point of land seen on this coast at sea, and has long served as a landmark to mariners. Notwithstanding the altitude of *Knock na-shong*, its summit contains a well which ebbs and flows with the tide. Of both mountain and well, tradition has preserved many miraculous tales.

In her "Second Sketch" Miss Owenson tells us—"In days of childhood, in the happy recess of school-holidays, I have caught a distant view of Sligo Abbey, in a moment of such felicity as childhood only experiences, 'when we feel that we are happier than we know.' An idea of its venerable ruins had insensibly associated itself with the remembrance of the lively susceptibility I then possessed, to every impression ; and that idea still preserving its ascendancy in my mind, rendered the object that gave rise to it, an object of peculiar interest, and ardent curiosity.

"I have always loved those scenes which connect the pleasures of intellect with those of sense, which are equally dear to reflection and to fancy, over which the mental sympathies extend themselves, and where the heart and the eye repose with equal satisfaction and delight ; and as I involved myself amidst the ruins of Sligo Abbey, where doubtless " "Many a

saint and many a hero trod," the beautiful apostrophe of Volney floated on my memory: "Je vous salue ruines solitaires! Oui: tandis que votre aspect repousse d'un secret effroi les regards du vulgaire, mon cœur trouve à vous contempler le charme des sentimens profonds et des hautes pensées."

In 1794, Owenson, believing that the proverbial theatrical taste of Kilkenny furnished a good opening for the erection of a new and handsome theatre, in that city, accordingly embarked in the arduous and costly undertaking alluded to.\* The work sped apace, but time proved that it reflected greater credit on Owenson's histrionic taste, than on his prudence. His capital was, by far, too small to justify him in undertaking, single-handed, so important and extensive a piece of business. The result, as might easily have been foreseen, was, that difficulties soon pressed, in bewildering succession, upon our player. His family, for a time, felt the cold grip of penury; and were it not for the steadfast friendship of a handful of sincere hearts, which sparkled, "few and far between," amid the dense and almost endless ranks of Owenson's professed friends and admirers, grim hunger and bitter sorrow might have weighed them down.

Nor were the few true friends to whom we have alluded any of the men "with handles to their names," who, in days gone by, were wont to invite Owenson, as a dramatic lion and convivialist, to their table. "His last friend," says Sir Jonah Barrington, "was old Fontaine,† a celebrated French dancing master, many years domiciliated and esteemed in Dublin. He aided Owenson and his family while he had the means to do so, and they both died nearly at the same time—instances of talent and improvidence."

In 1798, Owenson, in bad health, and worse spirits, retired from the stage. Deprived, by death, of the companionship of a fond wife, and freed, by poverty, from the attentions of many friends, he now looked to his loving daughters for solace and sincerity. In 1799 Sydney bade adieu to the picturesque and soul-inspiring haunts with which Sligo abounded. In a little bower, planned with her own head, and planted by her own hand, she composed an elaborate farewell ode, from which we cull a few closing couplets:—

---

\* This edifice, afterwards immortalized as the scene of the far-famed amateur theatricals of Kilkenny, was pulled down in 1851, in order to make room for the erection of a public meeting room. A very small portion still remains.

† "John Fontaine, Dancing master, 43, Townsend-street," appears in the Dublin Directories, until 1803.

No more shall now my steps intrude  
 Amidst thy dreary solitude ;  
 And thou my dear and lonely cell,  
 From whence I bade these scenes farewell,  
 The hand that did thy honours raise,  
 Would fain perpetuate thy praise ;  
 For well, dear cell, has thou repaid  
 My labours with thy friendly shade ;  
 Oft from th' unmeaning crowd I'd fly,  
 From fashion's vapid circle hie,  
 And beneath thy umbrage sought  
 The luxury of pensive thought,  
 Or view'd the moon's pale quivering ray,  
 Thro' thy woodbine portal play,  
 Or at the long expected hour,  
 Have flown to thee, dear conscious bower :  
 To catch (on some kind zephyr borne)  
 The welcome sound of post-boy's horn !  
 Impatient thro' thy foliage glance,  
 Impatient chid his slow advance ;  
 Hear the dread "No," to my demand,  
 Yet fix'd remain with out-stretch'd hand,  
 With beating heart and eager eyes,  
 'Till hope in disappointment dies :  
 Or haply snatch th' expected bliss,  
 Print on each character a kiss ;  
 Still on each tender sentence dwell,  
 While on each line a fond tear fell,  
 In which the fonder father prov'd,  
 How well his absent child was lov'd !  
 How true, how sweetly he could blend  
 In one, the sire, preceptor, friend.

\* \* \* \* \*

From listless solitude I fly  
 To meet the fond expectant eye ;  
 Melt in a parent's warm embrace,  
 And in each fond endearment trace  
 The welcome of the throbbing heart,  
 Soft murmuring "No more we part."

Under the difficulties which resulted from her father's misfortunes, the subject of this memoir made her first literary essay in print. As Lady Morgan has herself acknowledged, in the Preface to *France*, the world has been indebted to NECESSITY—that great parent of exertion—for all the luxury of profit and pleasure which her writings have enabled it to treasure and taste.

In March, 1801, Sydney Owenson placed in the inky fin-

gers of Mr. A. Stewart, Printer, 86, Bride-street, Dublin, the manuscript of a little volume of poems, juvenile and otherwise. "The verse in this book," observes one of the first, as well as one of the most fastidious of recent critics,\* "written before Byron had brought into existence the fresh rhythm and feelings of modern verse—is wondrously good of its kind—the time considered, and the preparations of its writer taken into account." This volume, the tiny book of a tiny author, was tolerably creditable to Mr. Stewart's press, if we except a few such awkward typographical oversights as "flutterer," for "flatterer," (p. 119); wearied eyes, "half dozing," instead of "half closing on vacancy," (p. 29.), and "To triumph," (p. 19) for "Io Triumphe." Miss Owenson's pecuniary means were too much pinched to enable her to cancel such leaves as contained matter which might, she thought, be altered for the better; and we find various passages in the printed copy, neatly modified in her own autograph. In the *Hawthorne Tree*, for instance, an obliterating line is lightly drawn through

"Nor olive by the ancients said.  
Was sacred to the blue-ey'd maid!"

And:

"Nor Minerva's olive flower  
Sacred to wisdom's heavenly power!"

is substituted by the authoress. The great patroness of literature, in Ireland at the close of the last, and the beginning of the present century, was Elizabeth, countess of Moira; and to this high and accomplished lady little Sydney was graciously permitted to inscribe her maiden literary effort. "In sanctioning by your patronage," wrote Miss Owenson, "those little poetic sketches, you have conferred an honor on their author of which she is infinitely more sensible than capable of expressing the gratitude it has excited."

The Countess, though thoroughly English, by birth and descent, was filled by a hearty Irish nationality of feeling, from which too many members of the Peerage of Ireland have been invulnerably exempt. The daughter of Theophilus, Lord of Huntington, and sole heir of her brother, the tenth Earl, on whose death, in 1789, she succeeded to the Hastings Peerage, in her own right, this illustrious lady became the third wife of the humane and gallant Earl of Moira. Her generous con-

---

\* *Athenæum*, April, 16. 1859.

duct in sheltering Lord and Lady Edward Fitzgerald, at the stormy period of 1798, as well as the uniform philanthropy and patriotism of her life, will long be remembered with gratitude in Ireland. Lady Moira died in 1808. Her once gorgeous residence, on Usher's Island, Dublin, is now the Mendicity Institution.

Mr., afterwards Sir R. Philips, of St. Paul's Church-yard, undertook to conduct the publication and agency of Miss Owenson's book in London; but being the work of an utterly unknown author, it was deemed advisable to secure in advance, as many subscribers as possible. An alphabetical list was accordingly prefixed to the little volume, and it is interesting at this distance of time, to glance over it. The first name is that of Joseph Atkinson, M.R.I.A., an Irish poet, who, although famous enough at one period, is probably better known now as the early friend of Moore and Dorothea Jordan.\* Burke Bethal, Barrister-at-Law, also figures—a man whose witty and convivial propensities have been quenched by death within the last few years only. In the C. division, we have Dr. Young, Lord Bishop of Clonfert, Sir Malby Crofton, Bart., and Abraham Colles, M.D. Of the first, we may observe that the discovery of a principle in natural philosophy which he applied to gunnery, introduced him to the notice of the military viceroy, Lord Cornwallis, and in 1798, the belligerent Bishop was presented by his Excellency with the See of Clonfert. Sir Malby Crofton, of whom we have already spoken, was a relation of Owenson's, and a dear friend through life to the interests of his daughter. The death of Dr. Abraham Colles in 1843, was an irreparable blow to suffering humanity; and caused a blank in the ranks of the medical profession, which may not be for many years filled up. Among the other subscribers, were John Foster, last speaker of the Irish House of Commons; Lord Granard, whose saturnine portrait Sir Jonah Barrington, introduces in his work on the Union; the Countess of Granard, the accomplished daughter of Lady Moira, who, no doubt, amiably secured the patronage of the Earl and his lady; Sir Duke and Lady Giffard; the Patriot Duke of Leinster; the

---

\* Mrs. Jordan, in a letter to Sir Jonah Barrington (*Personal Sketches*, vol. ii., p. 231,) writes:—

"Atkinson came to see me—quite as poetical as ever, and the best natured Poet I believe, in the world."



Countess of Moira; Sir Robert Lauder; Colonel King, M.P., afterwards Lord Lorton, who was tried for complicity in the murder of Colonel Fitzgerald, the base seducer of the beautiful Miss King; Thomas Moore, the Bard of Erin, with his father, mother, and sister; Counsellor M'Nally, who received a secret stipend from the Crown for betraying the professional secrets of the United Irishmen; Mrs. O'Beirne, of Ardbraccan Palace, the wife of Louis, Protestant Bishop of Meath, originally a Roman Catholic Ecclesiastical student; the Rev. Mr. O'Beirne, P.P. of Longford, the Apostate Prelate's brother; Captain, afterwards the Right Hon. William Saurin, whose tedious political regime in Ireland was a national calamity, and the Rev. Dr. Millar, the subsequently celebrated author of the *Philosophy of History*. Many more names appear on record, but those we have enumerated are the only ones which at this distance of time, are recognizable.

The modest Preface of Sydney Owenson to her first-born book is pleasant to read, and repays the labour of transcription. Dating from "Dominick-street, Dublin," we are told that "The mind of a young Author, on the eve of exposing to the gaze of public scrutiny, the cherished offspring of its solicitude, 'with all its imperfections on its head,' seeks to strengthen its hopes and tranquilize its apprehensions, by adopting every idea which leads to the belief, that the errors of youth will meet with that indulgence in a literary sense, which in a moral one it never fails to obtain—and if there is indeed

‘ In youth a prone and speechless dialect,  
Such as moves men,’\*

on this principle at least the Author of this little volume may rest her claim to toleration. The fugitive trifles it contains, best evince in themselves the period in which they were written;—many of them a young ‘imagination bodied forth’ in those truant hours which childhood loves to steal from enforced avocation,—and many of them were the effusions of an heart newly awakened to happiness, or seeking to lose its little sorrows amidst the playful imagery of fancy's creation,—faithful transcripts from local and interesting originals, they were composed under the influence of the feelings; and their author writing what she thought, rather than thinking what she should write, realized with rapidity the ‘idle visions of her brain,’ or

---

\* Shakspeare.

veiled beneath the fantastic drapery of poetic decoration the natural simplicity of those sentiments, which her heart owned and her understanding ratified."

The reader has a right to expect that we should lay some extracts from this little book before him. Of these there are in truth, no dearth. Every imaginable object and situation seems to have formed the fair poetess's theme at various times; but we prefer to select such pieces as furnish an insight into Miss Owenson's mode of life at the remote epoch in question. Not a few of her poems are entitled to the rank of autobiographical fragments. There is an unmistakeable air of truthfulness about them; and the cautious reader need not fear that Sydney had much need to indulge in Poets'-license.

Fluent and flowing as was Sydney's pen and thought, we find that her muse did not always prove as obedient as might be desired. The capricious lady—we mean the muse, *not* Miss Owenson—was at last addressed in the following strain of semi-petulance, on the occasion of our authoress making a vain effort to write on a given subject:—

I swear it by Parnassus mount,  
By Hippocranes' inspiring fount ;  
By Waters of Acidalus,  
By sacred streams of Illysus ;  
By Helicon,—Castalian rill,  
By Aganippe,—Pindus' bill ;  
Apollo's laurel, and his lyre,  
Melpom'ne's tears,—Thalia's fire !  
By wise Minerva's sagest owl,  
By Royal Juno's sacred fowl ;  
By Cupid's bow,—and brother Loves,  
By Venus' cestus,—and her doves ;  
By cup of Ganymede and Hebe,  
By brightest beam of silver Phœbe ;  
By Ida's love-inspiring air,  
Nay, by thy ingrate self I swear ;  
Ne'er from this moment to implore  
Thy aid or inspiration more ;  
Nor sacrifice my youth's short day,  
In begging a poetic lay ;  
Or wit to scribble song or sonnet,  
When I should trim a cap or bonnet ;  
Entreat a spark of attic fire,  
To animate my languid lyre,  
When I as in my sex befitting,  
Should take my work or mind my knitting !



his matchless musical taste; and we believe he never brought the project to a completion. Although Moore has almost always received the exclusive credit for the admirable idea of the *Melodies*, he had too much honour to fail to recognize in his Preface to the first edition of that work, the labors of those who had trod the same path. We are told that "the public are indebted to Mr. Bunting for a valuable collection of Irish music, and that the patriotic genius of Miss Owenson has been employed on some of our finest airs."

Rich as was the harvest which Moore, Bunting, and Owenson reaped in the field of Irish music, we find, from the recent and highly successful labors of Dr. Petrie, that those industriously disposed can still glean in the same field, with ample profit.

"Owenson," says the *Freeman's Journal* of May 28th, 1812, in recording his death, "Owenson was the best Irish scholar of his day, and we may perhaps say, the last true Irish musician." These acquirements and intellectual tendencies have been perpetuated hereditarily. "The parodies," observes an Irish gentleman well informed on the subject, "the parodies of Lady Clarke in the Irish vernacular set by Sir John Stevenson, long formed the *délices* of musical society in Dublin, which the author of these lines remembers to have heard her sing with infinite grace and humour." This striking hereditary musical taste has been further instanced by Lady Clarke's daughter, Mrs. Edward Geale, assisting the Marchioness of Downshire in forming an Irish Academy of Music.

Miss Owenson's little volume of Poems lay, for a time, unnoticed and unbought; but the influence of the Countess of Moira at length prevailed, and innumerable persons purchased it in obsequious obedience to her ladyship's earnestly expressed suggestion. Once tested, the genuineness of the gems became strikingly apparent; their value daily rose in critical estimation; it became fashionable to praise them. They furnished many a languishing boudoir and drawing-room conversation with a theme which seldom failed to stimulate; in the pauses of the Spanish dance, or the Minuet de la Cour, they were referred to with other topics of *ton*. At last the *élite* of Dublin expressed a desire to view the casket from whence such pretty pearls came; and Sydney Owenson was forthwith installed on a little throne, in the centre of the brightest society of the metropolis. Her wit and vivacity, the nerve with which she swept the strings of her harp, and the exquisite modulations of her voice, in accompaniment, charmed widely, and

bound captive many a heart long wrapped in apathy. Local critics began to recognize "a considerable share of the poetic faculty" in the authoress's volume. Her fancy was graceful, and her verse flowing and harmonious. They had great hopes of the young poet, and augured a second edition for her volume.

These plaudits nerved the tiny girl to renewed exertion. Mrs. Radcliffe's vigour, as a novelist, had begun to flag painfully. Miss Porter's *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, and *The Scottish Chiefs* did not appear for some years later. Miss Edgeworth's *debut*, as a novelist, had not yet taken place. Clara Reeve, and Miss Burney were used up. Female romance-writers were few; and it seemed to Sydney Owenson that a favorable open lay before her. In 1802 appeared *St. Clair, or, the Heiress of Desmond*, a novel, in two volumes, by Miss Owenson. Every chapter bears, more or less, trace of a tyro's hand; but the book, nevertheless, possesses, in many passages, a hearty raciness of style, which cheers like the freshness of morning. The same remarks may be said to apply, in a great degree, to her next work, *The Novice of St. Dominick*, a novel published in 1804; but the too obvious effort, in the third and fourth volumes, to spin out the tale to the utmost possible length, spoils the *gout* which its perusal would otherwise enkindle. These works were far from being favorites with Lady Morgan when time had matured her judgment and style, and although bearing unmistakeable evidence of a want of knowledge of the world, together with great improbability of plot, we find, on consulting the various criticisms of the time, that *St. Clair* and the *Novice* were two very popular productions. The society of our authoress continued to be courted with avidity by fashionable circles—a further proof of her increasing prestige and success.

Practice makes perfect, and in trying her hand on a third novel, Miss Owenson contrived to avoid a considerable portion of the blemishes of style and taste which had previously exposed her to adverse criticism. In 1805 appeared a highly romantic and original novel, in three volumes, which at once threw her friends into an ecstasy of admiration. We allude to the popular and far-famed *Wild Irish Girl*. In this book she very artistically embodied such experience of the primitive national character as she had gained during her residence at Sligo, spangled by these flashes of genuine patriotism, which, through life, lent the fairest lustre to her halo of fame.

Joseph Atkinson, M.R.I.A., one of the early patrons of Sydney Owenson's youthful genius, read the *Wild Irish Girl*\* with feelings of singular pride and pleasure. In the fulness of this feeling he threw off the following complimentary poetic address to his fair young friend, Miss Owenson. We are unwilling to omit a line of verses written with such force, beauty, and truth. Critics of the present day will probably declare that the latter ennobling characteristic is hardly applicable to Atkinson's criticism, regarding the crude novels of *St. Clair* and *The Novice*; but, as we already observed, they were strangely popular at the time. No one laughed more heartily at their undisciplined and puerile romance than Lady Morgan herself, as soon as experience of the world, and ample mental culture, had rendered sound her thought and style. The unlucky rhyme of "yet" to "fit" is a serious blemish in Mr. Atkinson's lines; but, with these deductions, we may repeat our opinion that their "force, beauty, and truth," entitle them to preservation.

Whilst you with genius, and with patriot fire  
The love of Erin in our hearts inspire,  
Combine tradition with historic lore,  
To prove her glorious deeds and worth of yore,  
Our time shall hail you champion of her cause,  
And future ages sanction our applause.  
Then let a bard (tho' Fancy's powers decay)  
This friendly tribute to your merit pay;  
For though grown old, to court the Muse unfit,  
Talents like your's I love and value yet.

"St. Clair" first deckt you with a laurel crown;  
"The Novice" next bestow'd more high renown;  
"The Irish Girl" a triple wreath shall give,  
And, like our shamrock, ever-blooming live!  
A nation's gratitude shall twine the band  
To grace your temples, and your fame expand!  
While we with sympathising souls bewail  
The prince of Innmore's pathetic tale.

Thus while you rescue Erin's ancient race  
From prejudice, contempt, and false disgrace,  
O may the offspring of her present days  
Aspire to emulate the worth yon praise,  
While Education, nurs'd by Freedom's smile,  
Spread Arts and Science thro' this favorite isle,  
And may the genial scene your fancy paints  
Descend from Heav'n to bless the Land of Saints!

---

\* See p. 418, ante.

And as in rapture o'er your Harp we dwell,  
 Which you, like fair Glorvina, tune so well !  
 And hear a voice like her's that sweetly sings,  
 Warbling responsive to the minstrel strings—  
 And whilst we trace in this accomplish'd maid  
 The taste and science former times display'd,  
 Her filial love, her virtues so correct,  
 Born to secure esteem and fond respect.  
 We can no longer doubt the picture true,  
 For sure Glorvina lives reviv'd in you ;  
 And to complete the moral story told,  
 May you another Mortimer behold !

Dublin.

J. ATKINSON.

The success of *The Wild Irish Girl* was almost unprecedented. In less than two years it ran through seven editions, in Great Britain, and its permanence of popularity was attested a few years ago, by Mr. Colburne reprinting it among his *Standard Novels and Romances*. We have been assured by the grandson of Lady Morgan's god-father, Mr. Lysaght, who had long watched her literary progress with an eye of parental interest and affection, that the only book which William Pitt read in the course of that period of prostration which preceded his death, was *The Wild Irish Girl* of Sydney Owenson.

The fair authoress, a year or two subsequent to the publication of her *Wild Irish Girl*, favoured the public with a detail of the circumstances which led to its origin. "I came," she goes on to say, "to the self-devoted task, with a diffidence proportioned to the ardour which instigated me to the attempt; for as a *woman*, a *young woman*, and an *Irishwoman*, I felt all the delicacy of undertaking a work which had for the professed theme of its discussion, circumstances of national import, and national interest.

"But though I meant not to appear on the list of opposition as a fairy amazon, armed with a pebble and a sling, against a host of gigantic prejudices: although to compose a national defence, to ward the shaft of opprobrium hurled at the character of my country, to extenuate the effects or expose the causes of its popular discontents, was as incompatible with my sex and years, as with my trivial talent, and limited powers; yet I was still aware that in the historic page, recent details, and existing circumstances of Irish story, lived many a record of Irish virtue, Irish genius, and Irish heroism, which the simplicity of truth alone was sufficient to delineate; many a tale of pathos which woman's heart could warmest feel, and truest

tell, and many a trait of romantic colouring and chivalrous refinement, which woman's fancy fondest contemplates and best depicts.

"Still however in that era of life, when the faculties of the mind abandon themselves to the wild impulse of imagination, or fondly hover round the local territories of the heart, I found it difficult and uninteresting to confine myself to a mere relation of facts; and in preference to a cold detail of 'flat realities,' determined on the composition of a national novel, spun from those materials which the ancient and modern history, manners, and habits of my country supplied; and while fiction wove her airy web, to draw the brightest tints of her variegated tissue from the deathless colouring of truth.

"To blend the imaginary though probable incident with the interesting fact, to authenticate the questioned refinement of ancient habits, by the testimony of living modes, faithfully to delineate what I had intimately observed, and to found my opinions on that medium which ever vibrates between the partial delineation of national prejudice, on one side, and the exaggerated details of foreign antipathy on the other; such was the prospectus my wishes dared to draw. If I failed in their accomplishment, that failure arose from the mediocrity of very limited talents, which I soon found were inadequate to realize all my heart dictated, or my hopes conceived.

"The world, however, had the indulgence to tolerate the execution in favour of the motive, and the reception with which it honoured *The Wild Irish Girl*, was such as surpassed my most sanguine expectations, and stimulated me to further exertion in that cause, which it is impossible to examine without interest, or to embrace without enthusiasm. Politics can never be a woman's science; but patriotism must naturally be a woman's sentiment. It is inseparably connected with all those ties of tenderness which her heart is calculated to cherish, and though the energy of the citizen may not animate her feelings to acts of national heroism, the fondness of the child, the mistress, the wife and the mother, must warm and ennoble them into sentiments of national affection. For myself, while my heart still triumphs in the principle which leads me to effuse over the world's ear the 'native wood-notes wild' of my native country, I would wish it to be believed that I have ever swept the strings of the Irish Harp, with the tremulous touch of conscious inability; that in humbly endeavouring to revive the faded shamrock, that which droops round my country's emblem,



I have ever brought to the grateful effort an anxious hope, rather than a sanguine expectation of success; and that in touching on the grievances of the lower orders of my countrymen, and their fatal but consequent effects, unswayed by interest, unbiassed by partiality, the hope of wooing the attention of abler minds to a subject on which my own has long dwelt with ineffectual anxiety, and unavailing regret, has been the sole motive of the feeble and individual efforts, I now humbly submit to the world's consideration."

On *The Wild Irish Girl* Sir Jonah Barrington\* thus blows hot and cold. "Though a fiction not free from some inaccuracies, much inappropriate dialogue, and forced incident, it is impossible to peruse *The Wild Irish Girl* of Lady Morgan, without deep interest, or to dispute its claims as a production of true national feeling as well as literary talent. That tale was the first,† and is perhaps the best of all her novel writings. Compared with others, it strikingly exhibits the author's falling off from the simple touches of unsophisticated nature to the less refined conceptions of what she herself styles 'fashionable society.' To persons unacquainted with Ireland, *The Wild Irish Girl* may appear an ordinary tale of romance, and fancy; but to such as understand the ancient history of that people, it may be considered as a legend."

*The Wild Irish Girl* contained many portraits, drawn upon the spot from real life. Amongst others, was Denis Hampson, the Blind Bard of Macgilligan, who died shortly after at the age of one hundred and ten. His death is recorded in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. lxxvii., p. 1232.

Through Lord Moira's influence, the peasant-poet Dermody (whom it may be remembered, Owenson most humanely befriended,) received in 1802, a commission in the army. But Dermody became a prey to disease, and died soon after. Shortly before his death, he met Sydney Owenson for the first time for some years; early reminiscences crowded upon him, and affected him visibly. These feelings partially found vent in a poetical letter which he sent to Miss Owenson. We cull an extract or two:—

Studded with stars, the blue expanse of night  
Beams not a softer, a serener light,  
Than feels my heart, when every fibre glows  
With the fond eulogy thy lyre bestows;

---

\* Personal Sketches of His Own Times, vol. ii., p. 156.

† *The Wild Irish Girl* was the third, not the first of her novels—ED.

When first too weak to grasp the laurel bough,  
 I wove a rosy chaplet for thy brow ;  
 And, in its various hues, would idly trace,  
 Some flowery semblance of thy charming face ;  
 Oft would the sweet seduction of thy smile,  
 Attune my numbers, and enrich my style ;  
 Whate'er of fair, or perfect I designed,  
 Was merely copied from thy form and mind ;  
 How oft have I beheld in rapturous trance,  
 Thy graceful steps adorn the sprightly dance ;  
 Or, fancy fixed th' angelic choir among,  
 Caught the mellifluous magic of thy song ;  
 Come then bewitching as thou art, illumine  
 My glowing numbers with immortal bloom ;  
 Not only on my glowing numbers shine,  
 Let my bold spirit brighten with the line ;  
 Hoarded with pious care within my breast,  
 Oh ever let thy dear idea rest ;  
 There fixed, the silent, secret object be,  
 Of my poetical idolatry ;

\* \* \* \* \*

So weaning for a while from Heav'n his ear  
 And sedulous each rival theme to hear,  
 Waller once more may see his SYDNEY'S name,  
 Revived in song, superior, and the same.

Miss Owenson's labours at the period of which we write, were of the most zealous, humane, and ennobling character. She did not selfishly reserve mental exertion for the highly successful and remunerative volumes which yearly fell from her pen ; but through the medium of the public press, laboured in the generous cause of philanthropy and patriotism. To the *Freeman's Journal* she contributed letters frequently. One, dated November 22nd, 1807, we subjoin as a specimen. "This letter," wrote the editor, "regards a subject which is always welcome to an Irish mind. As the reader will perceive, it bears the signature of a lady well known in the literary and fashionable world."

Sir—While moral suffering is most acutely felt by minds of educated refinement, of native and acquired sensibility, human nature, in every state, in every stage, is alive to the keen pang of physical evil; and while the most perfect corporeal health is frequently found united to the "mind diseased," the thrill of pain, which quivers through the suffering body, famishes the mind's repose, and blunts, or destroy, its better faculties. In the sad list of ills, which "flesh is heir to," there are few more acute than that which severity of weather, "the jar of elements," brings with it, to those whom poverty exposes to all the

"penalties of Adam." If the couch of down, the carpet's velvet, the hearth's genial glow, the window's folded drapery, and all those comforts which luxury devises, and opulence bestows, cannot soften to the startled ear the tempest's blast, the thunder's roll—cannot shield from the delicate frame the sudden chill of piercing frost;—if a transient absence from the luxurious drawing-room, (tho' but to step to a scarce less luxurious carriage) congeals every limb; what must be their sufferings for whom no ray of hope beams; who, amidst the horrors of shipwreck, meet the most dreadful of deaths; or perishing with cold and want on land, meet a more tedious and scarce less pitiable destiny.

Along the snow-deep and half deserted streets, behold the shivering mother, urged by the keenest necessity a mother's heart can feel, faintly appealing to the charity of the few who pass her, for a trifle to purchase a scanty portion of fuel for the little wretches, who in some loathsome corner pine for her return. Behold the noxious retreat of poverty—the miserable garret—its damp walls—its desolated air—its shattered windows, (but ill fitted to resist the keen blast, or drifting snow) in its remotest part half covered by a tattered blanket;—the sickly, decayed tradesman—the tender father vainly endeavours to communicate to his clinging offspring that comfort and that warmth, he has long ceased himself to feel.—Glance into the wards of the Debtors' Prison—unbar the door of the untried delinquent's dungeon; even there the horrors of imprisonment are sharpened by the season's severities;—these are no fancy pictures in this city—they are, at this moment, too sadly realised. It is unnecessary to say more, for when did misery raise her fainting voice and find the Irish heart dead to her suppliant accents? As the season seems to set in with a rigour "not portentous of its end," some effort of public benevolence might be opposed to the evils of the existing moment, or some plan suggested to obviate the sufferings of a future day. The purchase and distribution of fuel, after the manner adopted in the soup-kitchens some years back, might, perhaps, be found adequate to the removal of the chief distress the poor and indigent are likely to sustain, or some better plan may be suggested by the actively benevolent, more efficacious in its tendency, That "we always succeed when we wish to do good," is an axiom advanced by a celebrated French philosopher, and to which every good heart will bring the testimony of its own experience. In the present instance, therefore, while the principle of national benevolence lives so warmly in every Irish

heart, the means of its successful exertion cannot long remain an object of speculation to Irish minds.

Nov. 22, 1807.

SYDNEY OWENSON.

"The year of her birth," said the *Athenæum* of April 16th, "she would never tell." More than one anecdote might be told to shew Lady Morgan's wish to clip from seventeen to twenty years off her actual age. In 1855, Mr. William J. Fitzpatrick sent to Lady Morgan the old newspaper which contained the above eminently creditable letter, justly believing that after the lapse of half a century, it would interest the veteran authoress to see it again. We transcribe her acknowledgment, because it exhibits the peculiarity alluded to, and, in the next place, records an early effort of her pen, little, if at all, known.

"Lady Morgan presents Mr. Fitzpatrick her compliments, and *best* thanks for the enclosure of her *early*—(*very early*!) scrap of authorship, written when she but "*lisped in numbers*." She has no recollection of the letter he has sent her, but she remembers writing something of the same kind on *behalf of the little sweeps of Dublin*, in her thirteenth year, which obtained notice from her friend "*The Freeman*." \* \* \*

The *specimen* of her autograph, which Mr. F. desires is INCLUDED in this illegible note, written with half-closed eyes!

55, N. William-st., Albert Gate, Hyde Park,

November 3rd, 1855."

In 1807, appeared "Patriotic Sketches, written in Connaught by Miss Owenson." Let us trace her movements from this book.

"I left Dublin in the autumn of 1806," she tells us, "with the intention of rambling through such scenes in the north-west of Connaught as I had not yet visited; and it was here my little journey began to receive its first decided character of interest; it was here that the impression made on my imagination insensibly communicated to memory the first of those rough sketches which, divested of the delicate pencil, touch the *pentimenti* (to use a technical phrase) of studied art, and practised judgment. I have copied with the same rude simplicity with which they were drawn in the moment of passing observation, as the heart was touched by objects of moral interest, or the fancy awakened by scenes of natural beauty. I had watched the last beam of the setting sun stealing his faded splendours from the last of

those lakes which precede the entrance of the cavern-path, and the broken and irregular masses of rock which arose pyramidically on either side, partially caught the retreating glow of the horizon, and displayed the greatest variety of light and shadow, till gradually opening, a rich and expansive prospect broke on the eye: the lakes and fairy land of Hazlewood, the bold attitude of Benbulbin, the beetling brow of Knock-na-bee, the ocean's gleaming line, commingling with the horizon, and the town of Sligo spreading irregularly along the base of a lofty hill, crowned with meadows, and successively betrayed by the expanding view; till the softening influence of twilight mellowed every outline into air, and dissolved every object into one mild and indistinct hue."

Many additional pages are devoted to Sligo. That tendency to regard, ever after, with an undue importance, localities first known, and revered in childhood, is traceable in Miss Owen's remarks. It is absurd to compare Sligo in any one particular to Babylon or Thebes; and yet, the first chapter of her *Patriotic Sketches* contains such comparisons. Notwithstanding this puerility, however, there are many remarkably sound political suggestions, and numberless truly beautiful pictures of local scenery in the book—marred here and there perhaps by a few tinges of sectarian prejudice, which Sydney had imbibed from the essentially Puritanic atmosphere with which her infancy was surrounded.

"The ruins of Sligo Abbey," she writes, "though wildly irregular, are noble in decay. The arched entrance to the chapel, lofty and unimpaired, is still enriched with foliage, and that delicacy of ornament which forms so striking a contrast amidst the sombre heaviness of Gothic architecture. A stone gallery still surrounds the nave of the chapel. The delicate proportions and construction of the eastern window, still in good preservation, are ornamented with Gothic arches and curious tracery; the tower, elevated and conspicuous, has sustained no injury except in a partial dilapidation of its battlements; and three sides of the cloisters that once formed a large square, are still supported by a range of small fluted pillars, enriched with a variety of devices of the most minute workmanship, and crowned with an arched roof. These interesting ruins spread along an inclined plane, bathed by the river Gitley, which guides the eye (in its meandering course) to the delicious scenery of Hazlewood, and loses itself amidst those charming lakes which reflect on their expansive bosoms the most romantic shores and boldest mountains; while on the

other side of the river swells a range of pasturage hills, a distant view of the ocean is partially caught, and a chain of lofty mountains forms the bas-relief to the animated picture.

"Abstracted devotion or monkish luxury could never have found a site more appropriate to holy meditation, and more conducive to laic enjoyment; and the vale of Euzras, which sheltered in its bosom the celebrated abbey of Llanthoni, boasts less of natural charm, in the animated description of Giraldus Cambrensis, than the scenery which once surrounded the abbey of Sligo must have possessed, when the luxuriance of unhewn woods spread their shade over its romantic hills, and the intrusion of an ill built town, neither obscured nor deformed its extensive and varying prospect.

"Disposed by a certain tone of mind to behold with a touching interest, a scene never to be viewed with indifference, while a pre-existing train of ideas were refreshed and associated by the corresponding impressions which my senses received from every object around me, I sat down on the tomb of the royal O'Connor, and plucked the weed or blew away the thistle 'that waved there its lonely head.' The sun was setting in gloomy splendour, and the lofty angles of the abbey-tower alone caught the reflection of his dying beams, from the summits of the mountains where they still lingered: the horizon betrayed a beautiful gradation of tint, which insensibly softened into the reserved colouring of twilight, while broken hues, and irregular masses of light and shadow, flung through the pillars of the cloisters, or from the high-arched portals of the chapel, harmonized the general outline of the ruins, and shed around such aerial and indistinct forms, as fancy woos to aid the vision of her wildest dream. Nor did she now refuse to 'give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name.' Along each mouldering aisle, and gloomy cloister, her creative eye still pursued the close-cowled monk; the haughty abbot, pacing in all the solemn pomp of holy meditation the damp and chequered pavement; or caught the pious chieftain's warrior-form, as he made his sumptuous offering at the altar's foot, followed by the predulous and penitential crowd which the artful policy of John had lured thither, to expiate the past, and purchase the remission of future sins."

"Such scenes are never to be visited with that interest which

---

\* Roman Catholic Ecclesiastical writers support that there has never been any such monstrous principle maintained or advanced in their Canon Law.—Ed.

peculiarly belongs to them, in the broad glare of day's meridian splendour, since much of their picturesque effect is produced by the solemn stillness of the twilight hour, when the faintest breeze wastes not its sigh upon a 'desert air;' and when the dim discoloured light sheds a mystic hue on every object, and peoples the gloomy space with wild and fancied forms. The simplicity of reason, and the purity of truth, though they afford the clearest evidence to the mind, and sublime while they enlighten, deny to fancy that image so dear to her illusory desires; the simple conviction of an abstract faith gives no picturesque forms to her wondering gaze, affords no mysteries to her unlicensed wishes. A sensible personified religion is the creed she clings to, where the senses are the medium of belief, and credulity reposes on the enjoyments of imagination. Thus the faith of a Socrates was the faith of a philosopher, but the mythology of Homer was the religion of a poet.

"While my eye now rested on those objects that formed a festival to my fancy, which revelled in a train of visionary ideas full of poetical interest, my mind insensibly recurred to those events and circumstances in the religious and political history of my country, from whence these objects stole their interest; and tracing the sacred footsteps of Christianity, from the moment of its admission into Ireland, to the period of its existing influence, I sighed to reflect that those mild tenets by which it preached 'peace and good-will to all men,' were still opposed by the cold contracted dogmas of intolerance, flinging its gloomy shadow on religion's cheering rays, like the noxious vapour, which, rising from the corruption of the earth, meets and obscures the beam whose radiance comes from Heaven."

We catch more than one glimpse of the workings of Sydney Owenson's humane and sensitive heart.

"When the strained eye of sorrowing affection has followed the father and the husband, even till fancy gives what distance snatches from its view, the mother closes the door of her desolate cabin; and when (as is generally the case) her family are too helpless to relinquish her maternal cares and enable her to work, followed by her little children, and frequently by an aged parent, beggary is embraced as the only alternative to want and famine.\* Sometimes with an infant on her back, and another in her arms, (while the ablest of her little train is always

---

\* I this day overtook a mendicant group who were with difficulty creeping on before me: the mother, a delicate-looking woman, had

charged with the tin vessel which carries the sour milk supplied by charity, and another infant wanderer sustains the weight of the blanket which constitutes the only covering thrown over them at night), she commences her sad and solitary wanderings. How frequently, and in what opposite seasons, have I beheld these helpless and wretched groups straggling along the high roads, or reposing their wearied limbs beneath the shelter of a ditch! I have seen the feet of the heavily-laden mother totter through winter snows beneath her tender burthen: while the frost bitten limbs of her infant companions drew tears to their eyes, which in the happy thoughtlessness of childhood had never been shed to the unconscious misery of their situation, had not bodily pain taught them to flow. I have met them wandering over those heaths, which afforded no shelter to their aching brows, amidst the meridian ardours of a summer's day; when violent heat and insupportable fatigue, rendered the stream they stopped to drink a luxury the most exquisite. I have met them at the door of magisterial power, and seen them spurned from its threshold by him who should have redressed their grievances or relieved their wants; and I have seen them cheerfully received into the cabin of an equally humble, but more fortunate compatriot, where their wants were a recommendation to benevolence, and their number no check to its exertion. For never yet was the door of an Irish cabin closed against the suppliant who appealed to the humanity of its owner."\*

The following Dialogue, further shewing the generous and practical interest which Miss Owenson took in her humbler fellow-countrymen, appears in the Ninth Sketch—"Are you laying in your winter's fire?"—"No, young lady, I am cutting this turf for his honour."

---

a child on her back, another infant in a deep decay hung on the shoulder of a girl of twelve years old, and two more little ones followed. I asked the woman, what profession her husband was of: she said, "he was a slave;" for it is by this term that the labouring peasantry of Ireland invariably designate themselves. The woman looked ill: I inquired the cause. She replied that in those cabins where they gave her a lodging "for God's sake," she had for some nights back lain on wet straw, the rain which had continued for some days having penetrated through the roof of her lodging.

As soon as a mendicant group approaches their door, it receives the accustomed *kead-mille-a faltha*; the circle round the fire is enlarged; a fresh supply of potatoes brought forward; and shelter for the night, and clean straw to repose on, voluntarily offered.



"What is your hire by the day?"—"Sixpence one half, and threepence the other half of the year."\*

"Have you a family?"—"I have a wife and six children."

"Then of course you must have some ground for their maintenance?"—"Oh! yes, two acres at £5 an acre; but what with the tythe proctor, the priest's dues being raised, and the weaver having doubled his prices, that day goes by well enough, when we can afford a drop of milk to moisten the potatoes for the young ones."

"He paused for a moment, cast his eyes to heaven, shook his head expressively, and then abruptly applied himself to his labour with an effort of overstrained exertion, that seemed to derive its energy from feelings that dewed his rough cheek with tears, flowing from the sad heart of the father and the husband."

Traces of considerable erudition and reading spangle the pages of these sketches. It is indeed quite surprising how the youthful mind of Miss Owenson could have acquired so intimate a familiarity with such miscellaneous literature as Giraldus Cambrensis, Lord Verulam, Ware, Harris, Burke, Valancey, Voltaire, Helvetius, Montesquieu, Sir E. Coke, Chandler, Walker, and Young. And yet, every other page contains references to the writings of these authors. Of foot notes we have what many readers would be inclined to regard as more than enough. Every "Sketch" abounds with them; and it would seem that the fair author had yet to learn that such illustrations, except when unavoidable, completely break the flowing beauty, and encumber the sense of literary composition. The reader, in the midst of the most beautiful details, is suddenly hurled to the bottom of the page by a falling star. The matter thus unartistically obtruded by Miss Owenson, might easily have been embodied with, good effect, in the text. The eye compelled perpetually to desert the page for an extraneous foot-note, and then to rise again unrefreshed, becomes after a while excessively fatigued; but these and other imperfections to which we have alluded, were all corrected by Lady Morgan, when experience and reading had matured her judgment.

---

\* I have been assured, however, that sixpence a day, throughout the year, is in general the average hire in most parts of Connaught. Many persons still living remember it so low as fourpence.

But even at the present early epoch of her life, Sydney Owenson possessed peculiar and considerable intellectual power. Among other qualities rarely enjoyed by the softer sex, she exercised a singular facility in analytically drawing from present political premises, strikingly accurate political conclusions. Tithes, which more than twenty years afterwards excited so powerful a sensation as the monster grievance of Ireland, received their first blow in this unpretending volume of Miss Owenson's. The views expressed, and the language which clothes them, are sound, eloquent, and vigorous. In her Ninth Sketch, Miss Owenson, "with a lady's hand and a lion's heart," probes to the bottom, like an experienced surgeon, the festering germ of disturbance which then agitated Connaught, under the auspices of "the Thrashers." Suffice it to say that they sprang from the same cause which nearly thirty years after ensanguined the plains of Gortroe; Carrickshock, Dunmanway, Castlepollard, and Newtownbarry. But as this subject has been since tolerably well exhausted, and is not, in truth, a very inviting one, we prefer to follow Sydney Owenson on some of her Connaught excursions in search of the picturesque.

The Eleventh Sketch opens with an account of the traditions of Tyreragh and Tyrawley, and an eloquent allusion to her kinsman and friend, Sir Malby Crofton. "My heart had long owed a pilgrimage to this remote and little known barony," she writes, "for it was the residence of the dear and respected friend for whom that heart had long throbbed with an invariable pulse of gratitude, tenderness and affection." Further on she adds:—

"L \* \* \* house,† the ancient family-seat of Sir M \* \* \* C \* \* \*n, Bart., was the goal of my little journey, and I reached its venerable avenue at a season of the day peculiarly favourable to the soft *chiaro-oscuro* of picturesque beauty: with the old gloomy avenue of an ancient mansion-seat, there is, I think, invariably connected a certain sentiment which bears the heart back to 'other times,' and awakens it to an emotion of tender reverence, and melancholy pleasure. For myself, I have never walked beneath its interwoven branches uninfluenced by a certain feeling, in which memory's pensive spell mingled with the speculations of awakened fancy.

---

† Longford House.—Colooney, Co. Sligo. This baronetcy is not to be confounded with that of Sir Morgan Crofton of Mobill House, Leitrim.—ED.

“The lands and demesne of L \* \* \* lie almost along the shores of the Atlantic ocean, and immediately beneath the shelter of Knockachree, from whose rugged base swells the lesser chain of the Ox-mountains, whose sides were once covered with luxuriant woods, and from whose towering summit rush innumerable torrents, which lessening into streams in their deep descent, water the plains beneath, and flow into the ocean. The shores on the other side of the bay are romantic and striking; the beautiful peninsula of Tandsago intervenes its cultivated landscapes, and most happily breaks the view, while the rude dashing of the waves against the bar, lends an effective sound; and the back scenery afforded by the mountains, wears a character of wildness and sublimity, which finishes a picture that betrays no deficiency but from that want under which it labours in common with the rest of the country, the want of plantation.

“Of the old castle of L \* \* \* nothing now remains but a few fragments that mark its site, and are strewed amidst the vegetation which covers a cave, the probable asylum of many an unhappy fugitive in days of civil horror, or religious persecution. Near the spot where the castle once frowned, moulders the ruin of a small building, whose dilapidated portal still bears a Spanish inscription, intimating that it was the ‘retreat of a priest.’”

Miss Owenson’s tastes and tendencies were singularly and essentially Celtic. She regretted among other refined national grievances, that the harpers, the original composers and depositories of the music of Ireland, should have ceased to be cherished and retained by its nobility and gentry. She sorrowed to see that the warm ardent spirit of national enthusiasm, which had hung delighted on the song of national melody, to which many an associated idea, many an endeared feeling, lent their superadded charm, should have faded into apathy, and that neither the native strain, nor the native sentiment which gave it soul, touched any longer on the spring of national sensibility, or awakened the dormant energy of national taste.

Miss Owenson now appeared as a dramatic writer, and considering her father’s theatrical passion and antecedents, it is almost surprising that she who possessed so much hereditary taste and talent, had not before tried her hand at a play. In the *Dublin Evening Post* of February 28th, 1807, we

read—"Miss Owenson's opera is in a forward state of rehearsal and will shortly appear before the public. Mr. T. Cooke,\* who has on so many former occasions contributed to the public entertainment, has harmonised the music of our fair country-woman." The same journal on Thursday, March 5th, records:—"Last night Miss Owenson's opera was performed for the first time to a most brilliant and crowded audience, and received the greatest applause. Mr. Owenson made his first appearance these nine years, and met with a most flattering reception." The *Correspondent*, an influential journal edited by Counsellor Townshend, observes on March 14th—"It is no small compliment to the talents of our country woman Miss Owenson, and to the general estimation in which she is held that so distinguished a mark of favour should have been bestowed on her, as the personal attention of the Viceroy at the Theatre, on the night when the profits were devoted to her as the author of *The First Attempt*, and the flattering encouragement which his Excellency has given to the native talent of this kingdom is no less honourable in so distinguished a personage." The Viceroy alluded to was John, Duke of Bedford. Her Excellency Georgiana, Duchess of Bedford, was, of course, also present, and participated in the hearty congratulation which the Viceroy tendered Miss Owenson. Their patronage of the young dramatist was brought to an abrupt termination on April the 19th following, by the downfall of the Portland administration, and the removal of their Excellencies from Ireland. Miss Owenson, as events afterwards turned out, saw no reason to continue that feeling of regret, with which she had been filled by the departure of her noble and influential patrons. The Duke of Bedford was succeeded by the convivial Charles, fourth Duke of Richmond, who not only showed Sydney Owenson every ordinary mark of courtesy and patronage, but went so far as to knight her husband and brother-in-law.

---

\* Tom Cooke was a rare musical genius. Born at Dublin in 1781, he was appointed at the age of fifteen, leader of the band in the Theatre Royal, Crow-street. Cole, the theatrical critic of the *Freeman's Journal* in 1802, alluding to Cooke and his brother who performed in the orchestra, said: "Notwithstanding there are two Cookes, we cannot say that they spoil the broth!" For several years afterwards the paper went by the derisive sobriquet of *The Kitchen-stuff Journal*. Notwithstanding his thorough "Hibernianism" of gesture and style, Cooke became an immense favorite in England.

From the hour that little Sydney received the gracious attentions of their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, she rose like a rocket in the estimation of the starched *elite* of Ireland. By the fashionable world, her society was courted with avidity; by the populace she was idolized. The *Freeman's Journal* of November 6th, 1807, observes—

"It may justly be said that this young lady is one of the greatest ornaments our country could ever boast of. She moves in the very highest circles, courted and admired, as well for her unrivalled talents, as her elegant and unaffected manners. She is realizing, we hear, a noble independence, by the exertion of her own cultivated and highly expanded mind, while places and pensions are bestowed on 'foul-mouthed railers'—enemies to the peace, the genius, and the virtues of our country."

*Patriotic Sketches of Ireland*, was followed by the *Lay of an Irish Harp, and Metrical Fragments*, which contained many beautiful gushes of poetic thought and imagery. We have not got a copy of this book upon our table; but if we remember rightly it contained lines to the following effect, which not only afford a specimen of the contents, but furnishes some insight into the character and idiosyncracies of the fair writer.

Too ardent to be constant long,  
If love's wild rose I haply gathered,  
I scarcely breathed its fragrant bloom,  
When love's wild rose grew pale and withered.\*

And yet hadst thou still been that lover,  
That all, I hoped to find in thee,  
I ne'er had turned a careless rover,  
I ne'er had been thus idly free.

But o'er my life in fondness dying,  
No sigh of love e'er breathed its soul,  
Until some heart more fondly sighing,  
My sigh into existence stole.

And if some tender pangs I cherished,  
From thee I caught the pleasing anguish,  
But when with thee, those sweet pangs perished,  
I felt them in my bosom languish.

---

\* If the instability which sometimes (perhaps too often) accompanies an ardent and even a tender nature, could admit of excuse, it might find it in the elegant sophistry of Marivaux, "Les ames tendres et delicat, (says he) ont involontaire le defect, de se relacher dans leur tendresse, quand ils ont obtenu tout le votre. L'envie en vous plaisant leur fournit des graces infinies, qui sont delicieux pour elles, mais desquelles ont plât les voila decouverts!"

The avidity with which Miss Owenson's society was now courted and secured, made considerable inroads on that leisure which had previously been employed to such admirable literary effect, and pecuniary advantage. For the next two years no work from her pen appeared. At length in 1809, *Woman, or Ida of Athens*, a romance in four volumes, was published, containing many highly attractive descriptions of scenery, and individual portraitures, with several situations possessing much romantic interest, and picturesque beauty, but not altogether free from the occasional blemishes of taste which marked the earlier writings of Miss Owenson. *Ida of Athens* at once became a favorite although some of the leading reviews did their best to damn it. But this influential antagonism was perhaps the best attestation of the importance of the book. Even the lordly Byron condescended to go out of his way for the purpose of reading a lecture to Miss Owenson on the subject of her Athenian heroine. The passage to which we allude may be found in one of the notes to *Childe Harold*. *Ida of Athens* attained much ephemeral popularity, but the impression which any reader who now opens it will probably retain is, that Lady Morgan is never so successful as when on Irish ground.

Such was the popularity of Miss Owenson at this period, that the lower orders of her countrymen looked upon her talents as of a very influential kind. "A poor fellow, a letter-carrier," writes one who knew our authoress well, "of good general character, the father of a large family, was induced, in a moment of extreme distress, to open a letter committed to his charge, and to possess himself of a small sum of money, with the intention of restoring it in a few days to the owner. For this offence he was condemned to die. In the court in which he was tried, a scene of the deepest distress was exhibited by the presence and anguish of his aged father, his wife, and her helpless infants: but the crime was one of those which society never pardons. In such cases Cupidity and Apprehension are alike interested in striking terror, and Mercy and Hope must be silent at their bidding. From the gloom of the condemned cell this unfortunate criminal, like the drowning wretch who grasps at a straw, appealed to the imaginary influence of a popular writer; and the claim was irresistible to one whose domestic affections were the mainsprings of her being.

"On the receipt of his letter Miss Owenson addressed herself to the different barristers of her acquaintance; but the

reply she received was uniform. The crime was unpardonable, the man's fate was sealed, and interference could only expose her to mortification and defeat. Unintimidated by these dispiriting reports, she applied directly to Baron Smith, the presiding judge on the trial; and that amiable individual, rejoicing to have so good a pretext for tempering the rigour of justice, directed her to the foreman of the jury, with the promise, that if a recommendation to mercy could be procured from them, he would, in consequence of the conviction resting on circumstantial evidence, back it with his sanction. Miss Owenson saw the foreman of the jury, induced him to assemble the jurymen, and to sign the recommendation. She then drew up a memorial to the Duke of Richmond, the head of the Irish government; and, in one word, procured a commutation of the sentence to perpetual transportation. It is pleasurable to add, that on arriving at New South Wales, the reprieved man became an industrious and honest member of society; and supports his family in independence and comfort. A circumstance not dissimilar in its event, and even more romantic in the details, occurred to the immortal Jenner, who was the means of saving a youth taken prisoner under Miranda, and condemned to certain death under the horrible form of perpetual slavery on the military works of a Spanish American fortress. The recollection of such anecdotes is a source of the purest satisfaction. They tend to raise the literary character; they do honour to human nature, and they relieve the dark shade which almost uniformly obscures the political history of the species."

We now approach the most important period in the domestic life of Miss Owenson. Mr. C. T. Morgan was a surgeon and general medical practitioner in an English provincial town. The late Marquis of Abercorn in passing through it, *en route* for Tyrone, from his Scottish seat, Dudingstone House, Edinburgh, met with an accident which threatened dangerous results, and Surgeon Morgan was sent for. The Doctor was promptly in attendance, and for more than a week he remained night and day beside the noble patient's couch. Under the skilful treatment of Mr. Morgan, the Marquis at length became rapidly convalescent. He felt sincerely grateful to the young physician for his assiduous and efficient attention: and invited him on a visit to his Irish seat at Baron's Court, County of Tyrone, where the Marchioness was about to organize some splendid *fetes Champetre*. The invitation was accepted.

The Marchioness of Abercorn had a select circle of guests on a visit at the house, and amongst the number Miss Owenson. Mr. Morgan was a widower, but more literary and romantic and juvenile than the generality of widowers: a congeniality of tastes brought him and the young authoress into frequent conversation. Time passed swiftly and gaily, but in the midst of this festivity and frolic a letter arrived, announcing the dangerous illness of Robert Owenson, and summoning his daughter Sydney to Dublin. With weeping eyes, and a aching heart—but not on Morgan's account—she bade the young widower, a hurried adieu. Owenson made a short rally and survived until May 1812. Surgeon Morgan, in the mean time, with a smitten heart followed Miss Sydney Owenson, to Dublin; and persecuted her with declarations of the love which filled him to distraction. The popular Duke of Richmond invited the authoress and Mr. Morgan, to one of the private balls at the Viceregal Court. His Excellency, in the course of a lounging conversation with Miss Owenson, playfully alluded to the matrimonial report which had begun to be bruited about, and expressed a hope to have the pleasure, at no distant day, of congratulating her on her marriage. “The rumour respecting Mr. Morgan's *dévouement*,” she replied, “may or may not be true, but this I can at least with all candour and sincerity assure your grace, that I shall remain to the last day of my life in single blessedness, unless some more tempting inducement than the mere change from Miss Owenson, to Mistress Morgan be offered me.” The hint was taken and Charles Lennox, Duke of Richmond, in virtue of the powers of his office, knighted Surgeon Morgan upon the spot.

Leaving her father in improved health, Miss Owenson accepted the renewed invitation of the Marchioness of Abercorn, (who was the accomplished daughter of the Earl of Wicklow,) and returned to Baron's Court. In the *Gentleman's Magazine*\* of the day we read. “January 20th 1812, at Baron's Court, Tyrone, Sir C. T. Morgan, of London, to Sidney, eldest daughter of the veteran Irish comedian Owenson, and author of “the Wild Irish Girl,” and “Woman, or Ida of Athens.”

Thomas Charles Morgan was the only son of Mr. John Morgan of Charlotte street, Bloomsbury, who observing great intellectual promise in his son, spared no expense in procuring

---

\* *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. LXXXII. i. 87.



for him the benefits of a first class education. He first studied at Eton and the Charter House; at the age of eighteen he entered St. Peter's College, Cambridge, distinguished himself as a Greek scholar and a metaphysician, graduated as a Bachelor of Medicine in 1804, and obtained a medical deploma in 1809. Sir Thomas Charles Morgan, married first the daughter of William Hammond of Queen's Square, or according to another authority, of Chapnies, Herts, and by this lady he had one child, a daughter.

The pleasure which filled Robert Owenson at this desirable and as subsequent circumstances proved, an essentially happy alliance, was of sadly short duration. In the *Freeman's Journal* of May 28, 1812, we find the following interesting obituary details. We are inclined to think that if not absolutely written by either Lady Morgan or her sister Lady Clarke, they at least furnished the materials.

"Died, in Great George's street, Rutland-square, Robert Owenson, Esq. aged 68. This gentleman was a native of Connaught, and related to some of the first families in that Province. He was the best Irish scholar of his day, and we may perhaps say the *last true Irish Musician*. The revival of Irish Music within these last *thirty years* was *entirely owing to his exertions*, and his exquisite mode of singing his native airs, with their original words both in public and private. Mr. Owenson, who might have been called the Father of the Stage, early indulged his passion for the Dramatic life, and came out under the auspices of *Mr. Garrick*, to whom he was presented by his countryman and near relative, the celebrated *Dr. Goldsmith*.\* Having married an English lady of good connexions, he returned to Ireland, and became joint proprietor and Acting Manager successively of the Theatres Royal, and City Theatre, Dublin, and of the Londonderry and Kilkenny Theatres, the last of which he built at a considerable expence. Mr. Owenson had retired from his profession for some years before his death, but his exquisite, his unrivalled representation of Irish character still lives in the memory of many. When Mr. Cumberland saw him in his own Major O'Flaherty, he said 'he had

---

\* "Owenson was a near relation of Goldsmith, and is said to have had the honour at an early period of his life, of being introduced by him into the most eminent dramatic and literary society of the age." *Women of the Time*. 1856.—ED.

beyond any other person realised his idea of a *fine Irish Gentleman*. In his less advanced days he was not more popular in public life than sought after in the first circles of private society. His liberal education, singularly gentleman-like deportment, polished manners, and exquisite humour, rendered him a welcome guest at the first tables. He is author of some of the best Irish Songs extant. He played with taste and skill on several instruments, and was the *last surviving Pupil* of the two celebrated English Composers *Doctors Arne* and *Worgan*. He was passionately fond of literature, and was well known as the protector of the unfortunate *Thomas Dermody*, and many other young Irishmen of more talents than prudence. His conduct as a father (having early lost his wife), went far beyond the common line of parental duty and tenderness—his public life considered, *it was unexampled*."

*The Freeman's Journal* adds : "Since the above had been prepared for publication the following favour had been left in our Letter Box. We can have no objection to add it as a flattering justification of what has been already said of the merits of Mr. Owenson :—

"Alas ! poor Yorick ! I knew him well, Horatio."

"We might quote the whole of this beautiful passage from Shakspeare, as illustrative of the merits and talents of the gentleman in question, who has lately paid the debt to nature, and whose public and private character deserves our greatest eulogium.

"We may say in honour of our country, that he was a true born Irishman, with all its native honour and goodness of heart. On the stage, where he was many years an excellent comic performer, none surpassed him in the Milesian walk, and the house often resounded with encore for the repetition of his songs, which always set the audience in a roar. His last appearance in the Drama (after many years of retirement) was in a Musical Piece called, *The Whim of the Moment*—written by his daughter Miss Owenson, now Lady Morgan, in which he performed an Irish Character, and to which Mr. Atkinson gave an excellent prologue.

"In domestic life, Mr. Owenson was always distinguished as an affectionate husband and loving father.

"We consider this tribute as justly due to the memory of the late Mr. Owenson, both as a gentleman of real worth, and as a credit to the profession in which he was so long a favourite.

"He has left two amiable daughters, Lady Clarke and Lady Morgan, to regret the loss of a dearly beloved parent, who were the comfort and delight of his declining days, who inherit much of his original genius, and who are equally esteemed in society." \*

There are some passages in the foregoing, possibly a little too highly charged, but perfectly justifiable if written, as is quite possible, by a filial hand. Sir Jonah Barrington, in the year 1830, takes a critical retrospective glance at Owenson thus, and perhaps hits the truth more accurately.

"Mr. Owenson, the father of Lady Morgan, was at that time highly celebrated in the line of Irish characters, and never did an actor exist so perfectly calculated, in my opinion, to personify that singular class of people. Considerably above six feet in height;—remarkably handsome and brave-looking,—vigorous and well-shaped,—he was not vulgar enough to disgust, nor was he genteel enough to be *out of character*: never did I see any actor so entirely identify himself with the peculiarities of those Irish parts he assumed. In the higher class of Irish characters (old officers, &c.) he looked well, but did not exhibit sufficient formal dignity: and in the *lowest*, his humour was scarcely quaint and original enough; but in what might be termed the '*middle class of Paddies*,' no man ever combined the look and manner with such felicity as Owenson. Scientific singing was not an Irish quality; and he sang well enough.—I have heard Mr. Jack Johnston warble so sweetly and so very skilfully, and act some parts so very like a man of education, that I almost forgot the nation he was mimicking: that was not the case with Owenson; he acted as if he had not received too much schooling, and sang like a man whom nobody had instructed. He was, like most of his profession, careless of his concerns, and grew old without growing rich."† We further learn from Sir Jonah that Owenson was associated with the *debut* of Dorothea Francis, afterwards the celebrated Mrs. Jordan. She entertained a great respect for, and reposed much confidence in Owenson, who took a warm interest in her welfare, and was the principal adviser of the step which led to the rejection of Lieutenant Doyne's matrimonial addresses.‡

---

\* There are also a few obituary details regarding Owenson in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. 82, p. 602.

† Personal Sketches of his own Times, by Sir Jonah Barrington, vol. ii., p. 219.

‡ *Vide*, also Boaden's Memoirs of Mrs. Jordan, vol. i., p. 14.

The house in Great George's-street, Rutland-square, where Owenson died, as recorded by the *Freeman's Journal* of the day, was the residence of the late Sir Arthur Clarke, Knight, of whom a few details may not be irrelevant.

Like Sir Robert Kane, Dr. Corrigan, the late Doctors Quinn, Labatt, and other men who have risen to professional distinction, Sir Arthur Clarke began his career in a pharmaceutical establishment. We first find his name and occupation in Watson's Dublin Directory for 1798, (page 27) thus:—"Arthur Clarke, apothecary, 12 Gardiner's-place." In 1807 he removed, as appears from the same authority, to 44, North Great George's-street; but Mr. Clarke, in changing his residence, did not change a line of business which gave him great facilities for gathering medical experience. It has been said that an apothecary, from the extent of his practice among the humbler classes—the bone and sinew of the land—possesses better opportunities for becoming acquainted with the diseases to which flesh is heir, than some high-flying physicians of glittering *prestige* whose practice is necessarily confined to the higher orders. Ample as are the opportunities of a modern apothecary for gathering experience, those in the last century had greater, for their number was considerably less. The list of apothecaries in the last century counts forty; at present there are one hundred and seventy licentiates. Until 1770 no Roman Catholic could become a pharmacopolist.

In 1808, Mr. Arthur Clarke had the good fortune to become acquainted with Olivia Owenson, the accomplished and only sister of Lady Morgan. Mr. Clarke married her in 1808, and we are glad to be able to fix the date in the most positive manner, for it sets at rest an amusing story which has long been current, professing to describe the manner in which Mr. Clarke obtained his knighthood. The old story has it that the sisters Owenson made a vow that they would never change their names unless for a title. Sydney, as we have seen, married Sir Charles Morgan, and when Mr. Clarke, the apothecary, proposed for her sister, he is said to have been told, in reply, that without a title he had no chance. He accordingly waited upon Charles, Duke of Richmond, whose *bonhomie* was proverbial, and whose habit of bestowing knighthoods Lever satirizes in *Charles O'Malley*, where the good natured Viceroy, in a maudlin mood, is represented knighting Corny Delany. "Please your Excellency," said Mr. Clarke (so the story

goes), "my situation is truly wretched and deplorable. I am passionately attached to Miss Owenson. She will not have me unless I am knighted—

Oft I begged, implored, besought her for a word—a glance of hope,

Hinting suicide as certain—pistol, river, razor, rope!"

The good natured Viceroy, fearful at the thought of having the love-sick swain's blood upon his head, smote him with the flat of his sword, exclaiming—"Arise, and be happy, Sir Arthur Clarke!"

We give this story because it is a funny one; but the details are inaccurate. Sir Arthur was married to Olivia Owenson in 1808, and not until 1811 did he receive the honour of knighthood. If Sir Arthur happened to be a knight *bachelor* in that year, it does not follow that he must have been unmarried.

The Duke of Richmond having become seriously indisposed from a cutaneous disease, Miss Owenson, who was exceedingly intimate at the Viceregal Lodge, declared *sans ceremonie* that if his Grace desired to be cured, he had only to consult her brother-in-law. The Viceroy consented; and Mr. Clarke having put his Excellency through a peculiar bathing process, a thorough cure succeeded. As a mark of gratitude the Viceroy created him a Knight Bachelor, and soon after he was presented with the freedom of the city.

In 1811, an unpremeditated encounter took place between an English sloop of war and an American frigate, which resulted in the loss of thirty lives to the British interest. War was soon after declared against England, and hostilities commenced in 1812. In the *Directory* of the day, we find the knight thus styled—"Sir Arthur Clarke, Agent for Sick and Wounded Seamen, 44, North Great George's-street."

He had now relinquished business as an apothecary. In 1814 his name vanished from that department of the *Directory* headed "Merchants and traders."

Sir Arthur gave considerable attention to the study of medicine from this date. He took out his degree, became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, and subsequently a Fellow of that body. In 1820 he established "the Medicated Bathing Institution, No. 18, Lower Temple-street," which continued open to a comparatively recent period, and was productive of very beneficial results to suffering humanity. A pun of Sir Arthur's in connexion with this establishment, is too good to omit telling; "I *was* a Knight

Bachelor," said Sir Arthur; "I am now the Knight of the Bath." \*

Among the medical appointments held by Sir A. Clarke were Surgical Superintendent in the Naval Hospital during the wars, which marked the first quarter of the present century, Superintendent to the Revenue Cruisers, Surgeon to the *Maison de Sante*, and physician to the Bank of Ireland, and to the Metropolitan Police. Sir Arthur published various medical treatises including works on tubercular consumption, water, exercise, and diet, and a code of instructions in case of railway, steam boat, or other accidents. He was a strong advocate for the hydropathic system of medical treatment, and often had to bear many a stupid sneer from those who pertinaciously adhered to the old school and shut their eyes against conviction.

\* Sir Arthur Clarke was a very amiable and lively man, and a general favorite in Dublin Society. The author of these pages knew him personally, and received proofs of his good nature. He survived until October, 1857, when he fell with the leaves. The writer published an obituary sketch of the Knight in the papers of the day which begun uninvitingly as follows:—

"Poor Sir Arthur Clarke is dead. Small as he was—and a man of more lilipution dimensions, with the exception of Tom Moore, never trod our *pavé*—he will be greatly missed in Dublin, not only by his own personal friends, who esteemed him cordially; but by myriads of people who have long been familiar with his appearance in our streets. The late Judge Day was one of the oldest and steadiest of his friends. Sir Arthur and he were at one time almost inseparable, and it was a standing joke with the wags of Dublin, some thirty years ago, to liken the great colossal judge and his diminutive companion to the 21st of June, inasmuch as they jointly constituted the *longest Day and the shortest Knight*.

"According to Dodd, Sir Arthur Clarke was born in 1778; but this is a mistake, for he first saw the light in 1773; and had consequently reached the patriarchal age of eighty-four. Sir Arthur's father, soon after the birth of his son, entered the British army, proceeded to America, and was one of those who were sent to the right about by Washington on the plains of Lexington and the heights of Bunker's Hill. In 1776 Clarke returned to Ireland with the remnant of Lord Cornwallis's forces. It would appear that he had always a taste for arms, having led Miss Sword, of the county Meath, to the hymeneal altar in 1771. "He who loveth the Sword, will perish by the Sword" was not verified in this instance, for never had man a more devoted wife. Sir Arthur used to say that his father was lineally descended from General Sir John Clarke, who was made a Knight Banneret by "bluff King Hal" on the field of the battle of Spurs."

Among those who laughed at the water cure was Charles Lamb. "There is nothing new or wonderful in it," he said dryly, "it is as old as the deluge, and in my opinion has killed more than it cured."

The five years which followed Miss Owenson's alliance with Sir Charles Morgan were spent partly abroad, and partly in Dublin. Lady Morgan's presence was at once courted with redoubled ardour by the highest circles of society—a circumstance which materially increased those invaluable opportunities for observation and gaining knowledge of the world, the utter absence of which had rendered *St. Clair*, and *the Novice of St. Dominick*, so juvenile in many parts. At the famous literary receptions of Lady Cork and Orrery, our little authoress was a constant and a favoured guest. "How pleasantly," writes Hepworth Dixon, "How pleasantly she described the days of Abercorn Priory, and of Lady Cork's 'blue parties,' where she starred it as a lioness, after the Thrales and Burneys of a past dynasty had vanished from the scene! These things made her historical,—and Lady Morgan was to society and literature something of what the Great Duke had been to state-craft and war."

The first novel with which Lady Morgan presented the public after her marriage was the somewhat rhapsodical lucubration in three volumes entitled *The Missionary, an Italian Tale*. The story is open to objection, but is so improbable that it can hardly be deemed a dangerous novel. The salient points of the narrative are, if we remember rightly, these. The Missionary is an Italian priest who repairs to India with a view to effect conversions to the Catholic church, of which he is himself a zealous and an able minister. Great success attends his labours at first, but in an evil hour, a Hindoo lady of surpassing beauty whom he had addressed in the language of fraternal charity, brings her rich black eyes, charged with subduing amatory power, to bear, with deadly aim, upon him. The struggle between duty and inclination which follows is in the highest degree terrific. In the course of a short time the lady is borne to eternity by an epidemic fever. Even the bed of death does not allay the unholy torment which rages within the Missionary's breast. He casts away his breviary and stole, and lives a sort of anchoritic life in the recesses of a gloomy cave, for her sake. Eschewing scull and crucifix, his sole companion is a pet fawn, which had once belonged and had

been often caressed by the beautiful Luxima. How the ideal priest ended his days we do not now remember, nor is it of much consequence ; but our impression is distinct that no good moral in conclusion attempts to palliate the many objectionable details through which the reader has been dragged. Many of the scenes and descriptions are ludicrously romantic. It was, we think, in this novel that Lady Morgan spoke of some one clad in "*a tissue of woven air.*" The *Missionary* was probably the very worst of Lady Morgan's brain creations ; and both style and story is worthy only of the Minerva press ; but it had, notwithstanding, many admirers, foremost among whom stood the famous Lord Castlereagh.

We should not have paused to notice the *Missionary* at such length were it not that Lady Morgan herself, to the last moment of her life, attached some importance to it, although laughing airily enough at the wild romance and puerilities of the story. She considered that the picture it presented of Indian life, and some out-of-the-way oriental lore which it unfolded, possessed a certain didactic attraction, which far and away more than counterbalanced the defects of the story. That such was Lady Morgan's deliberate opinion, even after the lapse of forty years, we have the most conclusive evidence in the singular and significant fact, that the veteran authoress had been engaged just before her death in completely remodelling the *Missionary*, and in superintending its revision through the press. Lady Morgan considered that the Indian details with which the *Missionary* abounded, possessed for obvious reasons peculiar interest at present. When this romance was published, more than forty years ago, the East was very generally used as a *tabula rasa* for fictions of a didactic and romantic kind ; but we might almost as justly expect that people would study Rassellas in order to learn the history and politics of Abyssinia, as to hope to gather accurate information regarding the state of India from this unworthy *Missionary's* escapades. Through the medium of *Luxima, the Prophetess, a Tale of India*, they have been reproduced in a modified shape, within the last month, and those who desire to read the narrative we have outlined can do so at any circulating library.

But it was not until the publication of *O'Donnell, a National Tale*, in 1815, that Lady Morgan's claims to take her place among the best novelists of the age became cordially and universally recognised by the public. The authoress, as we have said, was never so thoroughly at home as when on Irish



ground ; and in illustration of this fact, the novels of *O'Donnell*, *Florence McCarthy*, and *The O'Briens and O'Flahertys*, are eminently conclusive. These three essentially Irish tales—green from cover to cover, and racy of the soil—form a national literary shamrock, of which Ireland may well be proud.

In the novel of *O'Donnell* Lady Morgan broke new ground. She ceased to guide the adventures of puerile novices of St. Dominick, crude Idas of Athens, and frail Italian missionaries in India. *O'Donnell* was the vanguard of a noble host of Celtic ideal creations, profitable to study and worthy to imitate, which tended, in no small degree, to break down the Cockney prejudices which had so long existed, on the other side of the Channel, against Ireland. This novel displayed singular vigour of thought, and knowledge of mankind ; and whether we laugh at the native eccentricities of M'Rory, sigh for the vicissitudes of the gallant O'Donnell, or smile at the lavish nothingness of fashionable life, we must acknowledge that we are under the influence of a spell with which true genius alone could invest us.

For forty years it was fashionable, among a band of ill-natured Tory critics, headed by the late John Wilson Croker, to ridicule, and sneer down Lady Morgan's pretensions, as a novelist and a writer. Never had an author more formidable critical antagonism to contend with. Single-handed, Lady Morgan encountered this terrific, organized, and almost impregnable band ; and one by one they fell, vanquished and prostrate, at her feet. Since the grave has closed over this brilliant woman's labors, a few have endeavoured to regain their feet ; and availing themselves of this unworthy advantage, they have sought to depreciate the abilities of her whom, living, they cravenly feared. It is pleasant, however, to be able to set the deliberately recorded opinion of the greatest novelist that ever lived, against the ill-natured, but perhaps not uninfluential, snivelling, and drivelling to which we have alluded. Sir Walter Scott was, himself a member of the Croker School, in politics. He entertained an unconquerable aversion to Lady Morgan's liberal and progressive views ; and the following remarks, committed to his private diary, are therefore the more to be valued. "I have amused myself occasionally very pleasantly," he writes, "during the last few days, by reading over Lady Morgan's novel of *O'Donnell*, which has some striking and beautiful passages of situation and description, and, in the comic part, is very rich and entertaining."

"The originality of her style," recently observed the *Athenæum*, "will at once suggest itself, when it is recollected that ere *O'Donnell* appeared, Miss Edgeworth, by her *Castle Rackrent*, and *Absentee*, might have been thought to have made the Irish national tale her own. No two things, however, could be more distinct than her brain-creatures, and those of the more cautious and prudential authoress of *Gwin* and *To-morrow*."

Touching some of the ill-natured criticisms of which we have spoken, old Joe Atkinson, in a poetic address to Lady Morgan, at this period, observed :

"Since you sport the White Lily and Violet Blue,  
As an emblem of France, so descriptive and true,  
And blend the Sweet-briar, the Shamrock, and Rose,  
A garland of fancy and wit to compose;  
No wonder the critics are all in a rage,  
Their malice and envy against you to wage;  
And prove by their rancour they're spitefully jealous,  
That Women write better than such scribbling fellows.  
But O'DONNELL shall come, with M'ROXY, his man,  
To guard and defend you, and bring their dog BEAM,  
To worry the *Curs*, who with venom abuse,  
And bark from the *den* of their snarling Reviews."

Never had an author more violent antagonism to encounter. "It is to me delightful," writes Sir Jonah Barrington, "to see a woman, solely by the force of her own natural talent, succeed triumphantly in the line of letters she has adopted, and in despite of the most virulent, illiberal, and unjust attacks ever yet made on any author by mercenary Reviewers."

Shortly after the peace of 1814, Sir Charles and Lady Morgan, full of a grand literary scheme, proceeded to France, and took advantage of every available opportunity to "mark, note, study, and inwardly digest," the manners, customs, history, idiosyncrasy, and tendencies of that great nation.

Though a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and constantly associating with distinguished members of that profession, Sir Charles Morgan relinquished medical practice at an early period of life, and devoted himself exclusively to literary and political pursuits. Sometimes, but not often, he wrote, in a popular manner, on medical subjects. In 1815 appeared his *Outlines on the Philosophy of Life*, which had for its object the diffusion of a more general knowledge of the fundamental facts of Physiology. The book was an able one, and

very successfully conveyed a popular view of the leading facts in Physiology, as they bear more especially on the moral and social animal.

In the Autumn of 1815, we find Lady Morgan in Paris picking up materials for her *magnum opus*. General Lawless, the distinguished united Irish Refugee, writing to his kinsman, Lord Cloncurry, on August 15th, 1815, says, "I have to acknowledge the letters confided to Sir Charles Morgan. I will write again by Lady Morgan. I like extremely this lady; she is agreeable, witty, and with as little conceit as can be found in a woman of her merit."\*

The thorough fascination which even a momentary interview with Lady Morgan produced, having become quite proverbial peculiar faculties of access to the most exclusive circles of the gay metropolis, at once opened invitingly before her. Fated to encounter no *contre-temps*, or, "accidents by flood and field," from which few travellers, forty years ago, were exempt, she was *feted* in another sense wherever she went, and brilliant successes marked every step in her progress. No reserve was maintained—with the state of everything and everybody The Wild Irish Girl was made *au courant*. Intellectually enriched by these invaluable opportunities for observation Lady Morgan's notes on France daily expanded beneath her hand, while their style glittered brilliantly from the polishing touches of her elaborating pen. Amid a fever of expectation at home and abroad, this remarkable book was at length born to the world. In France the *Constitutionnel*—then a most influential newspaper—reports progress: "La curiosité publique est vivement excité par l'annonce de nouvel l'ouvrage de Ladi Morgan—*La France*—des extraits en ont été déjà lus dans les reveles particuliers et ces essais ont produit le plus grand enthousiasme—on va presqu' a dire qu'il n'a été rien écrit de plus brillant, ni qui donna une idee plus exacte de la société et des manieres de Paris—cet ouvrage doit paraître à Paris et Londres en même tems dans la semaine prochaine l'en agoute que les critiques Français taillent déjà leur plumes!" The *Journal de Paris*, another highly influential newspaper, tells us, not less authentically than truly:—"Lady Morgan has been run after, entertained, and almost worshipped in all our fashionable circles. She has studied us from head to foot, from court

---

\* Personal Recollections of Lord Cloncurry, Second Edition, p. 140.

to village, from the boudoir to the kitchen. She has seen, observed, analysed and described everything, men and things, speeches and characters."

*France*, which may be safely regarded as the *chef d'œuvre* of Lady Morgan, is divided into eight books. The first treats of the Peasantry; the second and third of society. The three next are devoted to an account of Paris. The seventh book is consecrated *aux Spectacles*. The eighth and last, comprises sketches of the leading literary characters and eminent people of France, while the whole is richly spangled with a number of authentic and out-of-the-way anecdotes.

This complicated and laborious task, Lady Morgan executed with all the spirit inherent to an ardent mind, and all the truth which is characteristic of an honest and an independent one. Her remarks on French society, possessed peculiar interest, for they were not founded on hearsay, or on the result of metaphysical speculation, but were drawn from actual, and apparently very close observation. Exploring with care and accuracy the springs of political action, among all the factions which then disturbed and distracted the breast of La Belle France, Lady Morgan's work, while it afforded the friends of Liberty a high and valued treat, stung corruption to madness and revenge. Energetically written, lively, but not flippant, original, and pointed without affectation, polished, but not labored, and graphic without redundancy, the reader is transported, all but "body and bones," into the midst of the gay scenes which she so vividly and temptingly portrays. Whether Lady Morgan converses with the glittering courtier, the *petit propriétaire* of a few acres, the lady of high rank, or the great literary or political lion, we make one of the party, and at length retire from the *conversations*, sometimes instructed, often refreshed, always amused. But the *salons* of the great would seem to have had less attraction for Lady Morgan, than the practical acquaintance, which, for generous purposes, she formed with the French peasantry. Happy as seemed their condition, she did not view it with unmixed pleasure. When she beheld the bright cottage garden, and the various comforts of the contented French peasants, the remembrance of the then wretched, oppressed, and degraded population of her own country, hurried to her mind, and furnished a contrast and comparison, which in a mind so sensitive as hers, must have created very painful sensations. "The finest flowers in

France," she writes, "are now to be found in the peasant's garden—the native *Rose de Provence*—the stranger rose of India, entwine their blossoms, and grow together amidst the rich foliage of the vine, which scales the gable, and creeps along the roof of the cottage. I have seen a French peasant as proud of his tulips as any stock-jobber florist of Amsterdam, and heard him talk of his carnations, as if he had been the sole possessor of the *semper Augustus*! Oh! when shall I behold near the peasant's hovel in my own country other flowers than the bearded thistle which there raises its lonely head, and scatters its down upon every passing blast; or the scentless shamrock, the unprofitable blossom of the soil, which creeps to be trodden upon, and is gathered only to be plunged in the inebriating draught, commemorating annually the fatal illusions of the people, and drowning in the same tide of madness their emblems and their wrongs."

This pleasingly expressed allusion to the national practice of drowning the shamrock in a bowl of punch, does not seem to have proved intelligible to Lady Morgan's English critics; for her old foe, the *Quarterly Review*, in a violent diatribe, triumphantly quoted the paragraph as a specimen of "the utter nonsense" which filled the book, and defied any reader to guess what such fine language as the above could possibly mean.

Lady Morgan's representations not being very favourable to the pretensions of legitimacy, her work, as a matter of course, was attacked with all the malignity and virulence for which the *Quarterly*, when under the Croker and Giffard management, was celebrated. The unmanly attack of the *Review* recoiled on itself. People began to ask themselves if the cause which it advocated was so totally defenceless by argument, so inadequately supported by physical force, as to require all the aid of scurrility, misrepresentation, and falsehood, to repel the attacks of its opponents.

The critic's revival of the old taunt which charged with Jacobinism, all sentiments hostile to the narrow views of a faction, was perhaps the less objectionable point in his review, since even the restricted press of Paris had previously done justice to Lady Morgan's political sentiments, and acknowledged that she had drawn the true line of distinction between the friends of freedom, and the partisans of licence. Indeed all the critical torture which could possibly be applied to isolated passages, and *ex parte* statements, failed to disguise the spirit

of British liberty in which her work was composed. For this reason we shall not stop to notice all the distortions, and disingenuous suppressions by which the reviewer sought to substantiate his charge. But as the elaborate article in question remains on record in every important library, public and private, it is only fair that we give the same permanence to a brief detection of some of the many "*ignorances and lies, by implication and deceit*" (to quote the reviewer's words) which animate his unmanly criticism.

Lady Morgan called the family of La Fayette "patriarchal," and this the reviewer absurdly construes into making La Fayette's children and grandchildren the *patriarchs*. Passing over the reviewer's misconception of the obvious elisions—"no *primogeniture*" for "no right of primogeniture," of "*Palais Conservateur*" for "*Palais du Senat Conservateur*," &c., we arrive (p. 267) at another false statement. Lady Morgan does not "make the low stupid blunder" of mistaking Pere Elise for a confessor: nor does she draw a comparison between his "spiritual influence over Louis XVIII., and that of Pere de la Chase over Louis XIV." Thirdly, the reviewer denies *Bouquets d'arbres* to be good French. He ought to have known that it was not only a phrase in daily use, but employed by some of the best authors. Fourthly, he quarrels with the translation of "*menin*" by the word *minion*. The offensive meaning attached to it rested, in this instance, solely with the reviewer. "*Like valour's minion*," occurs in Macbeth. "*Sweet Fortune's minion*," and "*minions of the moon*," in Henry IV. But a hundred other instances might be cited to justify Lady Morgan's application of this word. Menin is derived from *mener*, and signifies a friend, a follower. Fifthly, the etymology of Carousel, criticized at p. 269, is from Madame de Genlis, who surely ought to know French better than a British Quarterly Review. Moreover, Lady Morgan does not describe Louis XIV., as a flying Turk: and of this as of the other points to which we have referred, any reader of *France* can satisfy himself.

Sixthly, Lady Morgan does not say that she knew persons who lived under Louis XIV. The reviewer must have been very ignorant of Parisian life not to have known that "*Voltigeur de Louis XIV.*," was then, and has been constantly since applied in Paris as a *Sobriquet* to the emigrant superannuated officers of the remodelled army. Seventhly, Lady Morgan did

not mistake *Cherubin* for the singular number of *Cherubim*. This gratuitous charge rose out of the reviewer's ignorance that *Cherubin* is the name of the *mandit page* in Beaumarchais' comedy. Eighthly, Lady Morgan did not suppose the battle of Fontenoy, at which the Irish Brigade obtained its memorable victory over the British, to have been fought under Louis XIV. She expressly attributes it to the reign of his successor—besides *compagnes a la rose* is not "jargon."

Ninthly, the reviewer seems not to have been aware that "the *atheist Voltaire*" wrote repeatedly and vehemently against atheism. Moreover, it would doubtless have slightly altered the critic's tone had he read the recently published and very valuable book of Lord Broughton, in which many misapprehensions in regard to Voltaire's real views are dispelled, and the evidence of the man who acted for thirty years as Voltaire's private secretary adduced, from which we learn that during that long period Voltaire was never known to utter, even in the unguarded intimacy of friendship, any remark of an infidel character. This, although strongly disapproving of many of Voltaire's writings, we deem it necessary to say.

Tenthly, Lady Morgan says: "bastilles, lettres de cachet, mysterious arrest, and solitary confinement, started upon my imagination, and I had already classed myself with the Iron Mask, and caged Mazarine, the Wilsons, Hutchinsons, and Bruces." To this the reviewer (p. 280) replies: "This is the *lie* by implication; Wilson, Hutchinson, and Bruce had grievously violated the laws; they were openly arrested, legally confined, publicly tried, criminally sentenced, and generously pardoned." Now what are the facts? Wilson, Bruce and Hutchinson were buried *au secret* in the gloomy cells of La Force on a bailable offence. In this illegal confinement they were detained until they would confess the truth of the charge. After two months' detention they were accused of high treason, and remained one fortnight under that unjust accusation. At length the latter indictment was cancelled as an act of justice, and in opposition to the wishes and passions of the court and the government. Nor were they ever generously pardoned. At the expiration of their sentence, and after seven months imprisonment, they were released from captivity.\*

But the most serious charge against the Reviewer has yet to

---

\* Vide *Morning Chronicle* September 6, 1817.

be made. Lady Morgan viewed many Catholic customs on the Continent with an eye of prejudice ; and amongst the number certain processions in honour of the Blessed Virgin. It may be premised that in the revolutionary days of anarchy nearly every statue of the Holy Mother had been broken or defaced by sacrilegious hands, and Madonnas became very scarce in consequence. The reviewer disingenuously suppresses this fact, and garbles a passage of Lady Morgan's for the purpose of upbraiding her with licentious writing ! After a damaging preamble the *Quarterly* quotes from our authoress : " The priests to their horror could not find a single *Virgin*, and were at last obliged to send to a neighbouring village to request *the loan of a Virgin*. A Virgin was at last procured ; *a little indeed the worse for the wear* ; but this was not a moment for fastidiousness, and the Madonna was paraded through the streets." The critic requests his readers (p. 281,) to consider what manner of woman she must be who displays such detestable grossness of which even a jest book would be ashamed, and cautions every parent against allowing Lady Morgan's work into his family, or his drawing room. By referring to the original passage it will be perceived that the reviewer has carefully omitted the words "*to carry in procession*," which if quoted would have made his unamiable insinuation clumsy, and probably would have undeceived the reader.

Belying in their own conduct the Scripture precepts of "Charity envieth not, thinketh no evil, and rejoiceth in the truth," and "Judge not that you be not judged," the *Quarterly* Reviewers coolly remind the reader that on a former occasion they recommended the Bible to Lady Morgan's perusal, a request which they regret to find has been disregarded ; while at p. 283, they inconsistently declare that Lady Morgan parodies Scripture for the purpose of turning it into ridicule, an accusation perfectly gratuitous.

Twelfthly, in the charge of "Impiety" against Lady Morgan, a passage from Madame de Maintenon in condemnation of "ingratitude envers le roi" is quoted (p. 283,) with approbation by the Reviewer. "Lady Morgan," adds the ultra loyalist, "is of a different mind." Who is this Madame de Maintenon ? the kept mistress of Louis the Fourteenth. And who was the king whom, to quote the cant of the Reviewer, ought to have been honored as much as God is feared ? The enemy of Civil and Religious Liberty, and the revoker of the edict of Nantes. The *Quarterly's* approval of the religious sentiments of Madame



de Maintenon sounds oddly after its denunciation of Lady Morgan's licentiousness.

Owing, we suppose, to the dearth of legitimate materials for hostile criticism, our Reviewer found it expedient to devote considerable space to some strictures on the score of "bad spelling." But Lady Morgan's preface ought to have disarmed criticism, at least on this head. "Having bound myself to my publisher," she writes, "to be ready for the Press before April, I was obliged to compose *à trait de plume*, to send off the sheets chapter by chapter, without the power of detecting repetitions by comparison, and without the hope of correction from the perusal of proof sheets. Printing in one country, and residing in another, it was not to be expected that the press would wait upon the chances of wind and tide, for returns in, or out of course." But it is useless to analyze further this illiberal attack of the *Quarterly*. To complete the task of developing its mistakes and misstatements would exceed, if possible, the tediousness of its author. We shall therefore turn to a light poetical version of the critique which from its pith and point is not likely to fatigue the reader. It came, if we mistake not, from the pen of Lady Clarke, whose poetical squibs in the Dublin newspapers, during the Anglesey Viceroyalty, attracted much attention. She had a remarkable taste for music and poetry. Moore, in his diary of October 16, 1821, speaks very favorably of a song which Lady Clarke had written and composed on the occasion of his return to Ireland. She also wrote one or more comedies of merit and originality, and were it not for the cares of a young family Lady Clarke would, doubtless, have come more frequently before the public. When Lady Clarke died we have not been able to ascertain. We have searched the Obituary of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the last twenty-five years but without effect.

"The book we review is the work of a woman,  
A fact which we think will be guessed at by no man,  
Who notes the abuse which our virulent rage  
Shall discharge on its author, in every page.  
And who is this woman—no recent offender,  
A Jacobin, Shanavest, Whiteboy, Defender.  
SHE who published "O'DONNELL," which (take but our word)  
Is a monstrous wild "tissue of ALL THAT'S ABSURD"—  
Indeed there's a something in all her romances,  
Which, to tell our opinion, does not hit our fancies.  
Ne, give us a novel, whose pages unfold  
The glories of that blessed æra of old,

When Princes legitimate trod on the people,  
 And the Church was so *high*, that it out-topp'd the steeple,  
 No, give us some Methodist's maudling confusion,  
 Religion in *seeming*, in *fact*, *persecution*;  
 Some strange Anti-Catholic orthodox whining,  
 At this age of apostacy wildly repining ! !

This WOMAN !—we scarce could believe when we read,  
 Retorts all the charges we heaped on *HER* head ;  
 And leads to rebellion young authors, by shewing,  
 That calling *hard names* is by no means *reviewing*.  
 She boasts that we've not spoiled her market in marriage,  
 That vainly her morals and wit *we* disparage ;  
 But surely that man is the boldest in life,  
 Who, in spite of our ravings, could take her for wife ;  
 And therefore we now set him down without mercy  
 As the slave of enchantment, " THE VICTIM OF CINCER."

Now to come to the matter in hand—we advance  
 'Tis "AN IMPUDENT LIE," when she calls her book "FRANCE ;"  
 A title that would not be characteristic,  
 Unless for a large Gazetteer or Statistic.  
 For we hold that it is not allow'd in a work,  
 To form our opinions by *Ex pede Herc*.  
 She ought to have visited Lyons, Bourdeaux,  
 And peeped into Marseilles, and Strasburgh and Meaux ;  
 For though the design of the Congress miscarries,  
 And Jacobins kick against Louis—at Paris,  
 Though Freedom lies bleeding and chain'd *on the Seine*,  
 And the emigrants *there*, mould the state upon Spain,  
*In the rest of the kingdom*, for what she can tell,  
 The impudent jade, things *may* go mighty well.

Next comes her arrangement !—when this we denounce  
 We must eke out our charge with a bit of a bounce ;  
 And o'erlook the confusion which reigns in our head,  
 To charge it at once, on *HER* book in the stead—  
 Of this book, my good readers, in vain you may hope  
 An account of its merits, its plan or its scope ;  
 For the tale *she* relates does not chime with the view  
 Which *we* take of France in our *loyal review*.  
 And though we should rail, till our paper were shrinking,  
 Alas ! we should but *set the people a thinking*,  
 On the list of ERRATA 'twere better to seize,  
 For thence we may conjure what blunders we please.

These, mixed with the few, which the best author makes,  
 In a work of such length, and *our own worse mistakes* ;  
 With some equivocation, and some " *direct lies*,"  
 Of abuse will provide our accustom'd supplies :  
 Which largely diluted with loyalty rant,  
 With much hypocritical methodist cant,

Misquotations, mistatements, distortions of phrase,  
 Will set the HALF-THINKERS (we judge) in amaze,  
 And this "WORM MOST AUDACIOUS," this "woman so mad,"  
 This compound of all that's presumptuous and bad,  
 (Tho' we should not succeed in repressing her book,  
 And the youth of our land on its pages still look,)  
 Will preceive, with her friends, midst the people of fashion,  
 That the Quarterly scribe's in a desperate passion——  
 Postscriptum—we'd near made a foolish omission  
 And forgotten a slur on her second Edition.  
 Though perhaps, after all, she may have the last word,  
 And reply to our "wholesome" remarks—by a third—  
 And thus, like a sly and an insidious joker.  
 The malice defeat of an *hireling* CROKER!!

The allusion in the foregoing to her Ladyship having retorted the charges of the Quarterly, has reference to some spirited observations which occurred in the preface to the first Edition of *France*. It may be perceived that Lady Morgan received the furious charge of the *Quarterly* on the point of her already fixed bayonet. "While I thus endeavor," she goes on to say in a preface which modestly sought to excuse some trivial imperfections incidental to the haste with which the book was written, "While I thus endeavour to account for faults, I cannot excuse; and to solicit the indulgence of *that public* from whom I have never experienced severity, I make no effort to deprecate *professional criticism*, because I indulge no hope from its mercy. Their is *one* review, at least, which must necessarily place me under the ban of its condemnation; and to which the sentiments and principles scattered through the following pages (though conceived and expressed in feelings the most remote from those of *local* or *party* policy) will afford an abundant source of accusation, as being foreign to its own narrow doctrines, and opposed to its own exclusive creed. I mean the *Quarterly Review*. It may look like presumption to hope, or even to fear its notice; but *I*, at least, know by experience, that in the omniscience of its judgment it can stoop

"To break a butterfly upon a wheel."

"It is now nearly nine years since that review selected me as an example of its unsparing severity; and, deviating from the true object of criticism, made its strictures upon one of the most hastily composed and insignificant of my *early* works a vehicle for an unprovoked and wanton attack upon the per-

sonal character and principles of the author. The slander thus hurled against a young and unprotected female, struggling in a path of no ordinary industry and effort, for purposes sanctified by the most sacred feelings of nature, happily fell hurtless. The public of an enlightened age, indulgent to the critical errors of pages composed for its amusement, under circumstances, not of vanity or choice, but of *necessity*, has, by its countenance and favour, acquitted me of those charges under which I was summoned before their awful tribunal, and which tended to banish the accused from society, and her works from circulation; for 'licentiousness, profligacy, irreverence, blasphemy, libertinism, disloyalty, and atheism,' were no venial errors. Placed by that public in a definite rank among authors, and in no undistinguished circle of society, alike as *woman* and as author, beyond the injury of malignant scurrility, whatever form it may assume, I would point out to those who have yet to struggle through the arduous and painful career that I have ran, the feebleness of unmerited calumny, and encourage those who receive with patience and resignation the awards of dignified and legitimate criticism, to disregard and condemn the anonymous slander with which party spirit arms its strictures, under the veil of literary justice.

"In thus recurring to the severe chastisement which my early efforts received from the judgment of the *Quarterly Review*, it would be ungrateful to conceal that it placed

My bane and antidote at once before me,

and that in accusing me of 'licentiousness, profligacy, irreverence, blasphemy, libertinism, disloyalty, and atheism,' it presented a *nostrum* of universal efficacy, which was to transform my *vices* into *virtues*, and to render me, in its own words, 'not indeed a good writer of novels, but a *useful friend*, a *faithful wife*, a *tender mother*, and a respectable and happy *mistress of a family*.'

"To effect this purpose, 'so devoutly to be wished,' it prescribed a simple remedy; 'To purchase immediately a *spelling book*, to which, in process of time, might be added a *pocket dictionary*, and to take a few lessons in joining-hand; which superadded to a little common sense, in place of idle raptures,' were finally to render me that valuable epitome of female excellence, whose price Solomon has declared above rubies.

"While I denied the crimes thus administered to, I took the advice for the sake of its results; and like "Caleb's in search of a wife," with his ambulating virtues, I set forth with my MAJOR and my ENTICK in search of that conjugal state, one of the necessary qualifications for my future excellencies. With my dictionary in my pocket, with my spelling book in one hand, and my copper-plate improvements in the other, I entered my probation; and have at last (thanks to the *Quarterly Review*) obtained the reward of my calligraphic and orthographic acquirements. As it foretold, I am become, in spite of the 'seven deadly sins' it laid to my charge, 'not indeed a good writer of novels,' but, I trust, 'a respectable,' and, I am sure, 'a happy mistress of a family.'

"In the fearful prophecy so long made, that I should never write a good novel, the *Quarterly Review*, in its benevolence, will at least not be displeased to learn that I have written some that have been successful; and that while my Glorvinae, Luximas, and Lollottes, have pleaded my cause at home, like 'very Daniels,' they have been received abroad with equal favour and indulgence; and that O'Donnel has been transmitted to its author, in three different languages. Having thus, I hope, settled 'my long arrear of GRATITUDE with Alonzo,' I am now ready to begin a new score; and await the sentence of my quondam judge, in the spirit of one.

'Who neither courts nor fears  
His favour nor his hate.'

But even assuming that Lady Morgan's talents were far from being of the first order, the violent denunciations of her reviewers were quite unjustifiable. It had hitherto been held a sacred maxim in the canons of criticism, that when a female became a candidate for literary fame, even though her merits were not of the brightest, her very sex formed an appeal to the heart which forbid acrimony of censure, much less violent invective, or falsity of accusation, and secured at least the appearance of respect, even in the absence of those gallant and complimentary speeches which have been considered, from time immemorial, a species of homage justly due to the fair sex. In *The Statesman*, an able Whig newspaper of the day, the authorship of the violent attack of the *Quarterly* which charged Lady Morgan with little short of the seven deadly sins, is confidently attributed not to Croker but to the pen of the laureate Robert Southey. We transcribe a portion of this article. The violent tone of recrimination which pervaded the antagonism of the Whig and Tory parties in those days

is curious to glance back upon. "As Burke said," observes *The Statesman*, "*the age of chivalry is gone*, and a race of literary ruffians and political *renegades* have sprung up, who, to repay the world for the detestation in which they are held, spurn at every honourable feeling; and, insensible to the restraints of conscience, neither regard the claims of age or sex, of wisdom or virtue, but wage rude and indiscriminate war with all who will not consent to be as base, wicked, and infamous as themselves. By one of these literary assassins, Lady Morgan has had the honor of being attacked. It comes from the pen of that skulking and malignant *renegade*, the author of *Wat Tyler*, and appears in that ponderous production of scurrility and venom, called the *Quarterly Review*. In this attack, all that is contemptible in the *potty*, all that is cowardly and cutting in the *malignant*, all that is scurrilous in *vulgar venom*, are employed to wound the feelings and injure the reputation of Lady Morgan. Would it be believed, that, in this age and country, a being so thoroughly despicable and degraded could be found, as to charge this lady with all that is *false*, all that is *licentious*, all that is *blasphemous*. All who are acquainted with the *Wild Irish Girl*, and *O'Donnel*, the works of Lady Morgan, will know what station to assign the pensioned renegade, who has thus, with savage ferocity, assailed her reputation. Here, for the present, we take leave of this apostate and his prostituted labours, until we have an opportunity of contrasting some of his own Jacobinical works, with his recent lucubrations in his dark and scowling *Quarterly Review*."

In the selection from Southey's letters, edited by his son, we find no allusion to this critical assault on Lady Morgan; although Southey repeatedly speaks of his laborious contributions to the *Quarterly*, and of the high estimation in which they were held by the Government. Lord Liverpool we learn, sent for Southey, and overwhelmed him with protestations of gratitude and esteem.

The *Freeman's Journal* was not alone the most influential of the liberal organs of Ireland at the period of which we write, but enjoyed a circulation exceeding that of any of its contemporaries, Conservative or democratic, as appears from an official return published in the *Freeman* of May 17, 1817. The editor of this journal from 1813 to 1818 was Michael Staunton, Esq., now the esteemed Collector-General of Taxes in Dublin. The following letter, chronologically in place here, is addressed to Mr. Staunton:—

*Private.*

"Lady Morgan presents her compliments to the Editor of the *Freeman's Journal*. Having learnt that during her recent absence from Dublin, he has had the kindness to mention her new work with approbation, she takes the earliest opportunity of offering her acknowledgments. She begs at the same time to mention, that as the hireling\* presses of London, Paris, and Dublin, are at this moment let loose against her work on *France*, and as the *Dublin Journal*† has declared that the long tirade it has inserted against her from *Galignani's Messenger* has been translated expressly for its columns! Lady Morgan would be extremely happy to place in the hands of the Editor of the *Freeman's Journal* some French critiques on her work, this moment received from Paris, and done by the most eminent literary characters on the continent, and forming a complete refutation to the paragraphs inserted in the *Courier*, *Dublin Journal*, &c., &c.

"If the Editor could call on Lady Morgan any time tomorrow, and mention at what hour, Lady Morgan will be happy to see him, and trusts that he will have the goodness to

\* If the Laureate Southey, as has been asserted, were really the unmanly assailant of Lady Morgan, the epithet "hireling" is not amiss. In a letter dated October 5, 1816 (*Southey's Correspondence*, p. 215, v. iv.) he tells Mr. Beresford that "he must needs finish a paper in time for the present number of the Quarterly, for the love of £100."

† The *Dublin Journal* was first established about the year 1720 by Alderman Faulkner, the friend of Swift, Chesterfield, and the leading politicians and literateurs of the time. Faulkner having ably edited the paper for fifty years, it at length came into the hands of an illiterate and illiberal person named John Giffard, who from that date infused into its tone such violence, virulence, vulgarity, and mendacity, that in the present date its advocacy would be held detrimental to the cause of any party. Yet Giffard, originally a blue-coat boy, was preferred to places of honour and emolument by the Government. Giffard's personal demeanour was as morose as his pen was truculent; and for many years he enjoyed the sobriquet of "the dog in office," and his paper that of "the Dog's Journal." Giffard having accused Grattan of treasonable designs, the great orator retorted thus: "It proceeds from the hired traducer of his country, the excommunicated of his fellow-citizens, the regal rebel, the unpunished ruffian, the bigoted agitator. In the city, a firebrand; in the court, a liar; in the streets, a bully; in the field, a coward. And so obnoxious is he to the very party he wishes to espouse, that he is only supportable by doing those dirty acts the less vile refuse to execute." Giffard pocketed the insult. The last number of the *Dublin Journal* appeared in 1825—*Madden's United Irishmen*, *Grattan's Speeches*, *Gilbert's Dublin*, &c. The ludicrous blunder about *Galignani's Messenger* is quite characteristic of the *Dublin Journal*.

pardon the trouble she gives him in favor of a cause of which he has already shewn himself the unsolicited, able and liberal champion.\*

35 Kildare-street."

This closing remark of Lady Morgan's was none of the empty compliments which some people are fond of paying to their friends through the safe and comparatively irresponsible medium of private letters, but which they would shirk from stating publicly or in print. A stern sense of sincerity and consistency formed one of Lady Morgan's fairest characteristics. Among the notes to the first chapter of *Florence M'Carthy*, it is declared that "The *Freeman's Journal* is one of the most spirited, popular, and best conducted papers in the Empire."†

*Le Journal de Débats*, the organ of the French Court, was the architype from which all the minor revilers of Lady Morgan took their tone. From these dull plagiaries, in which scurrility takes the place of analysis, and flippant assertion is substituted for proof, it is gratifying to turn to the more important and liberal criticisms of the *Journal General*, the *Journal de Paris*, *Chronique de Paris*, *Le Constitutionnel*, and *Mercure de France*. It was to these critiques that Lady Morgan, in her letter to Mr. Staunton, refers, and in the *Freeman's Journal* of the day they may be found quoted. One, from the pen of Benjamin de Constant, the distinguished orator, and author of the constitutional party in France, we are tempted to transcribe. Constant refutes in detail, and with admirable temper, the petulant objections advanced by Lady Morgan's foes.

"If," he writes, "she had represented the French as a debased and depraved nation; if she had lamented over the

---

\* In the recently published "*Odd Volume*" of Lady Morgan's autobiography, Mr. Staunton is twice alluded to, first (p. 149) in a letter dated Paris, October 31, 1818, and again in another communication, dated March, 1819.

† It is also one of the oldest newspapers in existence, having been started, under the auspices of Brooke and Lucas, on Saturday, 10th of September, 1763. In one particular at least they seem to have been a century in advance of their time. The directors of the recent revolution in the price of newspaper literature, who claim the merit of having outstepped the march of progress, will be surprised to hear that the original price of the *Freeman* was one penny only.



corruption of manner, and the absence of morality and religion; if, in short, in comparing the existing moment with former epochs, she had presented a touching eulogium of the Gabelle and the Corvée (of which she does not speak with the greatest reverence,) it is possible that her work would have been vaunted as a *chef d'œuvre*, her literary heresies would have been passed over, and every formula of praise would have been employed to push her writings into public estimation. But Lady M. prefers a Constitutional Government to arbitrary powers; she elevates France, as it now is, above the France of former times; and these are faults which no virtues can redeem. It has been made a serious charge against her, that she has attempted to excuse the crimes of the Revolution. I have read her work and find no ground for such an accusation. Wherever the Author speaks of that period of mourning and of anarchy, the reign of terror, her language expresses the indignation with which she is penetrated. Whence then can this charge have originated? It is not difficult to discover. Lady M. does not unite in the same proscription the genuine lovers of liberty, and those sanguinary monsters, who, while invoking its name, were its most bitter enemies; she does not make it a crime in the Patriots of 1789, that they were ignorant of the secret of futurity; she absolves Philosophy from the errors of ignorance, and from the excesses of faction—and such opinions are not to expect toleration. The distinction she has thus drawn between the partisans of license, and the sincere friends of a regulated liberty, does honor to her discernment; it is just, it is true: and it requires all the blindness of thwarted personal interest not to perceive it. Such are the opinions of Lady Morgan, and it is in this sense alone that she is *revolutionary*; she will console herself from imputations thus hazarded, by reflecting how difficult it is, at certain epochs, to *speak the truth*, without injuring interests and shocking prejudices, which resist all modification or compromise. She will console herself, above all, in the conviction, that every enlightened and liberal mind will applaud the use she has made of her rare talents in the work under consideration."

An eminent thinker has said, that were we to call everything by its right name we should be stoned in the streets; and the reception which Lady Morgan's frank and truthful book met with tended to confirm the apothegm. In De Constant she found a steadfast and able ally. Strong links of friendship

continued to bind them together until the death of the great constitutionalist in 1830 broke them up.

The wholesome truths to which our authoress gave energetic expression led to a decision on the part of the then French Government, to refuse her re-admission to the country—a mandate, which, as we shall see, both Sir Charles and Lady Morgan, conscious of their rectitude, disregarded.

As soon as the personal excitement and dissipation of mind which succeeded the publication of *France* had subsided, Lady Morgan devoted all her energies to a new national tale, with historical features, which under the title of *Florence M'Carthy*, appeared a short time afterwards. The best points in the native Irish character, with the richest flowers of the Irish dialect, were sketched with a masterly hand by Lady Morgan; and there can be no doubt that Banim, Griffin and Carleton drew much of their inspiration in depicting peasant life from the same source. Previous to attempting this exceedingly interesting and erudite novel Lady Morgan, as was her wont, saturated her memory with a large amount of reading, which bore upon the subject of it. From the late Mr. William Monek Mason Lady Morgan received much acceptable assistance in this respect. One of the letters which passed between these two eminent Irish literary characters we transcribe as a specimen of the general tone and purport of their correspondence. For the behoof of the English reader it may be premised, that Sylvester O'Halloran was an Irish Antiquary and Historian of considerable erudition who died in 1807.

“35, Kildare-St., Monday Evening, [1818.]”

My dear Sir,

I have done all with *Mr. O'Halloran* that *can be done* with, and so send him adrift. I have still five volumes of yours—would you lend me, for a few hours, Sir Richard Colt Hoare's *Travels*?—I long for a fine dry evening that I may walk down and drink tea with ‘the lovely Mrs. Mason and her old china,’ and gossip with you and see your great work. I always forget to ask you whether she or you

have had my little *France*, and if not, will you let me lend it to you?

Yours ever truly,  
SYDNEY MORGAN.

Would you get one of your Irish scholars to translate the following elegant phrases into Irish, written in Roman characters, as I don't read Ogham with facility:—

'The Devil go with him.' 'My blessing on him—or on you.'

'I don't speak English.' 'Is that you?' 'Where are you come from?' 'Where have you been?'

What is the meaning of '*musha*,' a word in frequent use, and '*agus*'?

Send me back your own bit of red tape to tie round the rest of your books when I return them to you.

Tell Jane her Chancellor is flash in the pan, and fizzes well.†

P.S.—Morgan makes me open his letter to tell Mrs. Mason he dies to kiss her hand."

Mr Mason's "great work" to which Lady Morgan refers as being then upon the anvil, was published two years subsequently, under the title of *The History of the Antiquities of the Collegiate and Cathedral Church of St. Patrick, Dublin, from its Foundation, 1190, to 1819*. It contains more interesting and new matter relating to the life of Dean Swift than any professed memoir of the great satirist. Rowley Lascelles, in the *Liber Hibernice* (ii. 22) has pronounced an elaborate and brilliant eulogium on Mr. Mason's book.

The great success of *France* induced Mr. Colburn to offer Lady Morgan a very considerable sum for a similar work on Italy. But let us state the proposal, and the circumstance which led to it, in her own words. The "Odd Volume" of her recently published diary opens with:

"This morning, as I was on my knees, all dust and dowdiness, comes the English post—old Colburu—no! not old at all, but young enthusiastic Colburn in love with 'Florence

\* *Agus*, Anglice, and.

† It may be said that these remarks are too trifling to print. Trivial as they are, however, they display some character.—ED.

Macarthy,' and a little *épris* with the author ! 'Italy, by Lady Morgan !' he is 'not touched, but rapt,' and makes a dashing offer of two thousand pounds—to be printed in quarto like 'France'—but we are to start off 'immediately,' and I have 'immediately' answered him in the words of Sileno in 'Midas'—

Done ! strike hands—  
I take your offer,  
Further on I may fare worse."

From August, 1818, to May, 1819, we find Lady Morgan sojourning in London, Paris, and Le Grange, in preparation for her journey to Italy. At the great metropolis Lady Morgan made the acquaintance of Lady Caroline Lamb, so famous for her mad adoration of Byron, her activity in personally canvassing the electors of Westminster on behalf of her brother-in-law, and for half-a-dozen light fashionable novels of which she was the author. The letters of this strange woman to Lady Morgan are among the best things in that "Odd Volume" of autobiography which the latter published in January, 1859. An idea of their originality may be formed from the following passage in a farewell letter to Lady Morgan : "you will probably see among the *dead* in some newspaper, 'Died on her voyage to Bonneberga Hague, Lady Caroline Lamb, of the disease called death, her time being come, and she being a predestinarian.'" The striking portrait of Byron executed for Lady Caroline by Sanderson was bequeathed by its owner to Lady Morgan.

Another very remarkable female character with whom, as we gather from Lady Morgan's Diary, she associated closely during her *sejour* in London when *en route* for Italy, was the eccentric and accomplished lady of whom, as Miss Monckton, both Dr. Johnson and Miss Burney have left us some personal details, but who in 1818 rejoiced in the high sounding title of Lady Cork and Orrery, and Viscountess Dungarvan and Kinalmeakey. As illustrative of the eccentricities of this personage, we cull a droll entry from Lady Morgan's Diary.

"Lady Cork's fading sight induced her to borrow eyes from everybody who dropped in, in the course of the morning : I was frequently on service. One morning she said in her peculiar way, when I asked her how she was, 'Well, child, of course I am well, but I want you to write me two notes. I

am going to get rid of my page.'—'What! get rid of your pet!'—'Don't talk, child, but do as I ask you.' So I took up my pen, and wrote under her dictation, 'To the Duchess of Leeds. My dear Duchess, this will be presented to you by my little page, whom you admired so the other night. He is about to leave me; only fancy, he finds my house not religious enough for him! and that he can't get to church twice on Sundays. I certainly am not so good a Christian as your Grace, but as to the Sundays it is not true. But I think your situation would just suit him, if you are inclined to take him. Ever yours, M. Cork and O.'—'Now,' said she, 'fold that up, and put on the address, for fear of mistakes. Now my dear, begin another to your friend Lady Caroline Lamb, who, 'tis said, broke her page's head with a teapot the other day.'—'A Tory calumny,' said I; 'Lady Caroline was at Brockett the very day the adventure was said to have happened at Whitehall.'—'I don't care whether it's true or not,' said Lady Cork; 'all pages are the better for having their heads sometimes broken; now write please: 'Dear Lady Caroline, will you come to me to-morrow evening, to my *Blue* party? I send this by that pretty little page whom you admired so, but who, though full of talent and grace, is a little imp, who, perhaps, *you may* reform but I cannot, (*Par parenthèse* the page just described as a little saint was the 'little imp' I was now desired to *prôner*.)—He is very like that boy you used to take into your opera box with you, and was so famous for dressing salad. I would not advise you to take him, if I did not think he would suit you. Ask any one you like to my *Blue soirée*, particularly Mr. Moore. Yours, in all affection, M. C. and O.' Now my dear, put that up, and good morning to you.'"

This signature of M. Cork and Orrery gave rise to an amusing equivoque. Having written an order to an upholsterer for some valuable article in his ware-house, she received for reply, "D.B. not having any dealings with M. Cork and Orrery begs to have a more explicit order, finding that the house is not known in the trade."

Lady Morgan pays a visit to the opera, which is lit up gaily and for the first time, with gas. The fair portion of the auditory, *to a man*, inveigh against it because it does not "become" the complexion so well as the light of spermaceti. At the opera Lady Morgan sees the newly married Duchess of Clarence

with "her yellow skin, lemon-colored hair, pink eyes and sharp features." She also goes to Almack's and criticises there also. But we prefer to follow her to Paris, where she arrived early in 1819 while the angry intrigue to displace the Duke de Cazès from his office of first favorite and first minister was at its zenith. Denon and La Fayette were in waiting to receive the distinguished visitor. The great General carries her off almost by force to his grand chateau at Le Grange, the picture of which as well as of La Fayette's very interesting family has all Lady Morgan's felicity and vividness of description. La Fayette is very communicative and tells Miladi many curious anecdotes, for instance, how he once went to a *bal masqué* at the opera with Marie Antoinette upon his arm, the king knowing nothing of it, with other *morceaux* illustrative of the *esprit d'aventure* in vogue in those days at the Court of Versailles, and in the head of the haughty daughter of Austria.

After a most delightful sojourn at Le Grange, passed in the society of the hero of two worlds, and of three revolutions, Lady Morgan went back to Paris, and met Humboldt, and Talma, and Cuvier, and Duchénois, who became constant guests at Miladi's saloon, and did with a *grace debonaire* for her what they would hardly have done to oblige crowned heads. With Denon she renewed an old and honorable intimacy. Auguste Thierry she notices and caresses as "a promising young *Littérateur*." Carbonel fascinates Sir Charles and Lady Morgan, but especially the latter, by his charming voice and passion for music; Auguste De Staël, Corinne's son, also figures at Miladi's receptions, and speaks English with the fluency of a native; we are also introduced to the Princess Jablonowski, "the only woman who was ever the intimate friend of Napoleon without being his mistress," Madame de Villetti, Voltaire's Belle et Bonne, who made Maladi a freemason, Baron Gerard, Jouay, Sismundi, Lacroix, De Ségur, Rochette, the vain and gifted d'Arincourt, Constant, who praised her book on France so cordially, Dr. Portail,—all the prettiest women in short, and the brightest masculine minds of Paris flocked to the *Salon* of our great authoress, and made it quite an intellectual Elysium.

There was one very remarkable French woman, however, whose acquaintance Lady Morgan bitterly deplored that she

had failed to make. "I had to lament that Madame de Staël had left France at the moment when I entered it; and I was tantalized by invitations, which proposed my meeting her at the house of a mutual friend, at the time when imperious circumstances obliged me to return to Ireland. I thus was prevented from seeing one of the most distinguished women of the age; from whose works I had received infinite pleasure, and (as a woman, I may add) infinite pride."

But Lady Morgan did not always act the hostess. Her society was generally and eagerly sought after. Moore, in his Diary of October 17th, 1819, records: "went with Camac to see Sir Charles and Lady Morgan, her success everywhere astonishing. Camac was last night at the Countess of Albany's (the pretender's wife and Alfieri's) and saw Lady Morgan there in the seat of honour, quite the queen of the room. Capponi too, one of the great men of Florence, sent an order from Genoa to have apartments at the house of his *hommes d'affaires* ready for her on her arrival there." Moore, who suffered from illness at this period, congratulated himself, in the same day's journal, that Sir C. Morgan should have been then in Paris—a circumstance which shews that Moore entertained a high opinion of Morgan's skill as a physician. On October 19th, 1819, Moore was sufficiently recovered to dine "with the Morgans" and to hold an animated philosophical argument with Miladi.

*Appropos* of her conversational contests there is an amusing anecdote related of Mr. Curry, who, in a spirited discussion with her Ladyship at length got the worst of it. Our authoress, exaggerating the fashion of the day, wore little, or indeed we might say, no sleeves whatever to her dress; and a mere strap over her shoulders supported it. Curry was walking away from her little coterie, when she called out, "Ah! come back, Mr. Curry, and acknowledge that you are fairly beaten." "At any rate," said he turning round. "I have this consolation, you can't laugh at me in your sleeve." The portrait prefixed to the last edition of the *Wild Irish Girl*, furnishes an idea of Lady Morgan's style of wearing apparel thirty years ago.

Byron, who had attacked Lady Morgan in one of his notes to Child Harold, having heard from Moore that she was about to write a record of travels and observations made in Italy, laughed disdainfully at the idea. "I suspect I know a

thing or two of Italy," he adds—"more than Lady Morgan has picked up in her posting.\* What do Englishmen know of Italians beyond their museums and saloons and some hack \* \* *en passant*? Now I have lived in the heart of their houses in parts of Italy freshest and least influenced by strangers—have seen and become (*pars magna fui*) a portion of their hopes and fears, and passions, and am almost inoculated into a family. This is to see men and things as they are." A perusal of the book warned Byron to be henceforth slow in judging without ample evidence. Writing to Murray on August 23rd, 1821, he observes, in answer to some charges of plagiarism: "Much is coincidence: for instance Lady Morgan (in a really *excellent* book, I assure you, on Italy) calls Venice an Ocean Rome. I have the very same expression in Foscarini, and yet *you* know that the play was written months ago, and sent to England; the *Italy* I received only on the 16th inst." Writing to Moore, on the following day, Lord Byron goes on to say—"By the way when you write to Lady Morgan will you thank her for her handsome speeches in her book about *my* books? I do not know her address. Her work is fearless and excellent on the subject of Italy—pray tell her so—and I know the country. I wish she had fallen in with *me*. I could have told told her a thing or two that would have confirmed her positions."

A book of travel more interesting than *Italy* had not appeared for many a day. After galloping through the critical passage of the Alps Lady Morgan enters upon Piedmont. She then sketches with a bright pencil her route through Lombardy, Genoa, Placenza, Parma, Modena, and Bologna, which concludes the first volume. The second comprehends her more interesting tour through Tuscany, Rome, Naples, and Venice; her chief guide would seem to have been Eustace's *Classical*

---

\* In a previous letter to Mr. Murray, Publisher of the *Quarterly*, Lord Byron observes:—"With the reviews I have been much entertained. It requires to be as far from England as I am to relish a periodical paper properly: it is like soda-water in an Italian summer. But what cruel work you make with Lady Morgan. You should recollect that she is a woman: though, to be sure, they are now and then very provoking: still, as authoresses, they can do no great harm, and I think it a pity so much good invective should have been laid out upon her when there is such a fine field of us, Jacobin Gentlemen, for you to work upon."



*Then*. When we remember that the latter work, written by a zealous Catholic priest, gave offence in Italy, it can hardly surprise that Lady Morgan's book should have been in these days proscribed by the King of Sardinia, the Emperor of Austria, and the Pope; and, as the authoress assures us in her preface to *Salvator Rosa*, "it became dangerous to receive letters; or to answer them."

It was Lady Morgan's fate through life to be obliged to contend, single-handed and almost unceasingly, against an organised assault of violent bludgeon criticism, which had its origin in private and political motives, and which, in the case of any other woman, would have utterly crushed her. This band of desperado critics found an ally in a minor tribe of scribes who with pen-stiletos dipped in poison pursued her virulently. No doubt the ablest and most influential of the former band was the late Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, whose voluminous contributions to the *Quarterly Review* constituted him a red Indian in critical literature. His memory, to adopt the language of Mr. Maddys, "is buried beneath a pyramid of scalps," and there let it lie.

The attack of the *Quarterly* upon Lady Morgan's *Italy* (which appeared early in 1821) was exceedingly, and most characteristically violent. Among other sweeping assertions, quite unsupported by proof, the reader is informed that "*Italy* is a series of offences against good morals, good politics, good sense, and good taste,"—that "this woman is utterly incorrigible,"—further, that, "her infidelity, ignorance, vanity, and malignity," "exceed all endurance,"—that "every page teems with errors of all kinds, from the most disgusting down to the most ludicrous;" and, by way of excuse for not adducing proof, the Reviewer has the cool effrontery to assert, "extracts could afford no idea of the general and homogeneous stupidity which pervades the work." A more sparkling or a more original *raconteuse* than Lady Morgan never lived; yet the critic would fain persuade his readers of the reverse, and with consummate coolness he speaks of "the narcotic influence of her prating, prosing, and plagiarism." In the same breath that he censures some alleged coarseness of language on the part of Lady Morgan, he falls into the same error himself, and adds: "notwithstanding the obstetric skill of Sir Charles Morgan, (who we believe is a man-midwife) this book dropt all but still-born from the press." More Billingsgate was

probably never stuffed into so small a compass. This unmanly attack occupies little more than four pages—a circumstance which exhibited the utter dearth of proof. It was, in truth, all assumption and assertion. As a specimen of the former *voilà*: “We suspect that the intended publication of the travellers was announced before the journey itself was begun, and that the price of the embryo MS. paid the expenses of the travellers.”

There appeared almost simultaneously with *Lady* another spirited and caustic, but, in the estimation of her friends, a somewhat injudicious retaliation by Lady Morgan upon her reviewers, under which they must have very keenly winced. To our thinking, however, it was the happiest and boldest effort of Lady Morgan's pen, and her friends have every reason to be proud of it. This elaborate production the *Quarterly* noticed in the concluding paragraph of its onslaught—a paragraph as flimsy in argument, as its dimensions were meagre. See the *Quarterly Review*, vol. xxx., p. 529.

Mr. Croker, knowing that Lady Morgan was assuasive on the subject of her age, took a mean revenge by henceforth uniformly speaking of her as “*Miss Owenson of the eighteenth century*.” The subject of the when and where of her birth provoked a long discussion on the part of this ancient Tory faction to which her whole life was a formidable opposition. “Croker,” observes the *Attorney*, “issued a commission of inquiry—himself inquisitor, jury, and judge against his brilliant countrywoman; and the pretended discovery of that acrimonious partizan amused the reading and talking world of London for a whole season.”

---

Mr. Jefferson, in his *Notions of Novelists* (v. iii. p. 279) severely follows Croker: “Lady Morgan's literary career commenced in the last century, years before Byron published a line, or Moore had fascinated voluptuaries with Little's Poems. Her first volume was a collection of short pieces in verse, and was produced ere she had completed her 14th year.” This little book appeared, as we have seen, in 1801, when Sydney Owenson had entered up her 23rd year.

† Often has the name of Lady Morgan been taken in vain since. See, for instance, the *Universal Lexicon of Leipzig*, where, among other fictions, it is asserted that “Lady Morgan, in a fit of disappointed love, put an end to her life by the aid of her own cambric pocket-handkerchief!”

Mr. Croker was proverbially, and often offensively inquisitive. But in cross-examining Mrs. Clarke, so far back as 1809, he caught a Tartar. Demanding to know how often she had seen Mr. Dowler, the Duke of York's mistress retorted: "I believe the honourable gentleman can tell pretty well; for his garret-window, very convenient for his prying disposition, overlooks my house." Mr. Croker was at this time member for Downpatrick.

The virulence with which Mr. Croker pursued his gifted countrywoman was remarkable. To cause her a pang he never let an opportunity slip. For instance, in reviewing the *American Sketches* of Mr. Fearon, an English gentleman, who had incidentally given a kind word to Lady Morgan, Mr. Croker writes:—"He grossly libels his fair countrywomen in representing them fond of the writings of Lady Morgan. From *Ida of Athens*, the first of her monstrous progeny, to that last souterkin of dulness and immorality, *Florence M'Carthy*, they view them all with equal disgust."

In a review of Hazlitt's *Table Talk* (v. 26, p. 107) "the ravings of a maniac" are applied to the writings of Lady Morgan. In vol. xvii. (228) the unmanly epithet, "unwomanly brutality" is affixed to her, while (at p. 264, and *Seq.*) her alleged "blunders, bombast, and falsehood" come under Mr. Croker's lash. The violence of the censure saved her. Mr. Croker would seem to have been unaware that temperate criticism, and what an eminent writer has termed, *under-statement*, are far and away more effective than roaring denunciation.

The furtherance of the cause of Catholic Emancipation was the generous motive which led to all the national tales of Lady Morgan; and it was doubtless the transparency of the object, and the influence of the means, which enkindled the Tory wrath of Mr. Croker. Her works having been translated into several continental languages, the disabilities under which Ireland labored were thus published throughout the civilized world. It is generally an injudicious course for an author to give battle to critics who are almost sure to have the best of it; but the lacerating poignancy of satire, combined with the intrepidity of vengeance, with which Lady Morgan retorted upon them gave her a decided vantage ground. The admirably rich character of "Counsellor Con Crawley" in *Florence M'Carthy* was at once recognized as John Wilson Croker; and

Moore has recorded the fact that Croker wineed more under the caricature than any of the many direct attacks which were made upon him. The sixth chapter of *Florance M'Carthy* introduces us to the Crawley family:—"If ever there was a period in the history of a country when it might be said, that 'Crime gave wealth, and wealth gave impudence,' " observes Lady Morgan, "it was that period in the history of Ireland, when rebellion, excited for the purpose of effecting an unwelcome Union, called forth all the worst passions of humanity, and armed petty power with the rod of extermination. The wealth, influence, and importance of the Crawley family took their date from that memorable and frightful epoch in the tragedy of Irish history, which produced both moral and political ruin to a long-devoted country, under every form of degradation, of which civilized society is susceptible. Previous to that period, the three brothers had remained buried in the obscurity which belonged to their social and intellectual mediocrity. The eldest, Darby Crawley, the country attorney, found his highest dignity in being the factotum of the two Barons Fitzadelm, the agent of their embarrassed property, on which he lent them money saved by his father in their service, until the little that remained of the estate fell into his hands. Through the interest of his employer, he had been put into the commission of the peace: the year 1798 found him a magistrate, and fortune and his *merits* had done the rest. The second brother, whose gravity was mistaken for ability by his father, (the illiterate land-bailiff of the Fitzadelm) was made a gentleman by the patent of a college education, and the legal degree of barrister-at-law. He had plied in the courts with an empty green bag, and more empty head, year after year with fruitless vigilance, till his energy, in the melancholy prosecutions produced by the rebellion, obtained him notice, patronage, place, and a silk gown."

But let us pass on to chapter the sixteenth, where Lady Morgan figures as Lady Clancare, and some of Counsellor Con's flippant criticisms find expression.

"I think," said Lord Frederick, taking his coffee, and throwing himself on a divan, near Lady Georgiana, "we all appear to be buried in the tomb of the Capulets. I had no idea the divine Marchesa meant to consign us all to such immortal darkness. We are already almost reduced *aux muets interprètes*, and shall gradually fall into the eloquent silence of that round-eyed, tongue-tied, Lady Clancare."

care, who ~~can~~ ~~permeates~~ looks as if she were extracting us all for her common-place book, and will doubtless bring us out in hot-press, *sans dire gar !*"

"I doubt she will ever bring out anything half so good," said Conway Crawley, "as yet that is not in her line; she has had too few opportunities of studying fashionable life to attempt anything in that way. Her position here, at least, is so extremely obscure, that I believe the castle of Dunore is the first fine house in the country into which she was ever admitted."

"And," said Miss Crawley, smiling, and in spite of her former discomfiture, unable to contain her acrimonious spirit, "and perhaps it may be her last."

"Her principles," continued young Crawley, "as disseminated in her 'National Tales,' as she calls them, are sufficient to keep her out of good society here."

"I thought I had heard you say, Mr. Crawley," observed Mr. Daly, "that you did not know Lady Olancare was an author."

"I did not till this morning," said Crawley, a little confused.

"When Lady Dunore mentioned the titles of her works, and the initials representing the author's name, I recollected having looked over those tomes of absurdity and vagueness, of daring blasphemy, of affectation, of bad taste, bombast, and nonsense, blunders, ignorance, jacobinism, falsehood, licentiousness,\* and impiety, which it now seems are the effusions of the pseudo Lady Olancare."

Young Crawley, already flushed with wine, grew still more red with rage as he spoke.

"Oh, my dear Mr. Crawley," interrupted Lord Frederick, with unusual vivacity, "say no more, or you will make us in love with the author and her work together; for, really, a book that could combine all these terrific heterogeneous qualities, and yet be read, must be very extraordinary: *puer le moins*."

"Very extraordinary indeed," said Mr. Daly, "considering that with all these vices and faults, they have been so read, and bought, as to realize an independence for their author, and enable her to carry on a suit which has deprived the elder Mr. Crawley of his dear Olotnottyjoy. It would at least appear, that in spite of professional criticism, the public are always with her."

"Oh, her flippant and arrogant ignorance has its market," returned Conway Crawley, "and the sylphed Miss M'Carthy, the elegant Lady Olancare, is, in fact, a mere bookseller's drudge. Her impudent falsehoods, and lies by implication, the impious jargon of this mad woman, this audacious worm—"

"Are you speaking of Lady Olancare, sir?" said General Fitzwalter, who had been talking to Lord Adelm, but who now turned

---

\* This was a most singular and happy anticipation of a judgment of the *Quarterly Review*. Exactly eleven years afterwards, in a violent diatribe on Maynooth (v. 37, p. 484) the *O'Briens and O'Flahertys* is referred to as "a strange farrago of ignorance, licentiousness, and Jacobinism."—Ed.

shortly roind upon young Crawley, with a tone and look that startled the hardy railer; "are you applying such language to a woman—to any woman?"

Counsellor Crawley, who was physically timid, shrinks back abashed, and takes up a book; while the marchioness enters leaning upon Lady Clancare's arm. "We have had a delicious walk of some miles, said Lady Dunore sinking into a chair and calling for coffee; while Lady Clancare modestly took her seat rather behind than beside, so as just to raise her face over the back of Lady Dunore's chair, in a position equally shy, and observing. For a moment she attracted every eye, and all sought to trace in her countenance some indication of the audacious lying, profligate, ignorant, and pretending Jacobin."

It was certainly a far fetched charge to accuse Lady Morgan of Atheism; and yet with this repulsive crime, the *Tory Reviewers* repeatedly upbraided her. How they could venture to advance an accusation so startling in the face of such ample irrefragable evidence to the contrary, will not fail to surprise modern notions of honour, gallantry and justice. Few writers made finer, or more impressive, appeals and allusions to the Deity than Lady Morgan. "Gracious heaven!" she exclaims; "Is it for him, weak man, trembling in the consciousness of his own imbecility, to bear down upon his weaker brother? And should not every sluice of pity and toleration, be opened in his bosom for the fallibility of that creature whose nature he wears, in whose frailties he participates, and to whose errors he is liable? Atoms as we are, in the boundless space of creation! surrounded by mystery, involved in uncertainty, knowing not from whence we came, or whither we shall go, beings of an instant; with all our powers, all our energies hastening to decay! Is it for us to assume the right of empire, and refuse that mercy to others, which we all look for in common to Him, who is Himself perfection?"

In the sixteenth of her *Patriotic Sketches*, she says "that the rigid principles of Calvinistic faith may condemn the Irish peasant for indulging in harmless recreation after Mass on that day peculiarly devoted to the Being who made it the sacred season of his own repose; but whether the happy overflowings of a cheerful humble heart, blest and blessing in the short sweet season of its transient felicity, or the sombre meditation of systematic piety, according to the letter of the law, is the incense that 'smells sweetest to heaven,' it is for Him alone to judge to whom all hearts are known." Her reflections in the nineteenth sketch, "on the infringements of these rights which

hold their sacred charter from the voice of Nature's God," are not less touching.

For year after year this amiable and accomplished woman continued to be branded as an atheist in religion, and a latitudinarian in morals. "No matter with what ability elandorous attacks may be refuted," says Jerdan, "some of the dirt is sure to stick to you." Lady Morgan's case was no exception to the apothegm. Even since she has tranquilly passed into eternity there has been no disinclination in some quarters to fasten the guilt of infidelity on her life and soul. But no charge can possibly be more base or baseless. We have taken some trouble to be able to disprove it; and it is with no small pleasure that we find ourselves in a position to state, on the authority of a lady who possessed the friendship and confidence of Lady Morgan, that the great authoress never allowed a day to pass over without reading a chapter from the Sacred Scriptures. Indeed, Lady Morgan's acquaintance with the Bible can be doubted by none who read *Woman and her Master*, the Controversy with Cardinal Wiseman, and the preface to *The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys*, not to speak of many other productions of her pen. *Woman and her Master* displays almost as thorough an intimacy with the Sacred Volume as the writings of Locke or Whately. But to shew how strongly the virulently fostered impression continues to exist even in quarters usually the best informed on all matters appertaining to literature, we shall cull a paragraph from a letter addressed to the writer of these pages by one of the first of living reviewers.

"For private reasons I avoided knowing Lady Morgan; but critically I am acquainted with all her points. She had an immense amount of brass and brilliancy; and was a very striking person in her way, but I always recoiled from her as a sort of female Voltaire, reared in a province, and fed on potato diet. She did not appreciate the hereditary Puritanism of the Irish Protestants, among whom she was born and bred, and she had no sympathy with the far descended traditional religion of the Catholics of Ireland. She scoffed and scorned, and ransacked the French *salons* in a wearisome way: but she had spirit, play of fancy, and as a novelist she pointed the way to Lever, whose precursor she was. The rattling vivacity of the Irish character; its ebullient spirit, and its wrathful eloquence of sentiment and language, she well portrayed; one can smell the potheen and turf smoke even in her pictures of a boudoir. Her attack on Croker was very clever, and had much effect in

its day. It is written on the model of the Irish school of invective furnished by Flood and Grattan."

With the exception of Mr. Croker, Lady Morgan never made a private enemy by the many satirical and singularly happy sketches of real life and men, of which she was the author. "No writer in our opinion," observes the *Illustrated London News* "ever hit off the Lords and Ladies of the Almacks of that day with a vein of humour happier; and it is no slight proof both of the fair and impartial generalisation with which she chose her characters, and of the inoffensive though piquant style of her portraiture, that the caricatures in which so many of their best friends might have recognised some of their traits never were received as personalities, never were known to give offence, never diminished by one member the happy circle which loved to crowd round the gifted artist."

The malignity with which the band of desperado critics, headed by Croker, pursued this brilliant woman knew not where to stop. In January, 1822, the influence of the great Tory placeman so far prevailed, that the opinion of the notorious Orange Attorney General, Saurin, with that of his colleague, the Solicitor General, were taken whether the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland had any power to confer the honour of knighthood; and both gave it as their decided opinion, that since the Union no such right has existed. The object is said, whether rightly or wrongly, to have been the dethronement of Ladies Morgan and Clarke. A copy of the opinion was sent to Lord Wellesley, as announced in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of the day; but the question, it would seem, fell into abeyance. Among those whose honours were declared to be null and void by the law officers of the crown in 1822, were Sir Arthur Clarke, (brother-in-law to Lady Morgan) Sir Edward Stanley, Sir Thomas Whelan, Sir Charles Morgan, Sir John Stevenson (Moore's colleague), Sir Thomas Moriarty, and Sir William Betham. The latter, however, was a staunch Conservative; and if the design of the Tories were really to bring the Morgans and Clarks to the dust, some friends must necessarily have perished in the debris. It is, we think, hardly creditable to the late Lord Jeffrey, who professed to conduct the *Edinburgh Review* on thoroughly liberal principles, that he should not have made some effort to sustain our authors against the truculent attacks of his critical rival and political foe, the *Quarterly*. Yet Jeffrey held his peace. The contemptuous silence which he observed



towards Lady Morgan, was if possible more damaging than the censure which no one knew how to wield with more telling effect. At length in July, 1824, the *Edinburgh Review* broke silence on the subject; and the very first allusion to our authoress, under her maiden or married name, which found expression in the great Whig *Review*, occurs in an exceedingly acrimonious critique, on her *Life of Salvator Rosa*. This, if not as complete as it might be, is surely a very fascinating autobiography.

The next glimpse which the readers of the *Edinburgh Review* obtain of Lady Morgan is in the year 1825, when her *Absenteeism* apparently furnishes the critic with a theme. But the paper is a mere statistical disquisition on absentees; and the name of Lady Morgan is mentioned once only, and that with neither praise or censure. For many years after no further notice is taken by the *Edinburgh Review* of the labors of Lady Morgan.

The reason which induced Lady Morgan to select the life of Salvator Rosa in preference to that of other, perhaps more illustrious, Italian Painters was the peculiar character of the man, rather than the extraordinary merits of the artist. But though enthusiastically admiring the works of this great Neapolitan master, she estimated still more highly the qualities of the Italian Patriot who stood in the foreground of times not the most forward or tolerant, and in the teeth of persecution openly and fearlessly declared his sentiments. Rosa possessed a powerful intellect, bound by strong philosophical sinews, much deep feeling, with a wild and gloomy imagination, which came forth even in his most petulant sketches and careless designs. Lady Morgan having found during her Italian researches that Salvator Rosa's life had been greatly misrepresented, and strongly denounced, undertook the somewhat Quixotic task of combating these strictures, and in doing so, she obtained no thanks from the Roman Catholic party, and much abuse from the Conservatives.

In this, as in other works which preceded it, Lady Morgan expressed sentiments which, however creditable as strongly favouring liberty, were perhaps more or less open to objection in consequence of the intemperate language which sometimes clothed them. "The strong national enthusiasm of childhood," observes Mr. H. F. Chorley, a friend of Lady Morgan, "at once somewhat indiscriminate in its warmth and limited in its scope."

will be seen to have ended in fearless and decided political partisanship, in the espousing of ultra liberal doctrines, abroad as well as at home." But let us hear Lady Morgan's vindication. "For myself at least," she writes in her preface to the last edition of *O'Donnel*, "born and dwelling in Ireland amidst my countrymen and their sufferings, I saw, and I described, I felt, and I pleaded; and if a political bias was ultimately taken, it originated in the natural condition of things, and not in 'malice aforethought' of the writer."

*Absenteeism*, which was published by Colburn in 1825, and met with a large sale, had previously appeared in detached papers through the medium of the *New Monthly Magazine*. Written in that style of flowing energetic eloquence which characterised all the productions of the Irish de Staël, the work bears ample testimony of her love of fatherland, deep research, extensive reading, play of fancy, and piquancy of satire. The peculiar bent of Lady Morgan's mind, however, inevitably imparted a picturesque turn to her ideas, and induced her to view the subject less as an economist, than as a poet and a woman. To this graceful performance Sir Charles Morgan contributed a soundly studied and elegantly written preface.

In her exertions to promote Catholic enfranchisement Lady Morgan found in Sir Charles a zealous and most efficient ally. During the twenty years which this gifted and amiable man spent in Ireland, he devoted a considerable portion of his time, talents, and means to furthering the Catholic cause. Like the ancestors of the Geraldines, he soon became more Irish than the Irish themselves. He advocated the cause of the people and their religion not only in the public journals, but in the reviews and periodicals of the time: he loved civil and religious liberty with enthusiastic ardour, and his house, both in Dublin and London, was always open to sufferers in that cause from whatever land they came.\*

---

\* A writer has advanced the opinion that Sir Charles was of humble and impoverished extraction. Nothing can be more erroneous: Lady Morgan refers in her diary to her husband's aunt, "a wealthy old Lady de Provence, who has more than once turned the scale of an election, and who boasts of her illustrious race as being descended from Morgan the buccaneer, and sister to the brave General Morgan in India." The old lady seems to have been a decidedly strong-minded woman. A gang of burglars having broken into her house she went alone to see what was the matter, and having found a fellow getting out at the window, she

Sir Charles Morgan was an able and researchful, as well as an eloquent writer. That the knight's prestige was not purely local is evidenced by the fact that his *Philosophy of Life and Philosophy of Morals* were translated into French by the Count de Tracy, an eminent metaphysician, and into Italian by another hand equally competent. To Lady Morgan's books of travel in France and Italy, Sir Charles contributed the chapters on law, medical science, and statistics. But his views on religion were unfortunately not as orthodox as might be desired. His sentiments had a decided tendency to materialism; and some of his metaphysical interpolations in the writings of Lady Morgan, drew her into not a few difficulties.

The house occupied by Sir Charles and Lady Morgan during their long sojourn in Ireland, was number 85 Kildare-street, opposite the great aristocratic Club which takes its name from that thoroughfare. It is a long and showy house exteriorly; but not possessing any back rooms the imposing appearance of size which it presents to the passer-by is, in a great degree, deceptive. The small portico which still shelters the hall-door was erected by the Morgans.

In this agreeably situated mansion there was regularly held for a long series of years, a still more voluminous series of most delightful and select literary reunions, which are remembered by the surviving favored few who had the privilege of access, with enthusiastic feelings of pride and pleasure. A constant guest was the brilliant, eccentric, and almost forgotten Charles Robert Maturin. Domestic sorrows and pecuniary reverses threw a gloom over the latter years of his existence; and, as a contemporary record informs us, every inducement failed to make him desert his melancholy hearth save the intellectual circle which Lady Morgan\* illuminated by her sparkling wit, or the romantic solitudes of Wicklow wherein some of his richest veins of inspiration had been caught in happier bygone days. Among those who figured at Lady Morgan's conversazioni were, Sheil, Curran, Lords Cloncurry, Charlemont, Dunsany, and Miltown, Hamilton Rowan, Thomas Moore, Edward Moore, Judge Fletcher, North, Finlay, Kirwan

---

caught him by the leg, and held him until she examined every feature in his face so as to be able to swear to him. Her friends advised her not to prosecute lest the gang should avenge it, but she exclaimed, "Justice is justice, and the villain *shall* be hanged."

Obituary Sketch of Maturin, *Gentleman's Magazine*, Jan., 1825.

the great chemist, Chief Baron Woulfe, Staunton, Hartstonge, Berwick, Corry, and the accomplished kinswomen of the hostess, Lady and the Misses Clarke. The rising artistic talent of Ireland received constant attention from Lady Morgan. Comerford, and Mulrennin, then a very young man, were constant guests. The promise of eventual eminence in his profession, which the latter at that early period exhibited, is noticed by Lady Morgan in her *Book of the Boudoir*. Kirwan, to whom we have alluded, was a man of eccentric and methodical habits. In declining one of Lady Morgan's invitations he urged, as an excuse, that it was not shaving day.

These evening meetings at the house of Lady Morgan rendered it a complete centre of Opinion in Dublin, and were not without influence in promoting the Catholic cause. Here the Catholic leaders invariably learned the latest and most authentic news of Cabinet thoughts, divisions, and difficulties. Lady Morgan maintained a correspondence with some of the most influential political personages; and the substance of their letters frequently oozed out, and shaped the course of the democratic leaders accordingly. In Mr. Torrens M'Cullagh's *Life of Sheil* we have some illustrations of this fact. For instance, "It happened that one evening at the house of Lady Morgan, a letter from Mr Hyde Villiers to his brother (the present Earl of Clarendon), then Commissioner of Customs in Dublin, was shewn to Mr. Woulfe. It presented anew the considerations stated by Lord Anglesey; and coming from one who was believed to be aware of the feelings and sentiments of the government, it carried no little weight. The contents of the letter were communicated to Mr. Sheil, who invited a second party to meet at dinner the following evening."

A poetical squib of the day casually refers in so humorous a way to these evening receptions of "Miladi," as Denon and La Fayette called her, that we are tempted to jot down the entire stanza from memory.

"Ooh Dublin City, there is no doubtin',  
Bates every city upon the say;  
'Tis there you'd hear O'Connell spoutin',  
An' Lady Morgan makin' tay;  
For 'tis the capital o' the finest Nation,  
Wid' charmin' p'santry upon a fruitful sod,  
'Fighthin' like devils for conciliation,  
An' hatin' each other for the love of God."

"Add lang-ayne" was not forgotten, and to the political reunions of the Marquis of Abercorn, who now resided almost

exclusively at Bentley Priory, Middlesex, Lady Morgan was frequently and cordially invited. Bentley Priory was, at the period of which we write, a centre of politics and fashion; and while similar receptions at its great rival, Holland House, were an exclusively Whig complexion, those at Lord Abercorn's were of a much more mixed and general character. The social intercourse between chiefs of parties which subsisted at Bentley Priory, contributed much to soften public and political asperities. Many of Lady Morgan's writings not only received their inspiration at Bentley Priory, but were absolutely penned in the midst of the exalted and fastidious circle of guests which the Marquis of Abercorn had gathered around him. *The Missionary*; of which we have already spoken, was written under such circumstances; and not a few grave statesmen, disenthralled, for a few weeks, from the cares and turmoil of office, loungingly abandoned themselves to the luxury of listening to Lady Morgan, as she read aloud her exciting and wildly romantic story of *The Missionary*. Among those present were Lord Aberdeen, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Ripon (then Mr. Robinson, M.P.), Lord Palmerston, the Duke of Devonshire; and on another similar occasion, the Princess of Wales, the Duc de Berri, and the ex-King of Sweden. It is a remarkable fact that Lord Castlereagh, then Secretary for Foreign Affairs, was so fascinated by Lady Morgan, and her frail *Missionary*, that he offered to accompany the young authoress to town, and having sent for Mr. Stockdale of Pall Mall, the work was absolutely disposed of to that publisher in the study of Lord Castlereagh. The good nature of this distinguished statesman was the more remarkable as Lady Morgan had repeatedly, and forcibly, denounced the Legislative Union, of which he was in a great degree the author, as corrupt and calamitous, atrocious in its principle, and abominable in its means.

"Lady Morgan's anecdotes of this brilliant period of her varied life," observes one who knew her well, "were told with a gracefulness and tact always favourable to the illustrious persons with whom she was then associated, and if she much extenuated she 'set down nought in malice.'"

In Ireland, at the viceregal drawingrooms of the Marquis and Marchioness Wellesley, Lady Morgan frequently figured. "Here it was," writes one who participated in the Castle festivities, "here it was that I saw Lady Morgan for the first time; and as I had long pictured her to my imagination as a sylph-like person, nothing could equal my astonishment when the

celebrated authoress, in *propria persona*, stood before me. She certainly formed a strange figure in the midst of that dazzling scene of beauty and splendour. Every female present wore feathers and trains; but Lady Morgan scorned both appendages. Hardly more than four feet high, with a slightly curved spine, uneven shoulders and eyes, Lady Morgan glided about in a close cropped wig, bound by a fillet or solid band of gold, her face all animation, and with a witty word for everybody. I afterwards saw her in the dress circle at the theatre. She was cheered enthusiastically. Her dress was different from the former occasion, but not less original. A red Celtic cloak, formed exactly on the plan of Grenuille's, fastened by a rich gold fibula, or Irish Tara Brooch, imparted to her little ladyship a gorgeous and withal a picturesque appearance, which antecedent associations considerably strengthened."

Our correspondent speaks of the unevenness of Lady Morgan's eyes. Though not perfectly straight, however, they were remarkably large, lustrous, and electrical.

The great secret of Lady Morgan's remarkable longevity, unflagging spirits, and unfading memory to the last, was doubtless traceable to the care with which, from her earliest days of authorcraft, she abstained from overtaking the brain, or making a toil of a pleasure. She never wrote to exhaustion, or drained the cup of inspiration to the dregs. For each hour of hard labour she took two for relaxation; and in every accessible bit of frolic and festivity she participated with hearty raciness and abandon. For instance, at the gay fancy ball given in Dublin by the Lady Mayoress in 1818, (a newspaper report of which lies before us) Lady Morgan is announced as supporting "with her wonted vivacity and talent" the part of "a French Flower Girl." Sir Charles Morgan sustains the character of a French Peasant, Sir Arthur Clarke that of an "old Grandmamma," Lord Cloncurry a Friar, General Cockburne, Sir Peter Teazle; "*Two superb and tasteful dominos*," Lords Charlemont and Caulfield; a Bogwood Man, Mr. Peter Burrowes, and "the Merry Wives of Windsor," Mesdames Crampton and Bushe.

Lady Morgan was probably induced as much by a sense of duty, as by inclination, to participate in every accessible source of gaiety and excitement in Dublin. For how could she be reasonably expected to depict scenes with accuracy of which she had not ocular demonstration and experience? "Whether,"

it has been justly observed by a contemporary critic, if whether it is a review of volunteers in the Phoenix-park, or a party at the Castle, or a masquerade, a meeting of United Irishmen, or a riot at the Dublin Theatre, or a pig-day at Bog-Moy—in every change of scene and situation our authoress wields the pen of a ready writer.”

The volunteer review in the Phoenix-park under the auspices of the Duke of Belvoir (Rutland) to which Lady Morgan's eritic alludes as an able and graphic sketch, may be found in the third chapter of *The O'Briens; and the O'Flahertys*. This notorious Irish novel, in four volumes, was published by Colburn in November 1827, and as Lady Morgan, throughout its pages, espoused the cause of the oppressed people with reserved ardour while mercilessly lashing the ascendancy party, it may well be supposed that the dukes of Tory invective were promptly let loose upon her. Although the Jesuits received some keen strokes of satire from the pen of Lady Morgan in *The O'Briens; and the O'Flahertys*, the work may be said to have had for its object the Civil Emancipation of Irish Catholicism. “Never were labours more thoroughly disintegrated.”

“In again presenting an Irish novel to the public,” wrote Lady Morgan, “I hope I am not doing a foolish thing; and yet I feel that as far as my own interests are concerned, I am not doing a wise one. To live in Ireland and to write for it, is to live and write *poignard au gorge*; for there is no country where it is less possible to be useful with impunity, or where the penalty on patriotism is denied with a more tyrannous exaction. Called, however, to the ground by the sarcasms of animosity, and by the counsels of friends, I venture forth once more, with something less perhaps of intrepidity, than when I ‘fetched my maiden sword’ under the banners of *The Wild Irish Girl*; but in the full force of that true female quality, over which time holds no jurisdiction—perseverance.”

“I anticipate upon this, as upon similar occasions, that I shall be accused of unseemly presumption in ‘muddling with politics;’ but while so many of my countrywomen ‘muddle’ with subjects of much higher importance;—while missionary missions and proselyting peccesses affect to ‘stand instead of God, amongst the children of men,’ may not I be permitted, under the influence of merely human sympathies, to interest myself for human wrongs, to speak in my way on the ‘evil that hath come upon my people,’ and to fight

with gentle words, till time brings friends,' in that cause; which made Esther eloquent, and Judith brave? For love of country is of no sex. It was by female patriotism that the Jews attacked their tyrants, and 'broke down their stateliness by the hands of a woman;' and who, (said their enemies,) 'would despise a nation which had amongst them such women?'"

The epoch which Lady Morgan selected for illustration had been hitherto untouched, and possessed deep interest in a national point of view as embracing events which prepared the Rebellion and accomplished the Union. An epoch of transition between the ancient despotism of brute force, and the dawning reign of public opinion, it was characterized by the supremacy of an oligarchy, in whom the sense of irresponsible power had engendered a contempt for private morals, as fatal as their own political venality.

"The portraiture of such an epoch," she goes on to say, "is curious from its evanescence, and consolatory by comparison with the present times,—times the most fatal to faction, and favourable to the establishment of equal rights, which Ireland has yet witnessed. It may also serve as a warning to a large and influential portion of the public, which has yet to learn, that to advocate arbitrary government, is to nourish moral disorder. In the ranks of intolerance, are to be found many, who make the largest pretensions to purity of principle, and to propriety of conduct. Should any such deign to trace, in the following pages, a picture of manners, far below the prevalent tone of refinement now assumed as the standard of good company, it may diminish their confidence in their favourite political maxims, to remark, that all which has been thus gained for society, has been obtained by a progressive abandonment of the system they advocate."

And here we must interrupt Lady Morgan for the purpose of protecting her memory from an unworthy imputation that has often been cast upon it. We shall say nothing of the evils of sundry ephemeral critics, but there is one statement in a work of standard authority which certainly demands a protest. Speaking of Lady Morgan's *O'Donnell, Florence MacCarthy, and The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys*, Chambers' *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, (v. vi. 581) says: "(The complaint against these Irish sketches was their personality, the authoress indicating that some of her portraits at the



Mooregat Court, and these moving in the best society of Dublin, were intended for well known characters." But Lady Morgan, it seems, went out of her way to declare the contrary and to prevent the possibility of misconception. "The personages introduced on the scene," she observes in her preface to *The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys*, "are those which belong to the times described. They are alike necessary to the vraisemblance of the story, and to the fidelity of the portrait: and 'I beseech, very heartily, at my desires, my requests, and my petitions,' the zealots of party spirit, and the purveyors of private scandal, to refrain from the application of any characters to their own purposes; and from the fabrication of false 'keys,' by which their petty larceny has heretofore attempted to rob me of the little merit of that fearlessness with which I have held the mirror up to nature, without subtlety and without evasion. May I be permitted here to observe, that with the exception of those public characters, whose delineation was almost a plagiarism, and whose peculiarities arose out of the political state of Ireland, and were necessary to the display of its story, I have drawn none but such as represent a class, or identify a genus. Even my Ladies Lamberis and Dunore were illustrations, not individuals. They were intended to represent the spoiled children of high society in all ages, from the charming Duchesse de Maine, with her inimitable *il n'y a que moi qui ai toujours raison*, to the modern mistresses of supreme *bon ton*,—all alike the creatures of circumstances the most unfavourable to moral consistency. However, I may have fallen à main basse on popes and potentates,—taken the field against Austria, to 'hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs,' and put forth my protocol against the Holy Alliance, I have held private life sacred; and have religiously abstained from bringing forward a single anecdote or circumstance incidental to the life of any private individual. The only 'key,' therefore, that I acknowledge, is that which is to be found in the great repository of human nature."

"*Au reste*, I grieve, that in self-defence, I must wound the self-love of those 'walking ladies and gentlemen,' who affect to tremble lest 'Lady Morgan should put them into her book,'—by dropping into their unwilling ears the secret that *tout doit n'être pas bon à faire Mercure*. Like Macbeth, 'I cannot strike at wretched kerns,' and not even for the

benefit of a puffing 'key' would, I transfer to 'my book' the obscure insignificance and flippant pretension that bore and worry me in society. I also take the opportunity of averting the wrath of half the fair *Bureaucratic* of Ireland, roused by my palpable hit at a certain red velvet gown, in Florence Macarthy (for of the genuine aristocracy of rank or wit, I have no cause to complain), by informing those whom it may concern, that the said red velvet gown belonged to a person, with whom I had every right to take every liberty—even to the libellous extent of 'putting her into my book,' when, where, and how I pleased,—that is, to myself."

*The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys*, although professedly a fiction, was really a work of some historical importance, and may be safely consulted in many of the details by statistic or historic writers. We learn, for instance, from Moore's Diary (vii. 198) that General Corbet assured Moore that the account of his escape from Kilmarnham, as given by Lady Morgan in this novel, was remarkably accurate in the leading particulars. The book, notes contained many rich, and but little known *anecdotes* of Irish history. There are some tastes which the style of the work may not always please, but with its aim no critic, however cavilling, could well quarrel. *The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys*, in common with its predecessors, exhibits a somewhat inconsistent love for republicanism and aristocracy.

The great O Novel, as they called it, was not received with much favour by the English reviews; and on one severe critique in the *Literary Gazette* a most important event in the annals of modern literature hinged. Lady Morgan's new novel having been noticed with strong animadversion by that Journal (which had for many years previously wielded potent influence in the world of letters, and as a weekly critical organ enjoyed a thorough monopoly) her publisher, Mr. Colburn, took great offence at it; and in conjunction with the late James Silk Buckingham, he started the *Athenæum*. Mr. Orme, in a private letter to William Jerdan, the then Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, speaks of this "very indiscreet article," and adds: "In confidence allow me to state to you, that overtures have been made to the house respecting a weekly literary journal by one of the first publishing and carrying houses in the trade, who, in conjunction with others of equal power, have determined to support such a paper, being careful that it is conducted with ability, discretion, and impartiality."

Mr. Jerdan can hardly be said to have been in a position to judge Lady Morgan's performances with a dispassionate and unprejudiced eye. "I confess," he writes in his *Autobiography*, "never to have admired aught of Lady Morgan but her talents; and I fancy there was no love lost between us; for I remember at one of poor dear Lady Stepney's soirées, that innocent being caught occasion to introduce Lady Morgan and myself formally to each other. I had a laugh in my sleeve, and I afterwards heard, through the kind communicativeness of the female coterie, that her Ladyship signified her wonder at the idea of presenting that odious man to Her!"

Jerdan's review of *The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys* was exceedingly sarcastic. "Two or three years ago," said the *Literary Gazette*, "when we happened to dissent from Lady Morgan on some literary estimate, she published a replication in which she elegantly threatened to 'stir us up with a long pole.' We have read *The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys*, and we are convinced, by its length, that it is the identical pole which was then menaced." After cautioning the females of England against reading this book, Mr. Jerdan adds: "we grieve that such a picture should have come from the pen of a woman." "The libel, too, is wrought up with congenial spirit." "In all our reading we never met with a description which tended so thoroughly to lower the feminine character." "Mrs. Behn and Mrs. Centlivre, it is true, might be more unguarded; but the gauze veil cannot hide the deformities—and Lady Morgan's taste has not been of efficient power to filter into cleanliness the original pollution of her infected fountain."

To the simple accident of this caustic attack upon Lady Morgan, the birth of that mighty literary censor, the *Athenæum*, may be directly traced. While under the incubus of James Silk Buckingham, the *Athenæum* did not make much progress, nor did the labors of John Stirling, who succeeded him as editor, tend much to stimulate it; but from the hour that this Journal passed into the hands of Wentworth Dilke, it became almost by magic a powerful and profitable literary engine. It perhaps labored under one disadvantage during the editorial regime of Mr. Dilke. Dilke, although an able writer of fragmentary papers, never succeeded in writing a book; and authors who received a severe castigation at his hands were not slow in retorting that this "peevishness" arose

from his own failure in authorcraft. "His milk of human kindness," said one, "the thunder of failure has turned into vinegar." At length, the accession of Hepworth Dixon, an author of merit and importance, to the censorial throne of the *Athenæum*, rescued it from the vapid taunt of which we have spoken.

Her Ladyship's next lucubration was the *Book of the Boudoir*, a series of autobiographical sketches, and recollections of her friends. This work displays the wonted energy and sparkle of Lady Morgan's style. Like all autobiographical performances it had the fault of being a little egotistical. A long dialogue with Robert Owen, the famous Utopian Philanthropist, is characteristic and interesting.

In 1828, O'Connell paid a graceful tribute to the national feelings and achievements of Lady Morgan. "To Irish female talent and patriotism we owe much," he said: "There is one name consecrated by a generous devotion to the best interests of Ireland—a name sacred to the cause of liberty, and of everything great, virtuous, and patriotic—the name of an illustrious female who has suffered unmanly persecution for her talented, and chivalrous adherence to her native land. Need he say that he alluded to Lady Morgan. Her name is received with enthusiasm by the people of that country where her writings create and perpetuate among the youth of both sexes a patriotic ardour in the cause of everything that is noble and dignified." Considering her great popularity in Ireland, it is indeed no wonder that Lady Morgan should so long have preferred "Dear Dirty Dublin," as she herself called it, to a splendid house in Regent Street which the late Mr. Colburne offered her rent free.

The *Quarterly Review*, when under the editorial management of Mr. Lockhart, noticed, very trenchantly, a growing error in biographical composition. It remarked that such a favorable colour was usually spread over the picture that its fidelity must be rather worse than dubious. Everything unfavourable was omitted, "and upon the whole," added the *Quarterly*, "we feel corroborated in our doubts, whether the very best of this species of biography can be considered in any other light than a romance of real life—a picture of which the principal figure must be considerably flattered, and everything else sacrificed to its prominence and effect."

We, at least, have endeavoured to keep clear of the error

tempted to action the graphic and speculative pen of Lady Morgan.

This second book on an old theme appeared in June, 1830, and at once became an authority. It was dedicated to Lafayette, "by his friend and servant, the author." The work chiefly comprised a picture of the state of society in France—a condition in part the result of Lafayette's own great example, and national influence.

"Having left Ireland," writes Lady Morgan, "in the dark moment which preceded the bright rising of her great political day,—after lingering there, till hope delayed had made the heart sick,—we went abroad in search of sensations of a more gracious nature than those presented by the condition of society at home. It matters not whether any pre-conceived intention of authorship influenced the journey; a second work on France can be alone justified, by the novelty of its matter, or by the merit of its execution.

"It may serve, however, as an excuse, and an authentication of the attempt, that I was called to the task by some of the most influential organs of public opinion, in that great country. They relied upon my impartiality; (for I had proved it, at the expense of proscription abroad, and persecution at home) and, desiring only to be represented as they are, they deemed even my humble talents not wholly inadequate to an enterprise whose first requisite was the honesty that tells the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. This I have done to the full extent of my own convictions, and to the utmost limit of the sphere of my observation: I answer for no more."

Sir Charles Morgan, who was a man of great erudition, speculative power, and singular observation, gave to this work considerable aid; among other articles, he contributed those on philosophy, primogeniture, and public opinion.

On Lady Morgan's return to Dublin, she at once resumed those brilliant, gay, and hospitable evening receptions, which during her absence, had been so sadly missed. On August 27, 1830, Moore, as mentioned in his Diary, dined at Lady Morgan's. Curran and Sheil, North and Edward Moore, with Lady Clarke, and her daughters, were present. Lady Morgan's fund of anecdote and drollery was, as usual, inexhaustible. As a specimen, Moore jots down, "Lady Morgan's story of her telling Lady Cork, on the morning of one of her assemblies, that she had just seen Sir A. Carlisle, who had been directing

and preserving the little female dwarf, Crachami. 'Would it do for a *Lion* for to-night?' asked Lady Cork. 'Why, I think hardly.' 'But surely it would if it's in *spirits*.' Their posting off to Sir A. Carlisle's, and Lady C. asking the servant for the little child. 'There's no child here, ma'am.' 'But I mean the child in the bottle.' 'Oh! this is not the place where we bottle the children—that's at master's workshop.' In talking of Irish pronunciation, Lord Gort saying in court, when some one was called forth, 'He's in *jeel*.' A lady, in describing the situation of her house, 'We've the *bee* in our *rare*.' "

Moore's Memoirs of Lord Byron were published about this time. It may be remembered that the noble Bard, in one of his letters, praised Lady Morgan's *Italy*. The following communication addressed to the Irish journalist Staunton, speaks for itself:—

[Private.]

Dear sir—The enclosed has just been sent to me extracted from Byron's Life by a dear friend of his. I should be obliged by your giving it with the other extracts in your paper. I know it requires no small share of courage, *moral and physical*, to quote *a single line in favour* of ONE marked out in this wretched country by *proscription*, by THAT party to whose cause *her life*, and all its best *prospects have been sacrificed*. I beg, therefore, if you have any apprehension on the subject that you will return the enclosed.

I am, Dear Sir, &c.,

SYDNEY MORGAN.

35 Kildare street.

The seal on this letter displays the Irish Harp with other national and characteristic devices.

On the accession of the Grey Ministry to power, with King William the Fourth, November 22nd 1830, they conferred, among other minor but just and judicious acts of patronage, a pension of £300 on Lady Morgan, professedly "in acknowledgment of the services rendered by her to the world of letters," but in reality as a just compensation for the sacrifices she had made to liberal principles, as well as for the uninterrupted stream of slander which Croker and his Tory colleagues had long brought to play, happily impotently, upon her reputation. The Grey Ministry did more. Sir Charles Morgan was appointed one of the Com-

missioners of Irish Fisheries: and the Reports on this subject, of which several appeared, from his pen, are remarkable for their perspicuity and cleverness.

Soon after the Revolution in Belgium, Lady Morgan made a tour through that country, and embodied in a new novel the result of her observation, as well as many exciting incidents of the recent Revolution in the Netherlands. This work was published under the title of *The Princess*. Although the scene of the story was laid far away from "the land of the Pats and Potaytees," several racy Irish characters, including Laurence Fegan, and Sir Ignatius Dogherty, trod the stage of this highly dramatic picture. Of this book, viewed morally, it may be said that the aim is faithful to the great object of Lady Morgan's life.

We once heard an eminent author inveigh against a brother scribe who had trod in a similar walk of literature. "Hang the fellow," he said, "years ago I took my stand on that field into which he has now intruded. I am sure I have toiled enough to make it my own. Physicians never interfere with each other's Patients, and the same feeling of etiquette ought to guide the conduct of authors. Why didn't the fellow kill a Hessian for himself? What business has he making love to my wife?" From this feeling of jealousy so usual among authors, Lady Morgan was strikingly exempt. It has been said that Lady Morgan's mantle has fallen to the gifted Irish authoress Mrs. S. C. Hall: and it is a remarkable fact that when this amiable lady first came before the public, Sir Charles and Lady Morgan, who then had the almost entire editorial control of a very influential magazine, did their best to encourage and applaud her. "They were ever ready to foster young talent"—writes Mrs. Hall, "and we call to mind, with gratitude, her generous criticism on the works of an author, whom a less generous nature would have noted as poaching on what she might have considered her own Irish preserve."

In 1834 Lady Morgan changed her home from Kildare Street, Dublin, to William Street, Hyde Park, London; but this change in no degree changed the veteran authoress's habits. Here, as in Ireland, her evening *conversations* continued uninterrupted. The brightest and newest literary talent, with the soundest Liberal Opinion flourished, around her throne. Lady Morgan's powers of conversation baffle all description. "Her unbounded, unfading, unfailling freshness of memory," observes

a newspaper writer in 1855, "her liveliness of description, her inexhaustible wealth of anecdote, the readiness of rapartee, the variety of humour, the pliability of wit, the occasional richness and *abandon* of fun, the great faculty of adjusting herself to all moods; of drawing out all minds, the sovereign gift of making everybody pleased with himself, pleased with everybody else, and above all things, pleased with the amiable *ranconteuse* herself—such is the charm which makes Lady Morgan's boudoir the pleasantest afternoon or evening rendezvous of London to all who have privilege of admission." Mr. Jeafferson, in his *Memoirs of the Novelists*, says:—"Her house is still frequented by the most distinguished men of letters and leading personages in the world of fashion, and it is rare for a stranger of any note to visit our shores and quit them without having sought an introduction to the author of *Woman and her Master*." Another writer says—"There are many a wit, statesman, scholar, and man of science, who would as soon omit to answer the muster call of one of Lady Morgan's pleasant reunions, as in the good old days of French society, Voltaires, and La Rochefoucaults would have thought of deserting the *ruelle* of the Hotel de Rambouillet or the *Carnavalet*." Lady Morgan's panegyrist might have added, "legal magnate" to his sketch of the class of company who so long frequented her gay boudoir, Lord Chancellor Campbell being an invariable guest.

For leaving Ireland after she had received a pension for her patriotism, Lady Morgan was subjected to many a sarcastic remark. But she defended herself by saying, that the political views she entertained would in Dublin have confined her to one phase of society, while in London she could choose from all. In ceasing to reside in Ireland, however, she did not cease to be an Irishwoman in heart and soul. Her old friends, and her new ones, together with members of her younger countrymen who, armed with letters of introduction perpetually made descents on that cheerful little boudoir in William Street, were always received with a hearty *cead mille a failthe*.

Ireland, as Lady Morgan tells us, was her earliest inspiration and her theme, and it would seem that from the moment she left its shores, her *cacoethes scribendi* flagged. Our authoress's first performance after her removal to England, was a work entitled *Dramatic Scenes from Real Life*, which Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature pronounces "very poor in matter, and affected in style." In 1840, however, Lady



Morgan brought her long train of creative literary efforts to a singularly beautiful and effective close by the publication of *Woman and her Master*. Lady Morgan's essentially masculine thought, and sense had long evoked the prejudices of certain affected critics who would have preferred a more uniformly feminine style, and selection of subject; but this grand and philosophical history of Woman, in which Lady Morgan came forward as the champion and historian of her sex, effectually silenced further objection.

Indeed this book effected, if possible, a strong reactionary feeling among the ladies. Some were disposed to resent the implied indignity of the title, notwithstanding that that definition of womankind had been sanctioned by Blackstone who gravely speaks in his Commentaries of "THE BARON AND HIS WOMAN."

In *Woman and her Master* Lady Morgan has carefully investigated one of the most important branches of social science—the position which woman should occupy in the order and progress of society. Following up the labors of Bentham, Godwin, and Condorcet, Lady Morgan sought, in the records of the past, guidance for the future. "She subjected the pages of History to a vigorous moral analysis; testing their facts with the skill of a critic, and deducing results with the wisdom of a philosopher." It is exceedingly probable Lady Morgan would have continued to a later era this work, which is in fact a History of Woman down to the fall of the Roman Empire, had not almost an utter deprivation of sight soon after obliged the authoress to relinquish her labors. Critically viewed, this book can only be regarded as a splendid fragment. Since the fall of the Roman Empire the condition of woman, by the progress of Christianity, and the Institution of Chivalry, has undergone greater change than in the previous four thousand years; and it is impossible not to experience bitter regret that circumstances did not permit Lady Morgan to work out her grand project to its full extent.

The work opens with an eloquent and an argumentative sketch of the progress of civilization, and the gradual supremacy of mind over brute force. This, Lady Morgan declared, was far from being complete, especially in the respective conditions and relations of the sexes; for, if the social system is still more imperfect as it relates to the "master," it remains much worse with his "slave," woman being "still a thing of sufferance,

and not of rights" as in the ignorant infancy of early aggregation when the law of the strongest was the only law acted on. "Even now," she asks, "when supremacy has been transferred from muscle to mind, has that most subtle spirit—that being of most mobile fibre—that most sensitive and apprehensive organization—has *she*, whom God placed to be a mate and a help to man, at the head of his creation, the foundress of nations, the embellisher of races, has she alone been left behind, at the very starting-post of civilisation, while around her all progresses and improves? And is man still 'the Master;' and does he, by a misdirected self-love, still perpetuate her ignorance and her dependence, when her emancipation and improvement are most wanting, as the crowning element of his own happiness?

If, in the first era of society, woman was the victim of man's physical superiority, she is still, in the last, the subject of laws, in the enactment of which she has had no voice—amenable to the penalties of a code, from which she derives but little protection. While man, in his first crude attempts at jurisprudence, has surrounded the sex with restraints and disabilities, he has left its natural rights unguarded, and its liberty unacknowledged. Merging the very existence of woman in his own, he has allowed her no separate interest, assigned her no independent possessions; 'for,' says the law—the law of man—'the husband is the head of the wife, and all that she has belongs to him.' Even the fruit of her own labour is torn from her, unless she is protected by the solitary blessedness of a derided but innocent celibacy."

The eloquent champion of woman, not content with asserting the moral and intellectual equality of the sexes, absolutely insisted upon female superiority, and among other evidence cited the great case of Adam and Eve as a proof of their social equality, and the mental pre-eminence of the first Mother, whose very name signifies in the Hebrew, *Life*, while the translation of *Adam* is—*Red Earth*!

In dismissing the subject of *Woman and her Master*, we may add, as a Postscriptum, that the *Quarterly Review* at last offered to Lady Morgan some honorable atonement by praising her new work with a cordial good will. But had not the editorial control of the *Review* been in the hands of Mr. Lockhart, and not Mr. Croker, at this period, another savage onslaught would doubtless have been made upon her. By turning to

volume XLVI., p. 375, it may be perceived that *Woman and her Master* is pronounced to be "a very clever and amusing work." There can be no doubt, that although not avowed, Sir Charles Morgan contributed to this voluminous disquisition much of his metaphysical and philosophic lore.

The last joint production of this devoted pair was *The Book Without a Name*; but it cannot be well regarded as embodying much new mental effort, being exclusively composed of final gleanings from the portfolios of the writers, and stray papers which had previously appeared in the magazines. An excellent copperplate portrait of Sir C. Morgan was prefixed to this work.

On August 28th, 1843, Sir Charles Morgan was summoned suddenly to Eternity. To the latest hour of his life he had continued his liberal and philanthropic labours by voice and pen. On the day of his funeral the *New Monthly Magazine* for September was published; and with many a sigh, and a moistened eye, people recognised in its pages an earnest, able, and hearty contribution from Sir Charles Morgan's pen, attesting the indomitable perseverance with which, to the last gasp of his existence, he had toiled in a generous cause. By his family and private friends, Sir Charles was beloved with an affection which time may mellow, but can never obliterate. Several earnest tributes to his worth appeared in the journals of the day. One in the *Examiner*, probably from the pen of Fonblanque, we transcribe: "a writer of great ability, an honest politician, an amiable and most enlightened man, he has claims to be long regretted by a wide circle of every class of opinion. While his mind kept equal pace with the progress of liberal views, his tastes were formed and resolutely fixed in what we call the best old school. He was never at a loss for the witty or the wise passage from Rabelais or Bayle. We turn to his last magazine paper—published as we write this, and find it closed with a quotation from the latter writer: "Ne croyez pas que je me vante de n'avoir rien dit que de vrai: je ne garantie que mon intention, et non pas mon ignorance." And truly if anything but the exactest truth ever fell from himself, it was ignorance, and not intention that betrayed him. The one most rare with him—the other most reliable and sound.

To the generality of readers it is hardly necessary to say that Sir Charles had no children by Lady Morgan. Had she been a mother she would have proved a fond and a wise one. Her

principles for the education of youth, were sound. In a tête-à-tête conversation with Mrs. Hall, on the subject of some young ladies who had been suddenly bereft of fortune, Lady Morgan said, with an emphatic wave of her dear old green fan, 'They do everything that is fashionable—*imperfectly*; their singing, and drawing, and dancing, and languages, amount to nothing. They were educated to marry, and had there been time they might have gone off *with*, and hereafter *from*, husbands. They cannot earn their own salt; they do not even know how to dress themselves. I desire to give *every* girl, no matter her rank, a trade—a *profession* if they word pleases you better; cultivate what is necessary in the position she is born to; cultivate all things in moderation, but *one* thing to *perfection*, no matter what it is, for which she has a talent—drawing, music, embroidery, housekeeping even; give her a staff to lay hold of, let her feel '*this will carry me through life without dependence.*' I was independent at fourteen, and never went in debt."

Notwithstanding the skill and attention of the best ophthalmists of London, Lady Morgan's sight far from improved, and for the next ten years she did not put pen to paper: at last, in December, 1850, a flash of the old genius attracted public attention. After long repose Lady Morgan donned her glittering armour and entered the lists of controversy with no less a personage than Cardinal Wiseman. The matter is not only curious in a literary point of view, but as shewing the unquenched spirit, and undiminished powers of argument of the all but blind octogenarian.

In her great work on Italy Lady Morgan described, among other relics, the Chair of St. Peter. The authoress reported that when Denon, Champollion and other Savans, accompanied Buonaparte to Italy, they began to grope into all sorts of antique remains; and the enthroned chair contained in the magnificent shrine of bronze which closes the view of the nave of St. Peter's was not exempted from the investigation. Upon the surface of the chair was discovered, according to Lady Morgan, a trace of curious hydroglyphics which having been copied and deciphered were found to be in the Cufic character and to contain the Arabian formula—"There is but one God, and Mahommed is his Prophet!" Cardinal Wiseman contradicted these assertions point-blank, and declared that for three centuries the sacred chair had not been uncovered. Lady Morgan replied:—

“My Lord, I thank you for the indulgence with which your Eminence offers me the benefit of this ‘ignorant mistake,’ (and never did the Church grant a more gratuitous one!) but I decline profiting by it. My ‘foolish and wicked story of the chair’ was no mistake—of mine at least. It was related to me and accepted in the most implicit faith, on the authority of two of the greatest travellers, antiquarians, and virtuosos of their age, who were of that illustrious corps of Savans, the friends and companions in peace, and the intellectual staff in war, of the Emperor Napoleon—Denon and Champollion. The night before our departure from Paris for Italy, on our first, last, and memorable visit, many distinguished—I may say illustrious—men were assembled in our drawing-room in the Rue de Helder. Every one was offering an opinion as to objects most worthy of our notice,—when the Baron Denon, who, in one of the happiest phases of the most brilliant *reconteur* of his time, had been describing his visit to the Inquisition, when he accompanied Buonaparte into Spain, and when, satiated with the rueful relics, which that awful place revealed to his antiquarian curiosity, he fell asleep on the table of that terrible Hall of Council, where he actually passed the night—then related the anecdote of the discovery of the Chair of St. Peter, adding, ‘The inscription was in a cuse character, that puzzled even Champollion and the most learned Arabic scholars of the Institut.’ And thus, ‘I told the tale as it was told me,’ carelessly and fearlessly, which has drawn down on my work the anathema of your Eminence’s ‘Remarks on Lady Morgan’s Statements regarding St. Peter’s Chair.’”

This pamphlet contained a considerable quantity of ingenious special pleading.

“But is it, *probable*, my Lord, that St. Peter, the humble fisherman of Galilee, permitted himself to be seated or carried in this gorgeous chair, on the shoulders of slaves, as his successor Pío Nono does at this day?—he who had so recently heard his Divine Master declare that ‘foxes had holes, and the birds of the air had nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head,’—he, to whose Eastern habits such a chair must have been repugnant! who had taught, not *as cathedra*, but, like the Master he served, walking or reclining on the lap of earth?”

Lady Morgan’s eye-sight was not much improved by this troublesome controversy with Cardinal Wiseman. The curious

out-of-the-way Latin works, which she carefully examined and admittly quoted with a view to sustain her in the wordy conflict, could hardly have been accessible to any other person but herself. The acquaintance with Ecclesiastical Black-letter tomes, displayed by Lady Morgan in this pamphlet, was marvellous.

Lady Morgan's eyes enjoyed undisturbed repose from this date, save when an application reached the veteran authoress for her autograph; and requests of this character, she was always too amiable and too vain to refuse. Authors' "autographs" are in general, stately looking signatures, remarkable for nothing but hair-strokes, down strokes and a flourish. But whenever Lady Morgan furnished her autograph "by desire," she contrived to infuse into it a dash of that quaint and unctuous wit which had so long been a speciality with her. We transcribe one as a specimen:—

"Autograph by desire of William J. Fitzpatrick, Esq.

Sydney Morgan, her hand and pen—

She will be good, but God knows when.

William-street, Albert-gate, 17 May, 1853.

We have said that Lady Morgan had vanity, but it was a vanity so quaint and sparkling, so unlike in its frank honesty, to all other vanities, that it became absolutely a charm. "I am vain," she once said to Mrs. Hall, "but I have a right to be so; look at the number of books I have written!\* Have I not been ordered to leave a kingdom, and refused to obey? Did ever woman move in a more false or a brighter sphere, than I do? My dear, I have three invitations to dinner to-day, one from a Duchess, another from a Countess, a third from a diplomatist—I will not tell you who—a very naughty man, who, of course, keeps the best society in London. Now what right have I, my father's daughter, to this? What am I? A pensioned scribbler! yet I am given gifts, that queens might covet. Look at that little clock, *that* stood in Marie Antoinette's dressing-room. When the Louvre was pillaged, Denon met a *bonnet rouge* with it in his hand, and took it from him; Denon gave it to me." Then, with a rapid change she added, "Ah! that is a long time ago, though I never refer to dates. Princes and princesses, celebrities of all kinds, have presented me with the souvenirs you see around me, and that would make a wiser woman vain. But do they not shew to advan-

---

\* Lady Morgan was the author of seventy-one volumes.—Ed.

literary Ninon, and seemed as brisk and captivating in the year 1859, as when George was Prince, and the author of Kate Kearney divided the laureateship of society and song with Tom Moore. Lady Morgan viewed this kind courtesy with mingled feelings. She felt grateful and flattered by the applause of the *Athenæum*; but she did not altogether like to be reminded of her advanced age, or that those over whom she still exercised a strange witchery of fascination should be reminded of it. Under the influence of these feelings she addressed to her reviewer the following lines, which strikingly exhibit her vigour of thought to the last:—

My life is not dated by years,  
For time has drawn lightly his plough,  
And they say scarce a furrow appears  
To reveal what I ne'er will avow.

Till the spirit is quenched, still a glow  
Will fall o'er the dream of my days,  
And brighten the hours as they flow  
In the sun-set of memory's rays.

For as long as we feel we enjoy,  
And the heart sets all dates at defiance,  
And forgetful of life's last alloy,  
With Time makes a holy alliance.

Then talk not to me of "my age,"  
I appeal from the phrase to the fact,  
That I'm told in your own brilliant page  
I'm still young in fun, fancy, and tact.

SYDNEY MORGAN.

In May, 1858, Lady Morgan was completely prostrated by a virulent attack of bronchitis—a disease which had, in the previous November, consigned her brother-in-law, Sir Arthur Clarke, to the grave. No hope was entertained of Lady Morgan's recovery for many days; but an unexpected rally, attributable, in a great degree, to her own patience and tranquillity of mind, enabled the fair octogenarian to cheat death for the nonce. Undaunted by his near approach, she promptly availed herself of convalescence to resume her old and brilliant position as queen of a sparkling coterie. But she did not devote her new spell of health and intellectual vigour to conversation exclusively. With the aid of Miss Jewsbury, as amanuensis, she arranged for publication a volume of her Diary and Correspond-

ence, extending from August, 1818, to May, 1819. This period, as the reader may remember, was spent by Lady Morgan in London and Paris, in preparation for her visit to, and great work on, Italy. These *Passages from my Autobiography*, which were published by Mr Bentley, in January, 1859, possessed the same fault by which Moore's *Memoirs and Diary* were disfigured, namely, a too obviously intense enjoyment of fashionable celebrity and society, and the same excessive desire for aristocratic praise and recognition. The book contains several amusing passages, but, on the whole, wants depth and sentiment.

Poor Lady Morgan did not long survive the publication of this "Odd Volume" as she herself styled it on the fly-leaf. She passed tranquilly into eternity on April 14th, 1859, aged eighty-one, and with her became extinct the last illustration of high Whig society belonging to the world of Byron, Rogers and Moore.

"Life was so strong," observed the *Athenæum* in recording her death, "and spirits were so brilliant in the woman of genius who departed from amongst us only a few hours since,—enjoyment of society was so keen with her to the last,—habit of expression so eloquent,—and life and spirits and expression kept such perfect pace with the interests of the day, the changes of the hour,—that while recording the death of Lady Morgan we feel something of sudden surprise, besides much of personal regret." The timid tendency to shrink from fashionable society which marked the early life of Sydney Owenson, is exceedingly curious when contrasted with the passionate affection for it with which Lady Morgan's days closed. In 1799 the tiny girl, addressing her solitary bower, writes—

Oft from th' unmeaning crowd I'd fly,  
From fashion's vapid circle hie,  
And beneath thy umbrage sought  
The luxury of pensive thought.

But although an ardent votary of fashion in the evening of her life, Lady Morgan was keenly alive to the solemnity of death, and to the unseemliness of a fashionable cortege at her funeral. "Let no such ghastly mockery accompany my poor remains to their last resting place," she said; "I desire that my funeral may be strictly private, and limited to a hearse and one mourning coach." The dying wish of Lady Morgan was religiously obeyed.



On Sunday morning, April 17th, 1859, a coffin hardly larger than an infant child's, was lowered into the damp earth of Old Brompton churchyard ; and to that lonely grave many an Irish pilgrim will yet wander to gaze upon the storied urn of

### Sydney Lady Morgan.

---

This Life preaches a moral, but it is a moral different from that which the panegyrists of Lady Morgan have hitherto sought to inculcate.

Lady Morgan was not, as has been asserted, in Chambers' *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, "a self-educated person." On the contrary she received, as we have shown, no stint of schooling—so much that it absolutely disgusted her. Her early writings in themselves smell of the hot atmosphere of the school-room : we feel ourselves sitting upon a hard form as we read ; and the ring of the pedagogue's birch more than once grates upon our ear. Sydney Owenson's acquaintance with foreign languages, and familiarity with English classical literature, is apparent to the very verge of pedantry in her first works, and shows, that the education of the authoress had been very carefully attended to. The moral, therefore, is not, that by energetic self education in later life she triumphantly tore from her mind the myriad cobwebs which alleged intellectual neglect, extending over many early years, had created and increased ; but the lesson which her life teaches is based on the great and

significant fact, that with her own fragile female hand she not only parried undauntedly the assaults of a furious and organised host of Critic-Cut-Throats, but absolutely hurled them, one by one, to the ground; and the teeth that had been sharpened to gnaw this brilliant woman's heart, impotently bit the dust beneath her feet. Self-reliance and self-respect, without the support of which no genius can be secure or genuine, formed a prominent feature in her idiosyncrasy. Those who are in fear of falling do nothing but stumble, and impressed by the truth of the aphorism Sydney Lady Morgan, with queen-like dignity and confidence, pursued the opposite course boldly. The blows aimed at her own fair fame she made recoil upon her assailants. The finest poetic genius that had ever shone on the world had been already quenched prematurely by the deadly grasp of John Wilson Croker. A violent attack in the *Quarterly Review* killed poor unresisting Keats. The sarcastic "Epistles on the Irish Stage" have been always attributed to Croker. An unadorned slab, almost smothered by rank weeds in the Church-yard of St Werburgh, Dublin, communicates to the reader the melancholy fact, that Edwin, one of the most promising Irish actors, died in 1805, from a broken heart caused by an illiberal criticism in that work. "There is nothing so detestable," says Addison, "in the eyes of all good men, as defamation or satire aimed at particular persons. It deserves the utmost detestation and discouragement of all who have either the love of their country or the honour of their religion at heart. I have not scrupled to rank those who deal in these pernicious arts of writing, with the murderer and assassin. Every honest man sets as high a value upon his good name as upon life itself; and I cannot but think that those who privily assault the one, could destroy the other, might they do it with the same security and impunity." To virulent criticism the brilliant Montesquieu also fell an unresisting victim. But why multiply examples? We do not deprecate adverse criticism when offered fairly and conscien-

tiously; but we detest to see it made the vehicle of malignant assault from private or party motives. Had Sydney Morgan bared that heart which blazed with pure patriotism, to the dastard stab, and submitted her dead body to be trampled upon, as Keats, and Edwin, and Montesquieu submitted and were trampled, this memoir would have had but an inferior moral to dignify it. Our authoress, however, grappled with the arm which sought to destroy her fair reputation, and possibly her life, and like the good fairy crushing the Evil Genius in a Pantomime, she smote the arch-Foe to the earth, and placed her tiny foot, cased in white satin, upon his ponderous coat of mail.

---

### ART. III.—ABOUT MOSAICS AND POTTERY.

*Traité des Arts Céramiques.* Par M. Brongnairt.  
Paris, 1844.

According to Pliny, Mosaic Art was not discovered until about the time of Claudius. During the reign of Nero the mixture of simple marbles was invented; "and by this means," as Pliny further observes, "the *numidique* marble was to be found spotted with oval marks, and the *synnadique* became enriched with spots of purple. The art, which thus, without intermission, laboured for our pleasure, supplied a universal want, and created from marble all that the caprice of luxury could desire; so great was the demand, that they began to fear the mountains would be exhausted, and could not furnish materials for the works they were unceasingly heaping up in the cities, and which, when finished, frequently became the prey of the spoiler."\*

One of the most remarkable Mosaics preserved from antiquity was discovered at Pompeii, in 1829, in one of the houses of the street of Mercury, to which has been given the name of the house of the Fawn. This representation was about six feet four inches in width, and three feet four inches in height. It covered the entire pavement of a large quadrangular hall which had been used for games and banquets. The ground, entirely white, is devoid of background; this is doubtless caused by the difficulty of representing, in mosaic, the lessening shadows of ærial perspective. The material execution is perfect; the work is not in clay, but is composed of small bits of precious marbles, in their natural or original colors,† reunited with the greatest care, and so exquisitely blended as to render the joining almost imperceptible. The learned Nicolini, in order to form a just estimate of their number, counted them in various parts, and according to his computation there were about 7,000, not including the frame.

This piece represents, at about three-fourths its natural

---

\* See Pliny's Natural History, Book xxxv.

† "It must be observed," writes M. de Clarac, "that ancient Mosaics are generally in marble, and sometimes even in hard stone, whilst ours are in enamel. However, it must be admitted, we are more correct in the blending of colors, and our shadowing is better observed."

height, a battle scene when it has attained to its most interesting point, namely, the rencounter of the two antagonistic chiefs.\*

The conqueror overthrows every obstacle by which he is impeded, whilst his opponent, on an elevated car, grasps the bow tightly in his left hand, and will combat no more; he remains immovable, and as it were stupified by grief, on beholding a young man pierced through, who, judging by the richness of his costume, must have been either his favorite or a relative.

In the meantime, the faithful conductor of the car is turning round the four horses, seeking to remove his master from the danger by which he is threatened; whilst he, turned almost backward, his right hand raised, never averts his eyes from the scene which disturbs and engrosses all his attention. The wounded hero, his horse already borne down under him, is seeking to disengage himself, when he receives a mortal wound.

Behind the car may be perceived the lances of the conquered guards, who resisted in order to save their chief. Beside the car is a personage richly clothed descending from his horse that his chief may mount and by this means more rapidly effect his flight. All the other warriors express by their attitudes the part they have taken in the engagement.

This Mosaic, a chef-d'œuvre of this species of artistic workmanship, possesses even a higher interest still, than that which attaches to it as a mere specimen of Mosaic Art, being a re-production of one of the chef-d'œuvres of antique paintings. As a design, a painting, and a composition, the moderns can produce nothing superior.†

Whilst working in the trenches at Aix during the year

---

\* Before this was discovered we possessed no other battle scene represented by ancient art.

† According to M. C. Bonnucci, architect of the ruins of Pompeii, it is the battle of Plataeae we have there represented. According to M. Azellino, it is the passage of the Granicus. M. Quaranta affirms it to be the battle of Issus; but M. Nicolini, agreeing with M. Raoul Rochette, is of opinion that it represents the battle of Arbela. This opinion has been clearly elucidated by the latter of these two archaeologists in the *Journal des Savants* 1833, p. 286, and is the most probable.

1843, they discovered, in the faubourg Sextius, a hall 5 metres '55 in width by 8 metres '05 in height. In the centre they found a complete picture in mosaic, of which the left border alone had disappeared. We borrow the following details from a report made by an antiquarian, M. Rouard.

"This piece," wrote he, "represented a female figure in a graceful attitude and almost ethereal, for under her feet there is nothing but the sun; her head is encircled with a wreath of flowers and no laurel, and a species of net confined her hair. 'This personage held a lyre with seven strings, each chord or wire of which appeared to be composed of two pieces, and by its sinuous form recalled to mind the horns of a wild goat, frequently used as rests for the ancient lyres; it reposed on the left shoulder of the figure, which held in its right hand the *plectrum* or *pecten* (a kind of bow) and struck with it the chords of the lyre, of which the *magas* or *margadion*, that is to say, the board on which the strings were fixed, is here quite palpable, and characterises it as the great lyre or *barbitos*. Lower down may be perceived, if we are not mistaken, a bit of stuff attached to the end of the instrument, which M. de Clarac has remarked on several lyres of this description, and which serves, according to him, to encase the lyre when not being played on, or to dry the musician's hands when rendered warm by motion or the heat of the sun. The right arm, the only one perceptible, was entirely naked. There were discernible, by the varied coloring and artistic arrangement of the drapery, two garments, or even three if a series of small black points which were observable towards the middle of the robe might be considered a third, or was merely a border or simple embroidery. This grand robe, or tunic, is *enomide*, that is to say without sleeves, of the kind designated *cimbericum*, which was usually of a very light texture and even transparent. The shape of the legs and thighs are perfectly visible through this singularly light and graceful tissue, and uniformly of finer fabric when used to adorn the figure of a woman. Above this large tunic, is always to be perceived a little *peplus* equally transparent, marked by a border which stops above the thigh, and which is fastened under the arms by a large piece of embroidery, or a girdle intended to support the lyre. The color of the

principal tunic appears to be white, with perpendicular bands of red and blue."

There is no inscription to indicate who this personage is. The presence of two animals placed at the right of the spectator has led to the supposition, and not unjustly, that it must be Orpheus.

This beautiful mosaic has been removed in one single piece to the Museum at Aix, where it is now to be seen.

The city of Nsimes possessed in 1840 twenty-five mosaics.

Amongst the most beautiful that have been transmitted to us from antiquity we cannot omit to mention the admirable pavement of Pompeii, the *Hercules* of the Villa Albani, the *Perseus and Andromeda* of the Museum of the Capitol; the Nine Muses found at Santa-Poncio, in Spain, amidst the ruins of the Italica, built by Scipio, and some others of equal note.

The paving of the ancient temples was usually formed of large tablets of marble composed of wide compartments, which squared with the pillars of the nave and the principal points of the edifice. It was thus that they paved the ancient temples of Concord and of Jupiter-Tonans at the base of the Capitol, and the churches founded in the earlier ages of Christianity. To these simple pavements, succeeded the *opus Alexandrinum* composed of circles or of squares in red and green porphyry, framed in compartments of very small dimensions carved in triangles, in lozenges, or oval, in marble of every color, giving the pavement altogether the appearance of a rich tapestry; this system was spread throughout all Christendom up to the XIIth century.\*

This species of mosaic did not exclude representations of men or of animals, of emblems or of coats of arms; the pavement of the grand nave of Saint Laurence outside the walls, represents a warrior on horseback, carrying his standard. Justinian had represented on the pavement of Saint Sophia, the four streams of paradise verging towards the four cardinal points; stags and birds are coming to slake their thirst in the waters.

They also executed pavements in common mosaic, em-

---

\* "It was in the time of Scylla," according to Pliny, "that the practice was introduced into Rome, of paving in marble mosaics and in enamel that style called *Lithostroto*."

bellished with subjects of all descriptions, some taken from sacred history, others representing the signs of the Zodiac, great rivers, and animals of various kinds.

During the latter period of the Roman Empire, the art of the mosaist was not lost, it was only transformed. It was with them, according to M. Viardot, that it became a form of painting. "They blended together naturally," adds this author, "the false taste of their epoch which mistook the rich for the beautiful, and thoroughly united the working of precious metals in the combined trades of gold and silver smiths. They formed mosaics at Constantinople of bits of glass, of gold leaf, of silver, of enamel, and of precious stones.

"Aurea concisis surgit pictura metallis."

In the old churches at Ravenna and Rome they have discovered mosaics of the Byzantine form; those of Saint Mary-Major date from the fourth and fifth centuries; those of Saint Paul outside the walls, are of the sixth, and the famous *Triclinium* of the palace of Saint John of Lateran is of the ninth, at the same period at which was constructed, on the model of the basilica of Aix-la-Chapelle, the little church of Germigny-des-Prés two leagues from Saint Benoit-sur-Loire; the vault or roof was ornamented by a precious mosaic (*musivo opere*), portions of which were found at the restoration of this historic monument.\*

According to M. Viardot it was almost impossible to compete with the Byzantine or Italian artificers who wrought mosaics in the earlier portion of the middle ages; some mosaics, such as the Saint Sebastian of Saint Peter *in vincula*, at Rome, appears to be evidently a specimen of the Byzantine art; as for the *Pala d'oro* of Venice, that is certainly one of their rarest productions. We know that the Venetians had Greek mosaists to execute in this manner the embellishments of Saint Mark's.

The Italian artificers appear to have been for a long time engaged in paving churches and palaces. In the Cathedral of Sienna, a very remarkable pavement was executed by Domenico Beccafumi. It was in white marble, carved with a chisel, the engraving was filled with black stucco

---

\* See *Album Archéologique de Saint Benoit-sur-Loire*, par Ed. Fournier, *Notice sur Germigny*.



enriched with colored marbles, grey forming the shades; around the high altar were represented various sketches from Genesis. Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise, the Sacrifices of Abel, of Melchisedech, and of Abraham; at the lower part of the stairs was graven Moses on Mount Sinai, the Adoration of the Golden Calf, Moses breaking the tables of the law. Before the pulpit, might be seen the Hebrews quenching their thirst with the miraculous water which issued from the rock when struck by Moses.

About the twelfth or thirteenth century, they laid aside mosaic pavements, which were replaced by a species of very hard stone, somewhat resembling our Portland stone, cut in large tables and enriched with engravings. Cement of bitumen colored in red, brown and green, was melted into these incisions in large squares marking out where the persons were interred under the slabs, or were cast in beautiful ornamental combinations of animals and flowers, noble relics of which may be seen in the Cathedral of Saint Omer, and in the store-rooms of the Royal Church at Saint Denis.

M. Brunette, an architect of Rheims, has discovered near that city, pavements in this species of stone with incrustations of lead belonging to the Church of Saint Remi of Rheims; they are of the thirteenth century, and represent alternately ornaments, and subjects from the Bible.

In the twelfth century, terra-cotta varnish was used for paving churches. The Church of Saint Denis is still possessed of beautiful specimens of ornaments in enamel.\*

The pavements of the vault of Saint Peter of Orbais (Marne) are in terra-cotta enamelled, and represent the fleur-de-lys, various kinds of foliage, circles, petrels or storm fowl, stag hunts, hunters on horseback and armed with lances, dogs picking bones, jesters holding their fools'-caps, and the coat of the arms of the Cardinal of Vendôme. In the Abbey of Jumieges, might be seen formerly, enamelled pavements, several of which reunited served as tombs for the Abbess and bore their effigies.†

The pavements of churches frequently exhibited a mosaic in large squares or lozenges, the designs of which formed a labyrinth, like that of Saint Bertin of Saint Omer.\*

---

\* Notice of M. Alb. Lenoir read at the Committee of Arts and Monuments, Bulletin, vol. i, 240.

† Ibid. Notice of MM. de Mellet and A. Le Prevost.

There are old men still existing in France who remember this labyrinth, which formed part of the pavement of the church, and was placed in the transverse nave at the right; children and strangers running over it and disturbing the Divine Office, caused it to be destroyed.

This species of decorating the pavements of large churches was anciently in vogue. The Cathedral of Amiens had in the centre of its nave a labyrinth which was of an octagonal form; it was constructed in 1288, and destroyed in 1825; the architects of the Church and the Bishop Evrart were there represented, and it bore an inscription in French verse.

There may still be seen at the entrance of the Parochial Church of Saint Quentin, built in the twelfth century, a labyrinth, the appearance of which is precisely the same as that of Amiens; both present nothing more than an octagonal carving in a wavy form, simple, and continuous.

The notice on the Cathedral of Arras, published in 1829, informs us, that in following the marked line on the Knees, as was the custom, and reciting the ordinary devotions, it would take an hour to go through this pious pilgrimage; in certain localities these labyrinths were designated, *la lieue*.

In the middle of the pavement of the grand nave of the Cathedral of Rheims, there also existed, before 1779, a labyrinth constructed about the year 1240, which appears to have had some connection with that of Amiens. Geruzez says that, from its origin, this labyrinth was an object of devotional practices, and that at the period of the Crusades, they performed there the Stations of the Passion instead of going on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

On a wall of the guests' chamber at the convent of Saint Barlaam, in Greece, M. Didron has seen a labyrinth designed in blood stone, like that of Chartres. A monk stated it to be a representation of the prison of Solomon, which another monk had found in a book, and reproduced there; the monk was dead, the book lost.

The walls of the Cathedral Church of Parenzo, in Istria, built in 542, are incrusts with mother of Pearl, porphyry, serpentine marble, and other precious materials, and the

---

\* Bulletin Monumental of M. Caumont, thirteenth vol. and History of Saint Bertin, by M. Wallet, 1843.

vault is covered in mosaics, which represent in the centre the Holy Virgin and her Divine infant, and at the sides Sts. Maur and Euphresius.

In the Church of Saint Weit, at Prague, we see on entering at the right, a large chapel dedicated to Saint Wenceslaus, who was assassinated in 935 by his brother. It was constructed in 1343 by Charles IV ; the walls of this chapel are incrustated with precious stones of irregular form and highly polished. These stones are Agates, Jaspers, Amethysts, Chrysoprases, designated Bohemian emeralds, and other stones found in the mines of the country ; gilt laths dividing the panellings of the walls into equal compartments. In each of these is placed a cross formed of hard precious stones highly polished, and also of irregular form.

At the museum in Florence, may be seen an octagonal table in hard stone, the largest in existence, and at which twenty-two artificers worked uninterruptedly for more than twenty years, commencing in 1623 according to the design of Ligozzi, and not being completed till 1649.

The paintings of St. Peter's having been removed to the museums of the Vatican and to the Capitol, they have been replaced by mosaics so beautiful in design and so perfect in execution as to elicit universal admiration. Our attention is arrested on entering under the portico of this noble building, immediately opposite the principal gate, by the celebrated mosaic, called the Bark of St. Peter (la Navicella) or rather the bark of Giotto.\*

---

\* Pope Boniface VIII., hearing of the marvellous artistic skill possessed by Giotto, invited him to Rome ; the messenger deputed by his Holiness, desirous to have a proof that he was not deceived in his man, requested to see a specimen of his excellence in his art ; Giotto, taking up a sheet of paper, drew on it, with a single flourish, a circle so perfect that "it was a miracle to behold," which so completely astounded the messenger as to induce him to hasten Giotto's departure to the Eternal City. This story gave rise to the well-known Italian Proverb, "*Piu tondo che l'O de Giotto*" (rounder than the O of Giotto). Giotto went to Rome, and extended his fame by the various works he executed for the Churches of that city ; among them was the famous Mosaic of the *Navicella* or *Barca* which it is sometimes called, which he executed for the ancient Basilica of St. Peter's. It represents a ship, with the Disciples, on a tempestuous sea ; the winds, personified as demons, rage around it. Above are the Fathers of the Old Testament ; on the right stands Christ, raising Peter from the waves. The subject has an allegorical significance, denoting the troubles and triumphs of the Church. The situation of this Mosaic has been often changed, but it is now at Saint Peter's in Rome.

It is in fact to the work of this great man, that posterity stands indebted for the vast progress achieved in the Mosaic Art, which like painting he rescued from Byzantine immobility, launching into the path of freedom, the distinctive mark of that regenerative spirit, which peculiarly characterised the works of this noble artist.\*

This work of Giotto was remarkable not alone for the well arranged assortment of coloring, and the harmony between the lights and shadows, but also for the expression of feeling, a sentiment of life and action which was unknown to the Greek Mosaists. Once in this noble edifice, it would be idle and superfluous to recommend attention whilst examining the famous copies of the *Transfiguration*, of *Saint Jerome*, of *Saint Petronilla*, of *Saint Michael*; your mind is irresistibly fixed on all around you; those relics of past genius in their silent grandeur speak to the heart and command at once your reverence and admiration. The authors of those mosaics, though for the most part unknown, would, if sufficiently understood at the time, have been capable of extending the perfection of their art to that point by which they would have been enabled to enamel in every form, and in all shades of color; what a painter could do with his palette by perfectly imitating the transparency of water and sky, the fineness of the beard and hair of man, the plumage and down of animals, the material and color of robes, the expression of the countenance, in fine, all that the painter's glowing pencil has achieved in reproducing delicacy of design and charm of coloring, the mosaist could have wrought, and the perfection to which they have brought those magnificent productions of art, are striking evidences of their powerful genius. Saint Petronilla, after Guercchin, is generally supposed to be the best mosaic in St. Peter's.†

---

\* This Mosaic of Giotto is, in fact, the turning point in the Mosaic Art. From this period we may commence to enumerate the illustrious artificers whose fame has been transmitted to posterity by success in this noble art; the Zuccati, for example, who began the magnificent modern decorations of St. Mark's at Venice, (see Zanetti, *Della Pittura Veneziana*), and who obtained from Titian himself cartoons for the designs of their mosaics. The Bianchini were also celebrated. In a spirit of jealous rivalry they instituted a law suit against the Zuccati, accusing them of aiding themselves with pencils whilst working at the mosaics.

† These admirable mosaics are of the XVI. and XVII. centuries.

"If in future ages," says M. Viardot, "amongst the calamities attendant on barbarous invasions, the original canvass should perish, those admirable mosaics, durable as the edifice which encloses them, would point out to posterity the wonderful perfection to which painting had arrived at this great epoch of modern civilisation."

The Romans, according to Pliny, fashioned pottery into so many, and such varied forms, that they were enabled to satisfy the taste or caprice of the most exigent. They manufactured in this material vases for wine, pipes for conducting water, hollow bowls of a peculiar shape made to contain, and conduct hot water into the stoves, flat tiles, and tiles for roofing buildings; this manufacture was considered of such vast importance that Numa thought it would be necessary to establish a seventh college for the accommodation of workers in pottery. Marcus Varrius preferred for the burial grounds, coffins of terra-cotta, garnished with leaves of myrtle, olive and of poplar, to the Pythagorean. The majority of the people used earthen vases. The clay of Samos was esteemed above all others for table utensils, such as dishes, plates, and shared this repute in Italy with the clay of Aretium. For goblets and cups Italy could boast equally of that of Sorrento, of Asta and of Polentia; in Spain, the clay of Saguntum, and in Asia, that of Pergamos was professed. The city of Trallesius, in Lydia, had also its manufactures of works in pottery, as Modena in Italy: this single branch of commerce served to render several nations celebrated, and they outvied each other in those works which were exported both by land and sea, thus extending the fame of manufacture in pottery. At Erythrea, a city of Asia Minor, might be seen at the time of Pliny, two pitchers so wondrously small that they dedicated them in a temple. They were fabricated by a master and his pupil, who challenged each other as to which of them would fashion an earthen vase of the smallest possible dimensions.

At the auction where Aristotle's effects were put up for sale, his heirs had the goods so well puffed that seventy dishes were disposed of to the highest advantage, and the tragic actor *Æsopus* purchased a dish which cost one hundred thousand sesterces; but that was a comparative trifle to the enormous sum of one million of sesterces paid by the Emperor Vitellius for a dish, and to fill it with food

it was necessary to build a huge oven in the open country.\*

The jars used to contain wine, oil and corn, were called *pitchers*; they were usually about two feet in height, and one foot in diameter. One, corresponding to these dimensions, was discovered near Pouzzole.

A jar of this size which had been mended with ligatures of lead, was found not far from the Ancient Antium, (now called Porto d'Anzo. They have preserved at the museum in Naples Greek vases found in Apulia, gracefully and elegantly shaped, the feet and neck are separate, they are furnished with large handles; these vases are about one foot and a-half in height.

Whilst admitting the report of Juvenal on the monstrosity of the famous turbot which Domitian obliged to be cooked entire, by permitting to that fish the largest possible dimensions, that is to say, three feet ten inches, it would be necessary for the purpose of cooking to have a dish about six feet. This dish required to be round, inverted, and made of terra-cotta; the terms of *orbem* and of *rotam* clearly define it.

The largest dish of common pottery which has been preserved up to this period, was brought from Spain by Mr. Taylor; it was three feet long and two feet wide. Vases have been discovered in Italy, the upper parts of which were each composed of two arms, a neck and a skull or head, which were supposed to represent the portaits of the deceased whose ashes they contained. The heads were moveable, as were also the arms, which were attached to the vases by pins of bronze.

In Corsica, very remarkable funereal urns are found, which are closed at all points. Each urn is composed of two parts of nearly equal dimensions, and those are so closely imbedded one in the other as to render the joining almost imperceptible, which led to the supposition that the bones contained in these funereal urns must have been baked with them. Diodorus of Sicily related, whilst speaking of the customs of the people of the Baliaric Isles, that these people broke the skeletons with cudgels and deposited them, rendered flexible by this process, in earthen jars.

---

\* See Pliny's Natural History, book xxxv.

At Brazil large jars have been met with, which have been used as funereal urns. They were arranged in a slightly curving position, and contained the bodies of chiefs of tribes, or renowned warriors reduced to mummies, decked with all their ornaments, and bearing their arms. These urns were called *caumies*. They were found buried at the feet of large trees among the tribe of the Guaytokarès, now civilized.

After Pompey had dedicated the *murrhins* vases in the temples, which had been instrumental to his triumph, all were anxious to be possessed of them, and one which held six gallons was sold for seventy talents.

A Consul who drank out of one of these vases, seized it so eagerly that he bit the rim or edge, in consequence of which it acquired an almost fabulous celebrity, the break adding considerably to its relative value. This same personage had such a vast number of those vases that Nero had them seized after his death, and covered the steps of the theatre of his palace with them; he caused the bits of the one which was broken, however, to be carefully collected.

When at the point of death, Petronius, orke his most beautiful murrhin vase, in order that Nero might not have the pleasure of enjoying it.

Nero bought one for £25,000, and, adds Pliny, "it is a very memorable fact, that an Emperor and a father of his country should have drank from a vase so costly in price."

Pliny informs us that the murrhin stones came from the East;\* they were more lucent than sparkling. Those of different colors were more highly estimated; especially when the edge or brim bore a reflex equal to the rainbow. The value of this stone was greatly enhanced by the delightful odour it emitted.†

The vases embellished with painting, long known under the denomination of *Etruscan Vases*,‡ constituted the class

---

\* He states most positively that the *murrhins* vases were manufactured in Caramania, and this fact induces us to believe with Malta-Brun (*Journal des Debats*, 29th July, 1811,) that these precious vases were of the same quality as those delicate porcelain vases which they manufacture at the present day at Kerman in Persia.

† See Pliny's Natural History, Book xxxvii, chap. 2.

‡ We now know, without any question of doubt, that these vases were of Greek fabrication; it is true they were manufactured in

of ancient monuments most numerous after those of medals and inscriptions, and by a strange contrast there are none on which the writings of the ancient have left fewer tokens. We can nevertheless rate 50,000 as the smallest number of vases of this species that have been successively discovered during two centuries. More than 6,000 of the most beautiful and most interesting have been discovered in the necropolis of a single Etruscan City that history scarcely mentions more than once or twice.

The most ancient monuments in enamel known are the fibulas and the buttons employed in fastening the robes or vestments. These ornaments of bronze, laden with red, white, and blue enamel, sometimes arranged checker wise, have been found in the North of France, in the midst of antiquities evidently Gallo-Romanic. Nothing responds better to the description of Philostratus who wrote in his treatise on Images : "They say that the barbarians contiguous to the ocean spread paint on burning copper ; to this they fasten themselves, become petrified and thus the design is preserved"\*.—Philostratus wrote during the reign of Septimius Severus.

Up to the fifth century the same ornaments were manufactured in the same places as heretofore. The tomb of Childeric, discovered at Tournay, in 1653, contained some bees, the clasp of a cloak and the hilt of a sword, all of which were in gold enamelled in red.

A magnificent cross, in accordance with the strictness of the period to which it belonged, is laden with foliage arranged with the most artistic taste, between which are disposed various scenes from the life of King David ; this cross is supposed to have belonged to the Bishop of Chartres.

A charter of 1197, cited by Ducange, apprises us that the

---

Etruria or in Campania, but by Greek workmen who had been imported from their native country. The vases found at Nola, for example, are certainly the work of the Greeks, who came to establish themselves in the city of Campania. The discovery which Mr. Dodwell made at Corinth of a vast number of these vases is a still further proof that their manufacture was not exclusively of Etrurian or Egyptian origin. See the book of this able archæologist.—"*A Classical Topographical Tour in Greece, &c.* London. : 1818."

\* Icon, lib. 1 cap. 28.



church de la Pouille received two plates of bronze wrought at Limoges.

The tomb of John, son of Saint Louis, deposited at present at St. Denis, and removed from the ancient Abbey of Royaumont, is a monument, nearly the only one of this day, which has a right, according to M. de Guilhermy from whom we have borrowed the description, to hold an important place in the history of inventive skill in copper enamelling.

"The ground of the tomb is composed of six plates of metal, covered in every conspicuous part with enamels cast between fillets of brass, which design the scroll in very good style. The foliage running on a blue ground is terminated by flowers intermingled with green, white, red and azure. The figure of the young Prince, in strong relief, is in the middle of the tomb. Towards the head, the profile of two angels bearing censers may be observed, and at each side of the body may be traced the figures of two Monks praying out of open books. The clumsiness of the head of the effigy, marks evidently the difficulty the workman must have had in replacing it. The countenance is void of all beauty; the eyes large and expressionless are incrustated with white enamel, the pupil in black. A small circle studded with points or dots in blue, like turquoise, forms the crown; on the upper robe may be discerned fleur-de-lis and Castilian Castles alternately. The plates of copper were doubtless fixed on the wood; they still retain the marks of the nails which are quite visible; the head is attached to the body by five nails closely rivetted. The letters of the inscription designed are incrustated in red enamel on a copper ground."

The Abbé Texier, in his *Essai historique et descriptif sur les émailleurs et les argentiers de Limoges*, gives a description of portable altars in enamel. One is in agate; ten medallions in enamel incrustated are cast in the frame of gilt metal which encloses the stone. These medallions represent Jesus Christ, the Evangelists and other holy personages. On another, described by M. Heideloff, the bottom of the frame in copper gilt is covered with concave

---

\* See *Monographie de l'Eglise Royal de Saint Denis*. Par Le Baron de Guilhermy, page 165.

tiles ; on the groundwork sport in elegant arabesques, from the centre of which flow the four waters of Paradise, young lads half naked, sprinkling the water from long necked vases ; they are separated by angels and seraphim.

They have preserved at the pharmacy of the palace of the Governor of Loretto, the celebrated pitchers to the number of three hundred, ordered by the Duke d'Urbino Guidobaldo, representing subjects from the Old and New Testament. They were executed by Raphael Ciarla ; Christina, during her travels, was so charmed with them, that she offered in exchange an equal number of silver vases.

Decoration in enamelled china has been, and is still, in frequent use in Portugal ; they call it *azulegos*. In the beginning, the *azulegos*, small squares of Dutch china (or faience)\* of various colors, typified arabesques of two colors. These Dutch tiles could be made to exhibit sixty four combinations ; from the fifteenth century, they have rendered them capable of presenting designs in relief, of flowers, of arabesques, and of figures. They covered altars with them ; we see at the Church of Madre Deos, at Lisbon, two medallions dating from its foundation under John II. The portrait of this king in *azulegos* may be seen in the Church of *Aldea Galega de Merceana*, founded by him. They have some very ancient specimens in relief preserved at the convent *da Peisa* at Cintra ; the mantle pieces of the mansion are ornamented with them. At the convent of the Trinity at Lisbon, there still exists a representation of the taking of Arzilla. Near the burial place of Camoëna, in the convent of the sisters of St. Anne, may be seen a trophy represented on *azulegos*. At the mansion of the Lord de Pancas at Arroios, there is still to be found a pavement representing the battle of Ameiral, gained by Don Sancho Manuel, his grandfather, at the time of the proclamation of Don John IV. We have seen some precious *azulegos* in the great hall of the hotel of the Count Almada of Bago, where the confed-

---

\* *Apropos of this word faience or fayence, we must not omit stating, that there is an error in attributing the derivation of this word to the city of Faenza in Italy : it was so named after the little town of Fayence, in Provence, which Mezeray, who unites with us in opinion, has recorded as being a place " more celebrated for the manufacture of earthen ware than for its size or importance." Histoire de France, 1651, in folio, III, 978.*

erates of the revolution of 1640 are re-united ; the principal events are there represented.

Before the earthquake of 1755, in the old building of the tennis-court, there was extant some very ancient azulegos which tallied with the rules of this play, and represented some of the players in different attitudes. Some have been found in gardens representing mythological subjects ; in the greater number of convents and in the hospitals, they were dedicated to subjects taken from Scripture, or the histories of the patron saints of these establishments. In private houses during the last century, where they were in great numbers, they referred to the customs of the period, to the bull fights, to the dances, and to the chase. They had also a habit of placing at the foot of the stairs near the hall door, figures modelled in baked clay, representing halberdiers, grotesque figures and animals.

In reading over the rules of arts and trade, compiled in 1572, we perceive that at this period a portion of the corporation of masons, were employed exclusively in arranging the *azulegos*.\*

It was only about the sixteenth century that porcelain began to be known in the west ; † this knowledge was attained by the sight of a few exquisite specimens of this species of manufacture which belonged to some Portuguese travellers ; but ignorant of the materials of which they were formed, it was assumed that the composition must be of pearl dust.‡

The brilliance and transparency which the European porcelains afterwards attained was mainly due to the manufactures of Meissen, which competed with the East in beauty of design. Then commenced the conflict between the German Sovereigns, who employed every means of diplomacy, espionage, seduction, and even capitulation, to secure the rarest specimens of this most valued and newly acquired art ; and they, by a coup-d'état, bore forcibly away, under pre-

---

\* See Notice by the Viscount of Juromenha. *Les Arts en Portugal*, by Radzinski.

† Porcelain had at first a fabulous history. See Davity, *le Monde* in folio, vol I. page 461.

‡ From 1695, they had porcelain manufactured at St. Cloud. Lister mentions it in his tour to Paris ; but they were still unable to make any but fusible porcelain, which was brittle as glass, and easily broken by sudden transition from cold to heat.

tence of a trophy some of the loam or clay of Meissen for Frederick the Great. It was his father who refused to yield to the Elector of Saxony four *rouleaux* of porcelain in exchange for a regiment of dragoons.

The royal manufactory of Saxony made, about 1730, a series of large animals, approaching natural size, such as bears, small rhinoceroses, peacocks, vultures, &c., designed to adorn the grand staircase which led to the electoral library at Dresden, and above which are numerous large rooms containing innumerable pieces of porcelain from different countries.

Among the various grotesque objects executed in this manufacture, one of the most remarkable for its difficulty of execution, owing to the considerable number of accessory objects necessary to its completion, is the celebrated figure of the Count de Bruhl's tailor. This grotesque personage is riding on a goat, accompanied by, and covered with, all the implements of his trade; it formed a group about fifty centimetres in height; it was composed by Kundler, in 1760, and was in great request for some time, but afterwards diminished; it sold for about 300 francs.

When Philip III, king of Spain, went to Portugal, in 1619, the workers in delftware erected their triumphal arch in the same manner as the other workmen; amongst the various emblems with which they decorated this arch, might be perceived an allegorical figure of their profession; at his feet was represented various implements, amongst others the wheel on which he leaned his left hand, whilst in his right he held an unfinished vase, like to those then made in Lisbon, in imitation of the porcelain from China; quite close to this figure might be read the following quatrain:—Here, Monarch, Great Sovereign, the Art which we present to you flourishes, manufactured in the kingdom of Lusitania, it rivals what is so dearly purchased in China." In the second piece was represented a ship from India, from which they were unloading cases of Chinese porcelain; other strange ships embarking Portuguese porcelain; whilst others, already loaded, were leaving the port; on this latter representation might be read these words,—“Et nostra pererrant.”

The Romans, with whom, according to Pliny, it is always necessary to commence, so astounded the world with the

costly magnificence of their pageantries, that posterity can scarcely regard them as aught but fabulous. Cæsar, at the time he was Edile, though afterwards Dictator, being desirous on the occasion of his father's death to give a grand funereal pageant to the people, ordered the preparations of the arena to be all in silver; and this being the first occasion on which wild beasts were produced in show, the criminals by whom they were attacked were armed in silver, a magnificence which some simple municipal towns of the later day endeavoured to equal. At the games given by Caius Antonius, all the decorations of the theatre were in silver, which was restored by Lucius Murena.

In the third triumph of Pompey, where he vanquished the pirates of Asia, of Pontus, various kings, and several nations under the consulate of Marcus Pisonius, and of Marcus Messala, he had a chess-board borne with its pieces; this chess-board was composed of two precious stones, and was, notwithstanding, three feet in width and four in length; and fearing that this might be deemed incredible, as it was rare to see precious stones so immensely large, he had it set in a plate of gold weighing thirty pounds. They carried in this triumph also three small couches likewise of gold; vases of gold and precious stones to furnish nine buffets; three golden statues, one of Minerva, one of Mars, and one of Apollo; thirty-three pearl crowns; a golden mountain; a park, or square valley, where might be seen stags and lions, fruits of every species, and a golden vine which encircled the park, and a temple dedicated to the Muses and made of pearls. They also carried the image of Pompey made of pearls.\*

In 1793, a little silver chest was found at Rome, on mount Esquilinus, the dressing case of an noble Roman lady. On the lid was sketched the portraits of the lady and her husband in busts, encircled by a myrtle crown, supported by two cupids. The four sides inclining from the lid are ornamented with bas-reliefs, the subjects gracefully alluding to the destination of this piece of furniture. That on the fore-part exhibits the toilet of a sea Venus, to whom a triton presents a mirror. On the opposite side may be seen the wife conducted to the

---

\* See Pliny's Natural History, book xxxiii.

palace of her husband. On the flap to the right, a nereid on the waves, accompanied by a cupid. The fourth side is broken. On the lid may be read the following inscription : SECUNDI ET PROJECTA VIVATIS IN, &c. On the body of the chest are represented the details of the lady's toilet, surrounded by all her ladies in waiting.

At the same place was found a box of perfumes in silver, with some vases, pateras, cups formerly used in sacrifices, a tablespoon, and a chandelier, all in silver.\*

White lead was used amongst the Romans in plating or tinning their brass or copper works ; this invention was due to the Gauls, who worked this species of tinning so brilliantly that, amongst them, it was almost impossible to distinguish the art of plating from the trade of a silversmith ; it was for that reason they were called *æra incocilia*, brass platers. The Gauls afterwards commenced plating in silver and relinquished plating in tin. Numberless trappings were thus embellished, particularly the branches of the bridles of saddle horses, and even the harness of carriage horses ; the inhabitants of Alise were the first to devise this. They do not however bear away all the éclat of this invention ; a part is due to Bourges, for there they plated their carriages, litters, their cars and chariots, even in silver. In fine, they began insensibly to substitute gilding for silvering, in this species of ornament. They gilt these same carriages, and even loaded them with sculpture of gold in relief. It is thus that a luxury which some time previous had seemed prodigality when employed in the comparatively moderate use of a drinking cup, became the ordinary decoration of chariots, and passed for nothing more than simple neatness.†

Pausanius mentions an altar of silver on which was sculptured in bas-relief the nuptials of Hercules and of Hebe.

A golden peacock enriched with precious stones was given by the Emperor Hadrian to the temple of Juno near Mycene.

Pliny speaks of a cup preserved in the temple of Minerva at Rhodes which was supposed to have been given by Helen ; it was modelled on one belonging to that princess.

---

\* Among the Gallic Romans, utensils and ornaments in silver were luxuries very much in vogue ; the treasure found at Berney, of which so many precious specimens may be seen in the cabinet of medals of the Imperial library, is a good proof.

† See Pliny's Natural History, book xxxiv, chap. 17.

Theodore of Samos had a large chased silver cup which contained 600 measures, and was sent as a gift to Delphos by Cræsus, King of Lydia ; the Spartans sent one of 300 measures to the same King.

A king of Bithynia gave to Darius a statue and a golden vine.

Ptolemy, as recorded by Varro, kept in Judea a table with a thousand covers, where each guest drank out of a golden cup, and had the vessels and plates changed at every course.

Pompey found in the treasury of Mithridates two thousand drinking vessels made of precious stones.

During the preaching of Saint Paul, at Ephesus, an artificer in gold, named Demetrius, who made a great trade by manufacturing in silver small representations of the famous temple of Diana, led against the Apostle a mob of the numerous workmen, who like himself lived by this art.

Christianity for a long time proscribed this luxury. It was not till about the beginning of the third century, in the time of Urban the First, that the popes had the sacred vessels made in silver ; up to that period they were only composed of glass.

From the epoch of the triumph of Christianity, the temples were speedily enriched.

Constantine gave to the single church of St Laurence a lamp of pure gold weighing thirty pounds, a crown of silver also thirty pounds, two bronze chandeliers 300 lbs. weight, the passion of St. Laurence in silver 15 lbs, a golden paten of 20 lbs, several silver patens of 30 lbs each, a golden chalice of 30 lbs, two silver chalices of 10 lbs each, ten silver chalices each weighing 20 lbs ; more than 1,100 lbs of silver in various ornaments and 100 in gold. Anastasius the librarian,\* thus enumerates the gifts of a convert to twelve churches of Rome. He constructed or restored forty-two silver altars weighing 963 lbs ; twenty-one silver vessels for the wine of the Holy Sacrifice, weighing 330 lbs ; two ciboriums in silver 240 lbs ; three silver reliquaries for placing the relics of the martyrs under the altar ; a cross of gold weighing 10 lbs ; and golden statues 120 lbs weight. In this same book of Anastasius, all replete with similar details,

\* *Historia de ritu romanorum pontificum, à B Petro Apostolo usque ad Nicolaum I.*

we find a description of the most massive subjects of silver plate artificing perhaps ever executed ; there is first a canopy of polished silver weighing 2,025 lbs. including the Angels and the apostles by whom it is borne ; this was found in one of the basilicas founded by Constantine, *Basilica Constantiniana*. The fountain in which this prince was baptised, by pope Sylvester, was still more colossal ; it was all coated with porphyry both inside and outside ; the part which received the water was in a proportion of five feet, and of the purest silver weighing 3,008 lbs.

Leo the Third, who died in 816, enriched the churches of Rome with objects in gold and silver, to such an extent, that the weight amounted to 1,075 lbs. of gold, and 24,744 lbs. weight of silver.\* Notwithstanding its great value, the magnificent golden Altar of the Basilica of St. Ambrose, at Milan, is still in existence. It was executed in 835. The exterior front, all in gold, is divided into three panels, by a border in enamel ; the middle panel exhibits a cross with four equal branches, which is formed by ornaments in enamel, alternating with fine precious stones, polished, but uncut ; Christ is reposing in the centre of the cross ; the symbols of the Evangelists occupy the branches ; the twelve Apostles are placed, three by three, in the angles ; all the figures are in relief. The right and left panels enclose, each, six bas-reliefs ; the subjects are taken from the Life of Jesus Christ. They are framed by borders, formed of enamels and fine precious stones. The two side fronts, in silver, enriched with gold, present three rich crosses, wrought in the same style as the borders. The posterior front, also in silver, set off with gold, is divided, like the grand front, in three large panels ; the centre one containing four medallions, and the two others six bas-reliefs, representing the life of St. Ambrose. One of these medallions typifies the Saint giving his benediction to the artist—Volvinus—with this inscription ; *V. Volvinus magister phaber*.

Willigis, Archbishop of Mayence, who died in 1011, endowed his church with a crucifix in gold, weighing 600 lbs. The figure of Christ was adjusted with such perfection that all the members could be detached in their joints. The eyes of the Redeemer were formed of fine precious stones.

---

\* See d'Agincourt, History of Art, I. page 101.



The pious Ina, king of the Western Saxons, founded the chapel of Glastonbury ; 2,680 lbs. of silver were employed in its decoration. In the fabrication of the altar 264 lbs. of gold was used ; for the chalice and paten, 10 lbs. ; for the censer, 10 lbs. of the same metal ; for two chandeliers, 12½ lbs. of silver ; for the gospel-cases, more than 20 lbs. of gold ; the priest's vestments, and altar-covering, tissue of gold, richly ornamented with precious stones, had employed in its workmanship more than 365 lbs. of gold, and more than 2,897 lbs. of silver.

The walls and pavements of an oratory, which one of the early Christian emperors dedicated to our Saviour, were altogether lined with plates of silver, enriched with gold and precious stones. The bases of the columns were in silver, the capitals and architraves in gold.

The iron crown of the kingdom of Lombardy, which takes its name from a circle of iron inserted in the interior, and which is supposed to have been forged with one of the nails of the Passion, is the most remarkable and best known of the gems which still remain in the possession of the Lombards. It is composed of a circle of joints, laden with fine precious stones, and embellished with flowers, wrought in gold. They have it preserved, with a box and a gospel-case, given to the abbey of Mouza, by queen Theodelinde, who died in 616.

At Toulouse, in the time of the Visigoths, they manufactured beautiful vessels of gold and silver. Theodoric exhibited with pride, as the work of one of his subjects, those he had made for his own table. The most ancient French goldsmith known, was one Mabuinus, whose name has been preserved in the will of Perpetuus, bishop of Tours, (who died in 474,) as the artificer of a golden reliquary, of two chalices, and a golden cross, which this bishop bequeathed to his church.\*

The most ancient works in French gold work that have been transmitted to us, are the golden bees, found at Tournay, in 1653, in the tomb of Childeric, with the scabbard and sword of the same prince, if, however, this scabbard and sword-handle were not Byzantine.

The bas-reliefs in silver, and silver gilt, of which the

---

\* See Bulletin of the Society of the History of France, August, 1843, page 139.

king of Burgondes-Gontran had made to cover the tomb of Saint Benignus, at Dijon, formed an immense representation, seven cubits and a half high, by ten wide, depicting the Nativity and Passion of Jesus Christ.

The Abbé Sugar has left us the details of the magnificence of his church. He had a chancel made all in gold, that is to say, he added several tablets, in this material, to those already given by Charles the Bald, and he placed before it chandeliers of very dear gold, weighing 10 lbs., bestowed by Louis VI., and a magnificent cross, of the purest gold, weighing 40 lbs., enriched with a profusion of precious stones.

Godefroïd, bishop of Champs, a German, assigned a certain number of canons to the ecclesiastics who were to occupy themselves in goldsmith's work, and he made them teach this art to the bondsmen of the abbey placed within his episcopal jurisdiction. Several monks and ecclesiastics distinguished themselves in this art; for example, without speaking of Saint Eloi, who is so well known as an artificer, and the patron even of the craft, we might mention Josbert, who made a figure in gold, of St. Martial of Limoges, to ornament the sepulchre of which he was keeper; Wallon, a monk of the diocese of Metz; Odoranne, a religious of Saint Pierre le Vif.

We know that the middle ages regarded one Virgil as a magician. We have found mention of the following chefs-d'œuvre in carving, at the time that magic was attributed to him, in a manuscript at the library at Bourges—"Virgil worked wonder, according to history; he made a fly of brass, on one of the gates of Naples, which hunted all the other flies out of the city. In this same city he constructed a shambles in which meat could not be tainted. Item, he made a bell of stone, self-moving, in such a fashion as to set other bells striking."

"Item, he made at Rome this miracle, which is one of the seven wonders of the world, and which was styled the salvation of Rome; for he erected statues of all the provinces of the world, each having inscribed on him the name of his province, and around the neck of each was suspended a bell, and if it happened that any of the provinces revolted against the Romans, instantly

this statue turned its back to that of the Romans, and the bell began at once to ring, and the statue kept looking towards the province that was in revolt, whilst one of the priests who guarded the images, took a note of the name of this place, and forwarded it to the Senate, who immediately sent off a host to subdue this province."

The tomb of Henry the Large, Count of Champaign, who died in 1180, was of massive silver, ornamented with enamel, and was two yards long and one in height. It was open and excavated in Roman arches; in the centre of the tomb might be seen the statue of Henry, in the costume of a count, also in massive silver.\*

The shrine of the Magi or three wise kings, at Cologne, is a *chef d'œuvre* of artistic workmanship of the twelfth century; it is in copper gilt with the exception of the fore-front which is of pure gold. The form is that of a tomb. On the front are sculptured the adoration of the kings, and the baptism of Jesus Christ. On raising the lid you perceive three skulls ornamented with gilt crowns set off with a *spécies* of garnet. The remainder of the shrine is covered with sculptures, an enormous topaz occupies the top of the pediment. The shrine is covered with more than 1,500 precious stones, and antique cameos representing pagan subjects. Hercules, Medusa, Alexander, the apotheosis of an emperor.

There has been found in a small church of a village of the diocese of Treves, called Buckholz, near the castle of the counts of Manderscheid, a censer in gilt bronze, which is very curious, whether we regard in it the conception by which the artist was inspired, or the skill of the workman, or the remote period to which it evidently lays claim, as it most probably belonged to the chapel of the castle destroyed since the eleventh century. From that time this vessel became a part of the christian museum which had been established in the chapel of the cloisters of the cathedral of Treves. We refer our readers to the curious and very detailed description given by M de Caumont in the eighteenth volume of the *Bulletin Monumental*. Censers were found from the beginning among church utensils; but we cannot say the same with regard to the crucifix, the ciborium or the remonstrance, the absence of which was remarked on the Altars, which might be thus accounted for;

---

\* Antiquities of the city of Troyes.

because, in the first place, up to the fourteenth century, it was not the custom to represent the image of our Saviour in alto-relievo ; and also because the Blessed Eucharist was preserved not in a ciborium or remonstrance, but in a dove, of gold or silver, suspended by a chain to the ciborium. Theophilus, for these reasons, does not mention in his *Schedula diversarum artium* either the *crucifix* or the *ciborium*, &c. The most exquisite ornaments of this species date from the sixteenth, or it might be as early as the fifteenth century. The magnificent remonstrance in silver-gilt of the cathedral of Barcelona is of the latter epoch. We know that fewer than eight priests could not carry it.

In the middle ages they believed implicitly in the intervention of divine or supernatural beings in the works of the church ; the artificers in gold or silver sometimes participated in that honor. Morales relates that Alphonso, second king of Spain, wishing to employ some one in the construction of a cross of gold and precious stones, two pilgrims came to him as goldsmiths, offering to complete his design in the most perfect manner ; he confided to them accordingly the richest materials, and had them accommodated in a suitable apartment. A feeling of distrust seized him, and acting under its influence he sent his officers to superintend the artificers, who on entering beheld the chamber radiant with light, the pilgrims gone and the cross finished.

The Altar of the Collegiate and Benedictine Church at Comburg, in the kingdom of Wurtemberg, is in bronze, and dates to the end of the twelfth century. In the centre of this curious monument of the past, Christ is represented in a glory of crystal cut almond-wise, encompassed by symbols of the four Evangelists ; at his sides are placed the twelve Apostles in two rows. These figures are in relief, well proportioned, of a severe and noble style, and gracefully draped. The large Glory which encircles the Christ, and the perpendicular and horizontal columns which divide the Altar into twelve compartments, are covered with mosaics, forming very elegant designs, and disposed symmetrically, their varied colors separated by mouldings of brilliant metal. Eight precious stones are set in the Glory.

In the descriptions left by the Arabs of the Mosque of Cordova, we notice the use of chandeliers in silver and in copper, of various sizes ; four very large ones have been

found in the Inner Mosque, and one much larger still was placed in the sanctuary beside the Koran. Its circumference was so immense that it could hold a thousand lights; it was studded with gold, silver, and even precious stones. According to Macarthy, the number of chandeliers dispersed through the interior of the Mosque were, without reckoning those above the doors, 280, and vases or lamps for oil, 7,425, a figure that other historians computed at 10,805.

At the cathedral of Cologne there existed formerly four chandeliers of carved bronze from the fourteenth century, each of which was surmounted by angels carrying wax lights.

The tenebrario or chandelier in bronze of the Cathedral of Seville is not less than eight metres in height; it is crowned by fifteen statues about seventy centimetres high. Morel was the constructor of this noble work.

We see in the *Annales Archéologiques*, (March, 1847,) the design of a buckle in gold recently found in England; it is in pure gold and dates from the fourteenth century. Its form is that of an A with a flat head; on the front may be read:—" *io fas amer e doz de amer*," I gain love and I give love; on the other front may be seen the letters A. G. L. A. which might form the word Aglaé.

Don Martenne records having seen at Clairvaux a silver chalice to the cup of which were appended four small bells.

The goldsmiths abandoned themselves, from the fourteenth century, to all the extravagances of imagination. We read in the inventories of the treasures of King Charles V., and of the Duke of Anjou, his brother:—"Of a cock forming a ewer, the body and the tail of which were of pearls, and the head, throat and neck of silver enamelled in yellow, green, and azure; he is raising his back against a fox who appears coming to seize him by the crest, and all is represented on a meadow of azure enamel where several children are sporting.

In the middle of the nave of la Sainte Chapelle, at Bourges, was suspended, by sixteen large chains, which a hook and another chain attached to the vault, a large lustre, or as it was described at the time, a chandelier, to a crown in copper and polished iron—a chef-d'œuvre of taste and elegance; all the parts could be taken asunder, and one hundred and sixty wax tapers arranged on it. It reproduced some of the

varied forms which were displayed in all the details of the edifice; the circumference, (of about 20 metres) was divided by joists hollowed through, each being ornamented with four fleur-de-lys and a small Bear in relief, which bore a pennant with the arms of de Berri; they were separated by a pilaster, surmounted by a little bell, at the base of which might be seen a half-formed stag. The wax lights were arranged between these bells on the branches of the lilies which projected; they were adorned with foliage and flowers, and behind, on the chandelier, were entwined fleur-de-lys in decorations of flower work.

The largest chandelier of la Sainte Chapelle was only, they say, lighted twice, the first time the day of the Consecration, the 18th of April, 1405; the second, at the funeral of the daughter of Louis XI., Jane, Duchess de Berri, the rejected wife of Louis XII., February the 21st, 1505.\*

In 1489, Pope Eugene, being come to Florence, ordered Lorenzo Ghiberti to make a mitre of gold weighing fifteen pounds, and decorated with five and a half pounds weight of pearls, six of which were as large as nuts. He had already made for Pope Martin a mitre covered with golden foliage, out of which came a crowd of very small figures, in alto-relievo, exquisitely beautiful; the button of the cope was also enriched with jewels and figures in relief.

Of all the works of Benvenuto Cellini, very few have been transmitted to us. The most remarkable amongst them is a salt-cellar which he executed for Francis the First, and which may be seen at the present day at the museum of Vienna. Cellini has, himself, given the following description of it: "I have represented the Ocean and the Earth, both seated with their legs interlaced, in allusion to the gulfs which penetrate into the land, and the capes which advance into the sea. I have placed a trident in the right hand of Ocean, and in the left a bark of exquisite workmanship designed to receive the salt. Underneath the god were four sea-horses, who had only the head, breast and fore-legs of horses, and the tails of fishes, which gracefully intermingled. Ocean was seated on the group, in an attitude replete with arrogance; a crowd of fishes and other marine

---

\* *Historie du Berry*, by M. L. Raynal.

animals swimming around him, ploughing through waves covered with enamel, exactly the color of water. Earth, under the form of a beautiful naked woman, holds in her right hand a horn of abundance, and in her left a small temple of the Ionic order, beautifully sculptured, fit to enclose the pepper. Beneath this figure was represented the most beautiful animals the earth produces. A portion of the rocks near her were enamelled; I have left the others in gold. This group was set in a groundwork of ebony, in the thickness of which I have managed a wave, ornamented with four very small gold figures, in half relief: they represent Night, Day, Twilight and the Dawn, and are separated from each other by the four principal winds, carved and enamelled with all the care and finish imaginable."\*

For votive offerings to churches the skill and ingenuity of goldsmiths have been frequently taxed. The Church of Our Lady of Liesse has received a great number, equally remarkable for the richness of the materials as for the talent of the artists. We have seen there a fort, some French memorials; one, the city of Bourges, offered by the mayor and aldermen, after a plague which had ravaged that city; the Prince de Conti sent a castle of Vincennes, and Madame de Tournon, the citadel tower of that city; they also had there the picture of the city of Nancy.

We have seen two angels in silver, life size, bearing in urns the hearts of Louis XIII. and of Louis the XIV., at each side of the high Altar, at the church of St. Paul.

At the college of Louis the Great, or Louis le Grand, may be seen an antependium, all of silver, and a great quantity of gold work.

The tabernacle of the Church of the Carmelites, all silver, represented the Ark of the Covenant.

At the Sorbonne was a sun, in gold, given by Cardinal Richelieu, which cost twenty thousand pounds.

At the two sides of the high Altar of the chapel of the Electoral palace, at Munich, above the two small accessory Altars, are two grand reliquaries in ebony, in which are framed the bones of all the saints of the year, incrustated with precious stones; it is a calendar of diamonds.

---

\* *Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini*, book vi. Paris: Paulin, 1847, 2 vols. in duodecimo, vol. 2nd., page 33.

## ART. IV.—AMERICAN AGRICULTURE.

*A Statistical View of American Agriculture, its Home Resources and Foreign Markets, with Suggestions for the Schedules of the Federal Census in 1860. An Address delivered at New York, before the American Geographical and Statistical Society, on the Organization of the Agricultural Section, By John Jay, Esq., Chairman of the Section, and Foreign Corresponding Secretary of the Society. London: Trübner and Company. New York: D. Appleton & Company, 346 and 348, Broadway. 1859.*

We have read Mr. Jay's *Address* with so much pleasure and advantage, that we shall confer a benefit upon our own countrymen, whether intending to reside in the old country, or contemplating a start in the new, by condensing it for the **IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW**.

The number of square miles contained in the area of the United States of America, in the present year, is within a fraction of three millions (2,936,166)\* somewhat more than one-third of the area of North America, exclusive of the West Indies, and nearly double the area of all Europe,† excepting Russia.‡

	Square Miles.
* The area of the United States, at the peace of 1783, was	820,680
The purchase of Louisiana, 1819, added about	899,579
Acquisition of Florida, 1819	66,900
Annexation of Texas	318,000
Oregon Treaty	308,052
Treaty with Mexico	522,955
	2,936,166

—*De Bow's Compendium*, p. 32.

† The area of North America is as follows :

	Square Miles.	Square Miles.
United States		2,936,166
British America	New Britain	2,598,837
	Upper and Lower Canada	346,860
	Nova Scotia and New Brunswick	1,104,701
		3,050,398
Mexico		1,038,834
Central America		208,551
Russian		394,000
Danish	(Greenland)	380,000
	Total square miles	8,002,949

—*De Bow's Compendium*, p. 31

‡ The area of Europe embraces 3,811,594 square miles. The area of some of the larger States is as follows, in square miles :—



Two countries in either hemisphere approach the United States in area; the one Russia, containing twenty-one hundred thousand square miles; the other Brazil, having twenty-seven hundred thousand square miles.

The aggregate population of the United States has increased from about four millions (3,929,827), in 1790, to twenty-three millions (23,191,876), in 1850. The estimated population for the present year, 1858, is a little over twenty-nine millions, now for the first exceeding the population of Great Britain, which in 1851 was about twenty-seven and a half millions. According to the ratio of increase from 1840 to 1850, the population, in 1890, would be one hundred and seven millions. The annual increase from 1790 has been four times as great as Russia, six times as much as Great Britain, nine times as much as Austria, ten times as much as France.\*

In 1850, the density of population for the existing territory of the United States, was about eight (7.90) persons to the square mile. In the New England States the density was forty-two (41.34) to the square mile. In the middle States fifty-eight, (57.79), while California and Texas together had less than one person to the square mile. When the increase of our native and foreign population shall invest with the density of New England the whole territory of the United States,

Russia in Europe . . . . .	2,120,397	Turkey . . . . .	210,565
Austria . . . . .	257,868	Sweden and Norway . . . . .	293,313
France . . . . .	207,145	Belgium . . . . .	11,390
Great Britain . . . . .	121,912	Portugal . . . . .	36,510
Prussia . . . . .	107,921	Holland . . . . .	12,601
Spain . . . . .	182,270	Denmark . . . . .	22,533
Bavaria . . . . .	29,637	Naples and Sicily . . . . .	44,401
Hanover . . . . .	14,734	Sardinia and Piedmont . . . . .	29,276
Swiss Confederation . . . . .	14,950	Papal States . . . . .	15,892
Greece . . . . .	17,900	Tuscany . . . . .	8,511

\* The population of England in 1851, was 27,475,271; of Austria, 86,514,397; of France, 35,788,170; of Russia, in 1850, 62,088,000; of Prussia, (1849,) 16,831,187; of Turkey in Europe, (1844,) 15,500,000; of Spain, (1834,) 12,232,194.

It is stated that Herr Dietrick, of the University of Berlin, estimates the population of the world as follows:

Europe . . . . .	271,000,000
Asia . . . . .	730,000,000
America . . . . .	200,000,000
Africa . . . . .	80,000,000
Australia, &c. . . . .	2,000,000

Making a total of 1283 millions, of which the population of the United States, estimating it at thirty millions, is about one forty-second part.

its population will amount to one hundred and twenty-three millions. With the density of the middle States, of fifty-eight (57.79), to the square mile, it would amount to one hundred and seventy millions.

The density of Spain (78.03,) would make it two hundred millions. That of France (172.74,) five hundred millions. That of Great Britain (332.00,) six hundred and sixty millions, while the density of Belgium (388.60,) were it possible to support such a population on this continent, would give us eleven hundred and fifty millions. Such a population, however, or anything approaching to it, is a thing impossible in the United States, for the reason that a large portion of its territory is a barren waste, incapable of tillage. Such is the character of the space between the 98th meridian and the Rocky Mountains, denominated "The Great American Plain," and the space from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, with the exception of the rich but narrow belt along the ocean, may also be regarded, in comparison with other portions of the United States, as a wilderness unfitted for the use of the husbandman.

I, therefore, do not mention these figures, with any intent of digressing from the subject before us, into idle speculations on the future destiny of the Republic, based upon the extent of its area, but to direct your attention to the fact so intimately connected with a just view of American Agriculture, that making ample allowance for the unproductive parts of our territory, looking only to those parts whose fertility is known, the country is capable of producing a vast excess of food over the quantity required for home consumption by its present and immediately prospective population, even with all the emigration that a wisely directed governmental policy may induce; and that it must be in part the industrial mission of the United States for long years, it may, perhaps, be for long centuries to come, to produce food for the consumption of foreign nations.

A general Census has been taken in the United States every tenth year, beginning with 1790, in compliance with the provisions of the Federal Constitution, for the apportionment of representation and taxation among the States, according to their representative members; but until very recently, the Census has furnished few national data, upon the prominent branch of American industry.

Our governmental statistics have had reference to population, to revenue, trade, commerce, and navigation. They have of

late touched upon the moral, the social, the physical condition of the people; including religion, education, crime, and pauperism; while *Agriculture* received little attention, until, in 1840, it was partially included in the Federal schedules.

In the Census of 1850, one schedule out of six,\* more full in its details, was devoted to agriculture. These schedules were prepared by a special committee in the Senate, and they were assisted by valuable suggestions from our co-labourer, Mr. Archibald Russell, whose services in this regard were publicly acknowledged by the able superintendent of the Census, Mr. De Row, and who thus in advance aided in preparing the way for the labors of this association, whose infancy he so faithfully nursed, and whose maturer course by Sections, he has within a few months so auspiciously inaugurated.

The materials gathered in these Census, especially the last, despite the errors and imperfections incident to the inception of so vast an undertaking, afford a most excellent basis for future comparison; and indicate the respectful attention which Agricultural Statistics must henceforth claim at the hands of the Government, stimulated as they will be by popular pressure from without, by the demands of the farmers of the United States, recognizing at last in Agriculture a branch of industry not inferior to commerce or to manufactures, but one far surpassing them both in extent and importance; the great overshadowing interest of the nation, by which all others thrive, and which has the right to demand the constant, chiefest, and most enlightened regard, at the hands of their Senators and Representatives in Congress.

The Compendium of the Census of 1850, prepared by Mr. De Row, of which an immense edition has been issued, embraced a summary of the returns of the former Census, and some comparative statistics of other countries, and forms an invaluable text-book for the student of statistics.

The ability with which the work was performed, and the appreciation it has met, afford good reason for believing that the Agriculture of our broad land, in its more prominent features,

---

\* The schedules were as follows: 1. Free inhabitants; 2. Slaves; 3. Mortality; 4. *Agriculture*; 5. Manufacturing industry; 6. Social statistics. The superintendent suggests that there be but two schedules hereafter: one of POPULATION, the other PRODUCTION, with proper instructions for compressing all required information in a compact and inexpensive form.

will be henceforth decennially photographed with such minuteness and accuracy, as to allow of the most thorough investigation and accurate deductions.

The area of our territory, which as I have already remarked, is about three millions of square miles, will soon be treated of by Mr. Poor, the Chairman of the section on Topography. Without proposing to trench upon the duties of that section, or to do more than refer to the prominent features of our physical geography, I may remark that the calculations of the Topographical Bureau at Washington, show the existence of an interior valley drained by the waters of the Mississippi and its tributaries, nearly as large as the Atlantic and Pacific slopes together, and one-third larger than the whole domain of the Republic on the adoption of the Constitution.

The following table shows the area of each slope and its ratio to the total area of the United States.

Territory.	Area in Square Miles.	Ratio of Slope of total Area of the U. S.
Pacific Slope . . . . .	786,002	26.09
Atlantic Slope, proper . . . . .	514,416	17.52
Northern Lake Region . . . . .	112,649	3.83
Gulf Region . . . . .	325,537	11.09
Mississippi Valley, drained by the } Mississippi and its tributaries }	1,217,562	41.47
Total . . . . .	2,956,166	100.00

Thus, over two-fifths of the National territory is drained by the Mississippi and its tributaries, and more than one-half is embraced in what may be called its middle region. One-fourth of its total area belongs to the Pacific, one-sixth to the Atlantic proper, one twenty-sixth to the Lakes, one-ninth to the Gulf, or one-third to the Atlantic, including the Lakes and Gulf.

As connected with the facility of water transportation, it may be interesting to add, that a calculation made at the Office of Coast Survey, for 1853, gives for the total main shore line of the United States, exclusive of sounds, islands, &c., twelve thousand (12,609) statute miles, of which 54 per cent belongs to the Atlantic coast, 18 to the Pacific, and 28 to the Gulf coast; and that if all these be followed, and the rivers entered to the head of tide-water, the total line will be swelled to thirty-three thousand (33,069) miles.

The general character of the soil between the Mississippi river and the Atlantic is that of great fertility, as also that on the western side of the Mississippi, as far as the 98th meridian,

including the States of Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, and Minnesota, and portions of Kansas and Nebraska; but from that meridian westward to the Rocky Mountains, and thence nearly to the Pacific, excepting the rich and narrow belt already alluded to along the ocean, is found in some parts a waste utterly barren, and generally the land is unfit for the support of an ordinary civilized community.\* Of the entire area of the United States only about one-thirteenth part is improved; about one-eighth more is occupied but not improved. The entire number of acres occupied is some three hundred millions (293,560,614) or nearly one-sixth part of the national domain.†

The olden theory in regard to the soil first occupied by settlers, broached by Ricardo and Malthus, and for a long time adopted without question, was that the best lands were first occupied by the pioneers of civilization; but this has been refuted by Mr. Carey, whose careful array of facts gathered from the history of various nations, including our own, seems to show conclusively that the richest lands are the last to be cultivated, and hence we may conclude that among the unoccupied portions of our country, there remains soil of greater fertility and ultimate value, than is to be found in the thirteenth portion now under actual cultivation ‡

\* Prof. Henry's learned paper on Meteorology, in its connection with Agriculture.

† In Great Britain, including England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and the British islands, according to a table prepared for the House of Commons, in 1827, in statute acres, there were of cultivated lands 36,522,970 acres; of uncultivated, 15,000,000; of unprofitable, 15,871,363; making a total of 77,394,333; of this total, 19,135,990 were in arable lands and gardens; 27,386,980 in meadows, pastures, and marshes; 15,000,000 wastes, incapable of improvement; 15,871,463 wastes capable of improvement.

In France, there are 82,790,702 acres improved; 38,238,616 unimproved. In Austria, 138,808,366—25,812,517 unimproved. In Prussia, 39,478,704 improved—28,141,156 unimproved.

‡ "The richest lands of North Carolina, to the extent of many millions of acres, remain to this time uncleared and undrained, while men are everywhere wasting their labor on poor ones, yielding three, four, or five bushels to the acre. South Carolina has millions of acres of the finest meadow and other lands, capable of yielding immense returns to labor, and waiting only the growth of wealth and population; and so it is in Georgia, Florida, and Alabama. So entirely valueless are the richest lands of the west, south, and south-west, that Congress has recently granted them to the extent of nearly forty millions of acres to the States in which they lie, and the latter have accepted them."—*Principles of the Social System*, by H. C. Carey. Philad. 1838. Vol. 1, pp. 116-17.

The States and Territories among which these lands are divided, are forty in number, besides the District of Columbia, including within their organization, sixteen hundred (1620) county divisions.

The total number of farms and plantations is about a million and a half (1,449,075,) the number of improved acres is one hundred and thirteen millions (113,032,614,) of unimproved one hundred and eighty millions (180,528,000;) the farms average two hundred and three acres to each farm, and average in value twenty-two hundred and fifty (2,258) dollars. The implements and machinery on each farm average in value one hundred (105) dollars. The proportion of improved land in the different sections of the country is as follows:—

In New England 26 acres in one hundred.

In the South, 16 “ “ “

In the North-West 12 “ “ “

In the South-West 5 “ “ “

In the South, the number of acres to the farm is the largest, but the value is most in the Middle States, and the average value of the Union is eleven dollars (11.04) per acre, ranging from one dollar and a half (1.41) in Texas, a fraction more in California, and five and a half (5.34) in the Southern States, to eleven dollars and a half (11.39) in the North-Western States; twenty dollars (20.27) in New England, and twenty-eight dollars (28.07) in the Middle States.

The published Census exhibits very partial returns of the number of acres held by individuals in the several States; returns limited, in fact, to certain counties in particular States. Among them Louisiana and South Carolina are indicated as having more farms of large size than the others, Louisiana having among fifteen hundred (1,558) farms two hundred (206) of from one to ten thousand acres, and one of over ten thousand acres; while South Carolina, among nine thousand (9,400) farms, has fourteen hundred (1,472) of over five hundred acres, twelve hundred (1,230) of over one thousand acres, and sixteen of over ten thousand acres each. Among all, the smallest average number of acres to a farm is 97 acres in Maine, ranging upwards to about one hundred (120), in New York (113), New Jersey (115), New Hampshire (116), Pennsylvania (117,) and Ohio (125), to upwards of two hundred in Maryland (212), Kentucky (227), Tennessee (261), three hundred in Virginia (340), North Carolina (369),

Mississippi (309), and Louisiana (372), to four hundred (441) in Georgia, five hundred (541) in South Carolina, nine hundred (942) in Texas, and forty-four hundred (4,466) in California ; but these two last averages clearly indicate that the division of the number of farms into the occupied area of the State territory, a great part of which is still very sparsely occupied, cannot give the true and actual average of the number of acres to each proper farm, and the mean average obtained in this way, of two hundred acres to each farm in the United States, would seem to be consequently only an approximation, and larger than it is in fact.

These farms, with occasional exceptions, as among the ancient manors of New York, of late conspicuous for antirentism, are owned in fee by the cultivators themselves, and this rule constitutes an essential element of difference in comparing American Agriculture with that of England, where the cultivators of the soil are nearly uniformly tenants, generally under terms of longer or shorter continuance, and sometimes at will, causing a separation and occasional clashing of those interests of the landlord and the farmer which are with us united in the same person.\*

---

\* Mr. John Stuart Mill, in his well known work on "The Principles of Political Economy, with some of their applications to Social Philosophy," in the chapter on the "Influence of Progress on Profits, Rents," &c., contends that the assertion of Ricardo, paradoxical as it may at first appear, is nevertheless sound, that the interest of the landlord is decidedly hostile to the sudden and general introduction of Agricultural improvements.

Mr. Mill argues that if the improvement were confined to one estate, it would clearly benefit the proprietors; but if it extends equally to all it is injurious, for the reason that whatever permanently reduces the price of produce, diminishes rent; and that, if by the increased productiveness of land, less land were required for cultivation, its value, like that of any other article for which the demand had diminished, would fall.

Correct as this reasoning may be in the abstract, and upon the premises assumed, that but a limited demand for arable land exists in England, I think, with great deference to so distinguished an authority, that it ceases to apply to the existing and prospective state of things in that country; since the demand for food in England, if we rightly read her statistics, exceeds the utmost limits of the supply that her arable lands, with all the assistance to be derived from modern improvements, are capable of yielding. For in this case it would seem, that the demand for food being incapable of supply at home, and all possibility of a failure in the demand for arable land being done away, the interest of the landlords would be decidedly in favor of the general introduction of Agricultural improvements as tending to increase, not only the productiveness of their estates, but the annual pecuniary returns from every acre, since they would increase the average number of bushels to the acre, without diminishing the value of each separate bushel in market.

What influence this difference may exert upon the character and progress of agricultural improvements, and how far the superior wealth, and to some extent, more liberal education of the English landlords is counterbalanced by the individual energy and enterprize fostered in America, by an undivided interest, are interesting questions that will be probably elucidated by a careful comparison of the future returns of the two countries.

Between the United States and France—although the lands in both are generally held in fee simple, or nearly so, a difference of similar importance is found in the average size of the farms.

Here the average is from 150 to 200 acres; there the average, although not so small as has been frequently represented, is probably but six or eight acres among four millions of the smaller proprietors, or about twelve acres to each farm throughout the entire empire, and these are frequently encumbered by ancestral mortgages.\*

The census of 1840 did not ascertain the number of acres of improved land in the United States, so that there are no data showing the increase during the last decade. But looking at the produce of American agriculture, we find in the report of the Secretary of State for 1856 a Statement, exhibiting the number of acres employed in the production of the different crops in the States and Territories, their total product and value, together with the product and value per acre, for the year 1850.

---

\* Some of the alarmist writers of England, in predicting the most unfortunate consequences from the division of landed property in France, assumed as authority the treatise of Messrs. Mounier and Rubichon upon the state of agriculture in France, published in Paris in 1846, and have represented the average size of the farms in France at a much smaller area than the average stated in the text. The London Quarterly Review, also for December 1846, proclaimed upon the evidence produced by these writers, that "in a few years the Code Napoleon will be employed in dividing fractions of square inches of land, and decided by logarithms, infinitesimal inheritances," but an elaborate and interesting reply to these several authors upon this point was published by Mr. J. S. Mill, first in the Morning Chronicle, and subsequently as a note to the first volume of his treatise on Political Economy. (London, 1849, page 594,) from which it would appear that the actual subdivision or *morcelement* has been greatly exaggerated, and although certainly too minute in some parts of France, it is not to be regarded as a growing evil; since the subdivision has reached its height, and the reunions by purchase, marriage and inheritance, now balance the subdivisions.



This table shows us that in 1850 the four largest staples of our country, ranking them according to their annual value, were—

	Dollars.
Indian Corn - - -	296,000,000
Hay, - - -	138,000,000
Wheat, - - -	90,000,000
Cotton, - - -	78,000,000

Before proceeding to note some further statistics in regard to Indian Corn, or as it is sometimes called, *Maize*, let me briefly mention the doubt expressed at a recent meeting of the British Association, whether this grain is strictly a plant of the New World, and allow me to refer to the evidence that proves it, as we think conclusively, to be a native grain.

Stress was laid in the British Association on the fact of its occurrence in the floral decorations of Rome in the time of Rafaele; but it was said in reply that botanists had always regarded it as a plant of the New World, and the evidences on this point adduced by Alfonse De Caudolle in his great work on the geographical distribution of plants, was quite complete; and it was sensibly suggested that if it had been a plant of the Old World they could scarcely have failed to raise it, and that Rafaele's painting it might be accounted for by the interest with which all the products of the New World were then regarded. It is referred to by the most ancient-Peruvian historians; it was cultivated by the Aborigines in the time of Columbus, and it is still found growing in a wild state from our Rocky Mountains to the forests of Paraguay. The venerable Baron Humboldt, whose eminent authority may be regarded as settling the question, says: "It is no longer doubted among botanists that *Maize* or Turkish corn is a true American grain, and that the old continent received it from the new."\*

Indian Corn is pre-eminently the great staple of the country, surpassing all others in the area of its cultivation, and in the amount and value of the crop, yielding in 1850, within a fraction of three hundred millions of dollars, being all but equal to the united values of the three next staples in their order, Wheat, Hay and Cotton; and as Indian Corn is not only the

\* Those persons who may wish to examine the authorities on both sides of this question, which has been much discussed, will find them arrayed in a learned essay on Indian Corn, by Charles Louis Flint, of Roxbury, Mass., printed in the Transactions of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society, 1849, page 81.

most important, but the most universal crop, extending from the northern to the southern limit of the United States; its cultivation would seem to afford a better test than that offered by any other of the progress of American tillage.

In the production of Indian Corn no state has retrograded. The crop in 1840 was nearly four hundred millions of bushels; in 1850 it was within a fraction of six hundred millions, being a gain of 57 per cent., while the increase of the population, during the same time, was only 35 per cent. The estimated crop for 1855, according to the Secretary of the Treasury, was between seven and eight hundred millions, or nearly double the crop for 1840, and the crop for 1856 was estimated at fully eight hundred millions of bushels.

One of our distinguished agriculturists, Prof. Mapes, in an interesting lecture on Indian Corn before the American Institute, has remarked that it may be said of our corn crop, as Mr. Webster said of the turnip crop of England, that its failure for three successive years would nearly bankrupt the nation.

It is with us a staple food of men and of animals. To it we are indebted in part for our beef and in a very large proportion for our pork. In the far West it is fed largely to cattle and pigs for the more convenient exportation of the produce of the country. The number of hogs fattened on it nearly equals the number of inhabitants, and their lard has become a staple article of export. The sugar estates in the West Indies are reported to be mainly supported by American Indian Meal, and its use is extending in Ireland, England, and throughout the world. In 1850, somewhat more than eleven millions of bushels were consumed in the manufacture of malt and spirituous liquors.

While the value of the corn crop has increased so rapidly, the WHEAT crop, from 1840 to 1850, according to the census, had increased only 15 per cent. It was suggested in the report of the Patent Office for 1852 and '53, that this crop would have shown an equal advance with that of Indian Corn, had it not been badly damaged, especially in the North-Western States, before the harvest from which the census was taken; but the statistics of subsequent harvests in particular States seem to render this supposition improbable.\*

---

\* The number of bushels for 1840, was.....84,823,372  
 " " " 1850, ..... 100,485,844  
 Estimated " 1855, ..... 109,665,678

—*Report on the Finances for 1856, page 196.*

The breadth of land in the United States, suited to the wheat crop, is comparatively small, and in the older States would appear to be diminishing.\*

In New England the culture of wheat is rapidly declining; in the Middle States it is nearly stationary, the increase for the ten years previous to 1850 being only about fifteen per cent. In the North-Western States its culture has rapidly increased; and it is from this district that the largest supplies for export are derived.

Chicago, which, twenty years ago, imported flour and meal for her own consumption, has established brands of flour, which are now recognised throughout Europe; and she is shown by recent statistics to be the largest primary grain depôt in the world, rivalling Odessa and Galatz, Dantzic and St. Petersburg, while she leads all other ports of the world also in the quantity and quality of her exports.

The population of Chicago, which, in 1850, was 29,000, in 1856 had increased to 104,000.†

The Census of New York for 1855 shows that her wheat crop, once so famous, is actually decreasing, owing, as is supposed, in part to the ravages of insects, and in part to diseases of the plant, assisted, perhaps, by a gradual deterioration of the soil.

The wheat crop in New York was twelve millions (12,286,418) in 1840, and only nine millions (9,092,402) in 1855, a decrease of twenty-five per cent., while the crop of INDIAN CORN, in the same State, increased during the same

\* The county of Monroe, in the State of New York, of which Rochester is the centre, with a total area of 720 miles, or nearly five hundred thousand (460,800) acres, produced in 1850 about a million and a half of bushels (1,441,653) while the six New England States, with an area of eleven millions of acres (11,147,096) of improved land, only supplied one million of bushels (1,090,845)—*North America, its Agriculture and Climate*, by Robt. Russell. Edinburgh, 1857.

† The shipment of grain in 1855, was 2,200,000 quarters (of 8 bushels each) being the largest quantity ever shipped from any one port in the world; 77,000 barrels of pork; 56,000 barrels of beef. A direct trade between Chicago and Liverpool, via the St. Laurence, without transshipment, was successfully opened in 1856, by the Dean Richmond, a schooner of 380 tons register, drawing 9 1-2 feet, with 400 tons of wheat; she was the largest sized vessel that could come through the canal, but it is said that a moderate outlay would admit ships of 1000 tons.

The freight and charges were less than via New York, or from the Black Sea. *Mark Lane Gazette*. Letter of Mr W. Kernaghan, of Dublin, copied VIII. Vol. *Working Farmer*, page 234.

period from about ten (10,972,286) to twenty millions (19,299,691), or nearly one hundred per cent., showing, when taken together, not a diminution in the bread crop of the State, for the joint increase is five millions of bushels, but simply a partial substitution of Indian corn for wheat.

In no country can abroad crop be raised with less labor than Indian corn generally throughout the United States, and it has been estimated that the same amount of toil of a man and horse which will raise a bushel of wheat in England will raise ten bushels of corn on favorable soil in this country.

The Patent Office Report for 1855, in an interesting paper, by Mr D. J. Browne,\* shows that a comparison of the nutritious values of corn and wheat, ranging at from two to three times the price of a bushel of corn, gives a decided preference to the corn; and this fact has, doubtless, had its influence in extending its consumption among our people.

But as yet neither this fact nor the other excellencies of corn meal are appreciated in Europe; and the exports of this grain are very much less than those of wheat. In 1854 the proportions were 40,000,000 dollars' worth of wheat to 7,000,000 dollars' worth of corn. Experiments in the preparation of corn are being made by the Government of Prussia, and elsewhere in Europe, which will probably result in its more rapid introduction as a staple article of food.

Looking at the aggregate EXPORTS of the country for the past year, 1857, to learn the proportion due to the culture of the soil, we find them to be as follows:

	Dollars.		Dollars.
The Sea	- 3,739,644	Cotton	- 131,575,859
" Forest	- 14,699,711	Raw Produce	2,103,105
Agriculture	- 75,722,096	Manufactures	30,805,126
Tobacco	- 20,260,772	Specie & Bullion	60,078,352

Total value of Exports. - - - 332,785,065  
of which there was due to the culture of the soil (agriculture, tobacco, and cotton,) two hundred and thirty millions (229,661,832), or more than two-thirds of the sum total.

\* (See page 456.) The analyses relied upon were those of Sir Humphrey Davy, assigning 95 per cent. of nutritious matter to wheat, and 77 per cent. to corn, determining the intrinsic value of the two grains to be in this proportion; so that 1 dollar being the price of corn, wheat would in reality seem to be worth no more than 1.23 dollars.

Comparing this amount with the exports due to the culture of the soil in 1847, we find that there were in that year one hundred and thirty-one millions, the increase for the ten years being more than seventy per cent.

The exports of breadstuffs for the last fifteen years (see Appendix C.) have singularly fluctuated, and, although their large increase from twenty-seven millions (27,701,121), in 1846, to sixty-eight millions (68,701,921), in 1847, and their fall again, in 1848, to thirty-seven millions (37,472,751) may be accounted for by the Irish famine of 1847, arising from the potato rot and short crops generally, it seems less easy to account for the differences in the exports of the last five years. They were in

1852, twenty-five millions	-	-	-	(25,857,027)
1853, thirty-two millions	-	-	-	(32,985,822)
Rising, in 1854, to sixty-five millions	-	-	-	(65,941,323)
Sinking, in 1855, to thirty-eight millions	-	-	-	(38,895,348)
And rising, in 1857, to seventy-seven millions	-	-	-	(77,187,901)

These must be owing, however, to fluctuations in the home supply, as well as in the foreign demand, affected as the latter has recently been by European and Eastern wars, and the consequent suspension of trade with the Baltic, as the average export price of flour from the country, as ascertained by the Treasury Department for the years in question, throws little light upon it.

That price was as follows:—

	Dollars.
1852 - - - - -	4.24
1853 - - - - -	5.60
1854 - - - - -	7.88
1855 - - - - -	10.10

A statement showing the actual average export price of flour at New York from the year 1800 has been published by the Department.

It is desirable that the causes of such fluctuations should be ascertained as nearly as possible, for, while unexplained, they are calculated to excite doubts in regard to the certainty of agricultural profits, and the element of uncertainty, wherever found, is calculated to discourage and to deter.\*

\* See a paper by J. J. Dawson, Esq., on current price and cost of corn in England, during the last ten years, as illustrating the value of Agricultural Statistics.—*London Statistical Journal*, for March, 1855.

Passing from the great staples of wheat and Indian corn to the other agricultural products of the country, a comparison of the Census of 1840 with that of 1850 gives us these general results.

*And, first, as regards Stock :*

The number of HORSES, asses and mules, had increased in number something more than half a million (560,881), the total in 1850 being about five millions (4,896,650). The number of horses had not increased as rapidly as other stock, in consequence of the extension of railroads lessening their demand for the purposes of travel ; but, in the newly-settled States, where railroads were but commencing, the increase of horses had kept pace with the population. There is about one horse to every five persons in the United States. The 500,000 asses and mules returned are almost confined to the Southern States, where the climate is regarded as better adapted to this animal than the horse.

The NEAT CATTLE had increased nearly three and a-half millions, and numbered over eighteen millions (18,578,907), of which six millions (6,385,094) were milch cows, about two millions (1,700,744) working oxen, and ten millions (10,293,069) other cattle.

The rate of increase of neat cattle for the ten years was about twenty per cent. The amount of butter produced in 1850 was three hundred and thirteen millions of pounds (313,266,962), and of cheese one hundred and five millions of pounds (105,585,219). The average value of the exports of these two articles, from 1845 to 1850, was about one million and a half of dollars.

SWINE had increased four millions, numbering in 1850 over thirty millions (30,854,218).

SHEEP had increased two and a half millions, and numbered nearly twenty-two millions (21,723,220).

In New England there was a remarkable decrease in their number, from 3,811,307, in 1840, to 2,164,452, in 1850, a decrease of forty-five per cent. In the five Atlantic or Middle States, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland, taken together, there was a decrease of twenty-two per cent. The augmentation has chiefly been in the States south of Maryland, and west of New York.

The returns of Wool were as follows :

	lbs.		Dollars.
1840	- 35,802,114	-	11,345,318
1850	- 52,516,959	-	15,755,088
1855	- 61,560,879	-	23,392,944

an increase of about forty-six per cent. The average weight of the fleece yielded by each sheep was, in 1840, 1.84 pound, and in 1850, 2.43, indicating a great improvement in the breed. This improvement is chiefly shown in the returns relative to Vermont, Massachusetts, and New York.\*

The total value of live stock in the United States in 1855 was about five hundred and fifty millions (544,189,516), and the value of animals slaughtered about one hundred and twelve millions (111,703,142 dollars).

*The grain, root and other crops, from 1840 to 1850 :*

RYE had decreased from eighteen millions (18,645,567) of bushels to fourteen millions (14,188,813).

OATS had increased from one hundred and twenty-three millions (123,071,341) to one hundred and forty-six millions (146,584,179).

POTATOES (Irish and sweet) had decreased from one hundred and eight millions of bushels (108,298,060) to one hundred and four millions (104,066,044).

HAY had increased from ten millions of tons (10,248,108) to thirteen millions (13,838,642).

HOPS from one million (1,238,502) of pounds to three millions (3,497,029) in 1850, and, as estimated by the Secretary of the Treasury, to nearly five millions (4,820,752)

\* The consumption of foreign wool in the United States, it may be remarked, appears within the last five years to be diminishing slightly in quantity, although not in value; but the importation of woollen manufactures is increasing. The importation of foreign wool was,

	lbs.		Dollars
in 1840	... 8,813,312	...	819,830
" 1850	... 18,669,794	...	1,681,690
" 1855	... 17,805,511	...	1,940,000

The importation of woollen manufactures was,

" 1840	... 9,907,868
" 1850	... 18,614,589
" 1855	... 23,603,223

The total consumption of foreign wool in England in 1855, was 66 millions of pounds. Total production of woollens, 180,000,000 dollars, and exports of woollens, 48,000,000 dollars.

The total consumption of foreign wool in France, in 1855, was 77,300,000 pounds. Total production of woollens 200,000,000 dollars, and exports of woollens 38,000,000 dollars. The total production of woollens in the United States in 1854 and 5, was 48,000,000 dollars.

in 1855, indicating a rapid increase in the consumption of Lager-beer.

COTTON had increased from eight hundred millions of pounds (799,479,275) in 1840 to nine hundred and eighty millions (978,317,200) in 1850, and to one billion and eighty-eight millions (1,039,409,903) in 1855.

RICE from eighty millions of pounds (80,841,422) to two hundred and fifteen millions (215,313,497), while

TOBACCO has *decreased* from two hundred and nineteen millions of pounds (219,163,319) to one hundred and ninety-nine millions (199,752,655).

WOOL had increased from thirty millions of pounds (35,802,114) to fifty-two millions (52,516,959).

SILK COCOONS had *decreased* from sixty-one thousand pounds (61,652) to ten thousand (10,843).

WINE had increased from one hundred and twenty-four thousand gallons (124,734) to two hundred and twenty-one thousand (221,249).

From a table of the actual crops per acre in the different States, it would seem that there is a diversity so great as to confirm the doubts in regard to its correctness frankly intimated by the compiler, who states that nothing better can be framed from the returns, which, in general, were very carelessly made, or entirely neglected.

IN WHEAT we find the average number of bushels to the acre to be 5 in Alabama and Georgia, 7 in North Carolina, Virginia, and Tennessee, ranging upwards in the other States until it reaches 12 in New York, Ohio and Indiana, 13 in Maryland and Vermont, 14 in Iowa and Wisconsin, 15 in Florida, Pennsylvania and Texas, and 16, the highest average, in Massachusetts, being three times the average of the lowest.

IN RYE we find the average of bushels to the acre to be 5 in Virginia, 7 in Georgia and Tennessee, 8 in New Jersey, 17 in New York, and 25 in Ohio, or five times the lowest average.

IN INDIAN CORN we find the lowest average to be 11 bushels to the acre in South Carolina, 15 in Alabama, 16 in Georgia and Louisiana, 17 in North Carolina, 18 in Mississippi and Virginia, and so rising upwards until it reaches 27 in New York and Maine, 32 in Vermont and Iowa, 33 in Indiana, Illinois and New Jersey, 34 in Missouri, 36 in Ohio, and 40 in Connecticut, some three and a-half times the lowest average.



IN OATS we find the lowest average, 10 bushels to the acre in North Carolina, 12 in Mississippi and South Carolina and Alabama, 18 in Virginia, 18 in Arkansas, Georgia and Kentucky, 20 in Delaware, Indiana and Maine, 21 in Connecticut, Maryland and Ohio, 22 in Pennsylvania, 25 in New York, 26 in Vermont, New Jersey, Missouri, Michigan, and Massachusetts, 29 in Illinois, 35 in Wisconsin, and 36 in Iowa.

OF RICE we have returns only from three States, Louisiana giving 1,400 pounds to the acre, South Carolina 1,750, and Florida 1,850 pounds.

SWEET POTATOES vary in quantity from 65 bushels to the acre in Texas to 174 in Louisiana, 200 in Alabama, and 400 in Georgia.

IRISH POTATOES yield from 65 bushels to the acre in North Carolina, 75 in Maryland, New Jersey, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, 100 in Indiana, Iowa, New York and Rhode Island, 120 in Maine and Tennessee, 100 in Georgia and Wisconsin, 130 in Kentucky, 140 in Michigan, 170 in Massachusetts, 175 in Florida, 178 in Vermont, 230 in New Hampshire, and 250 in Texas.

In this table particularly it is difficult to account, except on the supposition of error, for so large a difference in the average yield per acre between States so alike in character as Alabama (60) and Georgia (125,) or between Connecticut (85,) Vermont (178) and New Hampshire (220.)

No question, perhaps, connected with American Agriculture is of more general interest and importance than the measure of profit which may reasonably be expected from capital invested in farms, and managed with that degree of skill and industry, which are the recognized requisites to success, in the various branches of commerce and of manufactures, in the trades, and learned professions.

It has been truly remarked, that "mankind have a habit of graduating the rank of labor by the recompense it receives;" and it is undoubtedly the conviction that agricultural labor is less profitable than many other employments pursued in cities and large towns, that induces so many thousands of our ambitious and energetic youths, especially in New England and the Atlantic States, to forsake their rural homes, and the half-cultivated farms of their fathers, in the hope of more rapidly achieving independence, and perhaps fortune, in communities where every branch of trade is already over-crowded with anxious competitors.

The same idea is not unfrequently entertained by capitalists. The common belief seems to be, and it is, doubtless, founded upon common experience, that the profits of farming operations are very moderate, and that it is idle to expect more than a small per centage from capital thus invested. A contrary belief is usually attributed to an undue enthusiasm with no basis of fact, and occasional instances of large profits are regarded as extraordinary exceptions, that are to be attributed to local and special causes, and are not, therefore, to be allowed any weight in the support of a general theory.

It is most desirable that accurate statistics in regard to the fair profits of capital invested in agriculture, after just allowance for the industry required for its development, should be gathered from all sections of the country, and it would be well if some inquiries to this end were embodied in the Agricultural schedules for the approaching Census.

The fact is as yet but imperfectly appreciated among us, that Agriculture, which, in its origin, was but an art, has been gradually raised to the dignity of a science; and now, thanks to the discoveries of the great practical and analytic chemists, in Europe and America, of whom Liebig is the chief, stimulated and aided by the mechanical invention, for which our age and country are so remarkable, it occupies a position of pre-eminence unknown during the last century.

"There is, I believe," says Mr. Everett, "no exaggeration in stating that as great an amount and variety of scientific, physical and mechanical knowledge, is required for the most successful conduct of the various operations of husbandry, as for any of the arts, trades, or professions."

Assuming this position to be correct, it is clear that no amount of evidence in regard to the profits of farms conducted by men wanting in this wide range of scientific, physical and mechanical knowledge, can determine the profits that may be reasonably expected from farms of the like capability, where that varied knowledge institutes and guides every operation.

But there is reason to believe, that while the limit of Agricultural profits generally throughout the country is as much below the line it is capable of reaching, as the present standard of Agricultural education is below that high standard to which Mr. Everett directs the ambition of the American farmer, there are good grounds for the opinion, that with the increase of an Agricultural literature, the diffusion of books and newspapers,

of farmers' clubs, of State, county, and town, Agricultural societies, of national and local fairs and exhibitions, there is a perceptible and rapid improvement in the rural economy of the country, in the intelligent culture of the soil, and in the profits of Agricultural capital.

So long ago as 1795, Mr. Burke placed the proper profits of a proprietor of 1,200 acres at 12 per cent. Sir John Sinclair, a quarter of a century later, declared the proper profits at 10 to 15 per cent. Mr. Rives, of Virginia, by whom these facts were mentioned in a very interesting Agricultural address, stated the profit of the model farm at Gignon, near Versailles, at 14 per cent. The "*Revue des deux Mondes*" for February 15th, 1858, in an article entitled, "Les Questions Agricoles en 1848," mentions that the net profits of the farm at Bresles, in the department of the Oise, rose, in 1856, to 246,000 francs upon a capital of 800,000, being more than 30 per cent.

Occasional accounts in our Agricultural papers indicate a rate of interest, which if verified as one that could be reasonably anticipated with a due share of skill and industry, would immediately induce the investment of millions of capital in Agricultural operations, to the benefit of the country at large, as well as to the individuals making the advances.\*

One point that should not be lost sight of in a consideration of the advantages attendant upon Agricultural operations is the

---

\* The question of the profits to be reasonably expected from Agriculture, is, at this moment, being somewhat discussed both in France and England. The Highland Journal of Agriculture, for March 1858, touches upon it in a review of M. Lavergne's recent essay on the Agriculture of the two countries. That able writer considers the idea, that Agriculture is less profitable than what is usually understood by manufactures, to have arisen from mistaken views of the subject. In the first place, he regards the profits of manufactures as exaggerated. We look only to instances of striking success, and forget the much more numerous cases of signal failure. Again he suggests, capital invested in Agriculture is dispersed over a greater extent of territory, and its results are less conspicuous; while in the other case it is concentrated in visible masses, and a small number of establishments which strike the eye and the imagination. An article in "The Plough and Anvil," on the profits of Agriculture on certain farms in New York, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, makes mention of prizes awarded by the Agricultural Society of the latter State, for crops per acre. Among these were the following:

A. Wadhams, Goshen, 1344 bushels of carrots per acre.

A. Beecher, Bethlehem, 1416 "

J. T. Andrews, West Cornwell, 1660 bushels of ruta бага.

"	"	"	2102	"	long turnips.
Phelps	"	"	105	"	shell corn.

safety of the capital invested, compared with the chances of loss attendant upon commercial or manufacturing investments. The Hon. Emory Washburne, of Massachusetts, in an address before the Worcester Agricultural Society, in 1854, stated some facts bearing upon the question, which a statistical inquiry, if one could be accurately made, into the successes or reverses of the various pursuits in which our countrymen engage, might probably multiply to an extent, that, without proof, would hardly be credited. Of the merchants in Boston doing business at a certain wharf during forty years only six became independent, the remainder failed or died destitute of property. Of one thousand merchants, having accounts at a principal Boston bank during the same year, only six had become independent.

Another investigation led to the startling result, that of every hundred traders, but seven succeed in acquiring wealth. From such reverses the farmer is comparatively free. Of eleven hundred and twelve bankrupts who took the benefit of the bankrupt law in Massachusetts only fourteen were farmers; and of twenty-five hundred and fifty bankrupts in New York only forty-six were farmers. Less than two per cent. of the bankrupts belonged to the Agricultural population, although that population so largely exceeds all the rest of the people however classified.

At the present moment, when the leading manufacturing interests of the country are in a languishing condition from their recent reverses, and the conviction is generally felt of the precariousness of their profits for the future, dependent as those profits are upon the varying policy of opposing parties; the claims of Agriculture upon the attention of capitalists, as well as statesmen, are likely to be more fairly scrutinised than when commerce and manufactures were in the full tide of success. Should the schedule for the approaching Census include the question of Agricultural profit in such a form that the returns may afford reliable data for prudent calculation, the next decade may perhaps see an investment of capital from the Atlantic States, in the cultivation of wheat and corn in

---

Many interesting facts, bearing upon the question of crops to the acre, and Agricultural profits, may be found in the reports of the Worcester Agricultural Society, and generally of the Agricultural Societies throughout the United States. A paper in which these scattered facts should be collated and digested, would be a valuable addition to every farmer's library.

our western valleys, to an extent that shall materially swell our exports of breadstuffs, and constitute them the chief element in our foreign exchanges.

Much has been said of late years of a gradual deterioration of the soil in the older States, as evidenced in part by the decreasing ratio of crops to the acre, as compared with the ratio in former years, and with the usual ratio in other countries.

Mr. Morrell, M.C., of Vermont, by whom a bill has been introduced into the House of Representatives designed to grant to the several States some ten millions of acres to be divided amongst them in proportion to the number of senators and representatives they send to Washington, with the view of promoting Agricultural education and Agricultural science, by the establishment of an Agricultural college in each State, has made some startling statements upon this subject. He affirms that Agriculture is rapidly declining in every State of the Union, that the quantity of food produced bears each year a smaller proportion to the number of acres under cultivation, and that over a very wide area some of the most useful crops bid fair to become extinct.

A writer in the "Year Book of Agriculture for 1855," on the "Alarming Deterioration of the Soil," referred to various statistics of great significance in connection with this subject. Some of them regarded Massachusetts where the hay crop declined 12 per cent. from 1840 to 1850, notwithstanding the addition of 90,000 acres to its mowing lands, and the grain crop absolutely depreciated 6,000 bushels, although the tillage lands had been increased by the addition of 60,000 acres.

In Indiana the river bottoms which used to produce an average crop of sixty bushels of corn to the acre, now produce but forty. In Wisconsin, which is younger still, it is estimated that only one-half the bushels of wheat are now raised to the acre that were raised twelve years ago; and the writer declares as the conclusion of the whole matter "that the soils of New England, after all the admonitions we have received, are annually growing poorer, and that *even the virgin lands of the great West* are rapidly becoming exhausted by their fertility."

He refers to the large falling off of the wheat and potato crops in New England, which have however been replaced by

Indian corn, and also to the falling off of wheat in Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia, and Alabama, to the extent of 60 per cent. from 1840 to 1850, and assumes that the Agricultural statistics of each State tell the same sad story.\*

As regards a falling off in the production of the country, I think it is clear from a comparison, not of wheat and potatoes alone, but of the total products of the soil, especially of Indian corn, in 1840, with that of the same crops in 1850, that Mr. Morrell is mistaken; but as productiveness of crops and destructiveness of soil are said to be the two most prominent features of American Agriculture, the large harvests in our young States ought not to blind us to the fact that the fertility of those parts of the older States which once yielded as abundantly, seems to have been steadily diminishing for a long course of years.

This fact is exhibited, not only in the wheat lands of New England, and other parts of the North, but on the tobacco fields of Virginia, and the cotton plantations of the South;† and the subject undoubtedly deserves the most careful investigation.‡

The deterioration of our soil is doubtless owing, in a great part, to a careless system of cultivation, common to new countries where land is cheap and labor is dear, and the soil is naturally productive, and the individual cultivator is intent upon large immediate returns, thoughtless of the permanent fertility of his farm, careless of the interests of his successors, and regardless of the prosperity of the community at large. It has been suggested that every agricultural people runs the same race of exhausting culture, shallow ploughing, a continu-

---

\* I gather this account of Mr. Morrell's statements from an editorial in the N. Y. Evening post.

† Progress of Agriculture in the United States, by Daniel Lee, M.D., Patent Office Reports for 1853, p. 2, and "Southern Agricultural Exhaustion and its Remedy," by Edmund Ruffin, Esq., of Virginia; read before the South Carolina Institute, at Charleston, same volume, page 373.

‡ Prof. Liebig mentions the fact, that the value of tobacco depends upon the quantity of potash contained in the ashes; and that accurate analyses of the various sorts of tobacco have been executed by the Administration at Paris, as furnishing a mode of distinguishing the different soils on which tobacco was raised, as well as the peculiar class to which it belonged. The Professor then says: "Another striking fact was disclosed through these analyses. *Certain celebrated kinds of American tobacco were found gradually to yield a smaller quantity of ashes, and their value diminished in proportion.*"

ous course of impoverishing, with neither rest, rotation nor sufficient manure; and that necessity alone can convince them that duty and interest both demand, that land shall be so tilled as to increase rather than diminish in fruitfulness. Such a necessity in the lessening crops of the Atlantic States, and westward emigration in search of more fertile territories, already presents itself to the intelligent American agriculturist: and the reasonable belief that the same exhaustive system will soon begin to tell upon the most productive regions of the West, has led to the discussion in agricultural newspapers, and at farmers' clubs, of the philosophical causes of the exhaustion, and the best means of renovation.\*

In some sections of the country efforts to restore exhausted lands have been attended with the most marked pecuniary success. Mr. Ruffin, of Virginia, estimates the increased value of reclaimed lands in Eastern Virginia, by marling and liming, from 1838 to 1850, at some thirty millions of dollars. In the well known case of a similar success from claying a light soil by the celebrated Coke of Norfolk, afterwards Earl Leicester, that gentleman doubled the value of his estates in Norfolkshire: and among numerous instances of immense improvement simply from drainage and deep ploughing, with but little aid from fertilizers, may be mentioned one cited by Prof. Johnston,† of the Home farm at Yestees, belonging to the Marquis of Tweeddale, where the land, by these means, was raised in value eight times—from 5 shillings to 40 shillings rent per acre.

There are no reliable data from which we can now gather the progress of deterioration in productive lands in the United States, or the reclamation of exhausted lands; but the rapid increase in the use of *guano*, the most powerful of restoratives, indicates to some extent the increasing attention paid to fertilizing.

---

\* The fact was developed by Liebig, "That the mineral substances found in the ashes of plants were originally ingredients of the soil. In the shape of the Agricultural produce of a field or in the crops, the entire amount of these ingredients of the soil which have become ingredients of the plants, have been removed.

Thus phosphoric acid and potash are absorbed by the cereal grains, lime by tobacco, and phosphoric acid and lime by cotton. The very interesting experiments of Bonssingault, Slayen, and other foreign Agricultural chemists, touching the mineral constituents of various crops and the chemical analyses of soils, to discover what elements were wanting, and how they may most easily be restored in their due proportion, are becoming gradually known and appreciated.

† Johnston's Agricultural Chemistry. p. 323, note.

The consumption of *guano* for 1855, as stated by Prof. Mapes, was about 140,000 tons. The amount sold in England, during the year 1855, was stated by Mr. Nesbitt at 210,000 tons, being an increase of twenty per cent. on the consumption of 1854, which was also an increase of twenty per cent. over that of 1853; this increase has taken place in the face of a rise in the price, from forty-five to about eighty dollars per ton.

It would seem proper that the schedules for the new Census, should embrace inquiries in regard to the deterioration or improvement of the soil, which may be shown not only by the ratio of crops to the acre at successive periods, but by the market value of the same lands at stated intervals; and that the schedules should also exhibit generally the quantity and prices of the various fertilizers in use—barn-yard manure firstly and chiefly, then guano, poudrette, lime, gypsum, marl, muck, and so forth, that are yearly devoted to the enrichment of our soils. Upon this item of manure, insignificant as it might seem to the unreflecting mind, depends the continuous prosperity of our country. This is the secret of England's Agricultural wealth. Mr. Webster, in his sketch of English Agriculture, quoted the extraordinary fact stated by M<sup>r</sup> Queen, "that the value of the animal manure annually applied to the crops in England, at current prices, surpasses in value the whole amount of its foreign commerce," and he added, "there is no doubt that it greatly exceeds it."\*

The schedules might also advantageously give us, not simply the amount of new lands brought into cultivation, but of the worthless lands that have been reclaimed by drainage.

In almost all the States extensive tracts of swamp lands are found, not only unfit for cultivation, but frequently inducive of that fearful scourge of health and happiness, fever and ague, that year after year prostrates the energies, and shortens the lives of ten of thousands of our countrymen.

Large grants of these swamp lands have been gratuitously made by the Federal Government to the States, in the hope of their reclamation through measures to be adopted by the State Governments. Since 1849 nearly sixty millions of acres have been thus granted. In the drainage of large tracts of land we have the benefit of the experience of Europe, especially of Holland, where the Harlem Lake, thirty-three miles in circumference, and thirteen feet deep below the tide, has, since 1839,

---

\* Webster's Works, Vol. I., p. 448.



been converted into a most fertile tract, occupied by some two thousand inhabitants, and exhibiting fields of verdure dotted with numerous cottages, and enlivened by cattle, horses and sheep, grazing on the fruitful meadows. The lands thus reclaimed from the ocean are of extraordinary fertility, and are estimated as capable of supporting seventy thousand persons.

Of the pecuniary results of drainage in this country Gov. Wright, of Indiana, quoted an example in a public address touching the marshy lands of that State embracing three thousand acres. He mentioned a farm of 160 acres which had been sold at five hundred dollars, and after an expenditure of two hundred dollars in drainage, was worth upwards of three thousand dollars, or an advance of more than 500 per cent.

But, apart from these large tracts of overflowed lands, scarcely a farm in the country but would be improved by thorough drainage, and it would not be difficult to ascertain the number of acres under-drained in each year of the Census, nor the estimated additional value which they thereby received.\*

Looking at the acreage now devoted to Indian Corn, to say nothing of our other crops, it has been estimated that by the adoption of an improved system of Agriculture, embracing drainage, deep ploughing and skilful manuring, the entire crop now yielding 400 millions of dollars, might, upon the same breadth of land, be trebled if not quadrupled. At present, with occasional exceptions, our average crops per acre are even less in our most fertile and almost virgin States than in the soil of Europe, that has been cultivated for centuries.

Take Wheat, for instance. The average crop per acre in New York, Ohio and Indiana, is 12 bushels; in France it is 13; in England, 21;† in Flanders, 23; in Scotland, 30 (on the authority of Professor Johnston); and in New-Brunswick, 19.

How the average might be increased throughout this country by careful culture, we may, in part, learn from the returns of occasional crops in England of seventy bushels, in New York of sixty, on the prairies of forty-four, and at San Jose, as is reported, of eighty-seven.

\* The committee on drainage, in their report to the State Agricultural Society of New York, in 1848, assert, that "there is not one farm out of every seventy-five in this State, but needs draining—much draining—to bring it into high cultivation. Nay, we venture to say that every wheat-field would produce a larger and finer crop if properly drained."

† Prof. J. F. W. Johnston, 1849.

Yet another topic closely connected with the interests of American Agriculture is the recent diminution of the proportion of the male population engaged in Agricultural pursuits, as compared with the number engaged in commercial and other pursuits. The precise ratio of that diminution cannot be ascertained from the Census, for the reason that the tables of 1850, on the leading occupations of the people, were based upon the whole number of male inhabitants over fifteen years of age; including all the free males, and three-fifths of the male slaves, whereas the former tables of occupation, made in 1840 and 1830, were based upon the entire population. The Census of 1840 made the portion engaged in Agriculture 77.4 per cent. for both sexes, that of 1840 only 44.69.

There is, therefore, reason for believing that the proportion of the population devoted to Agricultural pursuits is decreasing; and it is important that the schedules of the next Census should be drawn with reference to the determination of this point with entire accuracy, and should develop whatever facts may be essential, to enable us to discover, and if possible to correct, the causes that may be diverting an undue proportion of American industry from the culture of the soil.

The attractiveness of town and city life for the laboring classes may be lessened by a study of the tables of mortality, showing that the average duration of life is much larger in the rural districts.

In England the average duration of life is forty-five years in Surrey, but only twenty-five in Manchester and Liverpool.\*

A paper, by Mr. Edward Jarvis, on vital statistics at Dorchester, in Massachusetts, read before the British Association in January 1840,† showed that, out of 1,700 persons,

The average life of Farmers was	-	45 years
“ Merchants	-	33 “
“ Mechanics	-	29 “
“ Laborers	-	27 “‡

\* John Yates, Esq., Paper on our National Strength, tested by the numbers, the age, and the industrial qualities of the people, read before the British Association at Glasgow, September, 1855.

† Vol. IX. Journal of British Statistical Society, page 279.

‡ The Registrar General of England, as quoted in the Highland Journal of Agriculture, gives the deaths per 1000 per annum, between the ages of 20 and 40.

Agricultural laborers	...	...	...	6 055
Printers	...	...	...	9 090
Police	...	...	...	8.922

Looking from the average years of life to the increase of the male population, we find it stated that in Massachusetts, among the cities and towns it is 6 per cent., while among the Agricultural population it is 9 per cent. ; a difference of male births in favor of the rural districts of 33 1-3 per cent.

These facts, if verified by the national statistics, and brought home to the consciousness of the people, are certainly calculated to restrain a preference for the crowded streets and impure atmosphere of our cities, over the broad fields and bracing air of the country ; and the feverish anxiety for rapid gains in mercantile pursuits, may be advantageously checked by statistics showing the uncertain gains of commercial speculations, and the certain profit of enlightened Agricultural toil.

The leading facts at which we have glanced, of an increasing foreign demand for breadstuffs, the limited breadth of our arable land, which thousands of our citizens have been taught to regard as inexhaustible, the gradual deterioration of the soil from a wasteful system by which the constituents of fertility are removed with each successive crop, without being restored by appropriate manures—a system based upon the desire for immediate gains, without thought of the sacred duty that devolves upon us to transmit the soil to our posterity, with undiminished productiveness, that it may sustain in comfort

A paper on the Mortality and Hygiene of New Orleans, printed in the 11th volume of De Bow's Review, for 1851, quotes the Registrar's Reports of Massachusetts ; Dr. Genin on Vital Force ; McCullough's British Empire ; Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, March 1, 1851 ; and gives a table of mortality in cities and other parts, from which I take the following :—

Boston, 39 years from 1811	...	...	2.4572
Lowell, 13    ,,    1836	...	...	2.1194
New York, 45   ,,    1805-	...	...	2.9622
Philadelphia, 34   ,,    1807 to 1840	...	...	2.5510
Baltimore    ...    1831   ,,    1849	...	...	2.4917
Charleston    ...    1822   ,,    1848	...	...	2.5793
Savannah    ...    1840   ,,    1847 (white)	...	...	4.1616
New Orleans   ...    1846   ,,    1950	...	...	8.1017
Massachusetts ...    1847   ,,    1848	...	...	1.59
12 counties in England	...	...	1.93
12 cities        ,,	...	...	2.72
London ...	} males	...	2.72
	} females	...	2.74
Liverpool	} males	...	3.53
	} females	...	3.15
Manchester	} males	...	3.65
	} females	...	3.31

and happiness the unnumbered millions that are presently to occupy our land ; these and similar considerations connected with the present and future prosperity of our country, appealing at once to the interest and the patriotism of the nation, may be so elaborated and diversified and verified by the tables of the Census, that its returns shall teach us not simply lessons in political economy but lessons of daily duty, the benefits of which shall be reaped alike by the present and future generations.

There are various topics connected with American agriculture on which I would like to touch, did time permit me. One, the recent and rapid introduction of improved agricultural machinery, soon probably to be followed by the use of steam ploughs and other machinery worked by the same motor, overcoming, to a great extent, the chief difficulty of the American farmer in the high price of labor ; that feature of our agriculture which constitutes so marked and essential a difference between the practical agriculture of America and Europe.

Another is the spread of agricultural science, through the efforts of the patent office distributing their reports and seeds gathered from Europe ; through the multiplication of books and papers devoted to the subject, and by county, state and national societies and farmers' clubs, in their frequent meetings, addresses, and exhibitions of agricultural implements and products.

What the country now most requires in reference to its agriculture, is, that its condition should be faithfully photographed in the returns to each Federal Census, and it will be for the Agricultural Section of this body to prepare well considered suggestions for the new schedule and submit them to the Federal Government. Such suggestions will appropriately come from the American Geographical and Statistical Society, in view of its national character and the scope of its labors ; and such suggestions, judging from the past, the Federal Government will cheerfully receive and carefully consider.

Among the additional items which might advantageously be included in the schedules, I would suggest the following :—

*As regards persons employed in farming.*—The proportion of the population thus employed of both sexes. Their average life, as compared with that of persons living in towns, and of other trades.

*As regards capital employed in agriculture.*—Not only the proportion invested in land, stock and implements, but the profit thereon received during the year immediately preceding the Census.

*As regards the farms.*—Not only the improved and unimproved lands, and the proportion in meadow, pasture or tillage, but the number of acres of each farm that have been drained; the number requiring draining; the number drained during the last year; the cost of draining, and the value of the land before and after.

*In regard to the improvement or deterioration of the soil.*—The average of each crop and cost of each per acre; the average of bushels or tons to the acre, and the cash value of each on the spot.

*In regard to manures.*—The amount, variety, and cost of those applied during the last year, and the rate of cost per acre.

Other suggestions will, doubtless, be made, a collation of which, by the Bureau of the Census, may afford us in future years, the means of tracing the progress of American agriculture, and reading its actual condition at each decade, with the same facility with which a prudent merchant reads the past and present of his business in the carefully prepared balance sheet; and if the future of America shall continue to exhibit the same steadily progressive advance that we find in her past, the tabular results of each succeeding Census, dry and uninteresting as they may seem to those who shall see in them but columns of figures, will in fact develop the fulfillment of some of those prophecies of the coming wealth and splendor of the Western Continent, that when occasionally uttered by our far-seeing economists, are apt to be regarded as the careless dreams of visionary enthusiasts.

ART. V.—CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY IN WORD  
AND WORK.

*La Belle Saison à la Campagne: Conseils Spirituels.*  
Par L'Abbé Bautain. Deuxième Edition. Paris :  
Hachette et C<sup>ie</sup>. 1858.

Not many months ago this unpretending volume was given to the world, and before readers had well arrived at the last chapter, or reviewers had time to cavil or applaud, the first edition had totally disappeared from the publisher's shelf, and an impatient public had to be pacified with the announcement of the speedy issue of a second. Ever since the reputation of the little book has been eddying into wider circles. M. Bautain's name on the title-page was the cause of the *empressement* in the first instance, and M. Bautain's spirit which lives in the pages, sufficiently accounts for the rare success of these *Conseils Spirituels*.

We doubt if there be another teacher owned by any of our modern nationalities who commands so large, so enlightened, and, at the same time, so strangely varied an auditory. No matter what the subject may be of any book of his, whether it be philosophy, psychology, or sketches *à propos* of a Summer sojourn in the country, it is sure to be reverently accepted and devoutly studied. Theologians, philosophers, *savants* are sure to read what he writes, who is himself "a master in Israel." In his triple capacity of Doctor of Divinity, Doctor of Medicine, and Doctor of Laws, he speaks with authority. The mere *littérateur* would be ashamed to confess he had not looked into the latest production of so gifted a pen; for M. Bautain has taken away the excuse of studying Rousseau and George Sand "merely for the fine language," so perfect is his command of the French tongue—so chosen, pure, and luminous his style. The lady of fashion, as a matter of course, must be aware of what is said or done by one whose name and presence are known in the most distinguished *salons* of the Empire; whilst to the vast multitude such a book as *La Belle Saison* is welcome, as not above their comprehension, and as written besides by the great orator whose *con-*

*férences* in Notre Dame rank him with de Ravignan and Lacordaire.

But neither Celt nor Saxon north of the English Channel has yet had share in the interest attending M. Bautain and his works. With the exception of one review from a scholarly pen,\* and two or three curt newspaper notices, we have seen no sign of *La Belle Saison* having attracted attention, even among the reading public of these countries. It is only another proof how little the really valuable portion of French literature is known here, and how often even the names of distinguished foreigners are unheard amongst us. As we happen to know something of M. Bautain's life, and as circumstances have made us well acquainted with works of his which are neither literary nor scientific, yet calculated to excite deep interest, we think it not out of place to refer here somewhat particularly to each—the man and his mission.

Louis Eugène Bautain was born in Paris on the 17th February, 1796. Having chosen the profession of teacher he entered the *Ecole Normale* as pupil in 1813, and pursued the severest course of study there for three years. The tone he adopted, and the direction given to his remarkable talents may be assumed from the fact, that M. Cousin was his master, and Jouffroy his fellow-student. In 1816, being then but twenty years of age, he was sent to fill the chair of Philosophy in the College of Strasburg, and was soon after named to conduct a similar course of lectures at the *Faculté* of that city. His well ordered method of conveying instruction, the profundity of his views, his perfect command of the whole range of philosophic thought, added to his graceful elocution, soon attracted round the professor's chair a crowd of the most intellectual and studious young men of Strasburg. Many, too, who had been immersed in the luxury and frivolity of upper-class life, and some who had become imbued with the low tone pervading the general society of that half-Celtic, half-Ter-tonic frontier city, were lured away to better things by the influence of his character and genius; and from eager listeners they grew into devoted pupils. The students became enthusiasts; they looked up with reverential regard

---

\* See *The Dublin Review* for January, 1859.

to their master; they felt strangely drawn to him as to a friend; it is said they strove to be like him in the smallest particular, and made a study even of his dress and gesture.

But while thus in the rush of youth and hope, these earnest thirsting souls went bravely on their way, desiring wisdom and seeking light, it was not all well with the master. He had already passed through that phase, he had conquered difficulties, he had grasped the idea of the wisest head, and had dissected the idea of the hardest thinker; he had found everything—but truth; gained everything—but peace! Referring to that period of his life, M. Bautain says:—“I was at that time a man of the world, very busy with human science, and much taken up with philosophy; and as I had obtained a certain success, and was still young, I had a tolerably high opinion of my own knowledge and capacity. It was my ambition to become a great philosopher.\* Elsewhere the delusion is indicated, and the awakening described—we have it in his own words.

“I believed myself a philosopher because all human wisdom was dear to me, and I found delight in empty theories. As so many others have done, I concluded that the limits of the absolute and the possible were bounded by my own reason, and that my will alone should be a law unto itself. I sought truth within my own soul—throughout nature, and in the world of books. I sought access to every source of human knowledge. I was blown about by every wind of doctrine; and found nought but doubt and desolation, vanity and contradiction. But Heaven be praised! I never meddled with the ignoble doctrines of materialism, or systematically suffered my soul to be soiled. Yet I was the slave of imagination; and in the midst of the *prestige* of art and the delusion of poetry, I was desolate and athirst. Yes, I reasoned with Aristotle, tried to reorganise the understanding with Bacon, doubted methodically with Descartes; I endeavoured with Kant to determine what it was possible and permissible to know; and the result of all my reasoning, reconstruction, methodic doubt and criticism, was simply this—that I knew nothing, and perhaps should never know anything. Zeno taught me to retreat into my own interior and take refuge in the moral conscience—seeking happiness in joy and independence of will. Then I became a Stoic; but only to find myself once more without principle, without guidance, without aim; nay more, without food for the mind or peace for the heart—at a loss to know what to do with my liberty, and absolutely afraid to exercise it lest I should lose it altogether. I turned to Plato; his sublime speculations seemed to give wings to my soul; I dared to hope that I might by ideas alone, rise to the contemplation of pure truth and eternal beauty.

---

\* *La Belle Saison*, p. 71.



I learned to discourse magnificently of the abstract good, but knew not how to practise it. I demonstrated finely, but comprehended very little, and enjoyed nothing. I was neither better nor happier for being more learned; and in the midst of my dreams of virtue and perfection, I felt in my bosom the presence of that hydra-headed *egoism* laughing at my theories and scorning my vain attempts. Disgusted thus with human teaching, saturated with doubts, scarcely venturing to believe in my own existence, knowing not what to do with myself and others in this world, I thirsted for truth, hungered for justice, and could find them—nowhere!”

This unhappy state of doubt and discomfort, this contempt for—

“The magic jugglery that fools the soul,”

had reached the climax, when College vacation occurring, M. Bautain left Strasburg to spend the time with some friends. Circumstances which took place during that visit, and happy influences exerted at so critical a time, led to a great change in the philosopher's state of mind. He tells us † that the faith of early childhood began to re-awaken within him, and with a new spirit he commenced to study the Scriptures; and as, in spite of his presumption he had ever been sincere in his desire for truth, he now pursued the search with untiring ardour. The precious light of Faith had dawned upon him; and so enlightened he read and understood. It was not all easy. Many times, he admits, difficulties and apparent contradictions met him on the way, and passages occurred which seemed unintelligible and even absurd. His mind was still so heaped up with the prejudices, objections, and false notions acquired in the course of his previous life and education, that not unfrequently his own shadow, so to speak, obstructed the divine light in its passage to his soul. But he was not left to struggle alone. If abandoned to himself, he acknowledges, he would in all probability have lost courage and remained in darkness though encompassed with a flood of light:—“For I had eyes that could not see the light, or at best could only dimly discern it athwart the shadow, and through the medium of a faint reflection.” The friend who gave a friend's help in the crisis, is described as a perfect christian

\* *Discours sur la morale de l'Evangile comparée à celle des Philosophes.*

† See *La Belle Saison*, pp. 72—73.

and a man of thorough enlightenment, whose piety could as little be questioned as his knowledge; the union of the two being in his case admirable indeed. The sceptic confessed the superiority of the believer. In discussion and conversation M. Bautain had often been impressed by the striking views and profound ideas enunciated by his friend with regard to questions of the very highest moment; and as he knew he gloried in the acknowledgment that he had learned more from the study of the holy Scriptures than from all the books that had been written by men, the philosopher naturally felt himself impelled to have recourse to the same source, and to do as the other had done. We shall not now refer to the help and guidance given so opportunely, or dwell upon the admirable method adopted by the friends when they studied the Divine Word together. But the result shall be told by M. Bautain himself.

"I owe my deliverance to a book, but to a book which never issued from the hands of man. For long years I had despised that book, and had left it contemptuously, to such of the credulous and the ignorant as might find profit in it. But now I discovered in that book a system of the profoundest science of man and nature—the simplest, and at the same time the sublimest code of morals. I now read the Gospel of Jesus Christ with the sincerest desire to find the truth in its pages; and while I became spell-bound with admiration, a gentle light illumined my understanding, and at the same time brought warmth and life into the very depths of my being. I was like one risen from the dead; the scales fell from my eyes; I saw man as he is, and as he ought to be, and I began to comprehend his existence, past, present, and to come. My heart leaped with joy when I found once more all that religion had taught me in early childhood, and felt a new birth within me of faith, hope, charity!"

Thus re-awakened and touched by the beauty of the Gospel teaching, M. Bautain sought instruction, and having obtained it, embraced Christianity in all its truth and development. To a mind like his no mere theory of religion could suffice; he no sooner became aware of the Divine Law than he strove to fulfil it to the letter. It may well be supposed he returned to Strasburg and resumed his class a very changed man. To casual observers he appeared as before; he still taught philosophy. But his words had caught new power, and a strange influence began to work upon his hearers which they could only feel, not understand. How could it be otherwise? All things had been made new for

him. Man, Nature—in one word the Universe in its magnificent whole, as in its minutest atom, was seen through a clearer medium and weighed in a juster balance. He drew light now from the fountain of light. He prayed for strength and grace to fulfil the mission which he for the first time began to recognise in its awful, almost limitless importance. His large mind and loving heart comprehended the meaning of that power he felt he possessed over the young men who looked up to him for light and guidance. The vocation of the teacher now stood out in its vastness of responsibility and power.

And the students—his disciples and friends? They could not account for the way his high discourses touched them, or for the new charm in the master's voice and eye. They knew nothing of the change which had come over him; but the fire that burned within him could not be quenched—the light would not be hidden. Much that flowed quite naturally from his own deep convictions, fell with a startling unaccustomed sound upon their ears. At length the young philosophers grew troubled; they began to inquire, not so much of systems and theories, as of truths which they had never previously bestowed a thought on. Man; his gifts, his responsibilities, and the consequence of these, could no longer be subjects only glanced at *en passant*. Such "obstinate questionings" must be answered. Though common pursuits and love of the master bound the young men together in friendly intercourse, none confided to the rest his doubts and strange feelings. Each came privately to lay open his whole mind to him whom he had begun to look upon as something beyond the professor, something more than the friend.

M. Théodore de Ratisbonne, a member of the Jewish faith, nephew of Rothschild, and a young man with very brilliant prospects before him, was one of the first who came for counsel. Those strange thoughts struggling for life and development in action, could no longer be ignored or suppressed. The professor's words, he said, were producing actual revolutions within him; and he could no longer live unless he were occupied in giving his mite of help in the world, and fulfilling what he had learned to consider his duty to his fellow beings. He poured out his regret for his previous life of inaction; spoke of his doubts and discouragements, and asked his friend to be his master in the true sense,

showing him how to find truth and how to live up to its teaching. M. Bautain gave him comfort, and suggested that he should now in earnest begin to study his own religion, and strive to fulfil his personal service to God by strictly observing the law of Moses ;\* reminding him at the same time that a great work might be his in elevating the condition of his own people, who in Strasburg at that time were left in a deplorable state of ignorance and neglect. The children at least of the race, he said, might be raised and educated, even if it should prove too late to effect any beneficial change in the parents. These word of advice were not lost on M. de Ratisbonne, who had sought no direction until he was ready to forsake, if need were, the enjoyment of wealth and the prospects of ambition, and give himself heart and soul to the working out of some great thought.

\* M. Bautain always endeavoured to make his disciples live up, in the first instance, to the creed they professed. The reason is given in the following noble passage :—

“ If I were addressing a young man who has no faith, yet who sincerely desires light, and is resolved to embrace truth when he does find it, I should say.—My young friend, you cannot stand thus in doubt and indecision confronting the great problems of earth and heaven. If you would be a man, you must assuredly begin to understand what man is, and what he ought to be. You can never act conscientiously, or with the dignity of manhood, unless you are decidedly convinced of the nature, law, and end of your existence. But, you do not believe in the word of God ! Well, I pity you from my soul, for it is the one only lamp in this world's darkness. However, you are free to study with earnestness and attention the works of men who are held up as guiding stars to humanity. Let their light shine upon you ; search and explore the whole field of philosophy stretching through every age and country, until at last you have learned, or believe you have learned, what you ought to be. Question very seriously, and with sincerity, all the famous thinkers of the world ; not for the purpose of holding vain discussions or a sterile controversy, but rather to search out and to find, well based principles of morality, and efficacious motives of virtue. If you continue the investigation with candour and perseverance, and you will be sure to do so if it be really truth you are looking for, you will, I promise you, come to it at last even though it be by a road so dark and tedious ; and the experience which you will have gained on the way, of the changes and contradictions of men's opinions, will lead you back, with God's grace, to the simplicity, clearness, and unity of the Divine Word. But verily you will have earned the bread of life with the sweat of your brow, and have come to the radiant light of truth through the dark and dusty highways of many errors. What matter, so that the goal be reached !”—*La Belle Saison*, pp. 96, 97.

Thus in the flush of youth, and with all the fascination of scholarly attainments and personal grace about him, M. de Ratisbonne entered upon his mission. He was an enthusiast in the noblest acceptation of the word, and it is not surprising that he succeeded in gaining over to his own views, many of the respectable members of the Jewish creed. Large schools were immediately opened for the poor children of the house of Israel, and their new apostle with many gentlemen of his own rank, gathered in the little outcasts, and attended to teach the classes. The schools were soon crowded, and the work prospered, for very powerful patronage was brought to bear upon it. Both poor and rich profited by the movement, and the Jews of Strasburg were fast assuming a higher tone and character than they had been noted for, and bade fair to occupy before very long a different position. The history of this young man is most interesting in its various phases and developments; but we cannot dwell upon it. Suffice it to say that every step he took was but the opening to view of a still wider horizon. He followed the light very faithfully, and had his reward; for the New Law, which is the fulfilling of the Old, was delivered also to him. It is needless to add that when he embraced the faith of Christ, his uncle Rothschild cast him off, and every member of his family disowned him, not suffering his name to be pronounced where once it had been invoked with honour; and what grieved him most, his younger brother, to whom he was greatly attached, was early taught to turn his back upon this pervert Israelite. Realising therefore what private property he possessed, he left the kindred who so contemned him, and took up his abode with M. Bautain.—*Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.*

M. de Ratisbonne's fellow-student, friend, and zealous co-operation in the work of regenerating his race, was M. Jules Level. He was by profession an *avocat*, was singularly gifted in mental and personal endowments, and possessed of ample wealth. Step by step he too had followed the path so beset with difficulties and obstructions, still persevering in the search of truth, until his struggles were ended, and his craving for the true peace stilled and satisfied in the "congregation of the faithful." In some of his letters\*

---

\* The letters which passed between M. Bautain and his disciples at this time, were published in a volume entitled *Correspondance Re-*

we get a glimpse of his life at this transition period, which makes us feel a tingling sense of the power of the divine wisdom in leading such souls to the truth. Late one lovely summer night, while sitting alone in his study weary with much thinking, and worn out with the incessant strife between light and darkness, he heard a young voice singing in the window of some neighbouring house, one of those simple hymns so common in the convent schools; the *refrain* of which seemed to chime in with his mood and give an answer to his troubled thoughts:—

“ Je ne crains rien—  
Jesus est avec moi ! ”

Sometimes he would steal into a church, and wander through the long aisles, watching with the strangest emotion the reverent attitudes of groups in prayer, and the absorbed expression of solitary worshippers; his soul the while bounding and thrilling to the choral chaunt and the deep organ peal. Very precious were those moments of a new experience, terrible almost the sense of some mysterious presence, perhaps at hand though not yet revealed. At such times he was always alone, and tasted the new joy fearfully. What, if in spite of that wide cloak wrapped round him, some curious eye had recognised the young Jew in the midst of the Christian congregation?

In the end he too left all to follow Christ, and being cut off in consequence from intercourse with his former friends, like M. de Ratisbonne, he sought refuge with the master and professor.

His brother, M. Nestor Level, had gone out like Byron to join the volunteers in the war of independence in Greece; but when he heard of his brother's “fall” and the dishonour brought upon his family, in his indignation he returned quickly home, vowing that M. Bautain's life could alone

---

*ligieuse* by M. de Bonnechose. It has been long out of print. The interesting details of circumstance, thought, and feeling contained in the correspondence, brought more public attention on the writers than in their humility they desired, and in consequence they have refused to permit a republication. But we can bear witness that twenty years have not made the facts once read, be forgotten, or weakened the impression of the heart-utterances preserved in that most precious record.

satisfy him for what he considered so deep an injury. What occurred in his interview with the man for whose blood he thirsted we can only guess from this fact, that the fierce soldier came away a changed man—gave up his commission—turned from the prospect which wealth and position offered him—and refused to be separated from his brother and master.

There was yet another member of the Jewish faith, M. Goschler, of the well known banking house of that firm, who having joined the early philanthropic association of his co-religionists, would not now decline the higher path which his companions had entered. He too became one of the brotherhood.

Some Catholic young men of distinction were likewise drawn into the circle:—namely, M. Henri de Bonnechose, brother of the historian Emile de Bonnechose, himself remarkable for eloquence, and already holding an appointment as *Avocat Général*; M. de Regny, son of a banker, French by birth, Italian by education, and noted as a first rate mathematician; M. Le Baron de Reinach, an officer in the French service, and descended from one of the oldest and most illustrious families of Alsace; M. Mertian, of one of the first commercial houses of Strasburg; and lastly M. Carl, also of a rich and honourable race, nephew of Humann, the minister of finance, and in talent and learning what the French call *un puit de science*.

The defection of so many distinguished men, almost at the same moment, from the arena of worldly ambition and the Circean circle of fashionable life, could not have occurred without attracting attention; yet we do not find that the busy Strasburgers gave much heed to the event; each deserter excited in his own circle, vexation, and disappointment, and open-eyed wonder, but the stir and roar of that Alsatian city went on as of old. The little band, bound thus in brotherhood of sentiment and purpose, resolved to free themselves from all trammels, and to let nothing stand in the way of their fulfilling what they believed their first duty. Many of them, as we have seen, had been cast off by family and friends; the rest, with a less sudden, yet as complete a severance, got free of all that hindered their upward progress—posts of honour—pursuits of ambition—importunity of friends; cutting asunder once for all—

“The social ties that warp us from the living truth.”

The one great idea which actuated them, was the determination to fulfil their destiny by devoting their varied talents to the service of their fellow men; and to their ardent minds it seemed that nothing less than a life-long devotion to the cause of humanity, could be offered to the God they had not early enough learned to love. As they possessed ample private means, they fortunately found themselves in an independent position, with money enough for any enterprise, and freedom to follow what path seemed best to them. M. Bautain, therefore, and his nine disciples—now as much friends and fellow-workers, made one common purse, and lived together under the same roof.

To study medicine and practise as physicians, seemed the best means of effecting their benevolent purpose, as giving most opportunity of access and service to God's suffering creatures. The Saviour, they knew, had not alone journeyed through Judea with tidings of salvation, but likewise "went about doing good" and "healing them who had need of healing." They commenced their studies therefore, and in the course of time each took out his degree as doctor of medicine.

But this also was not the goal; there was a higher vocation yet, a wider field. If the mind of a man were to be influenced to good, the erring intellect directed, and souls won to God, had not the Lord himself consecrated ministers for that celestial service? The philosopher and the physician might merge into the holier office of priest. M. Bautain once more led the way; the priesthood in the Catholic Church offering him the realization of his aspirations to follow his Divine Master's footsteps. Neither in this case would the disciples be separated; as in school and study they had been together, even now in the sanctuary they would be united in word and work.\* M. Bautain's admirers and *soi-disant* friends were in despair; nothing was left undone to dissuade him from taking this step; the

---

\* M. Carl, we are told, while a student of medicine had been the model of his class fellows—an example in conduct as well as in success—and had received distinguished academic honours. Before quitting the profession he desired to free it from the charge of materialism, and for that purpose sustained a thesis which made a profound impression on his audience. This protest was the last act of his career in the profession, for the following morning "he laid aside the doctor's robe for the soutane of the ecclesiastic student."



most magnificent offers were made to induce him to keep his place among philosophers and scholars, and to secure him the position which his great talents might justly claim in the world of literature and science—*manquer sa carrière* was scarcely to be forgiven. But all that vain reason, worldly prudence, and officious friendship could urge fell unheeded upon his ears. The still small voice of graver meaning sounded above the din, and the *Here am I Lord!* was the unwavering answer.

M. Bautain was ordained in 1828, and his companions about the same time also entered the priesthood. During the next ten years they remained in Strasburg, the Archbishop having given over to their care the *petit séminaire* of that city. M. Bautain was made Canon of the Cathedral, took his degree of Doctor of Theology, and was appointed Dean of the Faculty of Letters. In this interval also he gave to the world some of those remarkable works on which his character as a great Christian Philosopher so securely rests.\*

About the year 1839 M. Bautain and his friends removed to the College of Juilly, near Paris. They paid a large sum for the proprietorship, and became at once sole managers and directors. The College had been in existence more than two hundred and fifty years, enjoying high repute among the French aristocracy; and at the time we speak of it was the only such establishment, Pontlevôÿ excepted, to which French gentlemen could send their sons with the security that they would not become indoctrinated with the infidel principles of Louis Philippe's educational system. The Abbé de Salinis† and another distinguished ecclesiastic

---

\* We give here a list of M. Bautain's works, that we may not have occasion to refer to them again. The strictly religious and philosophic publications are: *La Morale de l'Evangile comparée à la Morale des Philosophes*, 1827. *Reponse d'un Cretien aux Paroles d'un Croquant*, 1834. *Philosophie du Christianism*, 1835. *Philosophie Psychologie experimentale*, 1839. *La Philosophie morale*, 1842. *La Religion et la Liberté dans leurs rapports*, 1848. *La morale de l'Evangile comparée aux divers systèmes de morale*, 1855. *L'Esprit Humain et ses Facultés*, 1859. Besides these M. Bautain has published a translation of the *Paraboles de F. A. Krumacher*, 1821; an edition with reflections and prayers of the *Imitation de Jesus-Christ*, 1852; *Etude sur l'art de parler en public*, 1856; and *La Belle Saison à la Campagne; conseils spirituels*, 1858.

† The present Bishop of Amiens.

who had kept possession of the College in order that its ancient character might be preserved, gladly resigned the direction to M. Bautain, who from henceforth became the soul of the institution. Though called away from time to time in the course of years, to fulfil more public duties both as ecclesiastic and professor, Juilly has always been his headquarters and the home to which he has ever returned with a true home feeling. He was appointed by Monsignor Sibour Archbishop of Paris, *promoteur* of the Archdiocese and Vicar-General of Paris,\* and while fulfilling the onerous duties of his position he acquired great popularity as a pulpit orator. His fame and influence were still more widely extended by the conferences in Notre Dame on "Religion and Liberty" held in the year 1848. Still more recently M. Bautain has been selected to deliver a course of Lectures on Moral Theology at the Sorbonne.

To give an idea of M. Bautain as Lecturer and Professor we quote some passages from an able article in the *Journal des Debats* (8th March, 1855,) written on the occasion of the republication of a series of his Lectures under the title of *La morale de l'Evangile comparée aux divers systemes de morale*.

"M. Bautain, though so greatly distinguished as a preacher, holds a still higher rank as professor. Such was the extraordinary interest created by his course of Moral Theology last year, that the amphitheatre, which up to that period had afforded room enough to the Faculté, was found on this occasion too small, and it was necessary to remove to the Great Hall of the Sorbonne before the crowded audience could be accommodated. In taking a seat on the crowded benches one could not but be struck with surprise at the unusual attraction with which a course of lectures on so abstruse a subject seemed to be invested. But the moment the professor spoke, surprise was at an end. M. Bautain excels in the art of demonstrating philosophic ideas; nothing could be clearer, more attractive, more interesting than the method he adopts. On such occasions it is easy to recognize the man, who at Strasburg filled the chair of philosophy, which may be said to have been established on the frontier of two nations, and in the centre of two opposite philosophic systems—the man who held captive for so long a period a half French, half German auditory, by the fact of reuniting in his mode of instruction the distinctive characteristics of each nationality, strictness of method

---

\* After the death of the Archbishop of Paris, who was assassinated 3rd January 1857, the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux appointed M. Bautain his Vicar-General.

and freedom of spirit, clearness and depth. It might have been apprehended that one quality would neutralise the other, and that the habit of speaking from the Catholic pulpit in the garb of authority, would give to his mode of teaching a certain dogmatic character totally at variance with that freedom of discussion, which is essential to attain success in imparting instruction. M. Bautain has steered clear of this danger; and even supposing he does not annihilate objections, at last he admits their existence, contends with, and examines them. He argues as a professor should do who is anxious to convince, not like a preacher who desires to dictate; his auditory could not fail to be gratified seeing that he pleads the cause of truth with proofs in his hand, instead of contenting himself with pronouncing judgment—and such indeed is the test of good instruction: the professor should be the advocate of ideas, and the auditory the judge. M. Bautain's originality is shown in this strange union of the philosopher and the priest. His ecclesiastical character enhances the value of his freedom of thought; while his clerical robe adds considerably to the effect of the striking grace and attractive cordiality of his language. It is always a pleasant surprise to be charmed when one expects nothing but dry instruction. One feels a kind of gratitude for being taught in so agreeable a way, especially when the teacher might have been content to gain merely attention and respect. All this urbanity and elegance, this prudently suppressed yet not ineffectual fire, this ingenious imagery, this air of *abandon* hiding so much art, this appearance of simplicity joined with so much subtlety—all are graces with which Theology might dispense, but graces which lend a great charm to Theology."

Much has grown out of the Collegiate Institution in which M. Bautain and his disciples began the work of re-modelling the education of the upper orders in France; and the name of Juilly seems destined to become more remarkable than mere success as a first rate educational establishment could make it. Not only has M. Bautain sent into the world a generation of men impressed with his own opinions and teaching, but women too—the wives and sisters of our own contemporaries, and the future mothers of *La Jeune France* have been influenced in no small degree by his sound philosophy and practical wisdom. Here too women have found work of the noblest kind, and the Communion of Labour has been put in practice, and crowned with the success which ever attends the carrying out into action of *principles* which are *truth*.

A visit paid to the College of Juilly by Madame la Baronne de Vaux was the origin of the affiliated institutions of which we are about to speak. We leave the type of the ecclesiastical and philosopher, to dwell upon the portrait of a Christian woman of the world. As M. Bautain

had gathered round him a band of workers imbued with his own spirit, who so united had strength for the mission set before them ; so also this lady, animated with equally noble motives, found means of uniting in one common work many of her sex whose aspirations coincided with her own, but who without the help of association and leadership, could never have hoped to see their views carried out, or to find a worthy field for the exercise of their talents and personal influence.

Madame la Baronne de Vaux is one of the well known Cabarus family, step-sister to the Princesse de Chimie, and related to the Empress Eugénie. To the "blue-blood" of the Spaniard, was added in her case, the culture of the French *noblesse* ; and to these again were super-added great natural talent, rare beauty, and extreme grace of manner. She received her education in the Abbaye aux Bois, amidst scenes haunted with recollections, terrible enough, of the early French Revolution, and associated also with the more peaceful time, when Madame Recamier held her *salon* within the walls, and Chateaubriand was the presiding genius. She was also we believe one of the *Pensionnaires* of the Dames Anglaises ; at any rate she was not out of the fashion of the day, and had her English governess as well as her English coachman. Gifts and qualities such as we have described account for the influence Madame la Baronne exercised in the Court of Charles Dix, where she filled the post of *Dame d'honneur*, as well as in the circles of fashion and literature. In the Bourbon Court she was a trusted friend ; while in the republic of letters she was welcomed as an ally, and respected as a fellow worker. She enjoyed at an early period the friendship of the Vicomte de Bonald, M. de Frayssinous, and the Abbé de Lamennais, and was herself a contributor to *L'avenir* ; holding in fact in the society of these distinguished men the place which in a previous generation or so, had been occupied by such women as Madame Roland and Madame de Staël. But this gifted woman's *succès*, as the French say, was not confined to these brilliant circles ; there were other scenes in which her influence was no less felt, though there were no witnesses of her noble work but the Lord himself, and the lost sheep He came to save. The visitation of prisons had been for a long time one of her self-appointed duties. It

was a labour of love to her, comforting the afflicted, reforming the depraved, and giving hope and encouragement to the wavering. So remarkable was the influence, which in her ministrations of love and mercy she acquired over the prisoners, that it not unfrequently happened she was invited by the authorities to pass into different Departments, for the purpose of converting the refractory, and setting things to rights where disorganization had taken place—a not unusual occurrence in the state prisons during Louis Philippe's reign. Generally, she succeeded in bringing poor sinners of her own sex to desire religious instruction, and submit to proper training; and often ended by placing her good work in the hands of Sisterhoods especially devoted to the visitation of prisoners.

To one of such character, it is not surprising that the fact of M. Bautain and his fellow-labourers, living thus so joined in unity of purpose, strength of sympathy, and steadiness of friendship, should have presented something unspeakably attractive. No wonder that Madame la Baronne began to dream that woman's work might likewise, by God's blessing, be done in that way. M. Bautain could well understand her character, and thoroughly appreciate the nobleness of her aspirations; he had been a friend to her on different occasions, and the encourager and director of many of her benevolent designs. She had more than once come to him for help and counsel. On one of these occasions, happening, as we have said, to visit Juilly, it struck her that many wants must exist in a large establishment conducted solely by men, and that where the education of youth is concerned, a certain admixture of womanly influence is essential. It was evident that immense advantage in economy and comfort would be secured, by the superintendence of women in the household department. She saw how peculiarly embarrassed the professors were with the care of some young boys, whose parents, in many cases widowers, being anxious to save them from the atmosphere of infidelity prevailing in the Government Schools of that period, the evil effects of which they had not unfrequently experienced and deplored in themselves, brought their young sons to Juilly, praying the gentlemen of the college to let them be sheltered where they should at least be taught the knowledge of their Maker, and the principles of

religion. At a glance, Madame la Baronne comprehended that something might here be added, which all the devotedness and learning of the masters of Juilly could not supply. The mother's heart, and home training for these little ones, could alone perfect the work, and she saw that they might have that love poured out on them, which charity can best purify and inflame, and that training secured, which can best be given by those in whom self-sacrifice and purity of intention, have insured stability of purpose and gentleness of demeanour.

These ideas being once clearly defined, there was no delay in seeking the best means of carrying them out. Madame la Baronne explained her views to some ladies, who, like herself, wished to retire more completely from worldly life, without, at the same time, separating themselves from what they believed a responsibility incurred by their position and rank—namely, the obligation of adding their help in re-organizing the social state, in so far as it had been disordered by the revolutionary spirit of late times in France. Not only had religion, as an element of education, been put out of the question altogether, but with it had disappeared in a lamentable degree, the old obedience to parental authority, and the once boasted reverence for woman. The *Garde mobile* of that day, half-child half-man, shouldering his gun and mounting sentinel in his common blouse, was the exact type of the manhood of the period, in whose eyes father and mother were an antiquated institution, and all womankind a burden or a prey. To check effectually this downward tendency, was clearly work for woman to do, by taking in hand the early training of the rising generation. So at least, thought Madame la Baronne and her friends; and the opportunity now offered of testing their principles, was eagerly accepted by them. They resolved to associate themselves as a kind of Sisterhood, under the direction of M. Baintain, and to commence their work at once.

A part of the college buildings was portioned off for the use of Madame la Baronne and her associates, and the entire household arrangements were placed under their immediate *surveillance*. The store-room became the head quarters of the department; Madame la Baronne regulating the supplies of the college, and all its branches and dependencies.

The minutest particulars came under her cognizance, and were subject to her control, while the accounts were kept according to a system astonishing for its comprehensiveness and detail. The *cuisine* was also undertaken, and the male-servants—no others were kept in the establishment—not only took orders, but executed them, under the inspection of the Sisters in charge. Manual labour, as well as orders, were freely given not unfrequently in this department, nothing being beneath the dignity of those devoted women. Madame la Baronne has sometimes been found in the kitchen, cutting up vegetables and peeling potatoes for the whole establishment, at a moment when insubordination on the part of the cook, or some accident to which great establishments, as well as small households, are subject, called for ready resource and a helpful hand.

Three of the Sisters were placed in a quarter called the *Lingerie*, and had charge of all the clothes of the establishment. The dormitories, as is usual on the Continent, were entirely served by men; but Madame la Baronne, henceforth Madame La Supérieure, visited the whole house every day, to be sure that nothing had been neglected by the domestics. The infirmary became a most important part of the Sisters' charge. They undertook the sole superintendence, under the direction of course, of the college physician, acting literally as nurses to the sick students, cooking their food, and remaining with them from early morning until relieved from their charge at night, by one of the gentlemen of the college, appointed to sleep in the infirmary. In fulfilling all these duties, it was so arranged that the Sisters should have no intercourse with the clergymen or professors, unless what was strictly necessary in matters regarding their service.

Meanwhile a division of the establishment, completely separated from the Grand Collège, was given up to another detachment of Sisters, who installed themselves there, taking with them the young boys already alluded to. At first there were only ten children between five and nine years of age; but such was the confidence inspired by the new arrangements, that in a very short time there was a class of forty *minimes* under the care of the Sisters. The confidence thus justly shown by parents was not lessened by the fact that while many of the Sisters were, as we know, "mothers

in heart though not by God's gift on earth ;" some also had by early widowhood been placed in such a position, that they were free to join the Sisterhood while their sons received their education in the college. "Listen to the dictates of your own mother's-heart," said M. Bautain to one of these "Sisters," "and you will do what is right with regard to your young charge." The *division des minimes*, therefore, soon began to assume the character for completeness of design and thoroughness of efficiency which distinguishes it at the present moment.

The *minimes* are kept entirely apart from the other divisions. The college professors come over to that quarter to conduct the classes, but of every other department Madame la Supérieure has the undivided control. She receives daily reports of each individual child, is always at the call of parents and guardians, consults with M. le Directeur when there is question of transferring a boy to a higher class, and so on. The Sisters never lose sight of their charge night or day ; they are with them to direct and join in their amusements at play time, and even during the hours devoted to preparation for class are beside the little students, helping them over the difficulties of the lesson, encouraging to diligence, and gently recalling to mind the *rule* given by the professor but all too soon forgotten by the pupil. The professor in his turn is cheered in his work by the knowledge that his class is sure to be coaxed into success—the Sisters' care thus smoothing the way for both master and scholar.

But the Sisters have their reward also. To be sure they get no glory. They only silently sow in the child's tender mind what the professor reaps when the *minime* is drafted to the Grand Collège, and with the *hautes études* becomes a scholar and a man. But if they are not called on to exult in the triumph of a pupil, they are also spared the sorrow of witnessing his failure. Hope is the genial and inspiring atmosphere that surrounds the *minimes*. Each tiny child is in the Sisters' eyes not the mere *minime*, but the man that is to be—the legislator perhaps, the soldier, the thinker, above all the Christian gentleman, whose words and works may influence a tide destined to break on no shore nearer than the Eternal. Then how sweet it is to the Sisters' hearts, to hear the eulogiums passed by the professors upon



their pupils, after they had been transferred to the Grand Collège. It is acknowledged by all that the *minimes* are thoroughly grounded in elementary lore, that they make rapid strides in the higher classes, and obtain a success which contrasts forcibly with the tardiness of those, who enter college at too old an age to pass through the hands of the Sisters. A trace at least of the good impressions made at this early time is always discernible in the young man's college life. When evil passions unfortunately develop as years increase, and the student becomes unmanageable, it is often found that when all else has failed, an appeal to Madame la Supérieure is attended with good results; and many times a visit paid by her to the offender, in his solitude and disgrace, has been found effectual in softening the heart to submission, and inducing acceptance of the dreaded *pensum*. The young men are always kindly received when they wish to visit Madame la Supérieure, who is ever their friend in difficulties, and their adviser and assistant whenever festivities are projected, or scenic decorations required in holiday time. The superiority in manner and deportment of the *minime* become *philosophe* is just as remarkable as his greater proficiency in the class. Instead of seeking opportunities of displaying the boy's rude contempt for women, he prides himself on politeness to the Sisters. He comes cap in hand to the *Lingerie* when he chances to want anything; and in the infirmary it is found that the most careless never forgets that it is a lady who has charge of him. A *mauvais sujet* noted for insubordination has been heard to say to a Sister—"No fear, *ma Sœur*; we will behave ourselves *until* the professor comes in for the night!" The poor professor,\* perhaps, had something to suffer after the restraint of the day; but what of that? It was not the Sisters' fault. The young men carry with them into the world, as may well be supposed, a kindly recollection of all this motherly care, and many a visit Madame la Supérieure receives from an old pupil who comes to present his bride or his children, and to receive himself the maternal embrace with a fervent blessing.

---

\* Sometimes when difficulties have arisen with the lay professors, who naturally are not always willing to take the law from ecclesiastics, Madame la Supérieure has been enabled to obtain a hearing; and through innate gracefulness of tact and judgment, has brought about the restoration of peace and order.

As the work expanded there was found no scarcity of hearts and hands ready to carry it on. The fact of M. Bautain being director of the community, was sufficient to make it known in continental countries; and in less than five years from the first small beginning, forty-six Sisters had come to Juilly—not alone natives of France, but representatives also from the German States, Prussia, England and Ireland.

The community becoming thus too numerous for the objects first proposed, the Sisters began to extend their beneficent sphere of action beyond the College enclosures.

The state of things in the village of Juilly, was not the best. It happened here as elsewhere that successive revolutions had not had a good effect on the temper of the populace. A great many heads of families too had been soldiers of the first Empire, taken from their homes too early in life to have been properly instructed; and campaigning had not much improved the superstructure. So between old habits and modern ideas, the grown generation was ignorant, infidel, and turbulent, at one and the same time. It was clear that the best chance was with the young, to direct their growing intellect, and opening heart, and so prepare a better race to fill the place of the old. A large house with a garden attached, was taken forthwith, and a school opened for the village children. By degrees they came flocking in, for the Sisters knew how to attract the little ones, and in many cases where the parents were remiss, or blind to the advantages offered, the children could be depended on to come of their own free will.

An Orphanage and Industrial School were soon annexed, and filled before long with seventy children. Some of these children were orphans, some were sent by benefactors who paid a trifling sum for their support; while in other instances poor children were removed thither to be separated from dangerous associations, or were sent by parents who gladly undertook to give what help they could, or at least supply clothes as a mark of their gratitude for the care and instruction given by the Sisters. Industrial training was of course the essential point in the education of girls destined to earn their own bread, and in carrying out this object, immense help was found in the fact that the community had been joined by many women of inferior rank, who had

been brought up to trades or accustomed to useful occupation. The spirit of the Institution encouraged all of good will to join their individual strength and resources to the general fund ; and while perfect equality was a rule most stringently observed, it naturally resulted that each one's talent and capacity were directed into the proper channel. Such, therefore, of the Sisters as had learned dress-making, or been used to laundry work, found their vocation at once in the *Ouvroir*. The washing of the College was done there ; and at a later period when the *Pensionat* was included in the various works of the institution, all the clothes of the young ladies were made, and even their boots manufactured in the *Ouvroir*. Plenty of work being thus provided, and the instruction and superintendence requiring no cash payments, the establishment was not long in becoming self-supported. To show the class of superintendence, it is only necessary to say that for nearly the two first years, it was the widow of an officer attached to the College of St. Cyr, who prepared and cooked dinner for the seventy children of the Orphanage, scarcely leaving the kitchen all that time, and assisted only by a Prussian peasant girl also a Sister, and the occasional help of the children of the school.

The operation of the Poor School and the Orphanage soon told on the population without. It was the custom of the Sisters to bring their classes to the village Church on Sundays and Festivals. The improvement both in conduct and appearance of the once unruly juvenile population, did not fail to attract and please even sceptical parents and guardians. It was observed that the old people began to go to Church after a while, for the pleasure of seeing the little ones in their Sunday clothes, so nicely marshalled by the Sisters ; and from going from pride, it is charitable to suppose they began to go from duty or some other motive ; at any rate a congregation was formed, and the *curé* was thankful for that. Facts being put before them in this way, the people were not slow to recognise their true benefactors, and soon began to turn to the Sisters for help or advice in emergencies. Many a time when a poor father or mother has been stricken with sickness a Sister has been sent to the village to sit up all night with the sufferer. Many a time too, the Sister has stayed to close the eyes of the dying peasant, surrounding that hour of trial and pain

with holy influences. In a word, the change in the popular tone was great from the time when insolence was the order of the day, and the incendiaries, then so busy in country parts of France, were heard to say, "It is well for them they have our children or we would burn the house above their heads!"

The success of the Sisters in christianising so far the people of Juilly, made the neighbouring *curés* desire to have their assistance also; and branch establishments were soon at work in several towns of the department. No "foundations," in fact, are so easily made. Two or three Sisters are put in possession of a cottage, containing a couple of rooms; they begin by taking charge of the poor school; then they visit the sick, get up an evening class for adults, open a Sunday School, teach catechism in the parish church, and perhaps find time to devote a few hours to the education of the more respectable class—the children of the mayor and the neighbouring families. Thus they become the civilisers of the district—and at what expense? The *curé* provides a pittance for their support, and their modest wants are supplied for little more than the salary of the village schoolmistress. The Sisters require neither fine house nor demesne lands; neither private chapel nor chaplain—they take, as we say, the run of the parish, and want only plenty of work, and the ordinary means and liberty to do it. These little village settlements are, great points of attraction to the children of the *Ouvroir*, and give occasion to many pleasure parties—the Sisters crossing the country with their little troop, the basket of provisions not forgotten.

Even in Paris a branch was established by the Archbishop, when M. Bautain was Vicar-General. Here, in addition to their other duties, the Sisters take charge of a sort of clothing society, under the patronage of ladies of rank, who devote a part of the day to working for the poor. Clothes are given out to be made; the poor people are paid for their work, and the garments are afterwards sold to them at a reduced price. Old clothes are also collected by the ladies, and made into suitable articles for the decent poor.

The next work we shall refer to in connection with the Juilly, is the *Pensionat*, which, of course, sprung out of something else, and may be said to have been at least suggested by the *Ouvroir*.

When, as we have said, the less accomplished sisters found their fittest sphere in the poor school and the *Ouvroir*, those of a superior order of education were free to turn their talents to account in a different way, and in one certain to produce fruit a hundred fold. Some accomplished musicians, and a few clever linguists, had joined the community; and three Jewish ladies, who on their conversion to Christianity, had been cast off by their family, had actually taken out their *diplomes* with the intention of earning their bread. To turn these resources to account, was the next thought, and it at once occurred to Madame la Supérieure to open a *Pensionat* for ladies of rank. It was done accordingly, and established an alliance for mutual benefit with the *Ouvroir*. Friends were gained among the ladies for the orphans whose destination it was to occupy situations in such households. The wants of the *Pensionat* were, as we have said, supplied in a great measure, by the industry of the *Ouvroir*, which again was in a great measure supported by the employment thus given. The Grand College gives its aid here too; the professors of rhetoric, music, and drawing, conduct the ladies' classes, while religious instruction is given by one of the clergymen.

The whole administrative government of these various departments, is in the hands of Madame la Supérieure. From the men-servants whom she has often taught to read, to the direction of the entire community, no combination is too extensive, no detail too trifling for the activity and grasp of a mind like hers; and whilst idolised as *Nôtre Mère* by the Sisterhood, there is not a villager who would not feel jealous if she passed a cottage without a greeting. Now, unfortunately, failing health keeps this admirable woman almost entirely within the college enclosure, and rich and poor miss equally the charm of that commanding and gracious presence. But the spirit is still the same, and she can bear the burthen of infirmity all the more resignedly in the consciousness that none of her work will be lost, the community supplying what might fail in the individual; so that when one member grows weak or weary, another with fresher and stronger life is ready to take up and continue the work. Madame la Baronne de Vaux, has set a power in motion, the vitality of which will be thus preserved for generations.

The Juilly Sisterhood, which at first was more like a congregation of ladies, assumed eventually the character of a religious community, approved by the Church. Its influence was thus extended, permanence secured, and the stamp of apostolic dignity conferred on its works. The rule is not severe; no unusual austerities are practised; no seclusion enforced; long offices are not prescribed; and the vows are taken yearly as among the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. To work for the love of God is the vocation, the privilege, the reward—inconstant, never-tiring work is the spirit of the order. The bishop of the diocese in which a foundation has been made, has the care and direction of the community. The Sisters frequently return to the mother-house when within its range; and, indeed, often are obliged to come back from distant settlements, in search of health and repose. Other Sisters are then sent out for the harder work, while those who have returned are charged with the lighter duties. The head of the noviciate is generally a Sister who has been out on some of the new establishments; and thus the experience she has acquired in actual working life, is made available in the training of those still young in the service of the Lord and the poor. The Sisterhood is known, in the Church as the *Communauté des Dames de St. Louis*. There could have been no better patron chosen than that royal Saint, in whom reverence for woman in every relation—as mother, wife, sister, was a characteristic distinction, and who, till he was twelve years of age, had no instructor but his equally royal mother.

Thus step by step, yet as we cannot help thinking, in a marvellously short time, has the work of Juilly prospered and expanded. How naturally one thing branched out from another!—How easy seems the transition from a simple act of thoughtful benevolence to the development of a settled institution! And yet we have not told all the good that owes its origin to this fountain-head, or indicated what appears destined by the same means to be accomplished. Many of M. Bautain's early disciples are still with him in his special work; but it was not to be expected that such a company of shining lights would be long left clustered thus, in one corner, when each was fitted to be himself the centre of a system, and the Church had need of services,

which could best be rendered by men so devoted and so disciplined. In the course of time therefore, many of that distinguished brotherhood were called away to undertake laborious duty in other quarters, or to occupy positions of honour and trust, which they had never been ambitious enough to desire, yet which they could not fail to fill with becoming dignity. Some too have gone *home* somewhat earlier than master and fellow-workers.

M. de Bonnechose is now Archbishop of Rouen. M. Goschler was appointed director of the Collège Stanislaus, at Paris. M. Jules Level is Superior of the Collège St. Louis des Français at Rome, one of the Referendary Prelates of His Holiness, and also holds the office of introducing French visitors at the Papal Court. M. Nestor Level, who had gone with his brother, died in the Eternal City some three years since, leaving the memory of a saint behind him. M. de Reinach, who accompanied the French troops to the Crimea as volunteer chaplain, died during the war, a victim to his christian and patriotic zeal ;—it was a worthy ending for one who had once sought, not souls, but glory in the field. M. Théodore de Ratisbonne, true to the impulse which directed his work of love in Strasburg, still labours for the regeneration of his race. The Holy City itself is now the scene of his devotion, and the remnant of his princely fortune has been spent in the establishment of schools, orphanages, churches, and missions, for the benefit of the Jewish people. It is not easy to get much good of that debased generation, their degraded habits, and the jealousy and hatred kept alive among them by the subdivision of families and races, make the work of evangelising, or even civilising them, peculiarly difficult. His chief support, his right arm in this work, is his brother, M. Alfonse de Ratisbonne—the same whom we have already mentioned as remarkable for his peculiar hostility to the followers of Christ. Some eight years later than his brother, while, like another Saul, “breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord,” he too was called to this new apostolate. The circumstances attending his conversion in Rome, and the extreme suddenness of the change, made the fact notorious through Europe. After some time he entered the Society of Jesus,

but at a later period was permitted to leave the order for the purpose of joining his brother in the East.\*

Under the care of these enthusiastic earnest men, a number of ladies devote their lives to the carrying out of the same object. They are known as the Community of Notre Dame de Sion, and make the education of the Jew and infidel their special care. Both in Constantinople and Jerusalem, they not only superintend *pensionats* for the education of young Oriental Christians, but also have established schools in which the Jewish population, of every age and condition, are offered gratuitous instruction, and a training for better things and a higher life here and hereafter. The foundress of this new community was herself a member of the Juilly Sisterhood. She was a native of Strasburg and had early been interested in M. de Ratisbonne's hopes and plans for the amelioration of the Jewish people; and while waiting for arrangements to be completed in Jerusalem, received her religious training at Juilly. The young females of the population are naturally the chief care of the community; but that the youth of the other sex may not be neglected, a society of laymen has been formed; and in association with the ecclesiastics they make the education of the boys the object of their charitable zeal.

We come now to Ireland.—From the “Holy City” to the “Isle of Saints” what a sweep! and yet the spirit cradled in Strasburg some forty years ago is vibrating this moment at each extreme. M. Bautain's name, as we have said, is scarcely known amongst us; but it will soon, we prophesy, be a household word. Within the last few months the Sisters of Juilly have been invited to take charge of the Reformatory for Girls about to be established in the North of Ireland; and at the present moment three of the community are in the town of Monaghan under the care of the Most Rev. Dr. McNally, who, finding the Sisters of Mercy so overwhelmed with work of every kind

---

\* M. Alfonse de Ratisbonne visited Dublin lately on business connected with the establishment in Jerusalem. Those who were fortunate enough to hear him preach one Sunday this Summer, in the Church of the Catholic University, will not easily forget the grace and distinctness of his elocution, or his attractive, dignified appearance, with the face and beard of the handsome Jewish type.



as to be unable to respond to this new call, applied to M. Bautain for the assistance thus so promptly given. The Sisters who have been sent on this new mission are British subjects : for in Juilly, as in many continental communities, a considerable number of our country women are to be found. It is pleasant to think that the splendid training they acquired in the establishment where they found a home, and woman's work of the noblest kind, will now be turned to the direct advantage of their own country and people. Since their arrival last January the Sisters have been working, not without a blessing, in their own immediate neighbourhood. A small house was given them by the Bishop, and here they have collected a class of some five-and-twenty children of the towns-people, whom they instruct in music and French in addition to the ordinary course. They likewise visit the sick poor, and walk every day to the poor school situated about a mile from the town. In this short time the attendance of the children has increased from thirty to one hundred and thirty. But the Reformatory is not yet a fact accomplished. In this case the work is not waiting for the workers—on the contrary. The Sisters are here ; and the wretched girls are in gaols and bridewells ; and yet, in spite of the untiring exertions of those who are deeply interested in expediting affairs, the want of general sympathy makes the Reformatory movement lag in this quarter. We know well however that the delay is but for the moment, and that the Sisters will soon be in a position to enter heart and soul upon their new work.\* New, indeed, it cannot well be called ; for what is it but the fulfilment of the hopes and desires that crowded heart and brain when, in those earlier days, Madame La Baronne de Vaux visited in person the neglected criminal, and brought back to good the erring child whom the world scorned ? Well may she now bless this Irish mission, and, in the prophetic vision of

---

\* While we write we hear with great pleasure that individual efforts are not wanting to make up for public supineness. A large building suitable for the purposes of a Reformatory having become vacant in the immediate neighbourhood of Monaghan, Mr. Bianconi, on becoming aware of the fact, generously and promptly advanced the purchase money, £1,200. We hope the public of Ulster will waken at last, and show a becoming sense of the trust thus reposed in them.

the good to be accomplished, exult in the spring and bound of joy.

M. Bautain himself is expected to visit Ireland this summer. He will see the commencement of great things in very humble works : but what the spirit is that makes such works instinct with vitality, none knows better than he. The philosopher—the orator—the minister of God has not spoken in vain. His words have fructified to deeds ; his philosophy has been an acted philosophy ; for through him has spoken the spirit of truth which is no barren light, but the very life itself of deeds of charity and devotion.

He has gained many disciples, not alone in college seclusion and among religious communities, but out in the broad world, in the rush of business and the engagements of social existence. His teaching has not only resulted in acts such as we described, but in infinite others, admirable though nameless, shut up as they are in the sanctities of home and the seclusion of private life. Men cast about in the world's battle are all the stronger when their intellectual food is of this kind ; and women take up their burden with all the nobler bearing when invigorated with thoughts like these. For the philosophy of the Gospel is within the comprehension of the simplest minded Christian, and all can feel and understand the teaching of one who illustrates his own maxims so nobly in his own life.—“Dieu a tout créé par sa parole, ainsi le véritable orateur anime tout par la sienne, et fait vivre de sa vie ceux qui l'entendent. Mais là comme ailleurs la vie ne se transmet que par la vertu divine. C'est le feu sacré qui échauffe la poitrine de l'orateur, c'est l'inspiration d'en haut : *pectus est quod disertum facit*. Sans ce feu qui vivifie, les plus belles phrases du monde ne sont qu'un airain sonnante, une cymbale retentissante.”—*Etude sur l'Art de Parler en Public*.

Nine years have elapsed since the completion of the first volume of THE IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, and the volume is now, and has been a long time, out of print. We have received many applications for complete sets of the work, but to supply them was, of course, impossible. Some American and English friends, who have become possessed of the third and fourth numbers, have begged so pressing that we would reprint the first volume, or that, at least, we would reprint the story, *Mr. Montague Dempsey's Experiences of the Landed Interest*, that we consent to do so, more especially as those English subscribers who are acquainted with this REVIEW only since it became the advocate of Reformatory Schools, will be pleased with this specimen of genuine Irish humor, the early effort of one who is now admitted to be amongst the most brilliant of the staff on *Fraser's Magazine* and on *The Saturday Review*.

ED. I. Q. R.

## ART. VI.—AN OLD FRIEND FOR NEW FACES;

OR,

MR. MONTAGUE DEMPSEY'S EXPERIENCES OF THE LANDED INTEREST.

### CHAPTER I.

Uncle Peter! Uncle Peter! why did you die? Or, at least, why did you "levy fines, and suffer a recovery, and thereby bar the entail and remainders over," a feat of which I hereby disclaim all knowledge, except as I am informed by Messrs. Seizen and Skinn, your solicitors, that the non-performance of such a piece of legal gymnastics on your part, would, by some process known only to the initiated, have had the effect of preventing me from exchanging my first floor in Bloomsbury, with its cheerful prospect of chimney-tops and steeples, for the commodious family mansion of Ballinahaskin, and accepting the title of landlord to some interesting, but dirty, specimens of the human race, in lieu of that of second clerk in the highly respectable firm of Filer, Nogs, and Co., London.

One morning in the month of November, 1843, an individual might have been observed making his way along Lombard-street, with a rapidity that appeared almost magical, when the density of the fog, and the crowded state of the footpath, were taken into consideration. His brisk yet methodical movements bespoke the man of business, while the mediæval cut of his coat, and the bundle of letters in his right hand, at once stamped him as the district postman. (The fact of my being an ardent

admirer of the works of G. P. R. James will, I hope, be a sufficient excuse for adopting the above form of commencement.) Any one who took a sufficiently deep interest in the progress of the man of letters above alluded to, might have observed him enter a peculiarly business-like house, and stop at an equally business-like inner door, the upper part of which was glazed with a species of glass so ingeniously ribbed, as to give the street outside, when viewed through it, the appearance of a copy-book with very narrow lines; the prospect was still farther impeded by a legend, to the effect, that Filer, Nogs, and Co. were in the habit of transacting their business there. Without pausing to admire the flourishes in the latter work of art, he rapidly dropped four or five letters through a letter-box in the door, and hurried away, frantically turning over the bundle in his hand. The letters had hardly time to settle themselves comfortably in the box, when the Chubb-lock was invaded by an excessively chubby key, and they were withdrawn by the hand of Mr. Nogs, who was proceeding to lay them on the desk of the senior partner, when the direction of one of them caught his eye, and surprised him to such an extent as caused him to ejaculate, "By Jove!" with so great an amount of vigour that Mr Filer actually let fall the tin can, in which he was arranging a small pack of cards, so as to inform all whom it might concern, that the day was Tuesday, and that it was the 18th day of November, 1843; a task which he performed, with mercantile regularity, at precisely half-past nine every morning. "Now then! what is it?" said he. Mr. Nogs, with a composure wonderful under the circumstances, replied, "A letter for Dempsey." "A what?" cried Filer, making the T sound like the explosion of a percussion cap: "A letter for Dempsey! God bless me!" He was paralyzed, but only for a moment, and walked to his desk with the air of a man who had formed a stern resolution, and was prepared to go through with it. "Mr. Nogs," said he, he always mistered him on important occasions, "have the goodness to call Mr. Dempsey." The junior partner obeyed, by opening a door about three inches, and projecting, like a missile, through the aperture the dissyllable "Dempsey!" A sound was heard in the office outside, as of an individual letting himself down from a height on a boarded floor, and the second after Montague Dempsey made his appearance.

As, on this occasion, I first have the honour of being introduced to the reader, a slight personal sketch may not be out of place. If confidence may be put in several portraits executed on blotting paper, in a highly finished style, by Jubb, the junior clerk, who is considered to have a taste for drawing, I at that time, presented the appearance of an individual of middle age and stout proportions, with a bald head, and a remarkably small and unmeaning eye, so small, in fact, that the artist usually represented it by a dot. That I am now altered, at least in obesity, from what I then was, a waistcoat now in my possession affords indisputable, but, to me at least, not very satisfactory evidence. As to my disposition and habits, I am sure my landlady would have no objection to make an affidavit to the effect, that I was the "quietest, contentedest lodger as ever was."

On my entering the office, Mr. Filer relaxed his expression of stern determination to one of mere ordinary calmness, and said, "Mr. Dempsey, a letter for you has arrived by this morning's post." He here paused, expecting that the astounding announcement would have paralyzed me. "I thought, Mr. Dempsey," continued he, "you were aware I had an objection to any letters being received in this office, except such as were purely on the business of the house." I, of course, commenced my reply in the orthodox form in such case made and provided, by saying, "Really, sir"—when he stopped me with "well, sir, that will do; have the goodness not to allow it to occur again; take your letter, sir, and be so kind as to request your correspondent to direct in future to your present—a—a—in fact, to your lodgings." He laid an emphasis on the word "correspondent," as though he considered my having such a thing as something out of the ordinary course of nature. I meekly withdrew, and having arrived at the summit of my stool, proceeded to read the letter with feelings greatly prejudiced against it, as the cause of the calm reproof I had just received; it was written in an uncompromising legal hand, and was as follows:—

"SIR,—It is our duty to inform you, that by the death of Mr. Peter Dempsey of Ballinahaskin, (which event occurred on the 12th ultimo) you became seised of all his fee-simple property. We have to request that you will, without delay, inform us of your intentions regarding the estate. For any

future information you may require, we beg leave to refer you to Mr. James Tapper, Chancery-lane.

"We remain, Sir, your obedient Servants,

"SEIZEM AND SKINN."

I have often since wondered at the calm composure, with which I read the announcement of so great a change in my position in life. I had no reason to doubt its truth, and was sufficiently aware of the circumstances of my Uncle Peter to know that his income, though itself inconsiderable, would be to me, what the newspapers call, a princely fortune. Yet, if the letter, instead of informing me I was no longer a hard-worked clerk in a merchant's office, but the possessor of some hundreds per annum, had contained merely a ticket of admission to the Haymarket, I doubt if it would have been at the time less welcome. There must be a provision of nature, which, in some dispositions at least, causes unexpected intelligence to take effect in homœopathic doses, and thus prevents the mind from being over elated or depressed. It must have been so with me in the present instance, for I remember distinctly proceeding, line after line, through Messrs. Seizem and Skinn's epistle, and then folding up and pocketing it in the most unimpassioned and methodical manner. It had, however, the effect of making me unusually abstracted and silent as the day wore on, which change in my deportment my fellow clerks attributed to my visit to the private office. In fact, I heard one of them remark to Jubb, that "the governor must have blown up Dempsey prime," a piece of wit which delighted the artist to such a degree, that he immediately commenced a blotting paper cartoon on a large scale, representing me, with an expression of countenance, as if I was receiving the shock of a galvanic battery, standing between the "governors," who were regarding me with looks that a Caribbee might have envied.

The moment I was at liberty I proceeded to Chancery-lane, and having found Mr. Tapper's office, knocked in that desultory and quivering style usually adopted by persons labouring under mental perturbation. The door was opened by a woman who kept her hands under her apron, in which she was perfectly justified if their cleanliness did not exceed that of her arms; by her I was informed that the office was closed, and Mr. Tapper had gone home to something-or-other street in Islington, whither, after a vain attempt to dine, I proceeded, for my

mind was in that restless state which requires some active employment, and besides, I knew my own duties would prevent my seeing Mr. Tapper during his business hours. After several enquiries from policemen who were vague, and cabmen who were careless, as to the street I wanted, I found Mr. Tapper's house—an unambitious residence—in whose external appearance the principal feature was, a most imposing flight of steps. On my stating that I came on particular business, I was shown into a room, which, from the stand of geraniums in the window, and the books, papers, and desk on the table, I concluded was an ingenious cross between a study and a green house.

Mr. Tapper shortly after entered, accompanied by a fine flavour of figs, and hot gin and water. He was a little old man, although it was evident from the tie of his neckcloth he considered himself as yet a youth; and no doubt, had I asked him, could have accounted to his own satisfaction for the greyness of his locks, which were so artfully brushed across the bald part of his head as to delude the observer into the idea, that each hair was growing in several places at once. He advanced towards me with that sidelong step, so much practised by ravens, elderly magpies, and birds of his species, and after apologising for intruding upon him at so unseasonable a time, I proceeded to state the cause of my visit, with a consciousness that if he did not quickly come to my aid by making some remark, I should inevitably break down, which catastrophe did eventually occur, and left me feeling very hot, and looking, I am convinced, very foolish. “So you are Mr. Dempsey,” said he, as if that was the only fact deducible from my oration, although I distinctly recollect having, in my flurry, given him information on several collateral points, such as the amount of my salary, the number of clerks employed by Filer and Noga, and their names, with their respective ranks in the office. “I received a letter this morning, sir,” he continued, “from Mr. Seizem, in which he mentioned your good fortune. Allow me to congratulate you sir,—very sudden sir, very,—disease of the heart, I hear.” I was about to assure him that as far as I was aware, I was not afflicted with any heart complaint, and that he was very kind to think I should be a loss, when he added, “Left a widow, I believe, sir, eh? and three daughters;” showing me that he alluded to my uncle and not to myself, whereupon I felt myself becoming excessively red in

the face (which, by-the-bye, is a habit of mine) at the thought of the mental mistake I had committed. I said I was aware that my uncle had been married, but could not say whether he left a widow or family, and that in fact, since the time of my father's death, when I entered my present situation, I had become almost totally estranged from my family, but above all, from my uncle Peter, which I attributed principally to the fact, that since the marriage of the latter, the two brothers had never been on terms. I wound up by saying, I was desirous of ascertaining something clearly about the state of my uncle's affairs; thus, as I thought, diplomatically leading the conversation to the subject I was most anxious about. "Oh," said he after a pause, during which he had stedfastly scrutinized the geraniums, while I hoped he was turning over in his mind the form in which to announce the amount of my future wealth, "I have it on authority, too good to be doubted, that your uncle left to mourn his loss, a widow and three lovely daughters—play the piano, harp, sing, and all that sir—magnificent creatures!" This eulogium he uttered, rubbing his hands and smirking his face into an absolute network of wrinkles, as much as to say, "if I was in your place, you lucky dog, what conquests I'd make." "I suppose my uncle settled handsome fortunes on them," said I, thinking to myself, that though he were Machiavelli himself, he could not now escape being drawn into some confession as to the old gentleman's property. "Ah, ha! Mr. Dempsey," he replied with a horrid leer, "so you have your eyes on a future Mrs. Dempsey already." I need not say that my defeat and his triumph were, each in its way, complete. When I had sufficiently recovered my composure, laying aside all artifice, which I now saw was useless, I proceeded to the point at once, and begged of him to give me what information he could respecting the nature, amount, and circumstances of the property to which I had become entitled, stating that I had been referred to him for that purpose. "Really, Mr. Dempsey," said he, drawing himself up, and looking oracular, "I should be most happy, in fact quite delighted, to give you any accurate information in my power—mind, *accurate* information; but I do not feel myself justified in making a statement to you, on which you could not with certainty rely. It would grieve me to be the cause of leading you to suppose your property greater or less than it might afterwards prove; the value of landed property is, you know,



fluctuating; on the one hand, a lease against you may have expired, or, on the other, a whole tract of country may have been submerged by the shifting of one of those—what's this you call 'em?—bogs, aye bogs—by-the-bye, astonishing case that the other day—perfectly wonderful—you saw it in the papers, eh? Whole village carried away—old woman washing potatoes—you remember? No, my advice to you is, to write to Mr. Seizem, to say he may expect you in Dublin—let me see, when could you go? Well, as soon as you can, that's what I would do. If you have any little business to arrange, any small debts to get in, I shall be most happy to transact it for you, only too happy to serve any friend of Mr. Seizem's—very old friend of mine is Mr. Seizem; first learned my business in his office; I was a mere boy then." I was about to observe, that I had no idea Mr. Seizem was so old a man as that would lead me to suppose; but suppressed the remarks from a recollection of Mr. Tapper's weak point, and promising to follow his advice, wished him a good evening, he following me to the door with "good evening, Mr. Dempsey—good fellow Seizem—good evening sir." Disappointed as I was, in the main object of my visit to Mr. Tapper, and baffled by his excessive politeness and mysterious unwillingness, or inability, to give me any information, yet I could not help deriving a sort of satisfaction from his manner towards me. It was evident that in his eyes at least I was the landed proprietor, and not the merchant's clerk. Even the vague way in which he spoke of the value of my property excited in my mind feelings of self-importance, and almost made me fancy the transformation complete. As I walked homewards I detected myself several times almost swaggering, and elbowing my way at crowded corners, in a style far different from my usual humble and modest gait; and yet a feeling of intense pleasure at my elevation, was decidedly not amongst my sensations at the time. I felt an uncertainty as to whether the change in my circumstances would add to my happiness; not that I was attached to my then mode of life, far from it. Often when building castles in the air (and who is there who does not at times indulge himself in rearing those edifices) I had pictured to myself the delights of exchanging a life of monotonous labour for one of untrammelled ease; now that the dream had become a reality, I, who had sighed for the shadow, hesitated to grasp the substance. I was conscious of my own ignorance of the world

and its ways, and felt that from having been so long a mere spectator, I was hardly suited to sustain in the great farce, even so subordinate a part as that of a country gentleman of small income, my only preparation for that character being such ideas of rural felicity, as a Sunday trip to Richmond, or a week in summer at Margate, could suggest. If, however, these reflections made me for a moment contemplate letting the matter drop, and taking no further step to secure the fortune already almost within my reach, such a thought was only momentary. "No," said I to myself, "Montague Dempsey, you have a destiny to fulfil, and do not attempt to flinch from it, sir. There is a 'tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.'" (I am fond of quoting Shakespeare, when I know the passage well, and can do it with safety.) "This seems uncommonly like it: so in with you Montague, and don't stand shivering on the bank—never mind the cold—what matter though the stream be a little rough or muddy, or sweep along with it many little disagreeabilities. Have courage, old boy!" (mentally patting myself on the back) "and you won't be swamped; and even if you are, is such a fate much worse than the one before you? If you lose this tide, the same old jog-trot sort of life, the same struggle at quarter-day, to make both ends meet, is before you. To be sure old Parker may go, or be taken into partnership, and you may get his place, and be able to treat yourself to a 'bus home from the city—but you'll want it then, for you will be getting old and shaky, my poor fellow; then, perhaps, you will give up your situation, and starve on your savings, until, at last, you drop off, leaving no one to regret you but your landlady, who will hope, as she puts up the bill on your sitting-room window, that her next lodger may pay as regularly."

This last argument appeared conclusive, though it certainly did strike me as strange, that but the day before, I was contemplating with the most perfect contentment and equanimity, the prospect which I now drew in such sombre colours. As I was that night preparing to adopt my favourite method of discussing a weighty subject, namely, sleeping on it, a mode of arriving at a conclusion in which I consider myself an adept, my landlady entered, with her usual preliminary enquiry after my cold. I had had one about six months previously, but she seemed to be under the impression it had fastened itself on my constitution, as she seldom opened a conversation without

asking me how it was. In the present instance she begged to know, was there anything she could send me up that might relieve the cough; and altogether evinced such tender solicitude, that when I recollected the ungracious thoughts respecting her I had been just harbouring, I felt convicted of the basest ingratitude, and accordingly denounced myself as a monster. The subsequent part of her conversation was, on this occasion, about the weekly bill, which she laid on the table.

I have often remarked, that when you are doing all in your power to go to sleep and, trying all those impracticable feats usually recommended for that purpose, such as retrograding through the alphabet, and counting backwards from one hundred to one inclusive, nature and art seem to conspire to frustrate your efforts; your watch ticks with unusual vehemence, as if determined to keep you awake, or go to pieces in the attempt; should your next-door neighbour be possessed of a poultry-yard, the cock attached to that establishment will be unusually vigilant; and should there be a plurality of cats in the street, they will be sure to select the spot beneath your window for the holding of their revels. In my case the animal department was ably supported by a conscientious dog in the next garden, who, as if aware that he was remarkably ugly, and perfectly useless, felt himself bound to do something for his maintenance, and kept up an incessant barking. As to those pieces of mechanism, the church clocks, I have never since felt total confidence in them; I perceived that night such a difference of opinion among them, that I have remained, even to the present day, sceptical respecting the proverbial regularity of clock-work. It was all very well, so long as they were busy with the small hours, but when the chimes were, of necessity, complicated, the discrepancy was painfully evident. The proceedings, I remarked, always opened by a little shrill-toned clock, which appeared to set all the others going; just as in a street row, one shrewish woman will set half a dozen quietly disposed individuals vociferating and shouting. The strain was then taken up by a couple of deeper voiced disputants, who, after arguing the point between themselves, paused, by common consent, to hear what the next had to say; he then delivered his opinion in a deliberate and sententious solo; then another pause, and a distant bell would be heard sending forth across miles of roof, a new theory as to the correct time; on

which three or four nearer would seem to start up, as if determined to dispute the last opinion. Several times when I found, to my great delight, my thoughts assuming that wandering aspect which is a sure forerunner of sleep, one or all of the conspirators would bring them back with horrible distinctness. At last, however, the scene changed, and I found myself magically installed in my Irish estates, and presiding at a harvest home, which I had provided in right regal style for my numerous tenantry. Mounted on a beer barrel, I addressed them in a strain of impassioned eloquence, when suddenly the top gave way, and I discovered that Messrs. Filer and Noga had, by some act of legerdemain, possessed themselves of the interior, and furnished it so as, in every way, to resemble their own office in Lombard-street. As I was endeavouring to explain the unceremonious mode in which I had gained admission, somebody seemed to knock outside in so familiar a manner, that it had the effect of waking me, when I found that my landlady had been, according to her own account, nearly five minutes at my door with the hot water.

## CHAPTER II.

MY LONDON EMPLOYERS—HOW I LEFT THEM—HOW I LEFT  
MY FELLOW CLERKS.

One of my first acts the next morning was to proceed to a book stall, and there purchase a volume entitled "The Complete Letter Writer," the cover of which informed me, that within, I should find precedents for epistles on any given subject, from "Love, Duty, and Affection," down to "General Correspondence."

In the department devoted to business, I found two forms which I considered peculiarly adapted to my case, one commencing "Honored Gentlemen," the other, "Respected Sirs." Having duly weighed the relative beauties of these two modes of commencement, I decided in favor of the latter, and with the assistance of the "General Remarks," at the end of that invaluable publication, my constitution having been supported during the protracted struggle by the nourishment I drew from the tops of two quills, I succeeded in completing a letter to Messrs. Seizem and Skinn, which I posted on my way to my office, not without some very serious misgiving as to its being the thing. I took my seat that morning, with a consciousness that it would require my most strenuous exertions to retain the

mighty secret pent up in my bosom for the next three or four days. I felt so highly charged with mystery, that an explosion seemed inevitable. In fact, I enjoyed the sensations of a person sitting on a gunpowder magazine during a thunder storm, with a large bunch of keys in his pocket. Anything like a lengthened conversation I of course avoided, as an experiment under the circumstances highly dangerous; and this marked departure from my former affability gave rise to many and ingenious theories in the office. The "fast" Jubb came to the conclusion that it arose from some pecuniary difficulty, caused by my having neglected the oft-repeated advice to reform my tailor's bills; while Parker (usually called Old Parker, in reference to his spectacles) suggested that perhaps I was suffering from the consciousness of having blotted an entry in the day-book. However, to use melodramatic phraseology, the solution of the mystery was at hand. Unbounded was the astonishment of all my fellow clerks, when they saw me one morning, with resolution in my eye, and a letter in my hand, proceed to the door of the private room of Filer, Nogs, and Co., evidently with the intention of entering unsummoned that awe-inspiring chamber. Great was the dread that fell upon the whole office, from the errand boy at the door, who paused in the act of incarcerating a fly in an ink-bottle, up to Old Parker, who gazed at me with an intensity that threatened to splinter his spectacles, and sucked the end of a ruler in silent horror. The details of that tremendous interview are, I fear, lost to the public, unless memoranda likely to throw light on them be hereafter found among the archives of the house of Filer, Nogs, and Co. Although I am convinced that some statements I made materially assisted them in discovering the meaning of Messrs. Seizem and Skinn's second letter, I have no recollection of what took place, further than that Mr. Filer was at first very angry, on which Mr. Nogs became highly indignant, but shortly afterwards relented a little on finding Mr. Filer inclined to soften, and finally, when Mr. Filer said it was too bad that I should leave them when there was so much to be done in the office, but that there was no help for it; and that, since there was to be a change, it was as well that it should be one for the better. Mr. Nogs remarked that it could not be helped, and congratulated me.

"Well, Dempsey," said Mr. Filer, who I always suspected had a vein of kindness and good nature underneath his pom-

pous manners, "since you are to leave us, it cannot spoil you if I say, that while in our employment you have given us great satisfaction."

"Very great satisfaction, indeed," observed Mr. Nogs, who the day before informed me I was the slowest accountant he ever had the misfortune of meeting.

"I am very busy now, Dempsey," continued Mr. Filer, "but let me see you before you start for Dublin. Mr. Parker will make out what is due to you from last quarter day."

Thus was my resignation of office accepted by the firm of Filer, Nogs, and Co. As to the Co., neither on this, nor on any previous occasion, had I any dealings with it. In fact, I have every reason to believe that it was merely a sort of mercantile "Mrs. Harris," attached to the firm for the sake of giving a more finished look to the door-plate. When, in the most lucid style I was master of, I announced to the astonished audience in the office my intended departure, and the cause of it, my hearers were at first derisive, then sceptical, but finally convinced that, to use Jubb's expression, "there was something in it," as I took that opportunity to request the pleasure of the company of all present to a farewell banquet, in which it was stipulated that oysters should take a prominent part; the repast to be partaken of on the night previous to my departure for Ireland.

The intervening time I occupied in making preparations for my new life. These chiefly consisted in the purchase of various articles connected with agriculture, and rural affairs in general. Among them was a voluminous work on farming, profusely illustrated with engravings of apoplectic-looking cattle, and complicated engines. This I at once proceeded to study, and with difficulty got to "Sub-soiling, as practised in Flanders," when I gave it up in disgust. I also formed a small agricultural museum of formidable looking weapons, which, though to my inexperienced eye they wore the appearance of a collection of somewhat civilized tomahawks and scalping knives, the intelligent seedsman from whom I bought them told me I should find very useful in eradicating thistles and trimming hedgerows.

The same disinterested individual almost persuaded me to become, at the trifling cost of five guineas, the purchaser of a wonderful machine, a combination of the common wheelbarrow with a sort of revolving pepper-caster, to be used in some

manner, I suppose, known to the inventor, in sowing turnips. This desirable investment I was compelled to relinquish, for two reasons. In the first place, although it contained all the latest scientific improvements, it could scarcely be considered conveniently portable; and, secondly, because the amount of salary I received at the hands of Mr. Parker, though computed with wonderful accuracy, and quite curious in its fractional exactness, yet considered as a total, was not of such an amount as to warrant so great an outlay. However, that I might not seem ungrateful to the goodnatured seedsman, I took a small pruning knife, weighing about four pounds, with a blade like a stunted scythe, on which I broke both my thumb-nails before I gave up in despair all idea of opening it.

I spent the early part of my last evening in London in disposing my newly acquired curiosities on a table near the door, in such a manner as to produce what I considered a very striking effect. I then, for about the sixth time that night, examined the preparations for the supper, and having satisfied myself that nothing was wanting to ensure its complete success, sat calmly down to await my guests.

The first arrival was the punctual Mr. Parker, who, after a preliminary gaze at the fire, and a remark relative to the weather, informed me he had been just deriving a vast amount of instruction and amusement from a lecture on the nature and habits of the opossum, and was proceeding to give me a description of the wonderful provision of nature, which prevents that little animal from falling a victim to a rush of blood to the head, whilst hanging by its tail, when, unfortunately for the interests of natural history, and the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, he was interrupted by the entrance of Messrs. Tummins and Dyce, who were followed, after a short interval, by the *distingué* Jubb. The latter gentleman bore, on and about his person, evident marks of an intention to do honour to the occasion. His gorgeous waistcoat formed a pleasing background for a chain of massive workmanship, composed of a material which, at first sight, strongly resembled gold. A striking effect was produced by the manner in which the chain was brought in and out of five of the six button holes of his "fancy dress vest," giving the links the appearance of being engaged in a game of follow-my-leader, which was to terminate in the waistcoat pocket.

The conviviality of the evening commenced by Old Parker's

taking off his spectacles, and carefully depositing them in the crown of his hat. Excited by this evidence of a desire on his part for unrestrained enjoyment, we unanimously approached the table, and led on by the veteran cashier, Dyce, Tummins, and Jubb made a vigorous attack on the solids, while I plied them with a brisk battery of Bass's pale ale.

Fast and furious grew our fun and jollity. How or when we parted I know not. When I awoke late next day, a hat filled with oyster shells, and a peculiar sensation about the throat and palate, as if I had been chewing cinders, were the only souvenirs left me of my farewell banquet to those friends of my middle age, in whose company I had worn to the stump full many a grey goose quill.

### CHAPTER III.

#### MY IRISH PROPERTY—HOW I WENT TO LOOK FOR IT.

About six-and-thirty hours afterwards, the Dublin and Liverpool General Steam Navigation Company's new and powerful steam-vessel, "Erin-go-Bragh," (by the way, how does it happen that company's vessels always *are* new and powerful?) was paddling her way through that expanse of diluted mud that lies between Clontarf and the Pigeon House. Emerging from my berth, where I had been whiling away the morning with paroxysms of sea-sickness, which were materially aggravated by a bilious gentleman, who persisted in devouring, immediately opposite me, a copious breakfast, consisting principally of some peculiarly fat fried ham, I essayed to go on deck, having first restored my cravat to the position it occupied before the commencement of those evolutions I had just gone through; any further attempt at a toilet was at present out of the question, for the same bilious man, who seemed to have come on board for the sole purpose of thwarting me in every possible manner, was at the solitary basin, polishing his cadaverous countenance with a degree of pertinacity that gave but faint hopes of his toilet's being concluded within the next half hour. Arrived on deck, I found that most of my fellow-victims had preceded me; but alas! what a sad and wondrous change had the last few hours effected in them. The stylish young man with the glazed cap, who for some time after we had sailed, paced the deck with a regularity and perseverance worthy of Captain Barclay, now looked as yellow and unwholesome as the



cigar he had been smoking over-night ; and the ladies—my heart bled for them. Far be it from me to pretend to any knowledge of the mysteries, or internal arrangements, of that wonderful grotto, known as the ladies' cabin ; but judging from their worn-out and sleepless looks, and generally dishevelled appearance, I would say that the berths must be constructed even more on the chest of drawers principle, than they are in other parts of the vessel. As I stepped off the plank into the mud of my native land, I felt, with Washington Irving, "that I was a stranger in that land." This idea was, however, soon dispelled. "Your honor's heartily welcome," said a husky voice behind me ; and on turning I beheld a young man, who wore a whip round his neck, touching his hat (a remarkably amorphous one), who in the most engaging manner assured me that his cushions were clean—a remark evidently not intended to extend to his face, and also that he was my own boy ; and then, presuming I suppose on the relationship between us, without further observation walked off with my luggage. Sensible as I was of the extreme friendliness of his manner, I did not like being altogether separated from my effects at so short a notice. I therefore followed him, and found him disposing my property on one of those instruments of torture called outside cars—a species of vehicle which statistics prove to contribute largely to the support of the surgical profession in Dublin and its vicinity. Having, literally by tooth and nail, succeeded in securing the last package, and deposited himself, with a jerk, on my hat-case, he requested me to "git up ;" and, before I had altogether complied, he ordered the horse to "git on," plying the whip with an energy that quite exonerated him from any suspicion of being a member of the Humane Society. As I had not been much more than twelve years away, I retained some slight recollection of the art of adhering to an outside car when in motion ; yet I was far from feeling the dignified composure your true Dublinian exhibits under similar circumstances ; and laying aside, as incompatible with safety, all idea of a graceful carriage, I held on manfully to the bounding car ; when, after some five minutes driving, my captor turned to me, and, with an abruptness quite startling, asked, "where my honor was going to ?" which was, by a curious coincidence, the identical inquiry I had been making of myself. I gave him the name of a hotel, where, in a few minutes, he literally *dropped* me and my luggage.

## CHAPTER IV.

## MY IRISH PROPERTY—HOW I FOUND IT.

I found it in Mr. Seizem's office—at least I have always considered so, as it was there my experience of it first commenced; and a formidable amount of paper and parchment I had to get through, before I could make out what it was; in fact, there were so many papers about it, that one would have thought it was some fragile substance packed to be sent by post. It was no wonder it looked a large parcel at first sight; the process of coming at it was something like that of unrolling a mummy; and a nice mummy we found when it was concluded.

"Now, then, what's *your* business?" said a small voice in Mr. Seizem's legal laboratory. The hall-door had been opened to me by some invisible agency; and after nearly coughing myself into a pulmonary attack, as no one appeared, I had to enter the office.

"Can I do anything for you?" continued the small voice, which proceeded from behind a large desk, and was the property of a grubby youth, with a tatoo worked in ink across his nose.

"Can I see Mr. Seizem?" said I, politely but with dignity.

"Can't see Mr. Seizem—Mr. Seizem's out," replied the youth; "but Mr. Skinn, perhaps, will be able to do what you want."

Obviously it was his opinion, that had Mr. Skinn also been out of the way, he himself could have satisfactorily transacted any business I might have intrusted him with.

"Sit down my good man, I'll attend to you directly," said he, and returned to his employment, which seemed principally to consist of making faces at a sheet of paper, on which he was tracing some figures. After a pause, during which I studied a work, the perusal of which made my hair stand on end, (it contained lists of the customary costs in equity suits,) he put his pen behind his ear, and asked what name he should announce to Mr. Skinn.

"Say Mr. Dempsey," replied I, still with dignity. At the sound of my distinguished patronymic, a change came o'er his speaking lineaments.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said he; "I—I—'pon my credit, I did not know it was you, sir. I'll tell Mr. Skinn"—

But, unfortunately, his apology was interrupted by the entrance of the gentleman in question. When I introduced myself, I could plainly perceive that Mr. Skinn struggled to repress a smile. Oh! that confounded letter! I all along suspected that it was a ridiculous piece of composition.

"Mr. Dempsey, I'm delighted to see you," said he, with graceful emphasis; "and under such happy circumstances, too."

Not exactly knowing to what particular circumstances he alluded, I, of course, assented that they were peculiarly happy.

"We have been expecting you some time," continued he; "I hope you had a good passage across the treacherous ocean."

The smile and wave of the hand that accompanied this beautiful expression, convinced me he was quoting some (to me) unknown poet.

"Mr. Seizem's at court?" said he after a pause, to the tattooed youth.

"Rolls," briefly responded that individual.

"In that case, Mr. Dempsey, I fear we shan't be able to have a talk over your affairs till to-morrow, unless, indeed, you feel inclined to come down to court with me now."

Having signified my willingness to face that dread arena, he said he would start the moment he had got his papers, by which he meant a rigid scrutiny of his dress and whiskers, at a looking-glass in the next room. I had ample opportunity for observing his operations, as he had left the door open. His conversation as we went along, did not belie his exterior. He seemed *à fait* with all the fashionable topics of the metropolis. He informed me how Mrs. Cooney of Thomas-street had been at the drawing-room; and how the Misses Cooney had accompanied her, and what dresses they wore on that occasion; how Captain Gosling, of the 122nd, had paid marked attention to Miss Veronica Cooney. He pointed out to me many of the notables of Dublin—the beautiful Miss Finnigan, who was soon to become Lady Mac Toulther; and Johnny Pool of the 134th, the great billiard player. Ah! destiny, thought I, as I listened in wonder, strange are thy decrees! Why fetter with a sordid and unromantic calling, a spirit born for courtlier scenes than law courts can furnish! Why imprison within the limits of a gentleman, one of the attorneys, a soul so capable of higher actions than mere civil ones!

"Oh, there's Mr. Seizem at last," said Mr. Skinn; "that's

he talking to those barristers. No, no—not there,” seeing me looking at a group, who were standing by the basket of a locomotive confectioner, devouring buns, with apparently great relish, and trying hard to look as if they had something else to do. “But here he comes,” continued Mr. Skinn; and in another moment I had the pleasure of forming Mr. Seizem’s acquaintance. I never saw a finer specimen of the *suaviter in modo* school; there was an expression of benign philanthropy about his whole person—his very gaiters had a benevolent appearance.

“My dear Mr. Dempsey,” said he, “so we have got you at last;” and so he certainly had, for he held and shook my hands with an energy that made us mutually perspire.

“Mr. Dempsey,” said he, in explanation to a grim looking little man in a wig, who was looking on, “has just come over from England, to take possession of a fine property in this country.” The grim little man smiled and chuckled—the former in reply to the remark, the latter in anticipation of a Chancery suit connected with the same property. After a further display of benevolence on the part of Mr. Seizem, it was arranged that I should call on him the next day to have a formal investigation of my affairs, and to receive from him some advice relative to them, and we parted; I, for my part, being highly prepossessed in his favour. I never considered myself to be remarkable for clearness of head under perplexing circumstances. I was always aware that my ideas were subject to a certain amount of confusion when brought to bear on details of unusual intricacy, whether commercial, statistical, or otherwise; but I was totally unprepared for so complete a prostration of all my faculties, as was caused by that investigation. The first part of it was quite within my comprehension: it consisted in a request on Mr. Seizem’s part, and a compliance thereto on mine, that I would take a chair, followed by some observations from him indicative of the deep interest he took in me and my affairs, and his close and unflinching adherence to the house of Dempsey: but when, after a few preliminary technicalities, Mr. Seizem exhumed from a tin box at his feet several unwholesome looking papers, and after removing their red tape zones, indulged me with some extracts from them, I gradually became involved in a maze of bewilderment; for some time I struggled to extricate myself, but finding that success did not crown my efforts, I assumed a sapient

expression of countenance, and tried to look as if I understood what was going on. As well as I could make out, he was explaining to me the nature of my title to the property. I had perceived that I had it from my uncle Peter, who had it from his father, and so on; but it seemed I was wrong. It appeared I was indebted for my title to a certain Roger Dempsey, who was always alluded to as "the said Roger." This Mr. Roger Dempsey had obtained one portion (moiety Mr. Seizem called it) of the lands by purchase some time in the year 1722—the other he had gained possession of in some way I could not exactly understand; but I hope sincerely, for the honour of the family, it was honest. From the said Roger the lands descended to the said Roger's son, and from him to other Dempseys in succession, until at last, after several settlings, unsettlings, and resettlings, we got them fairly into the possession of my uncle Peter, at which I felt particularly relieved.

"Altogether," said Mr. Seizem, summoning up the facts, "it is a fair title—a very tolerable title, indeed."

It had struck me as being perfect—and I hinted as much to Mr. Seizem.

"Perfect!" exclaimed he, with a look at Mr. Skinn, as much as to say, "here's an unreasonable fellow;" "you surely did not expect a title altogether perfect?—that is a rarity now-a-days, when there is so much trafficking with landed property; besides," he added, with a jocularly which I considered exceedingly out of place, "how could we poor attorneys get on, were it not for finding an occasional flaw. Mr. Skinn, have the goodness to hand me that rental; it appears that the present rental of the property amounts to——" (an awful pause, with display of mental arithmetic on Mr. Seizem's part, and mental anxiety on mine)—"amounts to nine hundred and sixteen pounds eleven shillings and fourpence halfpenny. Would you like to satisfy yourself by looking at it?" and he handed me the document, softly repeating, "and fourpence halfpenny," as if he took a calm pleasure in fractions. An odd volume of the Sybilline books would have been at that moment just as intelligible as the bundle of papers he gave me; but feeling that I was beginning to stare intensely at Mr. Seizem, I gladly took the opportunity of transferring my gaze to an inanimate object. I could not help observing, on the left hand side of each page, a number of heathenish looking words, with the composition of which the simple roots "Knock" and "Bally" appeared to enter largely. These, Mr. Skinn told me, were the townlands into which my property was divided.

"And now," said Mr. Seizem, throwing himself back in his chair, and rubbing his hands like a man who was about to discuss a light and cheerful topic, "we come to the charges affecting your property."

This appeared to be the signal for a dive on the part of Mr. Skinn, into the tin box, at the bottom of which he struggled for a few seconds, and then came up with another mass of discolored paper.

"I think," said Mr. Seizem, looking enquiringly at Mr. Skinn, and blandly at me, as he selected a paper from the heap before him—"I think we ought to give a preference to the ladies."

"*Place aux dames*," murmured Mr. Skinn.

"Skinn is quite up to all that sort of thing," said Mr. Seizem, with a wave of the hand indicative of admiration for his accomplished partner, who adjusted his locks, and smiled complacently, while I wondered what possible connexion there could be between ladies and such a disreputable looking document as that before us.

"This," said Mr. Seizem, "is the marriage settlement of your late uncle, by which he charged all that and those, the lands of—in fact the property—with the yearly sum of two hundred pounds, payable and to be paid, from and after his decease, to his then wife, as jointure and in lieu of dower, with power to the trustees to levy the arrears of the same, by distress or otherwise."

I had only time to gasp out, "Good gracious!" when Mr. Seizem, who appeared to revel in that sort of elocution, precipitated himself into the next clause, bringing out into high relief all the technicalities by the emphasis which, with artistic skill, he laid on them—

"And as a provision for the younger children—said then intended marriage—trustees—sum of five thousand pounds—in such shares and proportions—shall appoint—in default of appointment—(well, we have nothing to do with that just now)—said sum to be charged on all that and those—same lands as before—interest at five per cent—trustees empowered to raise—sale or mortgage—in short," said Mr. Seizem, "two hundred a year jointure to Mrs. Dempsey, and a sum of five thousand pounds to which her daughters are entitled; and, by the way, Mr. Dempsey, when you go to see your aunt, as of course you intend to do (she is staying with her brother, Howlan, of Castle Howlan), will you present my respects to her, and assure her I have always felt a deep regard for her. She is a highly amiable woman, and I *do* feel a deep regard for her."

By the frown and shake of the head that accompanied these words, he intimated that his admiration for Mrs. Dempsey was not merely professional, but partly arose from his appreciation of her private character.

"Although," continued Mr. Seizem, evidently reluctant to quit so pleasing a theme, yet unwilling to allow his mind to be distracted by it from his more important occupations, "we have given the ladies the precedence their sex demands, there are others who might not be inclined to do so. There are other charges which, in date, are prior to theirs: in the first place, there is a mortgage—by-the-by, Mr. Dempsey, do you know what *is* a mortgage?"

I replied, "Not exactly;" and this was not an equivocation; for I had always understood that a mortgage was something connected with land, and, generally speaking, highly injurious to it. I had besides a vague idea that it was *not* a weed of any sort.

"Well, then," said Mr. Seizem, "you know what pawning an article is?"

I admitted, with a blush, that I had some slight knowledge of the art.

When a man mortgages his property," he continued, "he, in effect, pawns it. We'll take a case. Here is A."—and he held up his first finger; "A is seized of real property, and is in want of money—a very common want with many in a similar position. A goes to B (represented on this occasion by his thumb,) and borrows, say a thousand pounds, and as security, conveys his property to B; but as A cannot conveniently put land into his pocket and make off with it, B, as long as he gets the interest of his money, allows A to remain in possession of the land—kind of him; is not it? That's what we call a mortgage."

While I was still lost in admiration at the magnanimous conduct of B, he gave the little allegory an air of reality, by adapting it to my case, and assuring me that to all intents and purposes I was an A; while a person rejoicing in the title of Dominick Sheehan was the representative of the high-souled but fictitious B, and as such my creditor to the amount of two thousand pounds, with interest at five per cent. I am ashamed to say that I made a trivial remark, to the effect that I had never borrowed two thousand pounds from Mr. Sheehan or any one else; to which Mr. Seizem of course replied, that if I had not, my grandfather had; and that it was all the same. I now saw my grandfather's

character in a totally new light. I had always fancied him a quiet, humdrum sort of man (by the way, I was considered very like him in my younger days; but I had never imagined him to have been the extravagant spendthrift it seemed he was. It appeared, that not content with the two thousand pounds Mr. Sheehan was good enough to lend him, he shortly afterwards became a party to another A. B case, and borrowed two thousand more.

"And that," said Mr. Seizem, "is, I believe, the last charge of any consequence. Eh, Mr. Skinn?"

"Except a few judgments," observed Mr. Skinn.

"A mere nothing," said Mr. Seizem; "under nine hundred, I think, altogether."

"As judgments were, in my mind, only associated with school days and corporeal punishment, I requested an explanation; on which Mr. Seizem entered into a dissertation so learned, that the only inference I was able to draw from it was, that some persons having succeeded in proving certain claims against some other persons, I had been considered a fit and proper person to satisfy those claims.

"So now, Mr. Dempsey," said Mr. Seizem, as he tied up the various papers, and restored them to the box with a care that showed he expected them to be wanted again—"now you see clearly the position in which your affairs are." (And I firmly believe the worthy man really thought I did.) "Your property has, of course, its incumbrances—so has every property; but in your case, with the exception of the family charges, none are of any great importance."

"But those mortgages," said I; "are not they?"

"My dear sir," said he, soothingly, "do not, I beg, allow them to distress you. Mrs. Dempsey's jointure, and the interest on her daughters' fortunes, you will, of course, as a matter of feeling, see punctually paid; but the mortgage and judgments are altogether different. If you can conveniently manage it, it would be as well to keep them clear of interest; but if you cannot, why then never mind them; and I know old Dominick Sheehan, for one, will be just as well satisfied to let his money accumulate."

"Accumulate!" groaned I, in horror, "why that will be only making matters worse."

"Well," said Mr. Seizem, "perhaps it may for your successor, but in all probability not for you; or if you are very



anxious to pay off these charges, why the simplest course you can adopt is, to marry an heiress. There ; what do you say to that suggestion ?”

I said nothing, but merely got excessively red at it.

“There are not many in this country that would suit you, but in a year or two you might take a trip over to England, and pick up something worth bringing back.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Skinn, “there’s your ground for getting a twenty thousand pounder.”

While I was wondering by what mental process they had brought themselves to talk so calmly, not to say irreverently, on such an awful subject, the ink-stained youth announced the important fact, that Mr. Cassidy had come.

“Dear me !” exclaimed Mr. Seizem, “I had no idea it was so late. My dear Mr. Dempsey, *will* you excuse me ? If there is anything else I can do for you, come to-morrow, or write to me. My advice and assistance are at your service—you may always depend on that.” And he pressed my hand between both his own, with an affectionate solicitude, which, but for the state of mind I was in, would have excited lively emotions in my breast ; and then thrust me, but in a benevolent manner, into the waistcoat of Mr. Cassidy, who was entering, to whom I heard him propound a tender inquiry regarding the state of his (Mr. C.’s) health.

I must have taken something during the day that disagreed with me, for my sleep that night was disturbed by nightmare in a very unpleasant form. I thought I was saddled with a gigantic filbert, which for some time defied all my efforts to crack it, and eventually proved to be a *blind nut*.

I did not remain long in Dublin, but set off for the estate ; and I found myself one evening on a lonely country road-side, sitting on my portmanteau, and gazing discontentedly after the coach that had borne me to the gate of my western Eden. A drizzling rain had been falling for some hours, and I was, if not absolutely wet, at least decidedly damp, as the man who sat behind me on the coach, had persisted in converting the space between my neck and coat into a basin for the reception of a miniature cascade from his umbrella. This may have operated to disturb my serenity of mind, and I dare say the manner in which I kicked at the door of an edifice, which the guard had termed Ballinahaskin gatehouse, was calculated to offend the high spirit of its proprietor ; for, putting out his head, he

recommended me to "go about my business, and not be tattering people's doors," and was proceeding in a strain of choice invective, when I heard a voice within request him to go along for a bosthoun, and then express a willingness, on the part of its owner, to go bail that it was the new master himself. On which the male head was withdrawn, and a female face substituted in its place, which, when the door was fully opened, proved to be attached to a body almost spherical in form, and divided into hemispheres by the string of an apron.

"Your honour is heartily welcome to the counthry," said this globular individual, "an' its long we wor waitin' for you; look at him, Tim, isn't he the picture of his grandfather, God bless him! Never mind him, sir," she continued, in apology for Tim's silence, "it's shy he is, in regard of mistaking your honour for a vagabone; wait a bit, and I'll unlock the gate;" and crossing the road, she showed me by her manner that, in western phraseology, a gate was a wooden obstruction, reclining gracefully against two stone piers, and that unlocking meant raising up, and forcibly carrying away the same. Then directing Tim to take up my honour's things, and me to mind where I walked, as the road was "mortal deep," she led the way along a grass-grown avenue, bounded on each side by a high bank crowned with furze. About a quarter of a mile of this secluded path brought us to what was once an extensive lawn, bearing every sign of having yielded a crop of potatoes at no very remote period; this my fair guide dignified with the title of "the park," adding, that there was "the house forment me," and she pointing to a pile of building, looking quite as isolated as the great pyramid of Cheops, and about as cheerful. The shades of evening threw a softened halo over the scene, and the palace of the Dempseys loomed grandly through the mist in all its majestic simplicity. It was a tall edifice of strict uniformity in every respect, except in the position of its windows; these were disposed over its face without any regard to the existence of parallel lines, and although they relieved its monotony, yet they communicated to the building an appearance analogous to a squint in a human being.

I found, on turning to address my obese companion, that she had disappeared; but while debating whether it was possible that so much solid flesh could melt into air, I discovered that she had gained admittance by the postern, and was inviting me to enter by the grand portal, which, by the way, was

very much blistered by the sun, and seemed as if attacked by some cutaneous disorder. I obeyed her request, and found myself standing, for the first time, in the hall of my ancestors. In vain I looked for the stag's antlers—the knights in armour—the array of halberts, which were always in my ideas associated with ancestral halls; but, alas, the only object connected with any age, whether feudal or otherwise, was an old umbrella-stand in a corner, looking so lonely and disconsolate, that I am convinced it would have hailed even a damp umbrella with rapture. Somewhat disappointed, I turned into what had been the banqueting hall. There I was benignly received by the portrait of an old gentleman, with a blue coat, and a saffron-coloured complexion, who smiled with an expression of intense complacency from the walls.

"The missis," said the stout lady, "took away the other mashers, but left him up there, thinking your honour might like to have one of the ould ancient stock; his nose is the very moral of your own." Then remarking that I must be destroyed with the hunger entirely, she bustled out of the room, and shortly after re-appeared with the materials for a miscellaneous repast. Whilst I was enjoying my first supper under my own roof, she entertained me with an account of her hopes and prospects; and a very wonderful woman, according to her own account, was Mrs. Fogarty, for so she requested me to call her. It seemed she had acted in the capacity of nurse to at least half the resident gentry of the country—a physical phenomenon, which I leave scientific men to account for—consequently her knowledge of the annals of the neighbouring families was very extensive, and in spite of myself I was taken with her confidence, and made the depository of several curious facts relating to them, and tending to show the esteem in which the house of Fogarty was generally held. It appears that I let fall some expressions of concurrence in that esteem, which the worthy lady immediately construed into a desire for her services as housekeeper. Resistance was out of the question, for before I could have made a single objection, Mrs. Fogarty had all the preliminaries arranged, and even hinted that some household post would be filled to advantage by her husband, Tim, who was surnamed the "*boccaugh*," in consequence of his legs being remarkable in a discrepancy in length. Being of an impulsive temperament, she entered upon her duties without any delay, and fussed about with an energy that made me seek an asylum in the bed-room she had prepared for me.

"And now," said I, as I was winding up my watch, "here I am about to sleep, for the first time, under a roof that I can call my own. My own—jointure—mortgage—judgment—Mrs. Dempsey—the Misses Dempsey. No; I cannot call it my own." I slept very soundly under it notwithstanding.

## CHAPTER V.

## MY IRISH PROPERTY—HOW I ENJOYED IT.

Witchcraft had gone out, and the electric telegraph had not yet come into fashion, at least in the west, so the only agency to which I could attribute the wonderful celerity with which my arrival became known, was that of the indefatigable Mrs. Fogarty. The next morning, in addition to the announcement (through the keyhole) that it was eight o'clock, and time to get up, she informed me that "a few of the tenants was outside waitin' to see me;" and, on going to the window, I perceived from twenty to thirty persons, of apparently limited wardrobes, scattered over the space before the door in picturesque groups, and passing away the time by various devices. Some were diverting themselves with pipes (of the tobacco, not the *bag*, species); others were playing an exciting game with small pebbles, which I afterwards found was called "jackstones;" one or two were stretched at full length in the lawn chewing grass, with an avidity worthy of Nebuchadnezzar, while, seated on the door-steps, was a noisy party, gesticulating fiercely over a dingy pack of cards. When I went down stairs to breakfast, I found the lower part of each window occupied by a row of faces peering intently into the room, their proximity to the glass causing a depression and whiteness of nose very ghastly to behold. Remarkable country this! thought I: eating appears an unusual process among the natives. Last night, Mrs. Fogarty hung over me at supper, as if I was about some operation in alchemy, and now a considerable portion of the population seems to have turned out to witness my breakfast.

As Mrs. Fogarty was disappearing with the breakfast things, she abruptly asked me, "Would I like to see Myles?" Having an idea that Myles might be one of the lions of the neighbourhood usually shown to strangers, I assented, and at the same time desired an explanation as to what Myles might be.

"Myles? sure its Myles the driver," was the answer; "its him that does be drivin' the tinants."

"Driving tenants!" I exclaimed. "My goodness, what barbarity!"

"Thru for you," said she, "but sure it's not his fault, the craythur; it's little rints you'd get, I'm thinkin', if you hadn't some one to drive for them. Here he is: come in, Mick;" and impelling into the room with a vigorous push the gentleman in question, she closed the door and left us alone.

Mr. Myles immediately commenced a *pas seul* and an oration, the former consisting in scrapes on the floor with each foot alternately; the latter, of expressions of welcome to the country, and of the pride he took in seeing me looking so mighty well entirely. At the conclusion of the performance, which was of course, like an address to Her Majesty, graciously received, and as I had gathered enough from Mrs. Fogarty's introductory remarks to understand that there was some mysterious connection subsisting between Myles and the tenants, I entered into conversation with him forthwith on the subject of rents, tenancies, holdings, and similar light and entertaining topics. I ran through the small stock of technicalities connected with the landlord and tenant law, which I had picked up in Mr. Seizem's office, and spoke of ejectments and notices to quit in familiar terms, but without producing the impression I had anticipated, for to judge of the intense stolidity with which Myles regarded me, it seemed that he rather undervalued my acquirements; in fact, he gave it as his opinion, that these elaborate contrivances for facilitating the management of loaded property were needless in the west, and that the exigencies of any case were fully met by the simple process, "driving," in which art he professed himself an adept. "But it's not much of that same," said he, in a tone of regret, "that I done this year back. I was fairly bet by your uncle, the Heavens be his bed, whatever it was kem over him, but latterly he tuck to lisnin' to their long stories, an' I couldn't drive as much as an ould goat, but he'd orthur me to give it back to the man that owned it, no mathur if he owed two years rint. Now, sir," said he, appealing to me indignantly, "sure no property could stand that thraytment, and signs on it, it wasn't much of the last May rint he got; but I hope your honor 'll show them you won't have sich humbuggin' thransactions, and that you'll put a new rule on them."

He then suggested that a personal inspection of the lands by me would be for our mutual benefit, and hinted that unless I was otherwise engaged, there was no time like the present.

To this proposition I at once agreed; not that I anticipated

any enjoyment from the excursion ; in fact, I felt rather nervous at the very idea ; but knowing that it must take place, sooner or later, I expressed a desire to set out without delay, on the same principle that a child makes an eager gulp at an inevitable spoonful of Gregory's powder, or other nauseous compound, in order to get it over as soon as possible. But the sight of the congregation before the windows nearly banished my small stock of resolution, and I timidly inquired what we were to do with those people.

"Do with them, is it ? why, spake to them, to be sure," promptly replied Myles. "Spake up bould and stout, and tell them you won't have any of their *morodin* thricks."

Assisted by these concise instructions, I hastily framed in my mind a few neat and appropriate observations, and, taking my hat, meekly followed Myles out on the steps. My appearance was the signal for a rush of the whole assembly towards me ; and before I could get beyond the preliminary, "My friends, my feelings upon the present occasion"—my auditors were performing a sort of wardance round me, and, led on by an ill-looking little old man, were jostling, pushing, and abusing each other in a very lively manner. That this characteristic rite was intended to be a demonstration of good will, and even of welcome, I conjectured from the remarks I heard during its performance. "Its aisy seen there's good luck in store for us," said one ; "We've a kind masther now, anyhow," said another ; "Blessin's on his goodnathured faythers," exclaimed a third, adding, "*there's* a smile of tintherness." A stray kick which I had just received on the shin, caused the grin of anguish that elicited the latter remark. It is impossible to say to what length the ceremony might have been protracted, had not Myles rushed to the rescue, and interposed between me and the little old man, who seemed to be the chief performer, and had been bobbing up and down before me with the vivacity of a parched pea in a frying-pan. "Arn't you ashamed of yerself, Pether," said Myles ; "you ought to know betther than to go *rampaging* about his honor, an' it the fust time he sot fut among ye. Come along, sir," continued he, "it's little betther than Roosians or born savages they are."

Glad to escape any further demonstration of an attachment which, though flattering in itself, was expressed in a manner too violent for my sensitive and retiring nature, I gave myself up to the guidance of Myles, and crossing the lawn, took to the open country in front of the house.

An animated steeple-chase ensued ; for, finding that my devoted retainers were bent on enjoying my company, I strained every nerve to keep ahead of them, and scrambled over walls, through morasses, and into drains, with a vigour that makes it wonderful how I escaped bursting a blood-vessel. Just as I was beginning to calculate how much longer I could hold out, Myles opportunely called a halt, and pulling me out of a quagmire, for about the twentieth time, directed me to look round, and added, as an inducement, that the secluded region we had come to was known as the townland of Carranahuggaunbawn, and that the collection of dwellings before me was the village of the same name. But for the latter piece of information, I doubt if on mature deliberation, I should have felt myself justified in terming it a village. It was undoubtedly a cluster of edifices, many of which possessed some of the attributes of houses ; two or three had wicker-work structures, obviously intended for chimneys ; and such as were not graced with these appendages had holes in their roofs, which, very probably, answered the purpose just as well. There were doors, and even windows, though the existence of glass seemed to be unknown to the inhabitants, the medium used for transmitting light being generally a bundle of straw, or in some cases an old hat ; still there was something about the whole place that did not coincide with my preconceived notion of a village. The first house we entered proved to be, on subsequent comparison, a fair sample, as to its internal arrangements. Its moveable furniture consisted of an iron pot, a pig, and two children ; the fixtures, of a pot-hook embedded in the chimney, and an old woman (apparently, at least) embedded in the floor beside the fire. The children, at our approach, took refuge behind this venerable individual, who continued to smoke a pipe with a limited stem, stoically indifferent to our entrance ; consequently, to the pig was left the duty of doing the honours of the establishment, in fulfilment of which he compelled me to take a seat by promptly charging between my legs. In whatever other respect the interiors I subsequently visited may have differed, they all agreed in possessing a redundancy of scantily-clad children ; in fact, children in a state of semi-nudity seemed to be the staple commodity of the village. The common thistle appeared to be the chief agricultural production of this retired district ; it flourished in the neighbouring fields with a luxuriance that evinced careful cultivation ; indeed, most of our British

weeds seemed to have been paid a fair share of attention, though I was informed they were expected to make way for other crops some time in the ensuing spring.

During our progress, the tenants, with engaging simplicity, sought, on one or two occasions, to draw my attention to some facts connected with the tenure of their land, and to inveigle me into promises of abatements in their rent, leave to cut turf, and other little favours, all which attempts were frustrated by the prudence of Myles, who told them there would be plenty of time for looking into those matters as soon as I had got used to the country. The several other townlands and "villages" I inspected did not present any strikingly new features; in one house I thought I detected the rudiments of a table, and in another the absence of the pig caused a marked hiatus in the family circle. This, however, I learned was only temporary, and was to be attributed to a predatory excursion into a neighbouring field, where some potatoes still remained undug. But Myles, like a skilful and astute showman, was reserving the grand spectacle for the last.

"Now, sir," said he, "I'm goin' to show you a royal sthroug tinant, and that's Pat Connolly; he lives over there, beyant;" and he indicated a sort of island, rising out of a morass, which extended almost as far as the eye could reach, and was by a euphemism called the Coolnamuck Bog. Nothing but excited curiosity could ever have induced me to attempt the passage to the spot where the strong tenant dwelt in lonely grandeur. It seemed as if the powers of earth and water had been unable to arrive at a compromise with regard to the intervening space, and were still contending for possession of it. To call it neutral ground would have been false; it might have been neutral mud, or neutral slime, but certainly not ground. Too soft to walk upon, yet approaching so nearly to solidity as to render a boat useless, the passage of it was only to be accomplished by wading, and was naturally attended by inconveniences, among which I may mention the temporary loss of a shoe on my part, the exhuming of which caused some delay after our arrival on the opposite shore.

"Is your grandfather at home, Patsey?" Myles inquired of a youth in a fur cap, who, with the exception of two goats, appeared to be the only living thing on the island.

Patsey answered, "that he was within in *the house*." A lively imagination might not have found much difficulty in



applying the title of house to some of the structures I had been looking at ; but save a partially developed door, there was nothing in the pile of sods I saw here that the most vivid fancy could have tortured into a resemblance to any known style of architecture. The outside, however, furnished but a slight clue to the appearance of the interior ; it seemed a sort of domestic Noah's ark, to which those animals alone, who minister to the necessities of man, were allowed to send representatives. Almost every domesticated species of the brute creation had contributed a specimen ; a venerable goat, probably a remote ancestor of the pair outside, lay across the doorway ; beyond him were a couple of calves, and a donkey, who was gazing at nothing in particular, with that stolid expression of countenance for which his race are proverbial. A cow was tethered in the corner, her back forming an asylum for some supernumerary fowls, who were unable to find accommodation among the rafters ; the pig, in the other establishments doomed to a life of celibacy and thieving, was here a respectable animal, with a consort, and the cares incidental to a promising family of piglings. In vain I looked round for the herculean proprietor of the menagerie. The only object in human shape I could see was a decrepid old man sitting cowering over the fire. What was my astonishment to find that this was the veritable "strong tenant."

"Arrah, Pat," said Myles, tapping him on the shoulder ; "Pat ! look up, here's the new masther come to see you."

"Masther !" said the old man, without stirring or even removing his gaze from the fire ; "I seen three of thim in my day, and it's little good it did me. What do I want with another ?"

"Never heed him, sir," said Myles to me in a deprecatory whisper, "he's a little wrong in the head."

On the way home I discovered that the epithet "strong" was used in a figurative sense, and referred not to Mr. Connolly's physical capabilities, but to his possessions, which were considered very great in the cattle line.

Although the tenants appeared in general perfectly satisfied with the state of their houses and lands, and, laying aside sundry objections to the amount of rent they paid, and in some instances to paying rent at all, quite content with their lot, I was far from participating in that feeling. Superficial as was my knowledge of rural life, I could not help perceiving that a

chimney, affording a free passage to convey everything but smoke, and a roof that filtered the rain on your head, were not likely to be conducive to comfort; that the absence of cleanliness, and the presence of a pig, were not indispensable to domestic happiness; and that, though a boarded floor might be unattainable, it was not necessary that an earthen one should be a series of hillocks and quagmires. On consulting the "Handbook of Farming," I found that the style of agriculture in vogue among the natives was frightfully unorthodox; that thistles and dock-weeds, although in themselves pleasing objects to behold, were considered by the latest authorities an unprofitable crop, and quite out of place on any well regulated farm; and that there was no precedent to justify old Connolly's turning his domicile into a cow-shed. The natural consequence of these reflections and this course of study was, an ardent thirst for reform, which soon became with me a ruling passion. Many and wild were the schemes I planned. One time I proposed to myself to level every house on the property; at another to level merely the fences. I thought of enforcing, by stringent laws, the application of whitewash to the dwellings, and soap and water to the persons of my tenants, and of banishing the pig under heavy penalties. I made several attempts to become acquainted with the state of the property in a pecuniary point of view; and to collect the rents in person, when they became due; but finding that this was an art in itself, and that my previous knowledge of accounts did not avail me in the slightest, I was compelled to call in the assistance of Myles, and content myself with hoping that a little experience would enable me to perform the duty unaided. In a short time, the whole of the financial department was in Myles's hands, and I never interfered, except to check him in the indulgence of his favourite diversion, "driving," at which he used to complain that I was "takin' after my uncle, so I was." One little incident, in particular, served to show me how much I had to learn, before I could consider myself versed even in the provincialisms of the country. Observing that it was not till the beginning of summer that the tenants evinced any intentions of paying the rent which had become due the preceding autumn, I hinted, in the mildest manner possible, to a number of them who had come up to the house, ostensibly to pay what they owed, but, in reality, to avoid doing so, if they could with safety manage it, that it would gratify me if

they could make arrangements to liquidate each gale shortly after it became due, and assigned, as a reason, the business-like appearance such regularity would give the books. The proposition was received with a groan of horror, and the indignant inquiry, "Would I be afther makin' English tinants of thim?" I replied, that it was not merely my wish but my intention to make them, if not English tenants, at least as good imitations of English tenants as circumstances would permit. "The Lord forbid!" piously ejaculated the whole assembly. I afterwards discovered, that in the phraseology of the country, an English, as contradistinguished from an Irish tenant, was one who paid his rent according as it became due, the national predilections being in favour of tardy payments and arrears. I confess this evidence of an attachment on the part of the peasantry to time-honored usages somewhat damped my ardour for reform; yet I cherished the hope of at length succeeding in awakening them to a sense of their condition, and inducing them to second my efforts in ameliorating it.

Many were the magnificent visions of reform that I conjured up. I saw myself surrounded by a peasantry, in a state of prosperity and happiness so complete as to be quite unnatural. I transformed (by thorough-draining, I suppose, or some such process) the whole of the Coolnamuck bog into a fertile sheep-walk, and ruthlessly demolished the peaceful hamlet of Carranahuggaunbawn, to rebuild it as the loveliest village of that plain, with all the accessories of maypoles, diamond-shaped panes, shining-faced children, blue smoke curling calmly upwards, and porches with honeysuckles creeping without, and matrons knitting within. There was old Connolly, with his attenuated shanks rising out of the top-boots that tradition has represented to be essential to the character of the English grazier; and the youthful Patsey tending sheep, in a straw hat and crook, and eschewing the popular dudeen for the rustic pipe. Although I was perfectly aware that a road through Carranahuggaunbawn would lead to nowhere in particular, and therefore would be an undertaking not likely to be thought of by anyone, except, perhaps, a member of the Board of Works, yet such was the fertility of my imagination, that a wayside inn (the Dempsey Arms, of course) and groups of jovial travellers, always formed a part of the picture I painted on the retina of that wonderful optic, the mind's eye. The only points on which I could never come to any satisfactory decision

were, simply how I was to begin, or where the capital necessary for carrying out some of my schemes was to come from. As to the latter, I fancied, with many another sanguine Irish landed proprietor, that example and precept would, in a great measure, supply its place; and thus, like a true builder of castles in the air, while I worked out elaborate pinnacles and turrets, was content with a very slender foundation and meagre ground-plan for my edifice.

While my reform fever was raging with unabated violence, an event occurred which I have good reason to remember. Shortly after my arrival, on coming home one evening, I found lying on my table, the card of "Howlan, of Castle Howlan"—(he was never, under any circumstances, mentioned but in connection with his dwelling; one might have almost fancied them as inseparable as the snail and his shell). On returning his visit, I formed the acquaintance of Mrs Dempsey and her daughters, and of course, "as a matter of feeling" (to quote Mr. Seizem's expression), cultivated that acquaintance, from the same motive I paid her jointure and her daughters' interest, with great punctuality, though, by so doing, I put myself to some inconvenience; but then, a "matter of feeling," being a luxury, must be paid for as such; and our intimacy, which I had considered quite strong enough for all practical purposes, was wonderfully augmented by a dinner-party which Howlan of Castle Howlan gave, in honor of Mr. Tiftbury, an Englishman, who had come to the country ostensibly for sporting purposes, bringing with him apparatus for the destruction of game of such magnificence and extent, that he filled the simple minds of the natives with awe and astonishment. There was a belief very prevalent in the neighbourhood to the effect that the Miss Dempseys were "fine girls," their claims to the character being supported, in a great measure, by their height; for in that particular they would have been very eligible recruits for an Amazonian grenadier company; but what gained them a large circle of admirers was the knowledge they displayed, and the ease with which they conversed on topics dear to the minds of the surrounding gentry. They were always accurate as to the current price of oats; they knew the days of all the fairs in the neighbourhood; they had some strong ideas on the subject of Swedish turnips; and even speculated a little in cattle, being possessed of two or three calves and a couple of sheep, of which they used to speak in scientific terms. Nor

was their acquaintance with sporting matters less extensive than their agricultural knowledge; they could tell to a day how long the grouse shooting lasted, and were quite aware of the superiority of detonators over flints; they were versed in all the ills horseflesh is heir to; indeed, in one instance, Miss Henrietta Dempsey was related to have detected a spavin which escaped the notice of several gentlemen of profound veterinary skill. Each used in her turn follow the Ballykillgarry harriers as far as the first impracticable fence, on an animal they owned in common, and which they always mentioned as "the mare." They entertained a feeling almost amounting to contempt for the ordinary acquirements of young ladies of weak minds and delicate frames; and I have no doubt that a good deal of their popularity was to be attributed to the fact, that all their accomplishments were of a nature quite within the range of the faculties of their admirers, their indoor pursuits being chiefly the eternal practising of a dreary duett, which the two younger sisters used to play on festive occasions; while Miss Dempsey used to occupy herself with a mysterious group of vividly-coloured flowers in worsted, a piece of tapestry that had engaged her attention for upwards of two years, and was still, to all appearances, far from completion. I was for some time unable to account for the mysterious influence that chained me to the side of Miss Dempsey, on the occasion of that memorable dinner-party; I was convinced my own choice had nothing to do with it, for though in a perfect fever of bashfulness, had I been a free agent, I should have preferred the company of either of her younger sisters. I would wish it to be distinctly understood that I do not, in the slightest, allude to her shoulders, which certainly were angular and high-coloured, or to her being considerably older than her sisters; on the latter point I am quite open to conviction, that her own version was to be preferred to that of the parish register. It was I who led her down to dinner—I who trod on the skirt of her dress and tore it—I who replied to her volubility during dinner in incoherent and monosyllabic murmurs—I who upset the glass of wine into her lap, and finally knocked over two chairs, in my haste to get out of her way, when the Masonic signal for withdrawal had passed between the senior ladies. On regaining the drawing-room, after a small sermon from Mr. Tiftbury, on the slovenliness and general filth of the Irish, I attempted to seek refuge in a retired corner; and then it was that I discovered,

in the person of Mrs. Dempsey, the genie who, unseen, had directed all my movements. I was led from my obscure asylum, to hear a summary of the love-inspiring qualities of Maria, and found myself once more seated beside that quintessence of amiability. I made one gallant effort to escape to where the piano was groaning forth the duet, but before I had listened to two bars of that dispiriting melody, I was brought back a passive victim; and painfully conscious that the general impression through the room was, that it was all my own doing, and that I was flirting immensely; while my captor stationed herself at a convenient distance behind the sofa where I was in bondage, and, with her gloomy black turban, over-awed any further attempt at defection.

In my simplicity, I fancied that the breaking up of that party would restore me to liberty; but I soon found that my captivity was destined to be of longer duration. Pic-nics were planned, and put into execution, at each of which I invariably found myself seated alone with Maria, at an uncomfortable distance from the rest of the company. At Maria's suggestion, I was compelled to discard the old grey shooting-jacket, which I had used as an office-coat in London, and which I still looked on as a tried and valuable friend, and forced to adopt, for general wear, a green cut-away, with gilt buttons; at Maria's suggestion, I became the purchaser of an ill-favored steed, called Lanty Farrell, after its original proprietor, on and from the back of which I used to perform sundry curious involuntary evolutions, whilst acting as her escort, much to the detriment of my coat and other apparel. Day after day were my peaceful occupations and benevolent projects interrupted by the arrival of Maria on "the mare," to which her sisters seemed to have resigned all claim for a time, in order to enable her to carry on the war with vigour. Day after day was I forced to join her in an exciting equestrian amusement, which she termed "schooling," from which I generally returned muddy and dispirited—the latter from the state of subjection in which I found myself, the former from an objection Lanty Farrell had to anything like coercion; for although a well-disposed animal when allowed to have his own way, he resented any attempt to alter his intentions in a very forcible manner, and, to use the expression of his late owner, "hyssed\* and squealed like

---

\* *Hyss* is the Anglo-Irish for hoist.

murder." Quite vain were all my attempts to escape these inflictions, by being out of the way when my fair cousin would arrive; I was invariably sent for, found, and brought back. On one occasion, hearing "the mare's" footsteps on the avenue, I took refuge in the oat bin; but I was ignominiously dragged from that asylum, and compelled to do heavy penance on the back of Lanty Farrell. In vain did the faithful Myles raise his warning voice, and bid me take care of the women. "There's no bein' up to thim, sir," said he. "There's the widow Howlaghan, and, may I never, but she'd bother a rookery when she begins to talk; and throth, sir, I'm thinkin' Miss Maria isn't bad at that same either. But, begorra, it's more nor her tongue she uses sometimes; myself saw her, the other day, layin' her whip middlin' lively across Tim Fogarty's shoulders, for not op'nin' the gate smart. Oh! faix, masther, if you don't get shut of her"—and the doleful and significant whistle with which he filled up the blank was enough to excite, in a more courageous heart than mine, the liveliest apprehensions. I had all along, a confused idea of impending danger. I could not help seeing, that my lovely and persevering cousin, in appointing me her cavalier, had some other object in view besides that of listening to my conversation; though, I dare say, my observations on the weather were sagacious, and old Parker's office stories and veteran jokes were not a whit the less amusing for being retailed second-hand to her. But, by degrees, the frightful conviction seized my mind, that my present captivity was only the prelude to another, of such a duration and nature that the very thought of it made me shudder, and my ears glow with a heat so fervent, that it was almost a miracle how my hair escaped singeing. Any doubts I might have had were dispelled by the ominous manner in which Myles began to mention the prospect of my being "ruined intirely, if I didn't mind myself." It was characteristic of the man, that the only way of avoiding such a fate, that suggested itself to him, was stratagem. He proposed that I should sprain an ancle, or feign a broken arm; adding that "bedad, if I did n't, I'd be afther comin' home some day wid my neck broke; and maybe I wouldn't like that so much." Mrs. Fogarty, on the other hand, said, like Sempronius, that her voice was for war; nothing short of open revolt would satisfy that intrepid woman. She'd give Miss Maria a bit of her mind, so she would. And a bit of her mind she would, undoubt-

edly, have parted with in my defence, had it not been for an unforeseen stroke of Fortune, who now and then befriends a victim, from the same motives of humanity that a mischievous boy lifts a kitten out of a well, to throw it in again.

With a grin on her (Mrs Fogarty's, not Fortune's) amiable countenance, she brought me one morning the exhilarating news that Lanty Farrell was dead lame, owing to too liberal a use of his hind legs against the manger while he was being saddled, and that consequently the ride over to Castle Howlan, to which I had been sentenced the day before, should be now postponed *sine die*. Various metaphors and similes have been, from time to time, used to express the joy felt by liberated captives and returned convicts; supposing all or any of these to have been pressed into service, in the present instance, it is enough for me to say that I felt quite relieved and comfortable as I took off my green cut-away, for which I entertained about the same amount of affection as an auto-da-fé victim might be supposed to feel for the flame-coloured robe, or a votive ox for the garland by which he is led to sacrifice, and then wrote and despatched a note regretting "the provoking accident that had deprived me of so much pleasure." Monster of mendacity! I carefully avoided the stable, fearing I should discover that the accident was a fiction. I wished that I could watch from some place, where I should have been safe from capture, the respective countenances of Maria and her mother, as they read my apology. That the storm was terrific I have no doubt, for on my return that evening I learned that the former gentle creature had ridden over to Ballinahaskin in a highly excited state, to inquire personally into the matter, and that it was only by ocular demonstration she could be convinced that my matchless steed was really unfit to travel. I trembled when I thought what the consequences would have been had the accident proved to be merely a creature of Myles' or Mrs. Fogarty's imagination, or had I not been at the time of her visit over the hills and far away, making liberal offers to old Connolly of building him a cow-house, which, by the way, he steadily rejected, on the grounds that a house that was good enough for him and his grandson was good enough for any cow in the barony; indeed, that patriarch clung in every instance with a limpet-like tenacity to time-honored usage, and seemed to pride himself on obstructiveness to every thing in the way of improvement. Not that my success with his neighbours was particu-



larly encouraging : it bore about the same proportion to the magnificent visions with which I had been amusing myself, as Almahar's basket of crockery did to his match with the vizier's daughter. As I was not a landlord of sufficiently long standing to be thoroughly imbued with the trans-Shannonite doctrine, that a dirty tenant is just as good as a clean one, *provided only he pays his rent* (a theory which is doubtless taken from Juvenal, and therefore *ought to be respected*), it was natural that my unpractised eyes should magnify the popular contempt of cleanliness into an obstacle between me and the goal I had, or fancied I had, in view. This I conceived to be the first foe to be overcome—the first of the many giants to be slain by me in my capacity of champion to the captive genius of reform ; and never did a knight-errant go forth more valiantly to do battle with the grim warder of some imprisoned and languishing princess, or receive more “shrewd knocks” in the encounter, than I did, during the period of Lanty's indisposition. Whole villages rose like one man to defend their vested rights in domestic filth, grey-haired men of unimpeachable veracity utterly ignored the sanitary qualities of whitewash, and respectable matrons pleaded hard in favor of small swamps before their doors, alleging that they were necessary for the health and comfort of their ducks.

While I was enduring these rebuffs in the cause of reform, another of its enemies was briskly besieged by a cohort of courageous amazons, banded together under the imposing style and title of “The Clonbrook Ladies' Fancy Work and Education Society,” who had some months before, at the instance of the Rev. Mr. Sweeny, the curate, opened a campaign against the giant Ignorance, and were now undermining that fell tyrant's stronghold by disseminating spelling and satin-stitch. When the meek but zealous Mr. Sweeny stated in his modest prospectus, that the object of the association was to furnish employment in coarse needlework to the industrious poor, and went round from house to house soliciting subscriptions and patronage, he little anticipated the overwhelming success that was to attend his efforts, or that his humble scheme was to be laid aside for more soaring projects ; but, like St. Kevin, he had but a limited knowledge of what the sex can do. “At first,” to use the words of his own simple confession, “they seemed, as it were, to fight shy of it ; but after a little, as if by common consent, they took to it very kindly.” So kindly,

in fact, that from that time forth Mr. Sweeny led an active life. It is not to be supposed from this that he was entrusted with any very important post in the Society—quite the contrary; it was wonderful the relish the ladies, when once fairly embarked in the concern, took in entering upon all sorts of onerous duties. Steady-going mothers of families canvassed for presidencies, vice-presidencies, and chairwomanships, with keen rivalry. Young ladies of proverbial gaiety formed themselves into committees, passed resolutions, and moved amendments, with an energy truly astonishing; indeed, one would have fancied that every lady in the country had at some period of her life served on a feminine vestry, or had been a common councilwoman, so thoroughly business-like a form did the mania take. What the suffering Mr. Sweeny went through is beyond mortal ken. To have been, under any circumstances, the only male present at a convocation, which strongly resembled something between a harem and a board of poor-law guardians, was undoubtedly a trying position. But besides having, in his capacity of secretary, to commit to writing minutes of all the proceedings—in itself no light task, as the ladies seemed to consider a number of amendments to every resolution as necessary as a plurality of postscripts to a letter—he had many miscellaneous and thankless duties to perform; he had to cast up difficult rule-of-three sums for the treasurer, and solve knotty points in her accounts, and explain the same to the satisfaction of the auditor; he had to reconcile the opposing views of the president and vice ditto, the former proposing that the funds of the Society should be devoted to establishing a manufacture of tapestry, on the plan of the Gobelines; the latter (a woman of vigorous intellect), being in favour of a system by which children might be taught to read without learning their letters. Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Sweeny, after four months of meek endurance, tendered his resignation, which was accepted, though only at the instance of the honorary secretary, Miss Dempsey.

It was two days after this event that I received the following letter :—

*“Clonbrock Ladies’ Education and Fancy-Work Society,  
“Friday, the 18th.*

“SIR—I am requested by the president and the committee of the C. L. E. and F. S. to inform you, that we have ap-

pointed you to be assistant-secretary to the C. L. E. and F. S., which place is now vacant, owing to the retirement of Mr. Sweeny, A.B., and which he was totally unable to fill.

"Sir, I have the honor to be

"Yours very truly

"MARIA DEMPSEY,

"*Honorary Secretary.*"

As I was reading the above document, or rather gazing vacantly at it for some time before my mind could thoroughly understand the frightful communication in all its bearings, something fell from the envelope; it proved to be a note in the same handwriting, and was to the following effect:—

"DEAR MONTAGUE—We have, as you see, selected you to be our assistant-secretary. I am sure you will make a better one than *that odious* Mr. Sweeny, who gave us so much trouble you *cannot* think. The president—that is, mamma—joins with me in sending her best regards.

"Your attached cousin,

"M. D."

"P.S.—I forgot to say that we have settled to meet next board-day in your dining-room, as it is the most central position we could get. I told them I was sure you would be happy to accommodate us; so please have it ready, with ink-bottles and chairs."

"P.P.S.—I forgot to say that Monday is board-day. You need not mind pens, as we will bring our own."

#### CHAPTER VI.

MY IRISH PROPERTY—HOW I——BUT THE LESS THAT IS SAID  
ABOUT THAT, THE BETTER.

The daring traveller, whom business or pleasure may have induced, within the last few years, to penetrate so far westward as the town of Clonbosh, (and such adventurers are becoming by no means uncommon,) very possibly has observed a thin, timid-looking house, which seems to be squeezing and flattening itself against the gable of the great American Flour Store, in order to get out of the way of the huge gibbet-like market cross. On a deal board, over the door of this edifice, he may have read the words, "CLONBOSH INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY," the last half-dozen letters of the inscription treading on each other's heels, and tumbling against one another for want of room, like so

many charity-school children at a church door. Should his visit have taken place on a Tuesday or a Thursday, he may have caught a glimpse, over the green calico window-blind, of the small Oxford-gray figure of the Rev. Mark Sweeny, seated at a sort of compromise between a desk and a counter, making entries in the smallest of ledgers, or distributing knitting-needles and worsted among sundry wild-looking females, of various ages and dimensions.

If the daring traveller had ever heard of the Clonbosh Ladies' Education and Fancy Work Society, it is very probable the impression on his mind would be, that the Rev. Mark, the green calico blind, and the wild-looking women, were, one and all, appendages of the Society. But this would be, like the impressions of many other daring travellers in Ireland, altogether false. The Amazons of Clonbosh would never have entrusted any duty, even so unimportant as that of handling worsted, to any meek little man in Oxford-gray; they would never have conspired to place knitting-needles in the hands of those wild-looking women, or connived at anything so paltry as a stocking manufacture. They might have encouraged doings in Berlin wool; but in mere yarn, never! And yet they failed in their efforts. How darkly the clouds seem to gather round the horizon of Erin's future, while we pause to reflect upon that fact! They failed! They failed—and took up their worsted brigands, their wax flowers, and their flirtations, just at the point where they had left them off, some months before, to play at committees. Then it was that Mr. Sweeny hung out his green window-blind; and having rallied round that standard a few of the less ambitious Amazons, succeeded in carrying out his original design, though he himself persisted in calling it merely an offshoot of the defunct society; and being somewhat flowery in his discourse, used to institute comparisons between a Phoenix and the shabby-looking little building, where he might be seen, two days in the week, making up huge parcels of Irish manufacture, and directing the same to some long-named Association in Dublin. Here it was that the poor little man used to wrestle alone with the columns of a complicated account, while he was preparing his monthly report; here he used to struggle for hours with bales of strong-scented frieze and drugget. It was here that during the winter of the famine (winter in every sense,) encouraged by few, assisted by none, he used to stand over the huge soup chaldron, an amiable duo-

decimo edition of the three Witches in Macbeth, bound in one. When the Right Reverend Father in God, the Lord Bishop of Lunisboffin, was partaking of a round of visitation soirées in the neighbourhood, I wonder did he hear anything of Mr. Sweeny and that little boiler; though, if he did, what was it to him? Mr. Sweeny was only doing his duty—nothing more—and therefore he had his reward.

Peace to the ashes of the Clonbosh Ladies' Society! (Why should not I be allowed to have my "ashes," when Mr. Sweeny has the undisturbed use of a Phoenix?) If the appearance my parlour used to present on a Board-day be any criterion, the liveliness of the House of Commons would be materially increased by the admission of lady-members; but should we be blessed with such an improvement in our Constitution, Mr. Speaker must be a person of strong nerves and great determination; or, what would, perhaps, answer the purpose better, a "ladies' man," of long experience. Had I been fitted by nature and education to figure in the latter capacity, it is possible that I might have actually enjoyed my position as Secretary. I cannot say positively, for I have never studied accurately the habits of the genus "ladies' man," for I do not consider Jubb, at Eilerand Nogs's to be a specimen; I never thought much of his pretensions to the character after I discovered that the Miss Plinlimon he used to rave about was nothing more than an apprentice to a bonnet-maker in Cranbourne-street. I should like to see him in my place, when Mrs. Colonel Dodd publicly (that is to say, before the whole committee) accused Mrs. Howlan of distributing exclusively among her own retainers, two dozen copies of "Shandy M'Shaue, the Serious Pig-driver," and appealed to me whether such an act was not an infraction of the seventeenth law of the Society. I doubt if his boasted knowledge of feminine ways would have saved him from the unanimous vote of censure which my miserable evasion of that momentous question incurred. But it was out of the question that I could enjoy myself. Nature had put a barrier between me and the dignity of a ladies' man, by making me insignificant in person and shy in disposition; and long habit had rendered me a person of so utterly depraved taste, that a quiet game of loo (sixpence limited) with Old Parker and—no, not Jubb, he was made too fast—but a few of a class who, in reference to the majority of their ages, and the simplicity of their ideas, are called, "old boys," was an institution much more consistent with my ideas of happiness, than a convention of ladies resolutely bent on being

official and business-like, even though their object was philanthropic, and though they did shake hands affectionately before setting to—which ceremony, somehow, always reminded me of “Bell’s Life,” another instance of the depraved taste aforesaid. However, I never went as far as Mrs. Fogarty, who persisted in saying that they met only for the purpose of, what she called in her terse style, “ballyragging and abusing one another;” but then every allowance must be made for the worthy creature’s feelings: from the time that Mrs. Fogarty had undertaken the duties of housekeeper at Ballinahaskin, it was evident that she had determined within herself to be *aut Cæsar aut nullus* in the establishment. At least that was her determination; for I do not suppose Mrs. Fogarty ever heard of Cæsar; or if she did, it is probable that she considered him an insignificant person, to be classed with Venus, Nicodemus, and the other goddesses. With her, to plan was to succeed; and she became the Cæsar, while I filled the other post with as much dignity as I could. It was not in nature, then (certainly not in Mrs. Fogarty’s nature,) that she should view with indifference an invasion headed by dauntless women, who called her “Fogarty,” and spilled ink on her floors, and required her to spoil her dishcloths by wiping up the same; nor did it, in my mind, detract from her virtues as a woman and a housekeeper, that she should have been obliged, on board-days, to relieve herself by rushing out on the hall-door steps, and hurling after the departing forms of the President and Committee, a few choice epithets expressive of contempt, which were never delivered till the objects of them were quite out of hearing, and were always accompanied by certain passes more hostile than mesmeric in their nature.

Mrs. Fogarty, although absolute within-doors, and regulating everything connected with domestic economy with a sway so despotic, that no social revolution, however strongly organized, would have had the slightest chance against her, was, nevertheless, powerful only as far as the hall-door: once past that frontier, I was in Mr. Myles’s territory; and she herself used to admit, that “she had no call to my doings abroad, at all at all, barring that she wished I’d scrape my feet outside the door, and not be fillin’ her hall with the mud of five parishes.” It was not long before I discovered that, between these two powers—though apparently on friendly, not to say peaceful terms—there existed an enmity of the most profound description. Each was, in the eyes of the other, a monster of dishonesty; and neither ever lost an opportunity of privately

correct by lectures on whitewash and cleanliness. To remove that root it was, of course, necessary to attack the soil, and not the soiled; and what could be more suited to such a purpose, or more in accordance with the maxim that example is better than precept, than a model-farm? But, besides, the Clonbosh Ladies' Society was then in full operation, and acquitting itself valiantly in the cause of reform, by disseminating tracts on ventilation, which were, no doubt, instructive to the recipients, though few of them could read, and all had rather more than was desirable of the article in question; and as I had no ambition to enter into either competition or partnership with that band of philanthropic houris, I resolved to concentrate all my energies on the establishment of a model-farm. There was something about the very name that I liked exceedingly: it was suggestive of agricultural meetings and cattle-shows, of sleek yearlings with blue ribbons tied to their tails, and complimentary addresses to Montague Dempsey, Esq., of Ballinahaskin, on his having exhibited the best bunch of carrots. But, alas! such success was not destined to attend the labors of Myles and myself; nevertheless, we did achieve some tangible results, with the assistance and advice of the "Hand-Book of Farming." I think I may safely lay claim to the credit of having exhibited, for the first time in that country, seeds, and, in one or two successful instances, mature plants, that were before considered exotic by the simple natives. I remember, in particular, a wonderful specimen of turnip—so wonderful, in fact, that its very name, as inscribed on the brown paper bag that had contained the seed, inspired the whole neighbourhood with awe—of which, I am confident, I would have had magnificent crops, had it ever come above ground. The "Hand-Book" seemed to be of opinion that the failure was caused by "the fly" (whatever that meant), but Myles said it was all the fault of the patent turnip-sower; and I am inclined to think he was nearer the truth, for the machine being somewhat complex, and we innocent of its management, it is by no means improbable that we put the seed so far into the bowels of the earth, that nothing short of volcanic agency could have ever made it come up. Notwithstanding a few similar cases, we ultimately had turnips which arrived at maturity; and then arose the question, what we were to do with them? After much deliberation, Myles arrived at the decision that our only course was, to "buy bastes to eat them

up." "Feed them off, you mean, Myles," said I, correcting his untechnical expression. And we *did* feed them off. Thirteen ill-fated calves were procured forthwith, and confined in a sort of pillory, constructed from a design in the "Hand-book." For four months were those bovine martyrs deprived of the sweets of liberty; but though the stock of turnips diminished rapidly, they remained lean kine to the end of the chapter, nor could the most scientific handling detect anything but bony excrescences on their half-starved bodies.

In spite of these failures, I still persevered; but I could not conceal from myself, that though Myles did not appear to consider it a losing game at all, farming would be much too expensive an amusement for my finances to bear, unless better success attended it. It was, however, comforting to see that my efforts had made a decided sensation in the country. It might have been merely curiosity—though I hope it was some better motive—that used to induce the population of the neighbourhood to turn out, to a man, whenever it became known that Myles and I were conducting any particularly novel operation. Nor did the various implements we used excite less interest; indeed, some individuals, more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of enquiry than the rest, even went so far as actually to beg the loan of divers of those agricultural curiosities. But as these requests, coming invariably from those of my own tenants who were most in arrear, were obviously made with a view to flatter my weak point; and as the borrowers seemed always to consider that their enterprising spirit ought to be rewarded with a reduction in their rent; nor did it afford me much encouragement, to see infants of tender years brandishing, in a manner highly dangerous to themselves and the public, billhooks or shears that had once formed a part of my museum, or sleeping peacefully in the trough of one of my patent turnip-slicers. In one or two instances, these formidable instruments were treated with a familiarity that led to unpleasant results, which of course gave rise to additional claims against me, as the lender. I recollect, in particular, having to compensate Tim Fogarty for the injury a curiously-fashioned sickle, with a peculiarly keen edge, had inflicted on his pig. As I saw him coming up the avenue, I felt a secret presentiment that his wo-begone expression of countenance was in some way attributable to that unfortunate weapon, and it was not without trepidation that I asked him if his reaping



had been facilitated by it. "Off, then, bad luck to it for a book, sir," he replied; "I'm a most heartbroken in regard of the shame. 'Tis after takin' the leg off Shawheen the pig with it. I am. The graythurs kem into the field where I was cuttin' the oats, and somehow, before you could say 'pays,' he was ruined." Shocked as I was by the melancholy occurrence, I could not help upbraiding the bereaved Tim for allowing his pig to commit so flagrant a breach of decorum as to enter a corn field unmixed. "And what for should I hither the poor brute?" he retorted indignantly. "An' how, I'd like to see the man that w'd keep him out of a place that he tuck into his head there was somethin' good for atin' in."

I was one morning initiating a select assembly of the worst-paying tenants on the property into some high-farming mystery—as well as I remember, it was the culture of mangold-wurzel under adverse circumstances—a subject I had been making up the night before in "the Hand-book." I had just concluded an eulogium on the nutritious qualities of that root, and had already drawn from my pupils an admission that it was "powerful strong feedin'; by all accounts," when the sententious inquiry "what for?" uttered by a sepulchral voice behind me, made me turn round; and to my confusion I found that I had had for an auditor no less a person than Mr. Tiftbury. Since that memorable dinner party at which I made his acquaintance, Mr. Tiftbury had settled within a few miles of Ballinahaskin, and was generally suspected to have an intention of doing wonders with the property he had purchased—this, and a wild myth to the effect that he had means sufficiently ample to pay the national debt, and was a sleeping partner in a Liverpool firm, made him greatly revered by the gentry of the country, while the popular belief among the peasantry was simply, that he had more money than he could count, even if he tried.

"What for?" said Mr. Tiftbury coming forward. "You said mangolds are strong feeding—I say, what for? If you mean for cattle, I ask where are they? what cattle? these men have got no cattle to stall feed. Have you, my good fellows?"

In reply to this question, one man suggested "ducks," and another murmured something about a calf; but the rest were silent, and Mr. Tiftbury having, by way of a triumphal oration, knocked the head off a thistle, went on, "if you say mangold-wurzel is strong feeding for men, why then," said

he, folding his arms, and with the air of a man who had made up his mind, and was prepared to abide the consequences, "why then I merely deny your assertion. Would you like to live on a mangold-wurzel?" continued he, seizing the proprietor of the calf by the collar.

"Begorra I'd rayther not," was the prompt reply.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Dempsey," said Mr. Tiftbury, turning to me, "you are not going the right way about it."

"The right way about what?" I inquired, startled by the idea that perhaps after all the "Hand-book" was not infallible, but I was relieved to find that he alluded merely to my attempts at reform.

"I have heard of your efforts to improve the condition of your tenantry," he continued; "I honor you for them, sir; but depend upon it you are not going the right way about it. Here I find you to-day delivering a lecture on mangold-wurzel and what not. Now, may I ask, of what earthly use would the finest crop of mangold ever raised be to these men who have neither cattle to eat it, nor a market to sell it in?"

This was a question I had never considered, so Mr. Tiftbury had it all his own way.

"That sort of thing may be all very well," said he, "on a farm of five hundred acres; but on a holding of five, in the hands of a cottier, it is, if I may be allowed the expression, fiddlestick. And then, there's your model farm, and your machines for this and your machines for that, and your machines for t'other; what good can your example do your tenants, while you follow a system like that?"

"But," said I, "high-farming is"——. What I was going to say about it I do not exactly recollect, but it is of little consequence, as Mr. Tiftbury interrupted me with—

"High humbug for a man like you, sir. I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Dempsey, your high-farming will ruin you, for you have no capital—excuse me, sir, I'm a plain man, but you have no capital;" and the loose change he was jingling in his pocket seemed to echo "capital! capital!" at this comforting prediction.

"Well, then, what are we to do?" I cried. "Is no arm to be extended to ameliorate the condition of the benighted peasantry, and—and—make them comfortable?" for I was beginning to get a little excited, which, after all, was, under the circumstances, quite excusable.

"Teach 'em the value of land, and the value of time," was Mr. Tiftbury's sententious suggestion.

"Why that is the very thing I have been doing—or, at least, trying to do"—said I.

"And admirably you have succeeded—with that man for instance."

I daresay he did not mean to make me uncomfortable—but I *did* feel rather hurt at the irony of his tone, and the contemptuous manner in which he pointed to one of my pupils, who, finding the lecture at an end, had gone over into his own plot of ground, and was refreshing himself by a little desultory digging, at the rate of a spade-full every five minutes.

"Look at him, sir," said Mr. Tiftbury, "look at him; and now, sir, will you tell me that man is fit to hold land, as he is—mind I say only, as he is now? I saw to-day a plough of yours—a remarkably fine plough; you didn't get that plough made here, eh?—No, I thought not. You got it down from Dublin?—I thought so. Now, did you ever think of calculating how many of your poorer tenants you could have employed at eightpence a day for the price of that plough, the expenses of its carriage, and the cost and keep of the pair of horses required to work it? Did it ever occur to you, that here where labour is so cheap, if, instead of ploughing your land you hired some of your own tenants to dig it for you, you would be consulting your own interest, and at the same time be going a great way towards teaching them the value of land, and the value of time, by showing them what their labour could effect under your direction? I say, Mr. Dempsey, has this ever occurred to you?"

It never had occurred to me—of course I did not tell Mr. Tiftbury so—but I expressed a belief that the persons he alluded to would not work.

"Oh! wont they!" he returned with a laugh of derision; "just try 'em, that's all, at least those who have not got enough of land to occupy the whole of their time, and there's precious few of them that wont manage to do their own tillage as well as ever. I give 'em eightpence a day. The folks about here give only sixpence, I find; but I take care to get eight penny-worth of labour done, while they do not get above four. That's what I call teaching 'em the value of time. But whatever you do with your tenants," Mr. Tiftbury continued, after a pause to get breath for a fresh start—"Whatever you do with your

tenants, Mr. Dempsey, give them an interest in their land—make it worth their while to take care of it; what is the use of preaching whitewash and turnip-seed, when it is a race between you, whether you shall get most rent from them, or they most value from the land? You are building a lot of cottages—I was looking at them as I came along. Slated roofs and glass windows—well, that's very nice and very laudable, and all that; but it is beginning at the wrong end, and, besides, it will ruin you; just try my plan by way of a change, will you?"

It was too late. Already clouds were gathering fast, and in another month the storm of desolation had burst upon the land. The great famine of 1847 has taken its place in the long catalogue of Ireland's misfortunes; it has already become an era in her sad history. The scenes of starvation and misery which presented themselves daily throughout that eventful period, have obtained a mournful notoriety; but who, except an actual eye-witness, can form a true idea of those scenes? It has been always a misfortune of Ireland's, that, owing to the association of ideas, everything connected with her seems to have, in many minds, something akin to the ridiculous, inseparably joined with it; bright eyes, which shine still brighter through a tear of sympathy for the self-imposed tortures of "Oily Alligator," or "Little Screech-owl," or some other as euphoniously titled Choctaw chief, beam but with merriment at the name of the poor Irish peasant, and yet during that famine, in many a lonely cabin, might be found instances of a fortitude and a self-denying devotion, far surpassing the savage stoicism of the North American Indian, or the more refined heroism of the Spartan warrior. Not that the calamities of Ireland failed to excite compassion; the generous sympathy of America can never be forgotten. England came nobly to the rescue; and, let smart leading-article-writers abroad rave about Irish ingratitude, and rampant half-witted or wholly knavish demagogues at home howl forth their defiance and hatred of the Saxon, the English people have the gratitude of Ireland—the English government might have had it. But had Ireland been better understood—had she been a little better known than Madagascar or Loo Choo, how much more might the same amount of sympathy have benefited, not merely the starving peasantry, but even the unfortunate and now ruined landed proprietors, who, culpable though they have been as a class, yet deserve

some share of the pity felt for Ireland, for their punishment is greater than they can bear. When I look back on that dreary winter, I confess I feel no surprise at the apathetic despair with which I viewed the destruction of all my schemes, and the embarrassments of my position; if my mind had been of a more energetic stamp, the misery I saw around me, and the critical nature of my own case, might have stimulated me to exertion. Had I been blessed with the philosophic temperament of some of my neighbours, I might have schooled myself to look on my troubles with calm indifference; but having neither the philosophy to contemplate, nor the energy to grapple with my difficulties, the few struggles I made to extricate myself seemed only to sink me deeper in that "sea of troubles," which was fast engulfing all around me; though not *all*; there was one exception. Although its illustrious predecessor had gone to pieces on the first opportunity, Mr. Sweeny's modest little association bravely kept its head above water to the last, and like a stormy petrel, actually flourished among the billows.

When the first shock was over, and the landed proprietors of the country, who had been paralysed by its suddenness, began to look around them for means of escape from the ruin which threatened them—a mania, I can call it nothing else, for dispossessing their tenants became very prevalent among them—to look for rents which, in the best of times, had been but badly paid, was of course out of the question. Even Myles admitted, with something very like a sigh, that driving, that spirit-stirring pastime, was quite useless where there was nothing to drive; but by what sort of logic they came to the conclusion that waste lands were profitable, I have not the remotest idea. I know there is a stupid old proverb, that an empty house is better than a bad tenant, but I doubt its applicability in the present instance. For my own part, I would have much rather clung to the grand principle of the half loaf; but on this, as on every other point, Myles's reasoning was too profound for me to gainsay, and I followed the example of my neighbours, reserving to myself, however, the right of gaining possession, in every instance, by amicable treaty and the payment of a consideration, and not by ejection, of which, in common with every other legal measure, I had undefined horror; but this trivial concession to my weakness did not in the slightest lessen the keen relish with which Myles entered upon his new pursuit. In fact, I think he rather enjoyed opening negotiations

with those tenants who had quite got out of the habit of paying rent, and were naturally obdurate in their demands, and tenacious of land held on such reasonable terms. Although I, in my simplicity, fancied there was a marked difference between my mode of proceeding and that of the other landlords of the country, the "Knocknashindy Sympathiser" was of a different opinion; we were all indiscriminately held up to public odium in its columns. A very curious sensation is that of seeing one's name in print for the first time. To anything of a contemplative mind it affords the raw-material for a series of fine reflections; first, to think of the awful and dignified scrutiny of the editor as he surveys you, in manuscript; then the man in the brown paper cap who sinartly and unimpassionedly handles each old familiar letter that you have for years looked upon as a part of yourself; he reverses you suffer at his hands so completely alter your appearance that, if looking on, you would begin to doubt your own identity; then you go to the devil, if there is one attached to the establishment, and after all you discover yourself next morning in a damp sheet, but so far from being a bit the worse for that or for your previous sufferings, you find yourself decidedly improved, and feel a sudden increase of self-respect at being legible for at least once in your life. Should the mention made of you be favorable, so much the better; but in my case I was obliged to be content with the mere fact of being in print, as there was nothing very gratifying in finding the title of "Heartless Exterminator" appended to my respectable patronymic, or seeing paragraphs headed with "Coldblooded evictions on the Ballinahaskin property," or "Again we warn the tyrant Dempsey."\*

Now and then, it is true, the defence of myself and my co-delinquents was warmly taken up by the rival Journal, the *Clonbosh Constitution* (for of course the "Sympathiser" had a rival—it would have been just as easy for the Tipton Slasher to accomplish a scientific "mill" without an antagonist, as for either paper to have kept up its circulation without a moral "buffer," in the form of a good bitter opposition), but the only perceptible effect produced by interference on our behalf was an increase of virulence in the Sympathiser's rejoinders.

---

\* We regret to find that Mr Dempsey has had a patriot of the Michael Dwyer and fibelling Lucas class to endure. Why did he not bring the scoundrel before a high minded, honest Dublin jury?—ED.

My last public appearance (in print) was under peculiar circumstances. I am perfectly aware that to do full justice to the little adventure I met with, I ought to adopt a style something like this:—

CHAPTER (whatever it might be).

THE LONELY GLEN !—CRIME AND MYSTERY—SOLUTION OF THE LATTER.

The night was one of pitchy darkness, save when at intervals the moon burst through the murky veil of driving clouds, and revealed the horrors of the scene. To break the solemn stillness of that hour no sound was heard, except the plaintive sighing of the wind as it swept in fitful gusts across the darkened surface of the bog, or the querulous note of the sea-gull chiding rash man's approach to her damp and dismal, though beloved haunt. It seemed as though nature were in a misanthropic mood, inviting crime to come forth and do its worst.

But I cannot do it. There is nothing melodramatic about me. I have not got the least particle of romance in my composition; so that, rather than pass over an incident of thrilling interest, I have cut the paragraph containing the account out of the *Clonbosh Constitution* of the 24th of March, 1848.

"DIABOLICAL ATTEMPT AT ASSASSINATION.—We had hoped that our ill-fated country, stricken as it is by famine, and bowed down by the iniquitous operation of a tyrannical Poor Law, was at least exempt from those evils arising from the insatiate thirst for blood, which has already marked the southern part of our island as "the land of crime." Alas! that hope has been dashed to the ground. Landlords of Clonbosh, look to yourselves;—the assassin is abroad—the fell demon of agrarian outrage has raised his bloodstained standard in our once peaceful neighbourhood. A dastardly attempt has been made by a gang of monsters in human form, upon the life of one who has claims of no ordinary description on the gratitude of a misguided people, one who has been ever foremost in the cause of reform, and whose dignified, yet retiring manners have endeared him to all our hearts. Need we say that we allude to the philanthropic Montague Dempsey? Yes, such was the man the sons of crime selected for their victim last Monday night. After a day spent, like most of his days, in unwearied

exertions for the benefit of his tenantry, Mr. Dempsey was returning home, when his attention was arrested by the sound of voices behind a hedge near his own gate; scarcely had he paused to reflect on the singularity of the circumstance, when a murderous discharge of fire-arms pealed forth from the treacherous ambush, followed by a ~~fiendish~~ yell of triumph, and the unfortunate gentleman, making an exclamation to the effect that he was murdered, fell forward on the road. These particulars we have learned from his companion, whose nerves seem to have received a severe shock from the melancholy occurrence, and who it appears fled for assistance immediately on the perpetration of the butrage. A hat, which has been recognised as the property of Mr. Dempsey, was picked up near the spot, and was found to contain a slug. We have not been able to ascertain the precise extent of the ill-fated gentleman's injuries, but have reason to hope they are not of a fatal nature.

"FURTHER PARTICULARS.—Our readers will be gratified to learn that Mr. Dempsey has been pronounced out of danger, no vital part having been injured. His wounds, which chiefly consist of bruises about the region of the forehead and nose, are to be attributed to the violence with which he fell on the shingle of the road. On questioning our informant further we have learned, that the slug found in Mr. Dempsey's hat was of the insect, not the missile, species."

The *Knocknashindy Sympathiser* viewed the occurrence in a somewhat different light, and wrote thus:—

"MR. DEMPSEY.—Those of our readers who honored the *Olonbosh Constitution* of yesterday with a perusal, were no doubt astonished to see in the columns of that sycophant print, a long-winded and would-be eloquent account of an alleged attempt against the valuable life of one of its patrons, a certain Mr. Dempsey. The Editor of the *Constitution* was always remarkable for his skill in drawing prodigious conclusions from slender premises, but on this occasion he has exceeded himself. Much as we detest his principles, and execrate the fiendish eagerness he shows to blast the name of a true-hearted and generous peasantry, we cannot help being amused when we think of the scanty materials out of which he has concocted his great attempt at assassination. We have it on the best authority, the unimpeachable testimony of one who witnessed the whole affair, and was indeed a party in it, that the facts



were simply these. Mr. Dempsey was returning on Monday evening, not after a day devoted to the good of his tenantry, as our policy-of-extermination-defending contemporary has it, but after a day spent in leaving houseless a number of those wretched beings whom the accursed rule of the Saxon has left dependant on the tender mercies of such as Mr. Dempsey. He was attended by his miscreant bailiff, who holds the unavoidable post of his chief executioner, and than whom, we have reason to believe, a viler caitiff remains not unhung.

"It happened that within a field near Mr. Dempsey's gate, a number of our intelligent fellow-countrymen were occupied in the enjoyment of a right, which even the tyrannical Saxon has been compelled to recognise; of course we allude to the indefeasible right which every Irishman possesses of carrying and using arms for lawful purposes. The party in question were diverting themselves with shooting at a mark, and at the moment of Mr. Dempsey's approach a gun was discharged, not at his worthless carcass, but at the target, which consisted of a pitchfork implanted perpendicularly in the soil and surmounted by an old hat. The rest may be easily accounted for: dreading the punishment he so richly deserved at the hands of an outraged tenantry, and conceiving that punishment had overtaken him, Mr. Dempsey, with a shriek of craven terror, prostrated himself in his congenial mud, and thus received the contusions which the *Constitution* has denuded with the name of 'wounds,' while his despicable comrade fled from the spot—the personification of abject cowardice. We take this opportunity of congratulating Mr. Dempsey on his rapid recovery, and would suggest that before he ventures out again, he would provide himself with a double-barrelled bot-jack, and a complete suit of bullet-proof metal dish covers.

I have already said that this was my last appearance in print, that is not precisely true; it was, however, my last appearance but *one* in any newspaper. My last was when—but that would be anticipating.

What a vast piece of consolation, to the weary wayfarer who climbs the hill of difficulty, there is in the reflection, that the descent on the other side is comparatively easy, and that

---

\* It is a pity that Mr. Dempsey had not the benefit of a classical education. He might have introduced "*Facilis descensus Averni*," with great effect here.—Ed.

should his sojourn on the summit prove only temporary, he will trundle down without the slightest personal exertion—his own momentum, and the few friendly pushes he may calculate on receiving, being quite sufficient to bring him comfortably to the bottom. Let this assurance beguile your way, oh! ye travellers, who toil up that well-worn but still rough path; and if misfortune sounds a retreat before your journey has been completed, philosophically thank your stars that she has saved you a greater fall. The latter was my case; I do not mean that I ever practised the philosophy that I now preach, but that, at the time when I commenced running down the hill (I fear I am running down the metaphor as well, but I cannot help that,) the top of it seemed, as mountain tops often will, just as far off as when I started. But, beside the advantage of having thus a shorter descent, I had a few heavy encumbrances of long standing to start with; and it is wonderful how rapidly a compact mass of debt, once fairly set going, will increase in bulk after the fashion of the rolling snow-ball. I suppose I must have very early shown strong symptoms of insolvency, but what they were I cannot imagine;—it is true that one half of my tenants had either run away or been bought out, and the condition of the other half afforded no prospect of rent for an indefinite period; it is true that the poor-rates collectors had seized my thirteen ill-starred calves for the benefit of the union; but, surely, this did not justify the peremptory and even threatening tone of the letters I used to receive from my creditors, or the summary manner in which they afterwards followed up their threats. Of the others I knew nothing, either personally or by report, but from the character I had heard of Mr. Dominick Sheehan, I *did* expect that he would not have lost so fine an opportunity of displaying that forbearance, which, according to Mr. Seizen, was one of the distinguishing features in his disposition—particularly after the mild and conciliatory reply I made to his first letter, when I expressed my total inability to pay just at present the arrears of interest due on his mortgage, and expressed, in as forcible language as I could, my desire to do so ultimately. But the unkindest cut of all was the conduct of Mrs. Dempsey, and—alas! that my uncompromising love for veracity should compel me to say it—of Maria. Even now, though walls of towering height surround me, and vigilant janitors protect each massive door, my hand trembles as I pen that name, and an indes-

cribable thrill pervades me when I think its fair owner is another's! Oh! Mark Sweeny, you man of meekness!—did you but see those letters, signed by your mother-in-law, but written in the unmistakeable hand of her whom you have sworn to love, honour, and cherish; they might grieve your gentle spirit, but much I fear they would not now surprise thee. I have them all, from No. 1 to 9, and ever shall I value those documents as illustrations of the progressive development of feminine hostility.

No. 1 was a perfect specimen of the early, or “Dear Muntz” style—it was affectionate in its tone and delicate in its hints. No. 2, after the same tender commencement, alluded parenthetically to a certain dressmaker, who was at the time giving “ever so much annoyance” about her bill. No. 3 was the first of “My dear Montague” period, and came to the point at once, requesting a remittance without delay. No. 4 stated that there was upwards of a year’s jointure due, “and goodness knows how much interest to the girls.” 5 “really could not see why” I had not complied with the request in No. 3, and 6 thought it “very odd” that I had not answered 5 at all. No. 7 was of opinion that “something must be done,” and described that something in figurative language. 8, disdaining metaphor, contained a clearly developed threat of legal measures; and in No. 9 the correspondence had evidently reached boiling point, indicated by the prefatory “Sir,” and the bitter irony of the whole note; in it Mrs. Dempsey assured me that I had taken *advantage* of her *unprotected* position to trample on a *weak, defenceless woman* (I trample on any woman, much less such a one as Mrs. Dempsey!)—that she had appealed to my sympathies too often—that I had *none whatever*—and that, finally, she was determined to follow Mr. Seizen’s advice, and join my other creditors in applying for a *receiver*, but that I was not to blame her, as it was all my *own fault*, and she was only doing her *duty* to herself and her children.

A few months before the word *receiver* would have been a mystery to me, but my faculties had been wonderfully sharpened of late; and in the very face of Dr. Johnson, whose definition, “one who *receives*,” was obviously inapplicable to any usurper of such a property as mine, I felt a firm conviction that my reign at Ballinahaskin was over—and so it was.

One morning—it may have been even one *fine* morning, but I do not remember the precise state of the weather—the long

threatened receiver made his appearance ; I was deposed ; the tenants, one and all, did servile homage to the new comer ; and Mr. Parchment reigned in my stead. I call him Mr. Parchment for two reasons : in the first place, I am to this day in ignorance of his real name, though, I have no doubt, information on that point, as well as on some others connected with him, was contained in at least one of the many notices which Mrs. Fogarty intercepted and burned, from a superstitious idea that such documents ought never to be handled by a person in my position ; and, secondly, his appearance, to my mind, suggested "parchment" at once ; his face, both in complexion and character, resembled a crabbled old mortgage deed, with two small red seals for eyes, and numerous and intricate initial flourishes worked in wrinkles round the corners of his mouth, so that that orifice always looked as if just about to utter "this indenture witnesseth ;" his laugh (for I heard him laugh once) had a dry, crackling sound, like the rustling of crisp new vellum ; and even his old fashioned nankeen waistcoat might have been taken for an original will, so obscure was its pattern, and so much did its distended pockets seem to contain. My imagination was at that time very apt to dwell on legal mechanism in general, and hence it was that all these fanciful comparisons occurred to me when I saw the receiver for the first time, as he walked across the lawn, attended by (oh, the perfidy of man ! ) the obsequious Myles, who was showing him the lands, and courting his favour in the most cringing manner, at least as far as I could see ; but that was not very far ; the prospect of the house was not extensive, and I was then confined to its walls. Mrs. Fogarty had got, I have not the remotest idea how, intimation of certain designs against my person, and had prescribed, on the homoeopathic system, a dose of imprisonment, to avoid loss of liberty. Then it was that that noble woman appeared in her true colors. Ballinahaskin was victualled for a siege ; the hall-door locked, and the command of the garrison taken by her in person, with a coolness that showed her to be an adept in such matters, and a determination worthy of an Amazon and a better cause. The apostacy of Myles, while it attached her more firmly to my interests, unveiled completely the enmity she had hitherto cherished in secret for that amiable man. She now openly taunted him, whenever he passed the house, with being a "mane-sperted negur," and accused him of thriving on his plunder after he had

robbed her "poor master;" and, to this day, in my belief she said what was true—long point; at least, was incontrovertible, he had gone over to the enemy, she had remained faithful to the last. Accept O Bridget Fogarty!—or, if it should rather be addressed by the more endearing and familiar appellation Biddy—accept this tribute to thy virtues, as a token of gratitude from one who, in his hour of need, was deserted by all save thee; in sooth, thy temper was fiery, and thy tongue at times was troublesome, but thy heart was warm—and that, O Biddy! even in thy superiors, would atone for greater faults than thine.

I might recount the many events which occurred to relieve the monotony of that siege; how the enemy made frequent attempts to gain admission, and how those attempts were always frustrated by the vigilance of Mrs. Fogarty; how the same heroic woman mistook a peaceable and unoffending man for a legal emissary of some sort, and thereupon broke his head with the handle of her sweeping brush,—which feat she accomplished after the approved fashion of harlequin in the pantomime, when he leans out of the first floor window, and lays his lath sword athwart the skull of unsuspecting pantaloon, who is knocking at the street-door. I might tell how a certain process-server literally sat down before our fortalice, and smoked pipe after pipe on the door-step, and how the supplies were for a time cut off, and nothing remained between the garrison and starvation but a side of bacon and a bottle of pickled onions. I might mention a host of such exciting incidents, but occurrences like these have now become every day matters; and, besides, I know that there are many who will affect to consider my experiences fictitious; and I have no desire to encounter the indignation of some scores of gentlemen in difficulties, each of whom would probably think I was holding up his own peculiar case to public view. Suffice it to say, that Ballinahaskin held out for a long time, and seemed likely to rival Troy in its adherence to the motto, "No Surrender!" And even to furnish a theme, perhaps, for some future Homer. But, as Troy fell by stratagem, so eventually did Ballinahaskin: In an evil hour for me—though not, perhaps, for Mrs. Fogarty (for it was her dinner-hour!) I lent an ear to the solicitations of Myles, who, through the key-hole of the hall-door, craved admittance with great earnestness. "Poor fellow," thought I, "no doubt he is sorry, and has come to ask forgiveness for his treachery," and,

on the impulse of the moment, I let him in. "Troth, sir," said he, after he had assured himself that Mrs. Fogarty was not present, "'tis sorry I am to see your honor this way; it's a ravel marthur for a kind-hearted gentleman, that was so good to the poor, to be shut up in a lonesome house, for all the world like a rot in a thrap. I hope," he continued, taking some papers from his pockets, "your honor won't think hard of me for doin' my duty to them that employed me—a poor man must live, and they ped me well for givin' your honor this. Anyhow, what's the use of talkin' ?—there's the copy, and here's the riginal; and there's a shay and two peelers waitin' for your honor, conveyment to the back gate!" "It was a writ; and that night I was lodged at the expense of the county!

## L'ENVOI.

(FROM THE EDITOR.)

It is to be regretted that Mr. Dempsey has seen fit to conclude his narrative so abruptly. There can be no doubt that, described in his pathetic style, the scenes he witnessed when in prison, and his subsequent adventures, would have been deeply interesting to all readers—at least we think so—but the unfortunate gentleman himself is of a different opinion. It might appear like vanity in the Editor of the IRISH QUARTERLY, were

he to state the offers of present emolument and future fame that were made on his part to Mr. Dempsey, in order to induce him to add a sequel to his tale, containing, if possible, one or two love scenes; but, at all events, winding up matters satisfactorily, with a happy marriage. Suffice it to say, that nothing could have been more liberal than his terms, or more determined than Mr. Dempsey's rejection of them—on the grounds that he did not believe in matrimonial felicity, and would have nothing to do with fiction.

The worthy gentleman having thus evinced a manifest disinclination to give any further account of himself, the duty of relieving the anxiety of the public, as to his ultimate fate, devolves upon the Editor.

Mr. Dempsey's prolonged absence from Ballinahaskin, after the term of his incarceration\* had expired, excited some surprise in the neighbourhood, and gave rise to many reports, alike absurd in their nature and prejudicial to his character. It was confidently asserted that he had attempted suicide, and had been seen lying in state, and in a very untidy state, on the bank of the canal near Portobello, with two policemen keeping watch and ward over him. It was said that, preferring the calm seclusion of Mullin's Hotel† to the bustle and turmoil of the world without, he had fixed his residence there permanently, and might be seen any day, clad in a shawl-pattern dressing-gown, and playing rackets with much grace and energy. By some he was suspected of having changed his name and gone to America, others suggested California, or some hotter climate.

---

\* It was to beguile the tedium of the hours he spent in durance vile that Mr. Dempsey committed his Experiences to paper. He touchingly alludes to this fact in the latter part of his tale. If any further confirmation be necessary, we have the original manuscript, written on protested bills and the backs of dunning letters, and will be happy to show it to any connoisseur in such matters.—ED.

† *Palgo*, the Marshalsea.

And one of his Olonbosh acquaintances was ready to affirm on affidavit, that he had recognized him in Dame-street, attired in a paletot of deal boards, and bearing on his back the startling announcement, that the establishment he belonged to was the only house in the world for unadulterated tea at four-and-eight-pence. But after a time these râmours died away. Speculation itself grew weary of speculating, and Mr. Dempsey was quite forgotten, or remembered only in connection with a wheelbarrow of peculiar construction, which he had introduced into the country, and which is to this day known as "Dempsey's Patent."

When the Encumbered Estates Court, that magic crucible for changing land into gold, was invented, Mr. Dempsey's property was one of the first experimented upon by the modern alchemists; but those who watched his countenance as he read the first announcement of that fact, say, that with the exception of a smile of intense happiness, he displayed no emotion whatever. It was hoped that proceedings in which he was so deeply interested would have had the effect of drawing him from his concealment, or at least removing the veil of obscurity which hung over his fate, but Mr. Dempsey was sceptical as to the probability of a surplus, and besides, it was written in the Book of Fate that the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW was to be the means of his resuscitation. In the summer of 1850 there came into the possession of the Editor a document in which Messrs. Filer, Nogs and Parker, of Lombard-street, London, were requested to pay the bearer a certain sum of money—but why should he seek to conceal the fact?—it was a bill. Armed with this talisman he sought the counting-house of that eminent firm, and on explaining the cause of his visit, was directed to apply to the head cashier, Mr. Dempsey; it is not necessary to state the nature of his request, but it was granted with such dignified suavity, that the Editor on the spot registered a vow to cultivate the acquaintance of Montague Dempsey. He



succeeded, and the intimacy has been productive of the happiest results to himself and the public. Six weeks afterwards, when the Editor stepped from the Holyhead packet on his native shore, he bore in his hand a richly freighted carpet-bag—it contained a pair of trousers, a waistcoat, a dressing-case, four shirts, a Bradshaw's Railway Guide, and the manuscript of "Mr. Montague Dempsey's Experiences."

THE  
IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

---

No. XXXV.—OCTOBER, 1859.

---

ART. I.—THE FICTIONS OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

*Transactions of the Ossianic Society, Vols. 1, 2, 3, 4.*  
Dublin: O'Daly, 1854—1859.

In former ages, including part of the eighteenth century, our ancestors chose to take their principal meal in the middle of the day, and thus had time and opportunity to go afterwards to their employments, to take walks or rides, or enjoy a good comedy or tragedy. Then they took their light evening meal: and after some social chat, in many cases enlivened by a social cup, they retired to rest, their well varied day being over. We would not bore our readers by needlessly informing them that we have changed all this; that now a late dinner most unhealthily spun out to bed time, concludes the day, but for the sake of making them call to mind, that in this *institution* at least we have gone back to the customs of ages long prior to those spoken of in our opening sentence. There is this difference, however, between the evenings of these latter days and the evenings of the remote times. Now, the time after the serious business of the meal is consumed in talking politics, talking nonsense, or drinking. For as to taking part in a dance, or listening to music, these must be included in the business of next day, as they mostly take place after midnight. But with our great ancestors it was otherwise ordained. When 'thirst and hunger ceased,' and the fatigue arising from the chase or the fight made mental or bodily exertion disagreeable, they reclined on their couches, or sat upright in their high-backed chairs, according to country or climate, called in their buffoons, or dancers, or singers, or listened to the bard or storyteller, till entertainers and entertained were equally tired; and then the seance came to a natural termination; and sleep and rest did their needful duty, till a timely hour of next morning.

Thus did Homer, or some poet or poets of his supposed era, recite certain episodes of the Trojan war, at the evening banquets of the Ionian chiefs ; thus did Ovid read out passages from the *Metamorphoseôn* while he still retained favor at the court of Augustus ; and thus did the old Celtic bards, whom we may without censure call *Oisín*, *Caoille*, or *Fergus*, make the night seem short to *Cormac*, to *Art*, or *Con of the Hundred Fights*.

It may be safely allowed that writing in Greek characters was known in the days of Roboam, about which period Homer or his *double ganger* lived ; but it must be kept in mind that bards of the time were more expert at fingering the wine cup-stem than the stile, and also that his blindness presented serious obstacles to practice in penmanship. So the sightless poet conned over in his mind his many legends ; and by dint of repeating them fixed them in his own memory and in the memory of his disciples in the art. These again transferred them to their successors, and in lapse of time many omissions were made, and many interpolations effected. But as the withdrawal of one blessing is generally followed by the introduction of another, letters began to flourish ; and before the legends as sung by the sightless bard were thoroughly forgotten or altered for the worse, the genius of Pisistratus constructed a simple frame work in which he inserted the various lays relating to the destruction of Ilium, or the heroes and demi-gods who had fought for or against it.

In after times we find Aristarchus taking the epic as left by the learned tyrant of Athens (God send us a few such tyrants !), correcting mistakes, supplying deficiencies, and retrenching interpolations and superfluities.

Now we must be permitted (first asking pardon of all classic students) to state our own personal feeling towards that wonder and perfect production of human genius, and to declare that with the exception of some of its episodes, the reading or studying of the main body of the work would be about as disagreeable a mental occupation as we could conceive. Looking to the favorite characters of the author, what do we find but specimens of craft, selfishness, unrestrainable passion or unfeeling cruelty ? Then see what a large portion of the poem is taken up with a mere catalogue of ships, and the names of fighting men, who without exciting the least interest in the breast of poet or reader, come on the scene, and butcher each

other in a most dreary fashion ! Thus A with a javelin cast kills B, C, and D, and as he stoops to rifle his last victim, himself is transfixed by the javelin of E, who scarcely has pinned F to the ground, when he feels the lance of G piercing his own groin. The unfeeling poet describes most minutely the character of the wounds, and the tortures inflicted on the sufferers, aggravated by the sudden recollection of the sweet scenes of childhood and youth, and the love of mother, sister, or wife : but he has to give an anatomical précis of the parting scenes of some thousands more, and must get on, being as little affected himself by the anguish and misery he describes, as a professional fisher by the wriggles of a trout.

The best warriors of the Trojans are not a match for the second or third rate Grecian Chiefs, except when directly assisted by some partial god or goddess ; and it is surely a wonder how these wonderful worthies took ten long years to subdue their inferior foes, and even then were obliged to resort to stratagem. The god-like *Hector* himself, the unselfish hero, the true patriot, gets wretched treatment from his poet. His courage, like that of *Bob Acres*, comes and goes, he flies before his antagonist, and falls after a mere semblance of a struggle. And what an unmitigated ruffian is the mighty *Achilles*, the central point of interest, the champion par excellence of the poem, when placed in line with the *Pious Eneas*, with *Rinaldo*, with *Arthur of Britain*, *Oscut* of the Fenians, or *Siegfried* of the *Nibelungen Lied* ! In his heart there is no room for mercy ; for a mere personal pique he stolidly looks on the slaughter of thousands of his countrymen ; and seeing the remains of his noble foe at his mercy, he draws thongs through the sinews of his legs, and drags him three times round the walls of the fortress he had so long defended, before the eyes, and in hearing of the cries of the wife, the child, and the parents of the fallen guardian of his country.

Surely magnanimity and the possession of a human heart, ought to enter into the composition of a hero. The *Hero* of the *Iliad* has not the slightest pretence to them ; he has not even a just claim to real courage. He is sheathed in impenetrable armour, and his foes are such pigmies, that he is merely a butcher on a large scale through the whole of the concluding fight, and we are obliged to look on a continued disgusting series of murders.

The plot of the *Iliad* has been cried up for the imitation of all succeeding poets ; let us examine with what justness. The object to be attained is evidently the destruction of the city ; *that* is not attained. Let it be said that the death of Hector assured it, but that cannot be gathered from the accounts of the after events as related in any extant legends or narratives. Let it, however, be granted that the death of Hector is the thing to be achieved, and that the quarrel in the opening of the poem seems to render that object unattainable, and that we are skilfully conducted through circumstances, each naturally rising from a foregoing one, and seeming to put off the attainment of the design the farther off as we advance, but in reality conducing inevitably to the desired catastrophe. That, however, is far from being the case. *Hector* slays *Patroclus* ; and then *Achilles* donning his invincible arms, slays his foe under very discreditable circumstances ; and between the starting point, the turning point, and the catastrophe, we are treated to episodes, to *melées* and unpicturesque single combats, consisting chiefly of javelin casts ; and these might be taken out of the order in which we find them, and settled in other fashions without deranging the general design.

Now, laying some of the above blame on the pagan spirit of the age, joining our voice to the acclaim of twenty-five centuries in praise of the deathless lay,—recommending readers ignorant of Greek to Cowper's rather than Pope's version for the spirit and form of the original, and wishing that Pope and Dryden had exchanged tasks when they took to translate the *Iliad* and *Eneid*, we turn our faces westwards.

Taking into account the circumstances under which the old Celtic or Teutonic tales, either in prose or poetry, were recited, it will not cause surprise that none of them aspires to the length of an epic, or if it is at all lengthened out by mistake, it resembles one of our old coins with the cross, and will make four tales such as they are. Action, adventure, suspense, thrilling situations, are indispensable ; and these are helped out with a profusion of high sounding alliterative epithets, and not unfrequently a catalogue of heroes or their stag or wolf hounds, or episodes containing complete stories in themselves.

Small favor would an epic constructed on the plan laid down by Aristotle, if it took four or five evenings in delivery, find from the excited audience of such productions as are above

mentioned. They could not afford patience or toleration to nice discrimination of character, philosophical observations, appropriate descriptions of scenery, judicious remarks on the relative duties of kings and subjects to each other, or the slow pace of a skillfully contrived Epos drawn out to the tiresome point.

It was a sure index of the artificial, unsound, and uncritical literature of last century, that James Mac Pherson, after collecting in the Highlands some of these old Celtic fictions, a few in manuscripts of a late date, but the greater part from oral recitation, should weave them into a very passable epic, bring poor *Ossian* from fighting or coursing over the plains of Allen, naturalize him in a Highland bothy, clap a reed in his hand, and order the literati of the three kingdoms to bow down before HIM who penned a huge volume ere running hand was known, even in the cradle of Gaelic literature.

As one lie needs the support of sundry others, he was obliged to transpose, distort, and even invent historical facts to make our *Fenian* heroes change their names and native land; and the grave and pious Dr. Blair sat down and wrote a volume to make his countryman's lies look like truth; and such was the delusion, that multitudes, including Napoleon 1st, took leave of the little natural sense, God had given them, and throwing up their head coverings, shouted out, "Whose dog is this Irish *Oisín*? there is no poet but the Highland *Ossian*, and Mac Pherson is his prophet."

Whether our Pagan ancestors had any written books, or knew how to fill them with any characters except the Ogham, which would certainly require the skill of a cunning penman to make it look ornamental in bound folios or the primitive roll—will probably remain for ever, what it is at this moment, a vexed question.

But whatever the state of the written literature, there was little room left to the unhappy kings and chiefs to doubt of the extent of the vocal literature, prose and poetry, that flourished in the memories and on the tongues of the thousand and one bards or story tellers that annually visited their raths, and relieved them of their superfluous gold and silver wine cups, rich mantles, brooches, and girdles.

When it is taken into account that every one of these luckless dignitaries had his own hereditary seanachie or bard to support in good style, and keep in good humour, in addition

to this array of "Wandering Minstrels," it is little to be wondered at that their patience gave way at last, and that they would have sent the whole idle school to take a cool bath in the sea of Moyle, only for the good offices of St. Colum-Kil. Then the ranks were thinned, the greater part were allowed to set up as carvers in bog-oak, as cow herds, or as bearers of lance and buckler; and no King, Tanist, or Tiernach, was bound to maintain more than one poet and one genealogist in his establishment.

We sympathise with the relieved feelings of the owner of rath or fortress, when he no longer dreaded, as evening came on, the approach of the mounted bard who was strong in the possession of his thousand stories, attended by the bard next in rank, who was only made up in five hundred, who again was looked up to by the poet of a solitary hundred, but who still felt himself great in the presence of the fifty-storied aspirant, who was sedulously cared for by the apprentice of ten; and every one with minds made up to make themselves at home in the devoted dun, and eat, and drink, and not depart without a decent improvement in their worldly circumstances.

When the powers attributed to poetic satire in those times are taken into account, we must suppose the comfort of the relieved chiefs and kings to have been very great indeed. An instance is given from the introductory matter of the second volume, edited by Mr. O'Kearney.

"Seanchan and his troop of subordinate Ollamhs having paid a visit to Guaire, king of Connaught, who was celebrated for great liberality, the cross old man, becoming displeased with the treatment he received at court, refused to take the rations which had been dressed for his use. After a three days' fast his wife persuaded him to accept an egg, but by some neglect of the servants, the mice (we had then no rats) had devoured the contents. The Ollamh was so exasperated that he vowed to satirize the mice; but upon reflection, determined instead, to make the cats feel the venom of his satire, since they suffered the mice to live, and thereby do him the injury.

The royal cat was therefore condemned to suffer the effects of the bard's satire. This regal animal having felt the venom of the satire in his cave, told his wife and daughter that Seanchan had satirized him; but that he would proceed to the palace, carry the old man away, and tear his flesh to pieces. He kept his word; he found the Ollamh, and casting him on his shoulders, carried him off despite the guards. When he was passing near Clonmacnoise with the satirist on his shoulder, St. Kieran being in a neighbouring forge, and seeing the position of affairs, snatched a red hot ploughshare from the fire, made short work with the marauder, and freed the poor Ollamh."

This noble brute kept high state in the cave of Cnobha, rejoicing in the name of *Dorasan*, son of *Arasan*, and enjoying the society of *Riachall* his wife, and *Rinn-gear-fhiaclack* his daughter. Before the Ollamh proceeded to hard measures with him, he had made a prentice essay on the mice, ten of whom fell lifeless from the venom of the cutting poetry.

We find another mouser suffering from the effects of satire administered by himself. He occupied a pillar stone, and gave true oracular answers to those, who in consulting him, adhered in their statements to strict truth. A man missing his mare, whom he supposed to be with foal, having asked her whereabouts, the cat answered from within :—

“Thou of the bare and toothless gums,  
Thou of the peevish drizzly nose,  
Pursue down to Truach  
Thy hoofy mare without a foal.”

Then the stone split with a crash, and the guardian cat stepped out on the mound. The enquirer was so galled by the satire, that he killed the animal, who in dying, made a solemn request that he would repeat this quatrain to his own domestic animals when he reached home :—

“Inform the fire-raker  
And Gleadaigh of the ash-pit,  
That O’Cathalain has killed  
The royal cat of Cruachan.”

O’Callan was a man of his word, and very innocently repeated the rhyme to the watchers of his hearth, who incontinently tore him to pieces.

We find a horse giving oracles at *Samhain* (All Hallows) and several traces of supernatural gifts inherent in animals, among the old Irish legends. It is probable that they were supposed to be the abiding places of spirits either bad or good as the case might be. However, the highest form of worship among our ancestors seems to have been addressed only to the Sun and Moon, and perhaps to Crom and Mananan Lir. The boar seems to have exclusively enjoyed the privilege of possession by evil powers.

Places that got their names from animals are frequent through the island; and it is probable that the circumstance is owing to some supposed manifestation of power in the possessed beasts, at an early period in the various localities.



The incidents, real or fictitious, recounted in the four volumes of the *OSSIANIC TRANSACTIONS* already published, took place during the reigns of Con of the Hundred Battles, of Art the Melancholy his son, of Cormac his grandson, and Cairbre his great grandson. These princes were of the line of Heremon, and generally on bad terms with the Munster kings of the race of Heber. During their reigns, extending from about the year A.D. 125, to A.D. 306, flourished the *Fianna Eirionn* or standing Army of Ireland, which was made up of two bodies, not always friendly to each other,—the *Clan Boisgne* and the *Clan Morna*, the first embodying Leinster and Munster warriors, and the second, those of Connaught and Ulster. The *Clan Boisgne* favored the Munster or Heberian princes, and the *Connaught Clan* defended the rights of Con and his descendants, and were more commonly on the side of justice and legitimate rule than their brothers of Leinster. This is the genealogy of the Chiefs of the Leinster Fenians,—*Boisgne, Tremmor, Cumbail, Fion, Oisin, Osgur*. Every reader may not be aware that the hero of the hundred fights was obliged to cede the Southern half of the Island to the Munster chief, Modha Nuagat, who was aided by the Leinster Clans, and that in the battle of Castle Knoc near Dublin, Cumbail, father to Fion, was slain by Goll, Son of Morna, who thenceforth ruled for a long period the seven battallions of the Fenians, till at last Cormac, from motives of expediency, conferred the chieftancy on Fion.

It is our settled opinion that these legends and wild adventures were said or sung in the old raths of our grandfathers, before the tinkle of St. Patrick's bell was heard in our land; the spirit and local color of every one is so different from what a story devised by a Christian poet or romancer would possess. Mythological divinities have wonderful influence in the *Iliad*, *Odyssey*, and *Eneid*, but in the *Ossianic* lays they are scarcely recognised. From the Poems quoted and the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid a complete system of mythology might be put together, but from our own pagan fictions we can only gather that a festival of *Baal* or the Sun was kept on the first of May, and at the Summer Solstice, that *Samhain* (End of Summer) had its solemnity on 1st. of November, and that *Crom* was a patron of Agriculture. *Mananan Lir* the tutelary guardian of the Isle of Man, took sailors under his special care; the spirits of the just Fírlbolgs enjoyed bliss in the sunk island of O'Brazil; spirits of the learned Danaans still employed themselves in scientific

researches in their ancient Brughs or cavern-temples such as that at New Grange, and the Milesians enjoyed unvarying delight in the happy land of *Tir-na-n-Oge* under our beautiful lakes. The punishment of evil spirits was a tormented existence in the cold and stormy air above us, and the transmigration of souls existed to some extent.

In favorable contrast to the unfeeling and savage conduct of the Grecian men at arms, the Celtic warriors act with courtesy, forbearance, and mercy; and only for the total absence of the religious element, the composition of the tales might be truly ascribed to Christian poets or story-tellers. According as the old pagan reciters died off, and their office fell to Christian minstrels, these last without changing the incidents or the spirit of the tales, formed a frame work or introduction to each, suited to the change in the religious views of himself and his audience. Thus *Oisín* was preserved in being for a hundred and forty years or so, and had the good fortune to fall into the hands of St. Patrick; and every legend is introduced by a religious discussion between the Apostle and the old hero. The objections and *crooked arguments* put into *Oisín's* mouth are simply detestable in many instances; and it appears to us from this circumstance, that these introductions and interpolations are not older than the twelfth or thirteenth century. The fervent devotion of the early Christians could not tolerate such bits of blasphemy however unintentional. Who on taking up the *Decameron* or the *Fabliaux* would not be induced to say that the inventors of these stories were debauched infidels, yet he would be wrong. Loose in morals they undoubtedly were, but they had faith such as it was, not that kind indeed which, united to a living spirit of devotion would exercise a beneficial effect on their practices.

In our own ages of infidel tendencies, the arguments and remarks of *Oisín*, so feebly combated by his Christian antagonist, would subject his publisher to a process for blasphemy, and the free-spoken Boccacio and the *Fabliaux* writers would be as obnoxious to the civil powers as the worthies of Holywell-st. But in those past ages of faith, the perverseness of the old infidel was looked on as the waywardness of a spoiled child, and the grossness of the Italian and French minstrels—but there is no profit or pleasure in handling pitch, and we have wandered a little too far from our subject.

Now we seriously exhort the editors of the future volumes

of the Society, to reflect that there has been more than enough of these objectionable passages preserved in the volumes already published, and to abstain from reproducing sentiments and opinions neither pleasurable nor profitable to con over in silence, nor read aloud to either young or aged listeners.

It were to be wished that the different poems and tales intended for publication, should be issued in accordance with the order of time of the supposed occurrences; but circumstances arising from the proprietorship of the manuscripts, and the more or less leisure-time of the gentlemen editing them, prevent that desirable consummation.

The first volume is occupied with the battle of *Gabará* (Garristown) in Meath, A.D. 298, *Fion* being dead a few years at the time; the second, third, and part of the fourth, with the exploits of his manhood, and then we are made acquainted with his youthful fortunes. The incidents of the expected volume occurred more than 200 years before his birth. This is the reverse of that concatenation so much lauded by *Tiny Lumpkin*.

The bards that furnished matter for the works under consideration, varied occasionally both as to circumstance and time, when relating the same events, but all agree in the character-outlines and abilities of their heroes. *Conan* is a somewhat better edition of *Thorstein*, *Caville Mac Rionan*, *Fion's* nephew, is a poet and swift of foot. *Oisín* being the supposed narrator, gives us little insight into his own distinctive character: he is a good poet, and brave but unobtrusive. *Oscur* is peerless as to strength and skill in arms, generous to a fallen foe, and always ready to meet the most terrible champion from *Greece* or *Lochlan* that comes to exterminate his people. *Goll* is next to *Oscur* in prowess but is morose: he is never worsted, but never seeks danger for its own sake, or for the glory of the *Fenians*. *Diarmuid O'Duibhne* cannot be seen by woman without being loved: he is devoted body and soul to his brothers in arms, and at need can combine sleight of hand with heroic daring. *Fion* has been looked at from more than one point of view by his chroniclers. He is brave, but never risks his precious life against a redoubtable foe, when he can substitute *Faolan* or *Goll* or *Diorruing* for himself: he acts the prudent general and is averse to unnecessary blood-shed. In affairs of the heart he has no bowels of compassion for a rival; and his unfeeling and revengeful conduct towards the gallant *Diarmuid* is any thing but commendable.

But character-painting was no object with the bards, and local color and truth of costume were equally neglected. Wonderful exploits and adventures were to be sung, and they gave themselves as little trouble to present a truthful picture of the modes of life, the institutions, and the prevailing character of the ancient inhabitants of our country, as Shakespeare did to present a graphic picture of the Bohemians, after he had shipwrecked the old councillor and the royal infant on their coast.

Still we occasionally get in these wild fictions, a glimpse of the social institutions, of the habits, customs and arms, and of the framework of the government of our ancestors; but it is not with the good will of the story teller. The information comes from him incidentally, and without his knowledge, as an Arabian poet, if he had never heard of or seen any country but his own, would give us sketches of the bare burning expanse of sand, of the cool shade of the tent or the palm tree, of the camel's appearance and his qualities, of the fleetness of the Arab steed, of the passage of caravans, and of the destructive Simoom, and all these as it were in his own despite, and from sheer inability to avoid them.

In the cycles of stories or poems, of which *Charlemagne*, *Arthur of Britain*, *Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest* and *Fion of Almuin*, are the chief personages, these great people always play secondary parts, and when a truculent Saracen, or Saxon, or Sheriff, or King of Greece, approaches, surrounded with terrors, it is *Roland*, *Sir Launcelot* or *Sir Gawain*, *Little John* or *Will Scarlet*, *Goll* or *Oscar*, that steps forward to humble his pride. Indeed *Fion* and *Robin* have reason to object to the handling they receive from some of their laureats. *Robin* gets thrashed by the *Pindar* of *Wakefield*, by the *Tinker* and *Friar Tuck*; and *Fion* shirks some encounters he ought to have met half way. But it is time to let the readers and the old romancers come to a viva-voce conference.

*The Boyish Exploits of Fion Mac Cumhall* are taken from a fragment of the Psalter of Cashel preserved in the *Bodleian Library, Oxford*, and furnished to the Society by Dr. O'Donovan. From its obsolete style and fragmentary character, it must have presented no easy task even to its eminent editor.

"There happened a meeting of valour and contention of battle respecting the chieftainship of the Fianns, and the head stewardship of *Uria*, between *Cumhall*, son of *Treanmor*, and *Uirgrena*, son of *Lugbaidh Corr*. \* \* The battle of *Cnucha* (*Castle Knock*) was fought between them, i.e. between *Cumhall* and *Uirgrena*. \* \* *Cumhall*

fell by Goll son of Morna in the battle carried off his arms and head ; and from this there was a fundamental hatred between Fion and the sons of Morna.

Cumbhall left his wife pregnant, i. e. Muirenn, and she brought forth a son, and gave him the name of Deimne. Fiaccail the son of Cuchenn, and Bodhmall the Druidess, and Liath Luachra came to Muirenn and carried away the son, for his mother durst not keep him with her. Muirenn afterwards married Gleoir the Redhanded, king of Lamhraighe, from which Finn is called the son of Gleoir. However Bodhmall and Liath taking the boy with them went to the forests of Sliabh Bladhma, where the boy was nursed secretly. This was indeed necessary, for many a sturdy stalwarth youth, and many a venomous inimical hero, and angry morose champion of the warriors of Luaighni, and of the sons of Morna, were ready to dispatch that boy and [also] Tulcha the son of Cumhall. But however the two heroines nursed him for a long time in this manner.

His mother came at the end of six years after this to visit her son, for it was told to her, that he was at that place, and she feared the son of Morna for him, i. e. [might kill him.] But however, she passed from one solitude to another, until she reached the forest of Sliabh Bladhma [Slieve Bloom], and she found the hunting booth [hut] and the boy asleep therein, and she afterwards lifted him and pressed him to her bosom, and she then pregnant [from her second husband], and then she composed these quatrains caressing her son :

“ Sleep with gentle pleasant slumber, &c.”

The woman afterwards bade farewell to the heroines, and asked them if they would take charge of him till he should be of heroic age ; and the son was afterwards reared by them till he was fit for hunting.

The boy came forth alone on a certain day, and saw the [pres lacha with her brood of] ducks upon the lake. He made a shot at them, and cut off her feathers and wings, so that she died, and he afterwards took her to the hunting booth ; and this was Fian's first chase.

He went forth one day alone [and never halted] till he reached Magh Life, and on the green of a certain Dun [fort] there he saw youths hurling. He went to contend in agility or to hurl along with them. He came with them next day, and they sent the fourth of their number against him. He came again, and they sent the third of their number against him, and finally they went all against him, and he won one game from them all. ‘ What is thy name ? ’ said they. ‘ Deimne,’ replied he. The youths tell this to the owner of the dun [fort]. ‘ Do ye kill him if he comes again, if ye are able,’ said he. ‘ We are not able to do aught unto him,’ replied they ; ‘ Deimne is his name.’ ‘ What is his appearance ? ’ said he. ‘ He is a well-shaped, fair

---

\* The rest of this Lullaby is lost. Indeed it would appear from the shortness of the sentences, and the abrupt and flighty nature of the composition, that the whole story has been very much condensed, and in some places mutilated.

[~~And~~ youth,' replied they. 'Deimne shall be named Finn therefore,' said he. And hence these young men used to call him Finn.

He came the next day to them, and joined them in their game: they attacked him all together, with their hurlets; but he made at them and prostrated seven of them, and [then] made off from them into the forests of Sliabh Bladhma.

He afterwards returned at the end of a week to the same place. What the youths were at [then] was swimming in the lake which was close by [the dun]. The youths challenged him to swim with them. He plunged into the lake to them, and afterwards drowned nine of them in the lake, and then made to Sliabh Bladhma himself. 'Who drowned the youths?' enquire all. 'Finn,' replied they [i. e. the survivors]. And for this the name of Finn clung to him [among all who heard of this deed of drowning].

He came forth on one occasion out beyond Sliabh Bladhma, the two heroines being along with him, and they perceived a fleet herd of the wild deer of the forest of the mountain. 'Alas!' said the two old women, 'that we cannot detain one of these with us.' I 'can [said Finn], and he ran upon them, and catching two bucks of them, brought them with him to his hunting booth. After this he used to hunt for them constantly. 'Depart from us now, O young man,' said the female warriors to him, 'for the sons of Morna are watching to kill thee.'

He went away from them alone [and halted not,] till he reached Loch Lein, and over Luachair till he hired in military service with the king of Bentrage. He did not go by any name here, but there was not at this time a hunter like him, and so 'the king' said to him: 'If Cumhall had left any son, methinks thou art he, but we have not heard of Cumhall having left any son, but Tulcha Mac Cumhaill, but he is in military service with the king of Albain.'

He afterwards bids farewell to the king, and goes away from him to Cairbrige, at this day called Ciarraige [Kerry], and he staid with this king in military service. The king came one day to play chess. He [Finn] played against him, and won seven games in succession. 'Who art thou?' said the king. 'The son of a peasant of the Bentrage of Teamhair,' replied he. 'Not so,' said the king; 'but thou art the son whom Muirenn [my present wife] brought forth for Cumhall; and do not be here any longer, that thou mayest not be killed while under my protection.' After this he went to Cuilleann O g-Cuanach to the house of Lochan, a chief smith: he had a very comely daughter, Outhne by name; she fell in love with the youth. 'I will give thee my daughter,' said the smith, 'although I know not who thou art.'

'Make lances for me,' said the youth to the smith. Lochan then made two spears for him. He then bade farewell to Lochan, and went his way. 'My son,' said Lochan, 'do not go on the passage on which the boar called Beo is usually [to be] seen; it has devastated the [whole of] Middle Munster. But the youth happened to go on the very pass where the pig was. The pig afterwards rushed at him, but he made a thrust of his spear at it, and drove it through it, so that he left it lifeless, and then brought the head of the pig with him

to the smith as a dowry for his daughter. From this is derived *Sliabh Muice in Munster*."

He proceeds into Connaught, kills *Liath Luachra* who had given the first wound to his father in the battle of Castle Knoc, recovers the spoils then lost, and restores them to *Crimall*, his uncle, son of *Trenmor*. He then takes service with the Druid Finn-eges.

"Seven years Finn-eges remained at the Boinn [Boyne] watching the salmon of Linn-Feic, for it had been prophesied that he would eat the [sacred] salmon of Fee, and that he would be ignorant of nothing afterwards. He caught the salmon, and ordered [his pupil] Deimne to roast it, and the poet told him not to eat of the salmon. The young man brought him the salmon. 'Hast thou eaten any of the salmon, O young man?' said the poet. 'No,' replied the young man, 'but I burned my thumb, and put it into my mouth afterwards.' 'What name is upon thee, O youth?' said he. 'Deimne,' replied the youth. 'Finn is thy name, O youth,' said he, 'and it was to thee the salmon was [really] given, [in the prophecy] to be eaten [not to me], and thou art the FINN truly.' The youth afterwards consumed the salmon, and it was from this the [preternatural] knowledge was given to Finn, i. e. when he used to put his thumb in his mouth, and not through *Teinn Laogha* [poetical incantation] whatever he had been ignorant of used to be revealed to him.

He learned the three compositions which signify the poets, namely, the *Teinn Laogha*, the *Imus for Osa*, and the *Dicadul dicennad*; and it was then Finn composed this poem to prove his poetry:

'May-day delightful time! how beautiful the color!

The blackbirds sing their full lay, would that Laignalg were here!  
The cuckoos sing in constant strains, how welcome is the noble  
Brilliance of the seasons ever! on the margin of the branchy  
woods

The summer swail skim the stream, the swift horses seek the pool,  
The heath spreads out its long hair, the weak fair bogdown grows.  
Sudden consternation attacks the signs, the planets in their courses  
running exert an influence:

The sea is lulled to rest, flowers cover the earth."

It may be supposed that when Cormac, King of Ireland, was informed of the gifts acquired by Fion, on tasting of the *Salmon of knowledge*, he became desirous of securing him as a partizan. So we next find him appointed leader of the Fiance: we will only slightly allude to the qualification necessary for obtaining admission into that body. The postulant should defend himself with a hazel stick from javelins cast at him at once by nine men;—he should tie up his long hair, and run at full speed through a wood without letting it get into disorder;—he was to jump over a bough as high as his chin, and run under one as low as his knee, while chased through a thick forest.

To pull a thorn out of one's foot when running at full speed, or tread on a rotten stick without breaking it, requires good natural aptitude and some practice, and these were indispensable for admission into Fion's militia. Any man that had not music in his soul, or a facility in the composition of verse, was inadmissible; and every successful candidate made oath of some kind, that he would relieve the poor according to his ability, be loyal to king and chief, and never offer insult or wrong to a woman. His relatives were always to bind themselves not to seek for revenge or eric, in case of his falling in fight, but leave the care of his memory to his comrades.

These were severe ordeals, but look to the privileges of the body! They were cantoned on the inhabitants from *Samhain* to *Bealtinne*, and at liberty to hunt, and fish, and use all edible fruits from *Bealtinne* to *Samhain*. If an ordinary son of Eire wished to contract a marriage, he should get the consent of the Fenian chief in his district. The salmon, deer, and smaller game were rigidly preserved for their use; and if a simple mortal killed a stag, he should replace it by an ox, and a fawn by a milch cow. Let Miss Martineau write *English Forest and Game Law Tales* after this!

In morality and respect paid to women, the Celts and Teutons were far in advance of the far-trumpeted Greeks. In our own island in days of yore, the sex now called weak had terrible privileges, and some times abused them. If a lady put *Geasa* (obligation or prohibition) on a knight, he had no loop hole of escape;—he should obey her, however unreasonable the request. Thus at the wedding feast of *Fion* and *Grainne*, king Cormac's daughter, the bride lays *Geasa* on *Diarmuid O'Duibhne* to carry her off; and though this was highly repugnant to his loyal feeling and in direct contravention to his military oath, he was obliged to comply. When *Fion* was on his shifts in his youth, and had no better raiment than the skins of the animals he slew for food, he found one morning a fine assemblage of ladies on one bank of a great chasm, and a party of gentlemen on the other. A proud princess had insisted on her lover, that he should clear the chasm before she gave him her hand; but the poor fellow was merely clapping his arms round his body to screw his courage to the springing point. *Fion* modestly asked, if she would take himself for her wedded lord on his accomplishing the feat. Her answer was that he looked a personable man, though marvellously ill-clad, and she



would give him the privilege if he succeeded. He did succeed, but she laid *Geasa* on him that he should make the same leap every year. Another fair tyrant insisted on his leaping over a *dallan* as high as his chin, with a similar pillar stone of the same dimensions borne upright on the palm of his hand. Fion at a later period avowed in confidence to his father-in-law, that this was the most difficult exploit he had ever achieved, and his assertion appears to us worthy of belief. As children and fools should not be indulged with sharp-edged weapons, we may gather from the above facts, that ladies, even though of pure Gaelic blood, should not have their demands granted, when verging on the unreasonable, especially as *Fion* on one occasion, fell short and was nearly killed. It was of a Friday morning, and he had met a red-haired woman on the road.

In the second volume, which is taken up with *Fion's* visit to the house of *Conan* of *Ceann Sleibhe* in Clare, he is put under *Geasa* to relate several circumstances connected with the Fenians. The demand and supply went on in this wise.

"Tell me," said Conan, "which are the sweetest strains you ever enjoyed."

"I will tell you," replied Fionn. "When the seven constant battalions of the Fenians assemble on our plain and raise their standards of chivalry above their heads: then when the howling, whistling blast of the dry, cold wind rushes through them and over them, that is very sweet to me. When the drinking hall is furnished in *Almhuin*, and the cup-bearers hand the bright cups of chaste workmanship to the chiefs of the Fenians, the ring of the cups, when drained to the last drop, on the tables of the *Bruighin*, is very sweet to me. Sweet to me is the scream of the sea-gull, and of the heron, the roar of the waves on *Traigh-lighe* (*Tralee*), the song of the three sons of *Meardha*, the whistle of *Mac Lughaidh*, the Dord of *Fearagaradh*, the voice of the cuckoo in the first month of summer, the grunting of the hogs on *Magh Eitne*, and the echo of loud laughter in *Derry*. And he sung this lay:—

"The Dord of the green-topped woods,  
The dashing of the wave against the shore,  
Or the force of the waves at *Tralee*,  
When they meet the *Lee* of the white trout.

Three (men) who joined the Fenians,—  
One of them was gentle, one was fierce,  
Another was contemplating the stars,  
They were sweeter than any melody.

The azure wave of the ocean,  
When a man cannot distinguish its course,  
A swell that sweeps fish upon dry land,  
A melody to lull to sleep—sweet its effect.

Feargaill, son of Fionn, a man quick in execution,  
 Long and smooth the career of his glory,  
 Never composed a melody which did not reveal his mind:  
 A lulling repose to me were his strains.

"Win victory and blessings," said Conan, "and tell me now the names of all those whom you have ever satirised or dispraised—who was the man that, having only one leg, one arm, and one eye, escaped from you in consequence of his swiftness, and outstripped the Fenians of Eire, and why is this proverb used, 'As Roc came to the house of Fionn?'"

"I will tell you that," said Fionn. "One day the chief of the Fenians and I went to Teamhair Luachra, and we took nothing in the chase that same day but one fawn. When it had been cooked, it was fetched to me for the purpose of dividing it. I gave a portion of it to each of the Fenian chiefs, and there remained none for my own share but a haunch bone. Gobha Gaoithe, son of Ronan, presented himself, and requested me to give him the haunch; I accordingly gave it to him: he then declared that I gave him that portion on account of his swiftness of foot, and he went out on the plain, but he had only gone a short distance, when Caoilte, son of Ronan, his own brother, overtook him, and brought the haunch back again to me, and we had no further dispute about the matter. We had not been long so, when we saw a huge, obnoxious, massy-boned, black, detestable giant, having only one eye, one arm, and one leg, hop forward towards us. He saluted us; I returned the salutation, and asked him whence he came. 'I am come by the powers of the agility of my arm and leg,' responded he, 'having heard there is not one man in the world more liberal in bestowing gifts than you, O Fionn; therefore I am come to solicit wealth and valuable gifts from you.' I replied, that were all the wealth of the world mine, I would give him neither little nor much. He then declared 'they were all liars who asserted that I never gave a refusal to any person.' I replied, that if he were a man, I would not give him a refusal. 'Well, then,' said the giant, 'let me have that haunch you have in your hand, and I will say good bye to the Fenians, provided that you allow me the length of the haunch as a distance, and that I am not seized upon until I make my first hop.' Upon hearing this I gave the haunch into the giant's hand, and he hopped over the lofty stockades of the town: he then made use of the utmost swiftness of his one leg to outstrip all the rest (of the Fenians). When the Fenian chiefs saw that, they started in pursuit of the giant, while I and the band of minstrels of the town went to the top of the dún to watch their proceedings. When I saw that the giant had outstripped them a considerable distance, I put on my running habiliments, and taking no weapon but Mac an Loin in my hand, I started after the others. I overtook the hindmost division on Sliabh an Righ, the middle (next) division at Limerick, and the chiefs of the Fenians at Ath Bo, which is called Ath-Luain (Athlone), and those first in the pursuit at Rinn-an-Ruaigh, to the right hand side of Cruachan of Connacht, where he (the giant) was distant less than a javelin's cast from me.

The giant passed on before me, and crossed Eas Roe (now Ballyshannon) of the son of Modhuirn, without wetting his foot: I leaped over it after him. He then directed his course towards the estuary of Binn-Edair, keeping the circuit of Eire to his right hand. The giant leaped over (the estuary), and it was a leap similar to a flight over the sea. I sprang after him, and having caught him by the small of the back, laid him prostrate on the earth. 'You have dealt unjustly by me, O Fionn,' cried the giant, 'for it was not with you I arranged the combat, but with the Fenians.' I replied, that the Fenians were not perfect, except I myself were with them. We had not remained long thus, when Liaghan Luaimneach from Luachar Deaghaidh came up to us; he was followed by Caoilte Mac Ronan, together with the swiftest of the Fenians. Each of them couched his javelin, intending to drive it through the giant, and kill him in my arms, but I protected him from their attacks. Soon after this the main body of the Fenians arrived: they enquired what was the cause of the delay, that the giant had not yet been slain. 'That is bad counsel,' said the giant, 'for a better man than I am would be slain in my *eric*.' We bound the giant strongly on that occasion; and soon after Bran Beag O'Buadhchan came to invite me to a feast, and all the Fenians of Eire, who were present, accompanied him to his house. The banqueting hall had been prepared for our reception at that time, and the giant was dragged into the middle of the house, and was there placed in the sight of all present. They asked him who he was. 'Roc, son of Diocan, is my name,' replied he, 'that is, I am son to the Legislator of Aengus of the *Brugh* in the south. My wife poured a current of surprising affection and a torrent of deep love upon Sgiath Breac, son of Dathcaoin yonder, who is your foster son, O Fionn. It hurt my feelings severely to hear her boast of the swiftness and bravery of her lover in particular, and of the Fenians in general, and I declared I would challenge him and all the Fenians of Eire, to run a race with me; but she sneered at me. I then went to my beloved friend, Aengus of the *Brugh*, to bemoan my fate; and he metamorphosed me thus, and bestowed on me the swiftness of a druidical wind, as you have seen.\* This is my history for you; and you ought to be well satisfied with all the hurt and injury you have inflicted on me already.' The giant was there-

- 
- \* The wind was one of the deities of the pagan Irish.

The murmuring of the Red Wind from the east,  
Is heard in its course by the strong as well as the weak;  
A wind that blasts the bottom of the trees,  
And withers men, is that Red Wind!

*Old Poem.*

Hence we see that there was a supernatural agency attributed to the Red Wind from the east by the Irish; in fact the wind being one of the pagan deities, it never lost any of its baneful influences in the popular superstitions of the Celtic race, and charm-mongers attributed much evil influence to its effects, and were wont to conjure it very menacingly in their spells. (*Translator*).

upon set at liberty, and we could not learn where he betook himself. The proverb, 'As Boc came to the house of Fionn,' has originated from that circumstance; and so that is the answer to your question, O Conan," said Fionn."

At pages 149 and following of second volume will be found a very curious allegorical tale for which we do not refer the readers to the original, as it is not to be procured, but we hope to see the early volumes reprinted. The ensuing extract, if true to what might have happened, gives us insight into a curious state of things as regarded marriage and divorce among our Pagan ancestors.

Recent proceedings in Parliament and pending proceedings in Doctors' Commons, force on us the belief that the restoration of this ancient custom would be acceptable to a section of English society of the present day.

"Win victory and blessings," said Conan, "and inform me what kindred have Bran and Sceolung\* to you, where it was you found them, and who were the three half brothers by the mother's side, that they had in the Fenian ranks?"

"I will tell you about that," said Fionn. "Muirrionn Mongcaemh, daughter of Tadhg son of Nuaghat, my mother, once paid me a visit, on which occasion she was accompanied by her sister Tuirreann, daughter of Tadhg: there were at that same time with me two princes, chiefs of the Fenians of Ulster, Iollann Eachtach and Feargus Fionn-mór, sons of Cas Cuailgne. Iollann Eachtach was paying his addresses to Tuirreann, and was deeply in love with her, and I gave her to him in marriage upon certain conditions, namely, that she should be restored safe to me, whenever I demanded her, and that the Fenian chiefs should become sureties for her safe return. The reason I demanded that was, Iollann was attended by a familiar female spirit named Uchtdealbh (Fair-bosom), daughter of the king of Coillen Feidhlim, and being apprehensive she might destroy Tuirreann, I therefore gave her from my hand into that of Oisín; Oisín gave her into the hand of Caoilte; Caoilte gave her into the hand of Mac Luigheach; Mac Luigheach gave her into the hand of Diarmuid O'Duibhne; Diarmuid gave her into the hand of Goll, son of Moirne; Goll gave her into the hand of Lughaidh Lamha, son of Eoghan Tailéach; and Lughaidh gave her into the hand of Iollann Eachtach, saying:—'I deliver to you this young woman upon the condition, that when Fionn thinks proper to demand her, you shall restore her safe, as in duty bound.' After that mutual engagement, Iollann conducted her to his own house, and she remained

---

\* Bran a3ar Szeolal173. Names of Fionn's favourite hounds. Szeolal173 is sometimes written ceólb173, *sweet voice*, of which the name in common use is undoubtedly a corruption. (Translator).

with him until she became pregnant. That familiar spirit of Iollann paid Tuirreann a visit, under a disguised appearance, and said, 'O princess, Fionn wishes you long life and health, and desires you to exercise hospitality on a large scale; come out with me until I speak a few words with you, as I am in a hurry.' The young woman accompanied her out, and when they were some distance from the house, she took her dark druidical wand from under her garment, and having struck the young woman with it, metamorphosed her into a greyhound, the handsomest that the human eye ever beheld, and brought her along with her to the house of Feargus Fionnliath, king of Ath-cliaith Meagraith.\* Now, this was the character of Feargus: he was the most unsociable individual in the world, and he would not permit a hound to remain in the same house along with him. Nevertheless, the courier† said to him, 'Fionn sends to greet you, wishing you long life and health, O Feargus, and requests you will take good care of this hound against his coming here; she is heavy with young, therefore take particular care of her, and do not suffer her to hunt (after her foetus grows heavier); if you do otherwise, Fionn will not thank you.' 'I am much surprised at this order,' replied Feargus, 'since Fionn well knows that there is not in the world a more unsociable being than myself, yet I will not refuse Fionn's request respecting the first hound he ever sent me.'

As regards Feargus: he soon after brought out his hound to the chase to test her value; and made a great havoc in the hunt that day, and every other day, during a month, for the hound never saw a wild animal that she would not run down. At the expiration of that time she grew heavy with young, so that she was afterwards led to the chase no more; and Feargus was filled with love and a strong passion for hounds ever after. The wife of Feargus happened to be confined about that time; and she gave birth to an infant the same night that the hound whelped two puppies, a male and female. It so happened during the previous seven years, that whenever Feargus's wife was confined, a Fomorach used to come that same night, and

---

\* *At Cliaith Meagraith*. The ancient name of Galway harbour.

† *Caclaic*, signifies a courier; and strangely enough, those couriers were, many of them at least, females, as in the present case. *Leaban-cam* was the favourite courier of Conchubar Mac Nessa, King of Ulster, and *Bozma* was the courier of Cumhall. Iollann's *Leannan Sighe* assumed the character of a courier in order to deceive her intended victim. The *Leannan Sighe*s always bestowed their affections on some mortal object, as appears from the account of them in our MSS. as well as in popular tradition. There is a curious story current among the people concerning the love which *Clíodhna*, the fairy princess, bore towards a Munster Chieftain. She is said to have assumed the appearance of *Sighe Ni Mharranan*, a swineherd's daughter, and to have become a servant in the house of the young chief's father, in which situation she managed, by industry and good conduct, to rise to the situation of a lady's maid in the family, and at last to win the affections of the object of her love. (*Translator*).

carry away the infant. However, Eithleann met Fionn at the end of a year, and having arranged a hospitable meeting at the house of Feargus Fionnliath, they delivered Fergus from the plague of the Fomorach.

As regards Fionn; when he learned that his mother's sister was not living with Iollann Eachtach, he insisted on the fulfilment of the pledge by which the Fenians were bound to restore her safely; the pledge passed (from one to the other) to Lughaidh Lamha the last. Lughaidh pledged his word that he would bring the head of Iollunn to Fionn, unless he (Iollan) would deliver to him Tuirreann alive and safe, that he might restore her to redeem his own pledge. Iollann requested time to go in quest of Tuirreann, having pledged his word that if he was unable to find her, he would surrender himself, in order to free Lughaidh from his obligation. Lughaidh granted him that request; and Iollan immediately proceeded to the Sighe\* of Coilleann Feidhlim where Uchtdealbh, his Leannan Sighe, then was: he told her the purport of his visit. 'Well then,' said Uchtdealbh, 'if you will consent to give me a pledge and bond that you are willing to have me as your spouse to the termination of your life, I will free you from your difficulty.' Iollann gave what she required; and she went to the house of Feargus Fionnliath, to fetch the young woman, and restored her to her natural shape, at a short distance from the house. Uchtdealbh brought the young woman to me, and informed me that she had been pregnant before her metamorphosis into a hound, and had given birth to two puppies, a male and female. She told me also that whichever I chose them to be, either human beings or hounds, they should accordingly be such. I replied, that if they were to be given to me, I would prefer that they should remain hounds. In the meantime, Lughaidh Lamha requested that I should reward him for his guardianship by giving him Tuirreann to wife. I gave her; and she remained with him, until she gave birth to three sons, namely, Sgiath Breac, Aodhgan Ruadh, and Cael Crodha, and these are the three sons born of the same mother who gave birth to Bran and Sceoluing. Hence, this is the solution of your question, O Conan," said Fionn.

The *Eithleann* so obscurely mentioned is said to have been a *Leannan Sighe* that attended *Fionn*. Watching the Fomorian giant, in the shape of a wolf hound, when he came to take away the infant, she bit off his arm and thus prevented the theft. She afterwards conducted *Fionn*, *Fergus*, and the rest to the giant's cave, where they recovered the children that had been carried away.

We have in these volumes several proofs (if any such were wanted), that our Fairy lore and *undoubted* superstitions, have been bequeathed to us from our heathen forefathers. Here

---

\* *Sighe*, residence of a fairy in an enchanted hill.

we have the *Jeannan Sighe*, and elsewhere we can trace our May-bushes, bonfires on St. John's eve, and Holland-tide divinations up to Bealtinne (Sun's Fire), the Midsummer festival of the sun, and the Moon's festival at Samhain. The early missionaries had Christian festivals appointed at the same periods, to turn the people from idolatrous rites; but though the new converts were well disposed to adore God, and to pay due reverence to the *Baptist* and the Saints in general, they would mingle relics of the old superstition with the Christian solemnities. We are unwilling to believe that our Gaelic grandfathers sacrificed human victims in the Baal-fires: perhaps they preserved the memory of the horrid Phœnician rite by making their cattle, or prisoners, or young people pass through them: if so, it will account for our youngsters still jumping thro the May and midsummer bonfires.

If we can trust the author of *Fion's* visit to *Conan of Ceana Sleibhe*, the Danaans were a powerful party in Ireland in the third century. Enveloped in their *cloak of darkness*, the *Feigh Fiadh*, they surrounded the house during the marriage feast, to kill *Fion*, *Fion's* wife, and *Fion's* father-in-law, and every one connected with them, as the lady had been intended for the wife of one of their chiefs. Another instance of the terrible usage of the *Geasa* will be seen in the following extract.

"As for Fionnbharr\* of Magh Feabhail; he despatched messengers to the different parts of Eire, to summon the Tuatha de Danaans from all quarters, for Fionnbharr was king over them. Six large well appointed battalions, from all parts, assembled on the margin of Loch Dearg-dheirc within the space of a month. This muster took place upon the very day that Conan had the wedding feast ready for Fionn and the Fenians. He (Conan) sent Soistreach, his own female courier, to Teanhair Luachra, to invite Fionn and the Fenians. When she had delivered her message to Fionn, she returned back by Loch Dearg-dheirc, and the Tuatha de Danaans having seen her pass, Failbhe Beag followed her, to ask her the news. She informed him

\* Fionnbharr Māgh Feabail. A powerful prince of the Tuatha de Danaans. The Connacht peasantry believe that he is the king of the fairies of their province: they call him Fionnbharra, others Flat-beanac Fionnbharri ri3 na b-feap m-bea3. His residence is in Knockmadh, near Castle Hackett, County of Galway; and the neighbouring peasantry relate many strange stories about that being. To Fionnbharra they attribute the great success attending the family of Kirwan on the turf. Fionnbharra makes no scruple to supply any vacancies that may occur in his forces by the admission of some of his mortal neighbours: all these become ri3o or long-livers. (*Translator*).

that she had been before Flóinn Mac Cúmhail. Failbhe Beag asked her where Fionn then was, and how many men he had with him. 'I left him at Teathair Luachra, and ten hundred is the number of his companions,' answered she. She also told him that Fionn was to spend that night with Conan of Cenn Sleibhe. When Failbhe heard that, he struck the female courier with his sword, and cut her in two: he then dragged her remains, and cast them into the (adjoining) river. Hence that stream is called Dubhghearthach from that time to the present. \* \* \*

With respect to Fionnbharr of Magh Feabhail and the Tuatha de Danaans; they enveloped themselves in the *Feigh Fiadh*, and marched forward invisibly, powerfully, with steadiness, and without delay—none contending for precedence—in sixteen armed, well-appointed, well-marshalled battalions, to the plain opposite the house of Conan of Cenn Sleibhe. 'It is little use for us to be here,' said they, 'since the service of the sword of Goll is engaged in the defence of Fionn against us.' 'Goll shall not protect him on this occasion,' said Eithne the druidess, 'for I will beguile Fionn out of the house, despite of the vigilant care that is kept over him.'

She proceeded on to the *town* (house), and stood opposite to Fionn on the outside. 'Who is he that is before my face?' asked she. 'It is I myself,' responded Fionn. 'The *geasa* by which a true hero never suffered himself to be bound be upon you, unless you come outside without delay,' said she. Fionn did not suffer the *geasa* to hang over him, but walked out without delay; and, though there were many persons inside, none of them noticed Fionn leaving the house, except Caoilte alone. He walked up to Eithne the druidess. At that same time the Tuatha de Danaans let fly a flock of dark birds with fiery beaks to the Dun (of Conan); and these (birds) perched on the chests and bosoms of all the people (within), and scorched and tormented them to such a degree, that the young lads, the women and the children belonging to the place betook themselves to flight from the Dun in all directions, and the wife of Conan, whose name was Canana, was drowned in the river outside the town. Eithne, the druidess, then challenged Fionn to run a race with her, 'for,' said she, 'it was for the purpose of running a race with you I called you out.' 'What shall be the distance?' asked Fionn. 'From Doire-dá-thorc in the west, to Ath-mór in the east,' said she. They arranged the matter so; but Fionn got across the Ath (ford) before her, while, in the meantime, Caoilte was following him. Fionn began to urge on Caoilte, saying, 'you ought to be ashamed of your running and of your (small) amount of swiftness, since a woman is able to leave you behind.' Caoilte thereupon sprang forward, and, making a very distressing bound, struck his shoulders against the hag's chest at Doire-an-t-Seannich in the south; and then, having turned about, he made a slash of his sword at her in the waist, so that he divided her into two equal parts.

'Win victory and blessings, O Caoilte,' exclaimed Fionn, 'for, though many is the good blow you have struck in your time, you never dealt a better one than that.' They then returned back to the green before the town, where they found the Tuatha de Danaans



drawn up in martial order before them, after having thrown off their *Feigh Faidha*. 'It seems to me, O Caoilte,' said Fionn, 'that we have fallen into the thick of our enemies in this Dun.' They thereupon turned back to back, and every warrior on all sides attacked them, so that groans of weakness from the unequal contest were wrung from Fionn. Goll, having heard them, exclaimed, 'It is a sorrowful case, for the Tuatha de Danaans have enticed Fionn and Caoilte away from us; let us arise with speed to their help.' They, thereupon, rushed out upon the green in a dense body, determined upon the performance of great feats and carnage, supported by Conan Ceann Sleibhe and his sons.\* But now that proud, aggressive, chieftain of champions, the body-mangling fiery hero, the terrible loud thunderer, and the fresh blooming branch invincible in battle, Goll, son of Moirne, son of Garraidh Glundubh, son of Aodh Dúnaidh, son of Aodh Ceannchlaire, son of Conall, son of Saidhbhre, son of Ceat mac Maghach, son of Cairbre Ceanndearg, son of the king of Connacht, became enraged; like a towering mountain under his grey shield was he in battle! He laid prostrate the bravest of their leaders, he mangled the bodies of their nobles, and burst through the ranks of their chieftains; he shortened limbs and delved into skulls, until he reached their pillar of support, Fionnbhar of Magh Feabhail himself. They commenced to attack one another, until both the royal champions were mangled and disfigured, in consequence of the hard struggle which they maintained. The result of the combat was, that Fionnbhar of Magh Feabhail fell by the heavy, hard-dealt strokes of Goll. Failbhe fell by the hand of Caoilte. Eochadh Mór, son of Lughaidh, the nimble hero of the quickly-dealt strokes, sprang into the midst of the enemy, and commenced to hew down and carve the troops, until he met the furious and valorous man, Donn Uatha: they engaged one another; and the end of the conflict was, that both fell foot to foot and face to face on the spot. Rachta Dearg was slain in the conflict by Sgolb Sgeine, son of Oisín. Rochar was slain by Garraidh Glundubh, and the two Sgails fell by the hands of each other. The three Domhnalls were slain by the hands of Conan the Bald, son of Moirne, without any assistance whatever. The two Cairbres were slain by Conan of Ceann Sleibhe and his son. But few of the battles of Erin were ever fought with such dreadful determination as was that battle; for no individual on either side wished, or was guilty of the dishonor, to yield or retreat a single step, from the spot on which he engaged his opponent: for they were the most hard-fighting bodies of men to be found in any of the four parts of the globe, namely, the manly, bloody, robust Fenians of Fionn, and the white-toothed, handsome Tuatha de Danaans; and they both were nearly annihilated in that battle."

During his visit at *Ceann Sleibhe*, Fionn related how he was transformed into a decrepid old man at the lake of Slieve

\* "Ἰὼν ὁ ἀρχηγός, ὁ Φαίγγας ἀπὸ τοῦ ἡγεῖος καὶ πολεμικοῦ, ἀφ' ὃν ἡ λαὸς ἐκπατρίδα ἰσχυροῦς, ἀφ' ὃν ἡ τοῦ κατὰ μαρτυροῦντος, ἀφ' ὃν ἡ βίη ἐκπατρίδα ἐκπατρίδα, ἐκπατρίδα ἡ τοῦ κατὰ μαρτυροῦντος, &c."

Guilleán in the north. The legend has been rendered into English verse by Dr. Drummond, Miss Brooke, and others, and is not here detailed, as it is perhaps the most widely known of all Fenian stories.

In the first and second volumes, edited by Mr. O'Kearney, there is a large mass of information conveyed in the introduction and notes, concerning the ancient mythological sources from which our Fairy lore has flowed down to us. Indeed his only embarrassment seems to have arisen from want of space to set his legendary stories in suitable order.

The third volume is chiefly occupied with the *Pursuit of Fion after Diarmuid and Grainne*. It is edited by Mr. S. H. O'Grady, who in the introduction, gives a list of the principal Fenian tales and poems. His remarks on the structure of the language, its aptitude for poetry, its richness in nearly synonymous epithets, and the abuses made by the poets of its facilities for alliteration and assonance, will be found most useful to Irish students; we have much pleasure in quoting the text of part of his sound, critical, and judicious observations.

"Whatever it may be that has given vitality to the traditions of the mythic and elder historic periods, they have survived to modern times; when they have been formed into large manuscript collections, of which the commonest title is "*Bolg an t-Salathair*," answering to "*A Comprehensive Miscellany*." These were for the most part written by professional scribes and school-masters, and being then lent to, or bought by those who could read, but had no leisure to write, used to be read aloud in farmers' houses on occasions when numbers were collected at some employment, such as wool-carding in the evenings; but especially at wakes. Thus the people became familiar with all these tales. The writer has heard a man who never possessed a manuscript, nor heard of O'Flanagan's publication, relate at the fireside the death of the sons of Uisneach without omitting one adventure, and in great part retaining the very words of the written versions. Nor is it to be supposed that these manuscripts, though written in modern Irish, are in the mere colloquial dialect—any more than an English author now writes exactly as he converses. The term modern may be applied to the language of the last three centuries, when certain inflections and orthographical rules obtained, which have since held their ground; and the manuscripts we speak of, though admitting some provincialisms, many of which are differences of pronunciation more than anything else, have retained the forms proper to the modern literate language.

In some manuscripts, certainly, these distinctions have not been observed; but we here speak of good ones, among which we class the two, from which has been derived the text published in the present volume. The first is a book containing a number of legends and Ossianic

poems, and entitled "Boig an t-Salathair;" written in 1780, at Cooleen, near Portlaw, in the county of Waterford, by Labhras O' Fuarain or Lawrence Foran, a schoolmaster: and he apologises in a note for the imperfections of his manuscript, alleging in excuse the constant noise and many interruptions of his pupils. The second is a closely written quarto of 881 pages, from the pen of Martan O' Griobhtha, or Martin Griffin of Kilrush, in the county of Clare, 1842-3. This manuscript, which a few years ago came into the Editor's possession, is called by the scribe "An Sgeulaidhe," i. e. The Story-teller, and is entirely devoted to Fenian and other legends, of which it contains thirty-eight: some having been transcribed from manuscripts of 1749.

From what has been said before, it will be understood that the language of these tales in their popular form, though not by any means ancient, is yet, when edited with a knowledge of orthography and a due attention to the mere errors of transcribers, extremely correct and classical; being in fact the same as that of Keating. Nor is it wise to undervalue the publication of them on the score of the newness of their language, and because there exists more ancient versions of some, providing always that the text printed be good and correct of its kind. On the contrary, it seemed on this account most desirable to publish them, that there have hitherto been, as we may say, no text books of the modern language,\* whilst there still are at home and abroad, many Irishmen well able to read and enjoy such, were they to be had. The Fenian romances are not, it is true, of so great an interest to those philologists whose special pursuit it is to analyse and compare languages in their oldest phase, such as the ancient Irish remains which have been edited with so much learning and industry during the last twenty years; but they will delight those who lack time, inclination, or other requisites for that study of grammars and lexicons, which should prepare them to understand the old writings; and who read Irish, moreover, for amusement and not for scientific purposes. It has been already said that some of these legends and poems are new versions of old; but it is not to be supposed that they are so in at all the same degree or the same sense as, for instance, the modernised *Canterbury Tales* are of Chaucer's original work. There is this great difference, that in the former, nothing has been changed but some inflections and constructions, and the orthography, which has become more fixed; the genius and idiom of the language, and in a very great measure the words, remaining the same; whilst in the latter all these have been much altered. Again, the new versions of Chaucer are of the present day; whereas our tales and poems, both the modifications of older ones, and

---

\* Almost the only original work in correct Irish ever printed in the country, was a portion of Keating's History, published by Mr. William Haliday in 1811; which is both uninviting in appearance, and difficult to procure. Most other Irish works have been translations, of which the best undoubtedly is the translation of Thomas a Kempis, by the Rev. Daniel A. O'Sullivan, P. P. of Inniskeen, county of Cork, who is an accomplished Irish scholar and poet.

those which in their very origin are recent, are one with the other, most probably three hundred years old.

The style of the Irish romantic stories will doubtless strike as very peculiar those to whom it is new, and it is to be hoped that no educated Irishman will be found so enthusiastic as to set them up for models of composition—howbeit, there is much to be considered in explanation of their defects. The first thing that will astonish an English reader is the number of epithets; but we must remember that these stories were composed and recited not to please the mind only, but also the ear. Hence, adjectives, which in a translation appear to be heaped together in a mere chaos, are found in the original to be arranged upon principles of alliteration. Nor will the number alone, but also the incongruity of epithets, frequently be notorious, so that they appear to cancel each other like + and — quantities in an algebraical expression."

The Editor then adduces a pile of epithets applied to a king, occupying twelve lines of *Bourgeois*, and remarks how easily a more judicious arrangement might be made, but then as he observes,—

"The writer would have been compelled to break up his long chain of adjectives which fell so imposingly in the native tongue on the listener's ear, and to forego the alliterative arrangement of them, which is this:—The first three words in the above sentence, (a noun and two adjectives), begin with vowels; the next two adjectives with *c*; then follow three beginning with *l*; five with *f*; three with *c*; three with *s*; three with *m*; three with *r*; four with *e*; three with *g*; four with *n*; two with vowels; and four with *b*.

Alliteration was practised in poetry by the Anglo-Saxons, but this seems attributable rather to the embryo state of taste amongst them, and to an ignorance of what really constitutes poetic beauty, than to the genius of their language; hence the usage did not obtain in the English, and at the present day, alliteration, whether in prose or poetry, is offensive and inadmissible, except when most sparingly and skilfully used to produce a certain effect. It was, doubtless, the same want of taste which introduced, and a want of cultivation, which perpetuated the abuse of alliteration amongst the Celtic nations, and prevented the bards of Ireland and Wales from throwing off the extraordinary fetters of their prosody\* in this respect; and it is a great evidence of the power and copiousness of the Celtic tongues, that even thus cramped they should have been able to move freely in poetry. Impose the rules of prosody by which the mediæval and later Celtic poets wrote, upon any other modern European language, and your nearest approach to poetry will be *nonsensical-verse*, as the first attempts of school-boys in Latin verse are called, where their object is merely to arrange a number of words in a given metre, without regard to sense. Alliteration was not only abused in poetry, but also in prose; and indeed it may be asked whether the introduction of it at all into the latter is not of itself an abuse. But differently from many other languages, the genius of the Gaelic, apart

---

\* Which includes minute and stringent rules of assonance as well as of alliteration.

from external causes, seems to impel to alliteration, and its numerous synonyms invite to repetitions which, properly used, add strength, and being abused, degenerate into jingle and tautology. The Irish speakers of the present day very commonly, for emphasis sake, use two synonymous adjectives without a conjunction, instead of one with an adverb, and these they almost invariably choose so that there shall be an alliteration. Thus a very mournful piece of news will be colled 'Sgeul dubhach dobronach,' or 'Sgeul dubhach doilghiosach,' or 'Sgeul buaidheartha bronach,' in preference to 'Sgeul dubhach bronach,' and other arrangements; all the epithets having, in the above sentences at least, exactly the same meaning. An obstinate man that refuses to be persuaded, will be called 'Duine dur dall,' and not 'Duine dur caoch;' 'dall' and 'caoch' alike meaning 'blind.' Besides the alliteration, the words are always placed so as to secure a euphonic cadence. And this would denote that the alliterations of the Irish and further proofs of their regard for sound, have other sources than a vitiated taste: but it is to this latter that we must attribute the perversion of the euphonic capabilities of the language, and of the euphonic appreciation of its hearers, which led to the sacrifice of sense and strength to sound; and this taste never having been corrected, the Irish peasantry, albeit they make in their conversation a pleasing and moderate use of alliteration and repetition, yet admire the extravagance and bombast of these romances. Another quality of the Irish also, their corrupt taste caused to run riot, that is their vivid imagination, which forthwith conspired with their love of euphony to heap synonym on synonym. It is well known how much more strongly even an English speaking Irishman will express himself than an Englishman: where the latter will simply say of a man, 'He was making a great noise,' the other will tell you that 'He was roaring and screeching and bawling about the place.' Sometimes this liveliness becomes exceedingly picturesque and expressive: the writer has heard a child say of one whom an Englishman would have briefly called a half-starved wretch, 'The breath is only just in and out of him, and the grass doesn't know him walking over it.'

Had these peculiar qualifications of ear and mind, joined to the mastery over such a copious and sonorous language as the Gaelic, been guided by a correct taste, the result would doubtless have been many strikingly beautiful productions both in prose and verse. As it is, the writings of Keating are the only specimens we have of Irish composition under these conditions. Of these, two being theological, do not allow any great scope for a display of style; but his history is remarkably pleasing and simple, being altogether free from bombast or redundancy of expression, and reminding the reader forcibly of Herodotus.

But, notwithstanding that so many epithets in our romantic tales are superfluous and insipid, great numbers of them are very beautiful and quite Homeric. Such are the following, applied to a ship, 'wide-wombed, broad-canvassed, ever-dry, strongly-leaping;'—to the sea, 'ever-broken, showery topped, (alluding to the spray);—to the waves, 'great-thundering, howling-noisy.' Some of these are quite as sonorous and expressive as the famous *πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης*.

Through the body of the tale now under consideration run veins of the finest romantic poesy, intermingled with others which attract by the naïveté or the strange quaintness of the expression. *Fion* appears to great disadvantage, and *Diarmuid* except in one instance, exhibits the magnanimity and loyalty to his comrades, of a Chevalier of the Christian ages of faith. We suppose that in this and other legends, the editors have been obliged to use the knife, but (in our opinion) to a very small extent. A healthy moral tone (making due allowances) pervades the genuine Celtic legends as well as the fictitious literature of Spain. An English scholar can only arrive in the translation at the pleasure arising from feeling, or description, justness of expression, or conduct of the tale, but the reader skilled in Irish enjoys along with these, the charm produced by euphony, alliteration, and the vivid painting of the images or sentiments in the copious and sonorous poetry of the original.

Let sympathy be given to the poor hero on reading the evil chance he falls on at the opening of the poem. *Fionn*, though not on very good terms with *Cormac*, is about to be married to his daughter, and high festival is held in the *Miodchuarta*, the banqueting hall of Tara of the kings.

"The king of Erinsat down to enjoy drinking and pleasure, with his wife at his left shoulder, that is to say, Eithe, the daughter of Atan of Corcaigh, and Grainne at her shoulder, and Fionn Mac Cumhaill at the king's right hand; and Cairbre Liffeachair the son of Cormac, sat at one side of the same royal house, and Oisín the son of Fionn at the other side, and each one of them sat according to his rank and to his patrimony from that down. . . . .

'Tell me now,' said Grainne, to Daire Mac Morna of the songs, 'who is that warrior at the right shoulder of Oisín the son of Fionn?' 'Yonder,' said the druid, 'is Goll Mac Morna, the active, the warlike.' 'Who is that warrior at the shoulder of Goll?' said Grainne. 'Oscar the son of Oisín,' said the druid. 'Who is that graceful-legged man at the shoulder of Oscar?' said Grainne. 'Caoilte Mac Ronain,' said the druid. 'What haughty impetuous warrior is that yonder at the shoulder of Caoilte?' said Grainne. 'The son of Lughaidh of the mighty hand, and that man is sister's son to Fionn Mac Cumhaill,' said the druid. 'Who is that freckled sweet-worded man, upon whom is the curling dusky-black hair, and [who has] the two red ruddy cheeks, upon the left hand of Oisín the son of Fionn?' 'That man is Diarmuid the grandson of Duibhne, the white-toothed, of the lightsome countenance; that is, the best lover of women and of maidens that is in the whole world.' Who is that at the shoulder of Diarmuid?' said Grainne. 'Diorruing the son of Dobhar Damhadh O'Baoisgne, and that man is a druid and a skilful man of science,' said Daire duanach.

'That is a goodly company,' said Grainne; and she called her attendant handmaid to her, and told her to bring to her the jewelled-

golden-chased goblet which was in the Grianan after her. The handmaid brought the goblet, and Grainne filled the goblet forthwith, (and there used to go into it [be contained in it] the drink of nine times nine men). Grainne said, "take the goblet to Fionn first, and bid him drink a draught out of it, and disclose to him that it is I that sent it to him." The handmaid took the goblet to Fionn, and told him everything that Grainne had bidden her say to him. Fionn took the goblet, and no sooner had he drunk a draught out of it, than there fell upon him a stupor of sleep and of deep slumber. Cormac took the draught and the same sleep fell upon him, and Eithe, the wife of Cormac, took the goblet and drank a draught out of it, and the same sleep fell upon her as upon all the others. Then Grainne called the attendant handmaid to her, and said to her: 'Take this goblet to Cairbre Liffeachair and tell him to drink a draught out of it, and give the goblet to those sons of kings by him.' The handmaid took the goblet to Cairbre, and he was not well able to give it to him that was next to him, before a stupor of sleep and of deep slumber fell upon him too, and each one that took the goblet, one after another, they fell into a stupor of sleep and of deep slumber.

Then Grainne turned her face to Diarmuid O'Duibhne, and what she said to him was: 'Wilt thou receive courtship from me, O son of Duibhne?' 'I will not,' said Diarmuid. 'Then,' said Grainne, 'I put thee under bonds of danger and of destruction, O Diarmuid, that is, under the bonds of Dromdraoidheachta, if thou take me not with thee out of this household to-night, ere Fionn and the king of Erin arise out of that sleep.'

'Evil bonds are those under which thou hast laid me, O woman,' said Diarmuid; "and wherefore hast thou laid those bonds upon me before all the sons of kings and of high princes in the king's mirthful house [called] *Míodhcheualrt* to-night, seeing that there is not of all those one less worthy to be loved by a woman than myself?" "By thy hand, O son of Duibhne, it is not without cause that I have laid those bonds on thee, as I will tell thee now.

'Of a day when the king of Erin was presiding over a gathering and muster on the plain of Teamhair, Fionn and the seven battalions of the standing Fenians, chanced to be there that day; and there arose a great goaling match between Cairbre Liffeachair the son of Cormac, and the son of Lughaidh, and the men of Breaghmhagh, and of Cearna, and the stout pillars of Teamhair arose on the side of Cairbre, and the Fenians of Erin on the side of the son of Lughaidh; and there were none sitting in the gathering that day but the king, and Fionn, and thyself, O Diarmuid. It happened that the game was going against the son of Lughaidh, and thou didst rise and stand, and didst take his caman from the next man to thee, and didst throw him to the ground and to the earth, and thou wentest into the game, and didst win the goal three times upon Cairbre and upon the warriors of Teamhair. I was that time in my Grianan of the clear view, of the blue windows of glass, gazing upon thee; and I turned the light of my eyes and of my sight upon thee that day, and I never gave that love to any other from that time to this, and will not for ever.'

'It is a wonder that thou shouldest give me that love instead of Fionn,' said Diarmuid, 'seeing that there is not in Erin a man that is

fonder of a woman than he; and knowest thou, O Grainne, on the night that Fionn is in Teamhair that he it is that has the keys of Teamhair, and that so we cannot leave the town?' 'There is a wicket-gate to my Grianan,' said Grainne, 'and we will pass out through it.' 'It is a prohibited thing for me to pass through any wicket-gate whatsoever,' said Diarmuid. 'Howbeit, I hear,' said Grainne, 'that every warrior and battle-champion can pass by the shafts of his javelins and by the staves of his spears, in or out over the rampart of every fort and of every town, and I will pass out by the wicket-gate, and do thou follow me so.'

Grainne went her way out, and Diarmuid spoke to his people, and what he said was: 'O Oisín, son of Fionn, what shall I do with these bonds that have been laid on me?' 'Thou art not guilty of the bonds which have been laid on thee,' said Oisín, 'and I tell thee to follow Grainne, and keep thyself well against the wiles of Fionn.' 'O Oscar, son of Oisín, what is good for me to do as to those bonds which have been laid upon me?' 'I tell thee to follow Grainne,' said Oscar, 'for he is a sorry wretch that fails to keep his bonds.' 'What counsel dost thou give me, O Caoilte?' said Diarmuid. 'I say,' said Caoilte, 'that I have a fitting wife, and yet I had rather than the wealth of the world, that it had been to me that Grainne gave that love.' 'What counsel givest thou me, O Diarraing?' 'I tell thee to follow Grainne, albeit thy death will come of it, and I grieve for it,' 'Is that the counsel of you all to me?' said Diarmuid. 'It is,' said Oisín, and said all the others together.

After that, Diarmuid arose and stood, and stretched forth his active warrior hand over his broad weapons, and took leave and farewell of Oisín and of the chiefs of the Fenians; and not bigger is a smooth-crimsoned whortleberry than was each tear that Diarmuid shed from his eyes at parting with his people. Diarmuid went to the top of the fort, and put the shafts of his two javelins under him, and rose with an airy, very light, exceeding high, bird-like leap, until he attained the breadth of his two soles of the beautiful grass-green earth on the plain without, and Grainne met him. Then Diarmuid spoke, and what he said was: 'I trow, O Grainne, that this is an evil course upon which thou art come; for it were better for thee have Fionn Mac Cumhall for lover than myself, seeing that I know not what nook or corner, or remote part of Erin I can take thee to now: Return again to the town, and Fionn will never learn what thou hast done.' 'It is certain that I will not go back,' said Grainne, 'and that I will not part from thee until death part me from thee.' 'Then go forward, O Grainne,' said Diarmuid."

The fugitives escape into Clanrickard in Galway, and *Diarmuid* fortifies a small grove in which they take shelter. Trackers from *Neamhuin* (Navan) find the grove, but their devoted friends *Oisín Oscur* and *Caoilte* send *Bran* to warn them. *Bran* understands his directions with "knowledge and wisdom," gets into the refuge, and thrusts his head into *Diarmuid's* bosom. His friends fear that their warning is not effective:



so *Fearghoir*, *Caoilte's* *giolla* gives three shouts that might be heard three cantreds off, and the fugitives find themselves fully awake to their situation.

"Diarmuid heard *Fearghoir*, and awoke Grainne out of her sleep, and what he said was : ' I hear the henchman of *Caoilte Mac Ronain* ; and it is by *Caoilte* he is, and it is by *Fionn* that *Caoilte* is, and this is a warning they are sending me before *Fionn*.' ' Take that warning,' said Grainne. ' I will not,' said Diarmuid, ' for we shall not leave this wood until *Fionn* and the *Fenians* of *Erin* overtake us : and fear and great dread seized Grainne when she heard that."

*Aonghus* of the *Brugh* on the *Boyne* was the son of *Dagdae* a *Danaan* king of *Ireland*, who had reigned over the country for eighty years (a circumstance truly magical). He was the devoted patron of *Diarmuid*, and had given him the dreadful arms (*venomous* is the Irish epithet), viz. the swords, *Moraltagh* and *Begaltagh*, and the javelins, the *Ga-dearg*, and the *Ga-buidhe*. He now appears to the besieged pair, and carries off *Grainne* in a fold of his mantle, but *Diarmuid* will not condescend to that safe and inglorious mode of escape.

"After that, *Aonghus* put *Grainne* under the border of his mantle, and went his ways without knowledge of *Fionn* or of the *Fenians* of *Erin*, and no tale is told of them until they reached *Ros da shoileach*, which is called *Luimneach*" now.

Touching *Diarmuid* ; after that *Aonghus* and *Grainne* had departed from him, he arose as a straight pillar and stood upright, and girded his arms and his armour and his various sharp weapons about him. After that he drew near to a door of the seven wattled doors that there were to the enclosure, and asked who was at it. ' No foe to thee is any man who is at it,' said they [who were without]. ' for here are *Oisín* the son of *Fionn*, and *Oscar* the son of *Oisín*, and the chieftains of the *Clanna Bãoisgne* together with us ; and come out to us, and none will dare to do thee harm, hurt, or damage.' ' I will not go to you,' said *Diarmuid*, ' until I see at which door *Fionn* himself is.' He drew near to another wattled door, and asked who was at it. ' *Caoilte* the son of *Crannachar Mac Ronain*, and the *Clanna Ronain* together with him ; and come out to us, and we will give ourselves [fight and die] for thy sake.' ' I will not go to you,' said *Diarmuid*, ' for I will not cause *Fionn* to be angry with you for well-

---

• *Luimneach* was originally the name of the lower *Shannon*, e.g.

"Ní beir *Luimneach* fonn a bhrúim."

The *Luimneach* bears not on its bosom,

(Poem in *Four Masters*, A.D. 662.)

but about the year 850 the name was applied not to the river but to the city. *Ros da shoileach* means the promontory of the two shallows, and was anciently the name of the site of the present city of *Limerick* (vide *O'Flaherty's Ogygia*.)

doing to myself.' He drew near to another wattled door, and asked who was at it. 'Here are Conan the son of Fionn of Liathluachra, and the Clanna Morna together with him; and we are enemies to Fionn, and thou art far dearer to us than he, and for that reason come out to us, and none will dare meddle with thee.' 'Surely I will not go,' said Diarmuid, 'for Fionn had rather [that] the death of every man of you [should come to pass], than that I should be let out.'"

And so on till he has parleyed at five out of the seven wickets.

"He drew near to another wattled door, and asked who was at it. 'No friend to thee is any that is here,' said they, 'for here are Aodh beag\* of Eamhuin, and Aodh fada† of Eamhuin, and Caol crodha‡ of Eamhuin, and Goineach§ of Eamhuin, and Gothan gilmheurach|| of Eamhuin, and Aoife the daughter of Gothan gilmheurach of Eamhuin, and Cuadan Iorgaire¶ of Eamhuin; and we bear thee no love, and if thou wouldst come out to us we would wound thee till thou shouldst be like a *gallan*, without respite.' 'Evil the company that is there,' said Diarmuid, 'O ye of the lie, and of the tracking, and of the one brogue; and it is not the fear of your hand that is upon me, but from enmity to you I will not go out to you.' He drew near to another wattled door, and asked who was at it. 'Here are Fionn the son of Cumhaill, the son of Art, the son of Treunmhor, O'Baoisgne, and four hundred hirelings with him; and we bear thee no love, and if thou wouldst come out to us, we would cleave thy bones asunder.' 'I pledge my word,' said Diarmuid, 'that the door at which thou art, O Fionn, is the first [i.e. the very] door by which I will pass of [all] the doors.' Having heard that, Fionn charged his battalions on pain of their death and of their instant destruction, not to let Diarmuid pass them without their knowledge. Diarmuid having heard that, arose with an airy, high, exceeding light bound, by the shafts of his javelins and by the staves of his spears, and went a great way out beyond Fionn and beyond his people without their knowledge or perception. He looked back upon them, and proclaimed to them that he had passed them, and slung his shield upon the broad arched expanse of his back, and so went straight westward; and he was not long in going out of sight of Fionn and of the Fenians. Then when he saw that they followed him not, he returned back where he had seen Aonghus and Grainne departing out of the wood, and he followed them by their track, holding a straight course, until he reached Ros da shoileach.

He found Aonghus and Grainne there in a warm, well-lighted hut, and a great, wide-flaming fire kindled before them, with half a wild boar upon spits. Diarmuid greeted them, and the very life of Grainne all but fled out through her mouth with joy at meeting Diarmuid.

Aonghus arose early, and what he said to Diarmuid was: 'I will now depart, O son of O'Duibhne, and this counsel I leave thee; not

\* Short Hugh. † Tall Hugh. ‡ The slender brave one. § The wounder. || The loud-voiced, white-fingered. ¶ The tracker. (Tr.)

to go into a tree having [but] one trunk, in flying before Fionn ; and not to go into a cave of the earth, to which there will be but the one door ; and not to go into an island of the sea, to which there will be but one way [channel] leading ; and in whatever place thou wilt cook thy meal, there eat it not ; and in whatever place thou wilt eat, there lie not ; and in whatever place thou wilt lie, there rise not on the morrow.\*"

" Wounding him like a *Gallan* (pillar stone)" probably means, cutting off his head, arms, and legs, and reducing him to a mere trunk.

All this time *Diarmuid* is as guiltless as the Chevalier Bayard himself would be in similar circumstances. The fugitive pair pick up an invaluable squire, and passing from one refuge to another, they approach the west coast of Kerry ; and there, bearing into land, are seen the war ships of *Fionn's* allies from the coast of France. Nine times nine warriors come ashore, and *Diarmuid* enquires their business and country.

" ' We are the three royal chiefs of Muir n-Iocht,' said they, ' and Fionn Mac Cumhaill it is that hath sent there to seek us, [because of] a forest marauder, and a rebellious enemy of his, that he has outlawed, who is called *Diarmuid O'Duibhne* ; and to curb him are we now come. Also we have three venomous hounds, and we will loose them upon his track, and it will be but a short time before we get tidings of him ; fire burns them not, water drowns them not, and weapons do not wound them ;\* and we ourselves number twenty hundreds of stout, stalwart men, and each man of us is a man commanding a hundred. Moreover, tell us who thou thyself art, or hast thou any word of the tidings of the son of *O'Duibhne* ? ' ' I saw him yesterday,' said *Diarmuid*, ' and I myself am but a warrior who am walking the world by the strength of my hand and the temper of my sword ; and I vow that ye will have to deal with no ordinary man, if *Diarmuid* meets you.' ' Well, no one has been found [yet], ' quoth they. ' What are ye called yourselves ? ' said *Diarmuid*. ' *Dubh-chosach*, *Fionn-chosach*, and *Treun-chosach*† are our names,' said they."

Fifty of our hero's foes are killed in contending with him in a trial of skill, such as neither Virgil nor Milton would have admitted into their epics : then follow two other games of a somewhat more dignified character. *He arose at early day and beaming dawn on the morrow*, and—

" Went himself to the top of the same hill, and he had not been there long, before the three chiefs came towards him, and he enquired

---

\* Literally, weapons do not become red upon them.

† i.e. The black-footed, the fair-footed, and the strong-footed. (Tr.)

of them whether they would practise any more feats. They said that they had rather find tidings of the son of O'Duibhne than that. 'I have seen a man who saw him to-day,' said Diarmuid; and thereupon Diarmuid put from him his weapons and his armour upon the hill, [everything] but the shirt that was next his skin, and he stuck the Crann buidhe of Mananan\* upright with its point uppermost. Then Diarmuid rose with a light, bird-like bound, so that he descended from above upon the javelin, and came down fairly and cunningly off it, having neither wound nor out upon him.

A young warrior of the people of the green Fenians† said, 'Thou art one that never hast seen a good feat, since thou wouldst call that a feat;' and with that he put his weapons and his armour from him, and he rose in like manner lightly over the javelin, and descended upon it full heavily and helplessly, so that the point of the javelin went up through his heart, and he fell right down to the earth. Diarmuid drew the javelin, and placed it standing the second time; and the second man of them arose to do the feat, and he too was slain like the others. Howbeit, fifty of the people of the green Fenians fell by Diarmuid's feat on that day; and they bade him draw his javelin, [saying] that he should slay no more of their people with that feat, and they went to their ships.

Diarmuid rose on the morrow, and took with him to the aforesaid hill, two forked poles\* out of the next wood, and placed them upright; and the Moralltach,‡ that is, the sword of Aonghus an Brogha, between the two forked poles upon its edge. Then he himself rose exceeding lightly over it, and thrice measured the sword by paces from the hilt to its point, and he came down, and asked if there was a man of them to do that feat. 'That is a bad question,' said a man of them, 'for there never was done in Erin any feat, which some one of us would not do.' He then rose, and went over the sword, and as he was descending from above it happened to him, that one of his legs came at either side of the sword, so that there were made of him two halves to the crown of his head. Then the second man rose, and as he descended from above, he chanced to fall crossways upon the sword, so that there were two portions made of him. Howbeit, there had not fallen more of the people of the green Fenians of Muir n-Iocht on the two days before, than there fell upon that day. Then they told him to take up his sword, [saying] that already too many of their people had fallen by him; and they asked him whether he had gotten any word of the tidings of the son of O'Duibhne. 'I have seen him that saw him to-day,' said Diarmuid, 'and I will go to seek tidings to-night.'

Diarmuid rose at early dawn of the morning, and girt about him his suit of battle and of conflict, under which, through which, or over which, it was not possible to wound him; and he took the

---

\* i.e. The yellow shaft of Mananan, a spear which Mananan had given to Diarmuid. Mananan was the son of Lear, one of the chiefs of the Tuatha de Danann, and Lord of the Isle of Man.

† So called from the colour of their armour or of their standards.

‡ i.e. The great and fierce one.

Moralltach, that is, the sword of Aonghus an Brogha, at his left side, which [sword] left no stroke nor blow unfinished at the first trial. He took likewise his two thick-shafted javelins of battle, that is, the Ga-buidhe, and the Ga-dearg, from which none recovered, either man or woman, that had ever been wounded by them. After that, Diarmuid roused Grainne, and bade her keep watch and ward for Muadban, [saying] that he himself would go to view the four quarters around him. When Grainne beheld Diarmuid with bravery and daring [clothed] in his suit of anger and of battle, fear and great dread seized her, for she knew that it was for a combat and an encounter that he was so equipped; and she enquired of him what he would do. "[Thou seest me thus] for fear lest my foes should meet me." That soothed Grainne, and then Diarmuid went in that array to meet the green Fenians."

He approaches the foe, and after a short war of words,—

\* "He drew the Moralltach from his sheath, and dealt a furious stroke of destruction at the head of him that was next to him, so that he made two portions of it. Then he drew near to the host of the green Fenians, and began to slaughter and to discomfort them heroically and with swift valour, so that he rushed under them, through them, and over them, as a hawk would go through small birds, or a wolf through a large flock of small sheep: even thus it was that Diarmuid hewed crossways the glittering, very beautiful mail of the men of Lochlann, so that there went not from that spot a man to tell the tidings, or to boast of great deeds, without having the grievousness of death and the final end of life executed upon him, but the three green chiefs and a small number of their people that fled to their ships.

Diarmuid returned back having no cut nor wound, and went his ways till he reached Muadban and Grainne.

Diarmuid rose at early day and beaming dawn on the morrow, and halted not until he had reached the aforesaid hill; and having gotten there, he struck his shield mightily and soundingly, so that he caused the shore to tremble with the noise [i.e. reverberate] around him. Then said Dubhchosach that he would himself go to fight with Diarmuid, and straightways went ashore. Then † he and Diarmuid

---

\* Ásur aza náb rín no éannaíog an Mhóralleac ar a bhuail caiteo, ásur cuí rígnor-buille fíochmáin de fa éanna an tí fa nearta do, so n-deartha ba énbán de. Ánn rín no ionnraíu ríuaz na gíall-féinné, ásur no zab ba n-éinnleac ásur ba n-éinnleac do míleacá meán-cáinné, zab zab fúca, tríocá, ásur caítra, amáil no náccab feabac fa mún-eunáib, no mactíne trí móinnéub mion-éannaí; zabab amláib-rín do zabab-Díar-muid caítra lúineacá lonnneacá lannáine na loclannac, so náb n-deacab feab ionnre ríáil na maíocce móinníom ar an lácaín rín, zab bñón ban ásur tíne ríocáil n'ínníe ánn, ácc na rín gíall-féinníde ásur beazab ba múnínní no énné cum a lúnné.

† Ánn rín do nígne feim ásur Díarmuid an a éille so comraíabail teann-máil, feibneac, fáil beannac, feannabac, feinnéamán; mar a bñab ba baín bñab, no ba énné buille, no ba leozab cutaí, no ba feabac éannaí an bñuac áille. Zabab e rín éinnínníam ásur tuannababail an éinnínníe énné éinnínní bñababínní na ba éacónna.

rushed upon another like wrestlers, like men making mighty efforts, ferocious, straining their arms and their swollen sinews, as it were two savage oxen, or two frenzied bulls, or two raging lions, or two fearless hawks on the edge of a cliff. And this is the form and fashion of the hot, sore, inseparable strife that took place betwixt them.

\* They both throw their weapons out of their hands, and ran against, and to encounter each other, and lock their knotty hand across one another's graceful backs. Then each gave the other a violent, mighty twist; but Diarmuid hove Dubh-chosach upon his shoulder, and hurled his body to the earth, and bound him firm and fast upon the spot. Afterwards came Fionn-chosach and Treun-chosach to combat with him, one after the other; and he bound them with the same binding."

*Diarmuid* by this time feels aggravated with *Fion* and his adherents, and deals rather remorselessly towards the three *Green Fenians*. He should have kept his own antecedents better before his eyes.

Female Couriers are often met with in our old stories: one is here presented to the reader.

“They had not been long thus, before they saw the female messenger of Fionn Mac Cumhaill coming with the speed of a swallow, or a weasel, or like a blast of a sharp, pure, swift wind, over the top of every high hill and bare mountain towards them; and she enquired of them who it was that had made that great, fearful, destroying slaughter of them. ‘Who art thou that askest?’ said they. ‘I am the female messenger of Fionn Mac Cumhaill,’ said she; ‘and Deirdre an Duibh-shleibhe is my name, and it is to look for you that Fionn has sent me.’ ‘Well then we know not who he was,’ said they, ‘but we will inform thee of his appearance; that is, [he was] a warrior having curling, dusky-black hair, and two red ruddy cheeks, and he it is that hath made this great slaughter of us: and we are yet more sorely grieved that our three chiefs are bound, and that we cannot loose them: he was likewise three days one after the other fighting with us.’”

The three enchanted hounds are finally loosed on our hero, but they fare like his other foes, including a newly introduced chief with a green mantle.

“Then, since it is not usual for defence [i.e. resistance] to be made after the fall of lords, when the strangers saw that their chiefs and

\* Հերթն անառն դ-ւրիւմ ար և խալիւք, ԲՅՄ իւրն և Յ-օրոյն ԲՅՄ և Յ-օրոյն ԲՅՄ, ԲՅՄ ղրաժար և ծովառա շար շաօրոյնալիւք և շէլե. Զիւր ղր ԷՅՅՅՅՅՅ ղրաժարոյն ղրաժար և շէլե, շար ԷՅՅ ղրաժար Զիւք-օրաճ ար և շալալիւք, շար Զիւք Բիւք և Երբ Բ Եալաւ; ԲՅՄ ո շալալիւք ԲՅ ՅՅՅՅՅՅ ղրաժար ար և խալիւք ղր Է. Խար ղր Եալիւք Բիւք-օրաճ ԲՅՄ Երաւ-օրաճ ո շալալ և ղր և ղր-իւք և շէլե, ԲՅՄ ԷՅՅ Բ Եալալ Եալալ Եալալ և Է.

their lords were fallen, they suffered defeat, and betook themselves to utter flight; and Diarmuid pursued them, violently scattering them and slaughtering them, so that unless [perchance] any one fled over [the tops of] the forests, or under the green earth, or under the water, there escaped not of them a messenger nor a man to tell tidings; but the gloom of death and of instant destruction was executed upon every one of them except Deirdre of Duibh-shliabh, that is, the female messenger of Fionn Mac Cumhaill, who went wheeling and hovering [around] whilst Diarmuid was making slaughter of the strangers."

Readers of the *Waverley Novels* will recollect the contempt bestowed on the "Man without a Chief." The position was sorely felt from our earliest times.

"At that very time and hour, Fionn saw [coming] towards him Deirdre of Duibh-shliabh, with her legs failing, and her tongue raving, and her eyes drooping in her head; and when Fionn saw her [come] towards him in that plight, he asked tidings of her. 'I have great and evil tidings to tell thee, and methinks I am one without a lord;\*' and she told him the tale from first to last of all the slaughter that Diarmuid O'Duibhne had made, and how the three deadly hounds had fallen by him; 'and hardly I have escaped myself, quoth she."

We have no room for further extracts; and besides we are not inclined to impair the reader's interest in the conduct of the story, which, making allowance for the marvellous element, is skilfully put together. There are a few episodes introduced of a very curious character. In correspondence with the cheerful tone of our ancient mythology, *Mananan* son of *Lir* the benevolent Lord of Man, and *Aongus* of the Brugh, the learned Danaan Seer afford protection to the deserving. The catastrophe is scarcely worthy of the plot.

The third volume likewise includes a metrical lamentation after the Fenians by *Oisín*, and a beautiful little tale of King *Cormac*, something of the character of Dean Parnell's *Hermit*, the *Son* of *Lir* comporting himself as the *Angel* does in the modern story.

---

\* It was a misfortune and a reproach amongst the Irish for a plebeian to be without a lord or chief, since he would be thus liable to any insult or oppression without having one to whom to look, to obtain redress for him; for a chief was bound, in return for the support and maintenance given him by his people, to protect them all. This relation between the chief and his tribe is expressed in the old Irish saying put into the mouth of a clansman, "Spend me and defend me." (Vide *Spencer's View of the State of Ireland*.) Deirdre means to reproach Fionn by saying, that since he was unable to defend his own, they might as well be lordless. (Tr.)

## HOW CORMAC MAC AIRT GOT HIS BRANCH.

"Of a time that Cormac, the son of Art, the son of Conn of the hundred battles, that is, the arch-king of Erin, was in Liathdruim,\* he saw a youth upon the green before his Dun, having in his hand a glittering fairy branch with nine apples of red gold upon it. And this was the manner of that branch, that when any one shook it, wounded men, and women with child would be lulled to sleep by the sound of the very sweet fairy music which those apples uttered; and another property that branch had, that is to say, that no one on earth would bear in mind any want, woe, or weariness of soul when that branch was shaken for him, and whatever evil might have befallen any one he would not remember it at the shaking of that branch.

Cormac said to the youth, 'Is that branch thine own?' 'It is indeed mine,' said the youth. 'Wouldst thou sell it?' asked Cormac. 'I would sell it,' quoth the youth, 'for I never had anything that I would not sell.' 'What dost thou require for it?' said Cormac. 'The award of my own mouth,' said the youth. 'That shalt thou receive from me,' said Cormac, 'and say on thy award.' 'Thy wife, thy son, and thy daughter,' answered the youth, 'that is to say, Eithne, Cairbre, and Ailbhe.' 'Thou shalt get them all,' said Cormac. After that the youth gives up the branch, and Cormac takes it to his own house, to Ailbhe, to Eithne, and to Cairbre. 'That is a fair treasure thou hast,' said Ailbhe. 'No wonder,' answered Cormac, 'for I gave a good price for it.' 'What didst thou give for it or in exchange for it?' asked Ailbhe. 'Cairbre, Eithne, and thyself, O Ailbhe.' 'That is a pity,' quoth Eithne, '[yet it is not true], for we think that there is not upon the face of the earth that treasure for which thou wouldst give us.' 'I pledge my word,' said Cormac, 'that I have given you for this treasure.' Sorrow and heaviness of heart filled them when they knew that to be true, and Eithne said, 'It is too hard a bargain [to give] us three for any branch in the world.' When Cormac saw that grief and heaviness of heart came upon them, he shakes the branch amongst them; and when they heard the soft sweet music of the branch, they thought no longer upon any evil or care that had ever befallen them, and they went forth to meet the youth. 'Here,' said Cormac, 'thou hast the price thou didst ask for this branch.' 'Well hast thou fulfilled thy promise,' said the youth, 'and receive [wishes for] victory and blessing for the sake of thy truth;' and he left Cormac wishes for life and health, and he and his company went their ways. Cormac came to his house, and when that news was heard throughout Erin, loud cries of weeping and of mourning were made in every quarter of it, and in Liathdruim above all. When Cormac heard the loud cries in Teamhair, he

---

\* *Liathdruim*. This was the ancient name of Teamhair, or Tara. It means the *druim* or ridge of Liath, who was the son of Laighne leathanghlas.



shook the branch among them, so that there was no longer any grief or heaviness of heart upon any one.

He continued thus for the space of that year, until Cormac said, 'It is a year to-day since my wife, my son, and my daughter were taken from me, and I will follow them by the same path that they took.'

Then Cormac went forth to look for the way by which he had seen the youth depart, and a dark magical mist rose about him, and he chanced to come upon a wonderful marvellous plain. That plain was thus: there was there a wondrous very great host of horsemen, and the work at which they were, was the covering-in of a house with the feathers of foreign birds, and when they had put covering upon one half of the house, they used to go off to seek birds' feathers for the other, and as for that half of the house upon which they had put covering, they used not to find a single feather on it when they returned. After that Cormac had been a long time gazing at them in this plight, he thus spoke: "I will no longer gaze at you, for I perceive that you will be tolling at that from the beginning to the end of the world."

Cormac goes his way, and he was wandering over the plain until he saw a strange foreign-looking youth walking the plain, and his employment was this: he used to drag a large tree out of the ground, and to break it between the bottom and the top, and he used to make a fire of it, and to go himself to seek another tree, and when he came back again he would not find before him a scrap of the first tree that was not burned and used up. Cormac was for a great space gazing upon him in that plight, and at last he said, "I indeed will go away from thee henceforth, for were I for ever gazing upon thee, thou wouldst be so at the end of all."

Cormac after that begins to walk the plain until he saw three immense wells on the border of the plain, and those wells were thus: they had three heads in them [i.e. one in each]. Cormac drew near to the next well to him, and the head that was in that well was thus: a stream was flowing into its mouth, and two streams were flowing from or out of it. Cormac proceeds to the second well, and the head that was in that well was thus: a stream was flowing into it, and another stream flowing out of it. He proceeds to the third well, and the head that was in that well was thus: three streams were flowing into its mouth, and one stream only flowing out of it. Great marvel seized Cormac hereupon, and he said, "I will be no longer

---

\* The *Consuetudinal Past*, as it is called by the Irish grammarians, reads strangely in English in the above sentences, where however the tense could not be otherwise rendered than by periphrases of various kinds, such as, "They continually went off," "They kept going off," &c. The English, however, do not always, even by this method, express the continuity or repetition of an action, leaving it to be understood; but the Irish, having special tenses, present and past, for the purpose, are very careful in making the distinction, which they attempt in English also.

gaizing upon you, for I should never find any man to tell me your histories; and I think that I should find good sense in your meanings if I understood them.' And the time of day was the noon.

The king of Erin goes his ways, and he had not been long walking when he saw a very great field before him,\* and a house in the middle of the field; and Cormac draws near to the house and entered into it, and the king of Erin greeted [those that were within]. A very tall couple, with clothes of many colours, that were within, answered him, and they bade him stay, 'whoever thou art, O youth, for it is now no time for thee to be travelling on foot.' Cormac the son of Art sits down hereupon, and he was right glad to get hospitality for that night.

'Rise, O man of the house,' said the woman, 'for there is a fair and comely wanderer by us, and how knowest thou but that he is some honorable noble of the men of the world?† and if thou hast one kind of food better than another, let it be brought to me.' The youth upon this arose, and he came back to them in this fashion, that is, with a huge wild boar upon his back and a log in his hand; and he cast down the swine and the log upon the floor, and said, 'There ye have meat, and cook it for yourselves. 'How should I do that?' asked Cormac. 'I will teach you that,' said the youth; 'that is to say, to split this great log which I have and to make four pieces of it, and to put down a quarter of the boar and a quarter of the log under it, and to tell a true story, and the quarter of the boar will be cooked.' 'Tell the first story thyself,' said Cormac, 'for the two should fairly tell a story for the one.' 'Thou speakest rightly,' quoth the youth, 'and methinks that thou hast the eloquence of a prince, and I will tell thee a story to begin with. That swine that I brought,' he went on, 'I have but seven pigs of them, and I could feed the world with them; for the pig that is killed of them, you have but to put its bones into the sty again, and it will be found alive upon the morrow.' That story was true, and the quarter of the pig was cooked.

"Tell thou a story now, O woman of the house," said the youth "I will," quoth she, "and do thou put down a quarter of the wild boar, and a quarter of the log under it." So it was done. "I have seven white cows," said she, "and they fill the seven kieves with milk every day; and I give my word that they would give as much milk as would satisfy them to the men of the whole world, were they upon the plain drinking it." That story was true, and the quarter of the pig was therefore cooked.

---

\* Literally, he saw from him. This expression the Irish introduce into English, meaning that a person sees a thing at a distance, as if stretched before him. In the same way they say, "I saw him to me," i.e. approaching me.

† i.e., Of foreign parts. *Duine uasal*, here rendered a Noble, does literally mean a noble man, and was formerly applied to the gentleman of a tribe, the class between the chief and the plebeians: in the spoken language it still remains a gentleman, and a *dhuine uasail* is the equivalent for "Sir" in conversation, not a *shaoi*, as is found in various modern printed dialogues.

"If your stories be true," said Cormac, "thou indeed art Mananan, and she is your wife ; for no one upon the face of the earth\* possesses those treasures but only Mananan, for it was to Tír Tairrngire he went to seek that woman, and he got those seven cows with her, and he coughed upon them until he learned [the wonderful powers of] their milking, that is to say, that they would fill the seven kieves at one time." "Full wisely has thou told us that, O youth," said the man of the house, "and tell a story for thy own quarter now." "I will," said Cormac, "and do thou lay a quarter of the log under the cauldron until I tell thee a true story." So it was done, and Cormac said, "I indeed am upon a search, for it is a year this day that my wife, my son, and my daughter were borne away from me." "Who took them from thee?" asked the man of the house. "A youth that came to me," said Cormac, "having in his hand a fairy branch, and I conceived a great wish for it, so that I granted him the award of his own mouth for it, and he exacted from me my word to fulfill that ; now the award that he pronounced against me was, my wife, my son, and my daughter, to wit, Eithne, Cairbre, and Ailbhe." "If what thou sayest be true," said the man of the house, "thou indeed art Cormac, son of Art, son of Conn of the hundred battles." "Truly I am," quoth Cormac, "and it is in search of those I am now." That story was true, and the quarter of the pig was cooked. "Eat thy meal now," said the young man. "I never ate food," said Cormac, "having only two people in my company." "Wouldst thou eat it with three others, O Cormac?" asked the young man. "If they were dear to me, I would," said Cormac. The man of the house arose, and opened the nearest door of the dwelling, and [went and] brought in the three whom Cormac sought, and then the courage and exultation of Cormac rose.

After that, Mananan came to him in his proper form, and said thus : "I it was who bore those three away from thee, and I it was who gave thee that branch, and it was in order to bring thee to this house that I took them from thee, and there is your meat now, and eat food," said Mananan. "I would do so," said Cormac, "if I could learn the wonders that I have seen to-day." "Thou shalt learn them," said Mananan, "and I it was that caused thee to go towards them that thou mightest see them. The host of horsemen that

---

\* An tnuim na cailín, literally, upon the back or ridge of the earth, which is the Irish idiom.

† *Faiscin* to see. This in the spoken language is *feicsin*, always pronounced by metathesis *feicsin* or *feiscint*. The Irish language at the present day seems to have a repugnance to the sound of the letter *c* (which is nearly represented by the combinations *cs*, *gs*), so metathesis generally takes place, e. g. *bosga* for *bogsa*, a box ; *buiscin* for *buicsin*, a boxing-glove ; *foisge* for *foigse*, nearer ; *tuigín*, for *tuigsin*, to understand ; *tuigse* for *tuigse*, the understanding ; *tuigseanach* for *tuigseanach*, considerate ; but *Sagsanach*, an Englishman, and *Sagsana*, England, are pronounced *Sasanach*, *Sasana*. This peculiarity is sometimes introduced into English by those who speak it imperfectly, and who may be heard to say *eskhercise* for exercise.

appeared to thee covering in the house with the birds' feathers, which, according as they covered half of the house, used to disappear from it, and they seeking bird.' feathers for the rest of it—that is a comparison which is applied to poets and to people that seek a fortune, for when they go out, all that they leave behind them in their houses is spent, and so they go on for ever. The young man whom thou sawest kindling the fire, and who used to break the tree between bottom and top, and who used to find it consumed whilst he was away seeking for another tree,—what is represented by that are those who distribute food whilst every one else is being served, they themselves getting it ready, and every one else enjoying the profit thereof. The wells which thou sawest in which were the heads, that is a comparison which is applied to the three that are in the world.\* These are they: that is to say, that head which has one stream flowing into it, and one stream flowing out of it, is the man who gives [the goods of] the world as he gets [them].† That head which thou sawest with one stream flowing into it, and two streams flowing out of it, the meaning of that is the man who gives more than he gets [of the goods] of the world.‡ The head which thou sawest with three streams flowing into its mouth and one stream flowing out of it, that is the man who gets much and gives little, and he is the worst of the three. And now eat thy meal, O Cormac," said Mananan.

After that, Cormac, Cairbre, Ailbhe, and Eithne sat down, and a table-cloth was spread before them. "That is a full precious thing before thee, O Cormac," said Mananan, "for there is no food, however delicate, that shall be demanded of it, but it shall be had without doubt." "That is well," quoth Cormac. After that Mananan thrust his hand into his girdle, and brought out a goblet, and set it upon his palm. "It is of the virtues of this cup," said Mananan, "that when a false story is told before it, it makes four pieces of it; and when a true story is related before it, it will be whole again." "Let that be proved," said Cormac. "It shall be done," said Mananan. "This woman that I took from thee, she has had another husband since I brought her with me." Then there were four pieces made of the goblet. "That is a falsehood," said the wife of Mananan, "I say that they have not seen a woman or a man since they left thee but their three selves." That story was, true and the goblet was joined together again. "Those are very precious things, that thou hast, O Mananan," said Cormac. "They would be good for thee [to have];" answered Mananan, "therefore they shall all three be thine, to wit, the goblet, the branch, and the tablecloth, in consideration of thy walk and of thy journey this day; and eat thy meal now, for were there a host and a multitude by thee, thou shouldst find no grudging in this place. And I greet you kindly as many as ye are, for it was I that worked magic upon you, so that ye might be with me to-night in friendship."

---

\* This is the Irish mode of expressing "three classes of men that exist."

† i.e. who is liberal according to his means.

‡ This is a mode, and certainly a strong one, of saying "who is more liberal than he can afford."

He eats his meal after that; and that meal was good, for they thought not of any meat but they got it upon the table-cloth, nor of any drink but they got it in the cup, and they returned great thanks for all that to Mananan. Howbeit, when they had eaten their meal, that is to say, Cormac, Eithne, Ailbhe, and Cairbre, a couch was prepared for them, and they went to slumber and sweet sleep; and where they rose upon the morrow was in the pleasant Liathdruim, with their table-cloth, their cup, and their branch.

Thus far then the 'wandering of Cormac and how he got his branch.'

We find the influence of the ancient forms of expression still prevailing among our people who are acquainted with the English language only. The *consuetudinal* mood referred to in one of Mr. O'Grady's notes on this tale, is still used in a fashion by English-speaking Celts. Instead of saying, 'He, is in the habit of strolling along the river-banks every day,' or, 'he is accustomed to stroll,' &c., thus making use of an infinitive mood or participle along with the principal verb, they say, 'He *does be* strolling along the river-banks every day.' To every one accustomed to hear English spoken with Irish idioms, this last sentence, though inelegant in form, is more expressive, and conveys a fuller notion of continuity than the ordinary phrase, 'He strolls along the river banks every day.' To this Celtic characteristic of attachment to old institutions, and dislike of change, is owing our tautology, and circumlocution, and the preservation of Irish and Anglo-Norman words and phrases. A peasant will still say, 'the fever is *very brief* (a mistake for *rife*) in such a place;' and on entering a company, he will use the old salutation, '*Sit ye merry*, or, *Sith ye merry*,' as if he was a Saxon of the reign of Edward IV. He does not renounce—he *renounces* his bad ways; he calls his shelves for crockery and pewter ware after the old French *dressoir*; his son is not a boy or lad, he is a *gorrnoon*. The inhabitants of the 'Big House,' are not ladies and gentlemen, they are the 'Persons of Quality,' or simply, the 'quality' of Queen Ann's reign. Instead of saying, 'I had the good fortune to break my whiskey bottle,' he recalls the Anglo-French of the times of the *Pale*, and cries, 'I made *briske* of my bottle of whiskey.' He translates the Gallic *mal* literally, and complains of being very *bad*, when he is only *sick*. Of a subtle nature, he will not call a 'spade,' a *spade*; he prefers the Irish equivalent *Pac*, and when dirt is very dirty, he calls it *Sal*. The gutturals and aspirations of Saxon, Irish, and old French, possess their old influence over him, he retains the pronunciation of ages before the Conquest, and in every dozen words he utters, one at least, is genuinely Irish.

Our substantial Irish folk are more wise in their generation, than to hold out extra encouragement to the productions of native poets, novelists, painters of historical pictures,—indeed to merely literary products of every kind, music perhaps excepted. They know by instinct, how useless and burdensome to themselves and society in general, are middling professors or practitioners in letters and the fine arts. However, in withholding their patronage from the bad and the middling, the really gifted come to the wall along with the rest, unless they employ their talents or genius on foreign subjects, or get their wares marked with a British stamp: then indeed they enjoy the privileges accorded to all foreigners. No truly national periodical need hope for a long life or adequate support. In our Hibernian art-exhibitions, a cunning thief might remove the specimens of native artists without fear of detection; and if a writer unprovided with a strong purse, attempts to publish a work in any department of literature on an Irish subject, let him prepare to meet a heavy bill with small returns from the booksellers. There was a National Magazine published in Dublin about thirty years since, and conducted with ability, yet the proprietors lost about a thousand pounds by it in two or three years. An enthusiastic dealer in rare books, chiefly on Irish subjects, started a truly national and valuable historical work (a translation from the Irish) in numbers, had it ably translated and edited, and completed it in the very best style as regarded appearance. His reward was bankruptcy, and the result—the deaths of his wife and himself of broken hearts, and the dispersion of their helpless family. With natural good taste, and not bad judgment, we seem afraid to pronounce on the merit or demerit of any thing in the domain of art or literature, till we can ascertain what the people of England, or their artistic and literary Aristarchuses think or feel about it.

William Elliott Hudson was an honorable exception to many of his countrymen in this respect. By personal exertions and by great pecuniary sacrifices, he long aided every laudable effort to revive or preserve our ancient literary monuments.

To him we owe the national music preserved in the *Citizen*. The Celtic Society were under deep obligations to him, and one of his latest efforts was directed to the formation of the Ossianic Society. Mr. O'Daly, Editor of the fourth volume of its transactions, has not forgotten the friend of the "mere Irish" men of letters. His bust forms the vignette of the volume;

and a well deserved and grateful tribute is paid to his memory in the opening sheet. Let the owners of the yet-unpublished manuscripts, the past and future editors and the annual subscribers, take no offence at our complaint of the apathy of our gentry and middle classes, but receive the praises accorded to Hudson and such as he, as indirectly given also to themselves.

The volume now under consideration begins with one of the everlasting dialogues between *Oisín* and our National Saint, in which, as usual, we are made to sympathise with the proud and carnal-minded old Heathen. Then we have the bloody fight of *Knoc-an-Air* (Hill of Slaughter) and its results, *Oisín's* visit to *Tir-na-n-Oge*, and the *Boyish Exploits of Fion Mac Cumhail* already discussed. Great judgment, and care, and sound knowledge of the old tongue, are evident in the translation, and the editor has not been niggardly in imparting information on every thing connected with the subject matter of tale or poem, as he renders it into English. Indeed Gaelic literature owes him much. Were it not for his zeal in its cause, and his business aptitudes, many a valuable and interesting relic of the genius and fancy of our old bards and story tellers, would be lost to ourselves and those who succeed us; ay, and many an interesting anecdote of the provincial poets and learned *Trojans* of the past generation. His lines (we trust) have fallen in pleasanter places than those of poor Bryan Geraghty, who if not as profound a Gaelic scholar, was full as enthusiastic for the literary glories of his native land.

From the dialogue we select a few stanzas. *Oisín loquitur.*

"I have heard music more melodious than your music,  
Tho' greatly thou praisest the clerics,  
The song of the blackbird of Letter Lee,  
And the melody which the Dord Fiann made.

The very sweet thrush of Gleann-a-sgail,  
Or the dashing of the barks touching the strand;  
More melodious to me was the cry of the hounds,  
Than of thy schools, O chaste cleric.

Little Cnu, Onu of my heart,  
The small dwarf who belonged to Fionn,—  
When he chaunted tunes and songs,  
He put us into deep slumbers.

Blathnaid, the youthful maid,  
Who was never betrothed to man under the sun,  
Except to little Cnu alone,—  
O Patrick, sweet was her mouth.

The twelve hounds which belonged to Fionn,  
When they were let loose through Glen Rath,  
Were sweeter than musical instruments,  
And their face outwards from the Suir."

"'Twas the desire of the son of Cumhall of noble mien,  
To listen to the sound of Dromberg,  
To sleep at the stream of Eas Ruaidh,  
And to chase the deer of Galway of the bays.

The warbling of the blackbird of Letter Lee,  
The wave of Bughraidhe lashing the shore,  
The bellowing of the ox of Magh-maoin,  
And the lowing of the calf of Gleanna da-mhail.

The resounding of the chase of Sliabh-g-Cnoc,  
The noise of the fawns round Sliabh Cua;  
The seagulls' scream on Iorrus yonder,  
Or the screech of the ravens over the battle-field.

The tossing of the hulls of the barks by the wave,  
The yell of the hounds at Drumlish;  
The cry of Bran at Cnoc-an-air,  
Or the murmur of the streams about Sliabh Mis.

The call of Oscur going to the chase,  
The cries of the hounds at Leirg na bh-Fiann;  
To be sitting amongst the bards,  
That was his desire constantly."

The *Battle of Cnoc-an-Air* (or *Aur*) is a very fair specimen of the old heroic poem of the Celts. The exploits of the chief heroes are indeed superhuman, but there is no ranting nor bombast. The slaughter of the men with or without names, is terrible, but the Fenians fight only in self-defence. *Fionn* does not expose himself to personal risk, but he is not lavish of the blood of his own people nor of the invaders; and instead of a general *melée*, himself and his princess procure an engagement of a few warriors on either side to determine the victory. The authors of this poem and of the story of *Diarmuid and Grainne* did not consult each other as to little points of chronology. She did not become *Fionn's* wife till some time after the other hero's death; but in the present poem, *Diarmuid* is fighting among the "Seven battalions of the standing Fenians," as lustily as if he had not been slain many years before, on the tulagh at *Sliabh Gubban*. But if Homer and Cervantes have been caught napping at times, let needful slumber be forgiven to our own nameless bards.



*Oisín* commences thus :—

“ We were all, the Fians and Fionn,  
Assembled on this hill to the west,  
Practising feats of agility,  
And we so mirthful casting stones.

Fionn gazed above his head,  
And he beheld a mighty omen of blood.  
‘ I greatly fear,’ saith the sage,  
‘ That a ruin of slaughter will come upon the Fians.’

Conan spoke with a loud voice,  
Exclaiming haughtily and proudly,  
‘ There is no one whose colour changed,  
I confess, but a coward.’

‘ O Fionn, son of Cumhall,’ saith the Druid,  
‘ Call thy forces in thy presence,  
And divide them into two separate bodies,  
That they may watch the approach of the foe.’

Fionn sounded the Dord Fhiann,  
And they answered by a shout,  
Each man vying to be first,  
Noble, chief, and host.”

After some discussions and false alarms :—

“ A woman more beauteous than the sun,  
The Fians beheld approaching on the plain ;  
Fionn Mac Cumhall, I tell thee,  
Was saluted by the queen of the red mantle.

‘ Who art thou, O queen ?’ saith Fionn,  
‘ Of the gentlest mien and loveliest form :  
Truly more sweet to me is thy voice,  
Than all the strains of music.’

‘ Niamh-nuadh-chrothach, is my name,  
Daughter of Garraidh, the son of Dolar Dein ;  
The chief king of Greece, my curse upon him !  
Bound me to Tailc Mac Treoin.’

‘ Why is it that thou shunnest him ?  
Do not conceal the fact from me now :  
As thy protector till judgment’s day,  
I take thy hand against his will.’

‘ Not without cause did I hate him,  
Black as the coal was his skin ;  
Two ears, a tail, and the head of a cat,  
Are upon the man of repulsive countenance.

I walked [travelled] the world, thrice,  
 And did not leave a king or lord,  
 That I did not inspire, but thee, O Fionn,  
 And a chief never promised me protection from him.'

'I will protect thee, O youthful daughter,'  
 Saith Mac Cumhaill, who was never conquered,  
 'Or all shall fall for thy sake,  
 The seven battalions of the Fians.'

Soon we saw coming towards us,  
 The chieftain Tailc of the hard spear;  
 He did not salute or pay homage to Fionn,  
 But demanded battle on account of his wife.

When *Tailc* had butchered a number of the Fenian host, he  
 was taken in hand by *Oscur*, and,

For five nights and five days,  
 Were the two, who were not feeble in battle,  
 Without food, without drink, without sleep,  
 'Till *Tailc* fell conquered by my son.

Niamh-nuadh-chrothach, sad the tale,  
 When she beheld the extent of the slaughter,  
 Shame overcame her crimsoned face,  
 And she fell lifeless among the slain.

The death of the queen after all ills,  
 Was what preyed most upon us all;  
 This hill after the conflict,  
 The Fenians named *Crioc-an-Air*."

A new terror now approaches, *Mergash* of the Green Spears.  
 He comes evidently intent on mischief. He is as fell a cham-  
 pion as *Tailc*, but of better manners; he parleys before coming  
 to blows.

M. "Relate unto me, O son of mighty Cumhaill,  
 As thou didst promise at the commencement,  
 By whom, or how did fall  
 Tailc the strong and powerful, and his bright love.'

F. 'Tailc Mac Treoin the great fell,  
 By the power of the strong arm of *Oscur* the noble;  
 There fell by Tailc, at first of the Fians,  
 Full ten hundred of spotless men.'

M. 'Was it not shameful to thee, O Fionn,  
 To suffer the princess of the loftiest fame,  
 To be put to death by the Fians?  
 Her death will bring havoc among the Fians of Fail.'

F. 'Not I nor any of the Fenians,  
 Ordered the death of the woman;  
 But when she beheld the loss of the host,  
 Into the pangs of death she fell.' "

After much waste of breath, it is settled that some Fenian warrior shall meet *Mergach* in 'battle and conflict' next morning. Fionn then proceeds to sound the loyalty and resolution of his forces:—

"He first addressed the front battalion, [fresh;  
 Who were named the battalion of heroes smooth and  
 He inquired of them in a loud tone,  
 Would they fight as usual in his cause?

They all at once answered Fionn  
 That for him they would ever fight;  
 The battalion of the chieftains said likewise,  
 That they would follow the battalion with most hands.

The battalion of the middle-sized men said,  
 In battle or conflict however desperate,  
 That they never deserted their noble king,  
 And would never flinch one step.

The battalion of the middle-aged men said,  
 They would not flinch till the day of death;  
 And the battalion of the stout men said also,  
 That they would follow him like the rest.

The battalion of the small men said,  
 And the battalion behind them, the rear guards,  
 That they were faithful in their acts,  
 And that they would follow him like the rest."

But when he demands a single champion to meet the terrible *Mergach*, neither will the *Smooth and Fresh* heroes, nor the *Chieftains*, nor the *Middle-sized*, nor the *Middle Aged*, nor the *Stout Men*, nor the *Small Men*, grant him the much-desired hero. However, *Caoín Liath*, the chief of the rear guard, offers to engage next morning one of the best men of the invaders; and,

"Caoín Liath took his armour and shield,  
 And fiercely struck the battle-blow;  
*Meargach* of the blue spears came  
 With his host immediately to the spot.

\* \* \*

*Meargach* called forth one of his own men,  
 Whose name was Donn Dorcain;  
 Then the two attacked each other,  
 Dexterous and stoutly on *Onoc-an-Air*.

• • •

The twain, who were not feeble in battle,  
 Were freely cleaving bodies and limbs,  
 From the rising of the sun till evening,  
 Till Donn Dorcain fell, a headless corpse.

When Meargach of the blades beheld  
 That Caoin Liath laid Donn low,  
 He armed his well-proportioned, elegant body  
 In battle armour for conflict and death."

No one is judged meet to encounter *Mergach* but *Oscur*.

"Oscur went forth in battle armour,  
 And he took his arms and shield in his hand;  
 He went onwards to meet  
 Angry Meargach, the lion of bravery.

The two attacked each other on the second day,  
 In the morning with fierce blows,  
 Cleaving and wounding each the other,  
 And 'twas not long till the Fians shouted.

This was why the Fenians wailed,  
 O Patrick of the clerics, truly;  
 The third blow given by Meargach of the blades,  
 Left Oscur weak upon the ground.

When we beheld Oscur down,  
 We and the rest supposed him dead;  
 But 'twas not long till the valorous hero  
 Arose alive, and stood up.

'Remember Oscur' saith Conan Maol,  
 'Thy fall to the Fians will be a loss;  
 Remember every hard battle  
 Thou sustained for the hosts of Fionn.'

The two were of the fairest features,  
 Oscur and Meargach I say;  
 On the second day on the approach of evening,  
 That their form or appearance could not be distinguished.

There was not a spot of their smooth bodies  
 Without trace of scars and wounds of blades,  
 From the top of their heads to the sole of their feet:  
 To us and the rest it was not pleasant.

The two brave heroes relinquished the battle  
 For that night, and sorely wounded  
 Were their bodies, flesh and bone,  
 Without vigor, without fame, without force.

On the morning of the morrow,  
 The two encountered each other fiercely ;  
 They were the strongest and mightiest of arm,  
 That ever came on earth.

. . .

In might, in strength, and in agility,  
 Without want of feats or deeds,  
 The two gave not up the action,  
 For day or night during ten days.

. . .

Not long were we on both sides,  
 Ministering and listening to them ;  
 Till Meargach was behind his shield,  
 Prepared for *Oscur* of the severe blows.

*Oscur* did not give him rest or quarter,  
 But severely dealt each fierce blow ;  
 At the close of the severe combat,  
 Of Meargach he cut his head."

The noble *Oscur* is at last, allowed to repose on his couch of rushes, and look to the healing of his wounds, while *Mergach's* sons and chiefs engage in single combat with the *Fians*. *Conan* the foul-tongued, the bald, and the cowardly, is obliged to take his turn.

" *Conan* never potent in battle,  
 And who never sought fame for valour or deeds,  
 Went to meet *Liagan*, who when he came in his presence,  
 Said, ' silly is thy visit, thou bald man !'

When *Conan* came nigh to him,  
*Liagan* fiercely raised his hand ;  
 ' More dangerous for thee is the man behind,  
 Than I before thee,' saith *Conan*.

*Liagan* the heroic looked behind,  
 And quick was the blow made by *Conan* :  
 Before he could look forward,  
 His head was severed from the neck !

*Conan* did not maintain his ground,  
 Nor did he ask any to take his place ;  
 He ran with all haste towards the *Fians*,  
 And flung his blade from his hand."

. . .

At last it comes to the turn of *Faolan*.

“Faolan had hardly dealt the second blow  
To Cian Mac Lachtna of the hard blades,  
When we beheld approaching  
A fair princess of noble features.

Cian Mac Lachtna fell by Faolan  
Before the princess arrived ;  
The battle was relinquished on each side,  
Waiting the arrival of that fair lady.

The enemy raised a wail of grief  
On recognising the princess ;  
The Fians were silently gazing at her,  
Whilst she incessantly shed tears !

•                    •  
The noble princess cried and wailed,  
And wrung her hands in dismal grief ;  
She shed a bitter flood of tears,  
And exclaimed, ‘ where are my Three ?’

The bright princess went forth  
Intensely wailing among the slain,  
Till she reached the spot,  
Where her husband and two sons fell.

The Fians mustered east and west,  
The foe, in like manner, feebly came  
From every side and peak of the hill,  
Listening to the *caoin* of the woman.

•                    •  
Not long were we, O Patrick ! thus,  
Till she fell into the swoon of death ;  
The foe raised a bitter wail,  
And the Fians themselves were in grief !

We and the foe imagined,  
That she had there died without a moan ;  
But she assumed her own shape again,  
And sung in tears the lay that follows !

•                    •  
‘ O Meargach of the sharp green blades,  
Many a conflict and severe fight,  
Amidst the hosts and in single combat,  
Came off by thy hardy hand in thy time.

•                    •  
Long was thy journey afar,  
From thine own fair land to Inis Fail,  
To visit Fionn and the Fians,  
Who treacherously put my Three to death !

Sorrowful! my husband—my chief!  
 I lost by the wiles of the Fians,  
 My two youths—my two sons,  
 My two men that were fierce in battle!

My grief! my Dun laid low,  
 My grief! my shelter and shield,  
 My grief! Meargach and Ciardan,  
 My grief! Liagan of the broad chest!

My grief! my riches all,  
 My grief! your absence in battle time,  
 My grief! my muster of hosts,  
 My grief! my three heroic lions!

I knew, by the mighty fairy host,  
 That were in conflict over the Dun,  
 Fighting each other in the chasms of the air,  
 That evil would befall my Three!

I knew, by the fairy strain,  
 That came direct into mine ear,  
 That evil tidings were not far from me:  
 Your fall was what it portended!

I knew, on the morn of that day,  
 On which my three noble heroes parted me,  
 On beholding tears of blood on their cheeks,  
 That they would not return victorious to me!

I knew, O noble Three,  
 In forgetting the leashes of your hounds,  
 That ye would not again return with victory,  
 Without treachery from the hosts of Fionn!

I knew, ye torches of valor!  
 By the cascade's stream, near the Dun,  
 Having changed into blood at your departure,  
 That this guile was ever found in Fionn.

I knew, by the eagle's visit  
 Each evening over the Dun,  
 That ere long I would hear  
 Evil tidings from my Three!

I knew, when the huge tree withered,  
 Both branch and leaves before the Dun,  
 That victorious you would never return,  
 From the wiles of Fionn Mac Cumhail!"

'Do not decry Fionn, O noble princess (saith Grainne),  
Nor yet decry the Fians;  
'Twas not by treachery and craft,  
That thy three [heroes] fell !'

'I knew by the sorrowful vision  
That revealed my doom to me,  
That my head and hands were cut off,  
That it was ye who were bereft of sway !

I knew by melodious Uaithnin,  
The favorite dog of my Liagan,  
Howling each morning early,  
That death was certain for my Three !

I knew, when in a vision I saw,  
A pool of blood where the Dun stood,  
That my Three were vanquished  
By the wiles from which Fionn was never exempt !'

'Had they remained in their own country,  
O mild princess,' saith Grainne of Fionn,  
And not come to be avenged for Mac Treoin,  
From the Fians they would receive no hurt !'

'Had they fallen in fair battle,  
Without deceit or treachery, O gentle Grainne,  
I would not reproach the Fians,  
But they do not surrive to bear me witness !'

'Had they survived, O noble princess,  
They themselves would not decry the Fians;  
'Twas by valour and might of arm,  
They laid low thy Three !

O Ailne !' saith the pleasant Grainne,  
I know that thou hast come from afar :  
Come with me and with the Fians,  
Till we together eat and drink.'

Ailne of the bright form declined  
The invitation given her by Grainne of Fionn ;  
And she said it was beneath herself  
To partake of cheer from people of their deeds.

'May my body be rent in two !'  
Saith Conan, in a surly voice,  
'But thou shalt pay, O Ailne bright,  
For unjustly stigmatising our hosts !'



' O bald man of the ugliest aspect,  
That I have yet met on any plain;  
I apprehend I have sorely paid  
For the stigma given, and how sad the tale !'

' Thou shalt pay more sorely,' saith Conan,  
For the scandal thou hast given the Fians,  
I will cut off thy head of the golden locks,  
If I am permitted by Fionn of the Fians.'

' Though huge and bulky is thy body,  
And though flat and bald is thy skull,  
And tho' thou art thick-boned, tough-sinewed, swift,  
These are marks which ill becomes a hero !'

We the Fenians, all raised  
A shout of joy, so did the foe,  
When the woman rebuked and reproached  
The silly bald man [Conan].

He drew his sword from its costly scabbard,  
And made a fierce dart towards the woman;  
Oscur gave him a hard blow,  
That made Conan shriek and roar.

Conan howled, and looked piteously  
On Oscur of the sharp-tempered blades,  
And he said, ' shameful is the deed :  
Thou hast pierced my breast from side to side !

' I would not pierce thy breast nor thy body,  
But that I saw thy bad intent :  
It was not meet for thee to unsheath thy sword,  
On seeing the shape and beauty of the woman.'

In the morning the Fians came  
On the hill where lay the slain ;  
And 'twas not long till we beheld approaching,  
Ailne of the bright countenance and her hosts.

Grainne advanced to meet them,  
And took gentle Ailne by the hand ;  
They walked together on the one path,  
And the two approached the front of the hosts.

At the time that they reached us,  
Daire sounded the melodious music of battle ;  
Fionn sounded the Bar-buadh,  
And called in haste his mighty hosts.

' O bright Ailne !' saith Grainne,  
' Is it thy wish that two heroes  
Should fight with their blades,  
Or a general battle on each side ?'

- 'O Grainne!' saith Ailne of the bright countenance,  
It is thus it should be at either side,  
Thirty of the Fenian heroes,  
And thirty their match, to meet.'
- 'Call to thee thy thirty heroes (saith Grainne),  
On the plain by themselves,  
And I shall call thirty of the Fians,  
Till they give severe battle on Onoc-an-Air !
- 'O Thuardan !' saith Ailne, of the bright countenance,  
There fell by thy hand in one day,  
One hundred and three, mighty, swift men :  
Come thou as leader in the fight !'
- 'O Giabhan !' saith Grainne aloud,  
'There fell by thy hand in one battle,  
Three hundred and sixteen men :  
Stand thou by his side.'
- 'O Meanuir !' saith Ailne, 'go forth,  
Thou that hast brought the swift deer from the hill,  
By the swiftness of thy two fleet hardy legs :  
Cowardice is not thy character in battle.'
- 'O Ruathne !' saith pleasant Grainne,  
'Thou wouldst not crush the withered grass,  
When in pursuit [of the foe] by thy fleetness :  
Thou shalt match him in the conflict.'

The two gentle women,  
Ailne, and Grainne the wife of Fionn,  
Were calling and choosing the men,  
Until exactly thirty were mustered at a side.

The mighty men attacked each other,  
Each two of them in hand to hand conflict,  
At the close of the battle there only survived,  
O Patrick ! but two of the Fians !"

*Ailne* is still insatiable of blood, and will at any cost, have a general meleé. *Fion* and *Grainne* do all in their power to avoid bloodshed, but in vain ; at last, the chief loses his temper.

"Fionn then vehemently sounded,  
The Dord with a call for vengeance to the fight ;  
They attacked each other at either side,  
And the battle was fought furiously !

Alas, O Patrick ! that was the battle,  
The fiercest and the mightiest of hand to hand conflict,  
That was fought since the beginning of the world,  
And to the stubborn princess 'twas disastrous !

O Patrick ! I relate but the truth,  
 Though the foe were hardy and fierce,  
 They all fell by the Fians,  
 Except three and the princess herself.

The princess and the three departed,  
 And we knew not whither they went ;  
 Sorrowful they were at parting,  
 And, O Patrick of the clerics, 'twas sad !

Thus ended the severe contest,  
 O Patrick, of the white crossiers, lately come ;  
 Heneesforth the Fians named  
 This hill westwards, the hill of slaughter.

And O my grief ! 'twas there fell,  
 Luanan, the wise, of the heavy spears ;  
 Who would bring the wild boar from the hill,  
 By the great swiftness of his robust limbs.

'Twas there fell mighty Cruagan,  
 Who would devour a cow at one meal,  
 With forty cakes of bread.

'Twas there fell Gaol the swift,  
 Who in swiftness was faster than the wind,  
 And Ciarnan inflicter of severe wounds," &c.

And then follow a bead-roll of the brave Fenians that perished, with a "touch at the quality" of each. The survivors, as soon as they are in condition, repair to Loch Lene (Kil-larney) to get the dread images of slaughter removed from their minds, and enjoy a stag hunt. We are favoured with a list of the dogs of the chiefs, occupying four pages, headed by *Fion's* favorites.

"We had there Sceolain and Bran,  
 Lomaire, Brod, and Lom-luth ;  
 Five hounds foremost in chase and action,  
 That never parted Fionn !"

The treasures belonging to the Fenians, lost or concealed under the fair waters of the lakes, are also enumerated. Let our antiquaries look to the matter in time.

"This is the lake—the fairest to be seen,  
 That is under the sun truly ;  
 Many treasures belonging to the Fians,  
 Are in it doubtless, secured this night.

There are there in the northern side [of the lake]  
 Fifty blue-green coats of mail;  
 There are in the western side,  
 Fifty helmets in one pile!

There are in the southern side  
 Ten hundred broad and glittering swords,  
 Ten hundred shields and the Dord Fhian,  
 And the Berr-buadh likewise.

There is in the eastern side  
 Gold and raiment in plenty, and spoils,  
 Treasures too many to describe,  
 That came afar each day across the sea.

Describing the hunt gives *Oisín* an appetite, and he complainingly hints to St. Patrick:—

"I often slept abroad on the hill,  
 Under grey dew on the foliage of trees,  
 And I was not accustomed to a supperless bed,  
 While there was a stag on yonder hill!"

P. 'Thou hast not a bed without food;  
 Thou gettest seven cakes of bread,  
 And a large roll of butter,  
 And a quarter of beef every day.'

O. 'I saw a berry of the rowan tree  
 Twice larger than th roll;  
 And I saw an ivy leaf  
 Larger and wider than thy cake of bread.

I saw a quarter of a blackbird,  
 Which was larger than thy quarter of beef;  
 'Tis it that fills my soul with sadness,  
 To be in thy house.' "

It is related in other poems that on St. Patrick refusing belief to *Oisín's* facts in natural history, he procured a rowan berry from Glan-a-Smoll, an ivy leaf from Chapelizod, and the quarter of a monstrous blackbird killed on the Curragh, even larger than those of which he made boast.

*Grainne* is interesting and loveable in the former tale: in this, she acts the kind *Ban Tierna* to her husband's tribe. She has the glory of her people and of their chief at heart, but she is averse from slaughter, and has a feeling heart even for their bitter enemies. The circumlocution observed in the ordinary phraseology of our peasantry comes from the old language of *Oisín's* days; specimens will be remarked in different places through our quotations.

But all human institutions come to an end, and the Fenians were no exception. *Fion* himself was assassinated at Ath Brea on the Boyne, A.D. 286 ; and a few years afterwards, the exactions and pretensions of the Clan Boisgne became so disagreeable to the reigning monarch, Cairbre, that he resolved to reduce their power even at the risk of his life. It is recorded that the Prince of Decies in Waterford wishing to espouse his daughter *Sgeimh Sholais* (Light of Beauty), the Fenians insisted on the tribute paid to them on such occasions ; and this was the last straw that broke the back of the monarch's patience. The Clan-Morna came to his aid under the command of Aedh Caemh, and the tribes of Ulster also obeyed his call, but the Fenians of Britain and the Munster Hibernians, to whose prince\* *Fion's* daughter *Samaar* had been wedded, rushed to the standard of *Oscur* to whom the chieftaincy had fallen ; and on the fatal field of Gabhra in Meath, the enraged forces met, and the fighting days of the Fions of Fail were ended. Some of the verses relative to the fight, as afterwards repeated to St. Patrick by the only survivor, *Oisín*, here follow.

“ We numbered thirty sons  
Of the tribe of Fionn of the Fenians,  
Who bore shield and sword,  
In front of conflict and battle.

When we marched from Binn Eadair,  
This was the number of our whole force,  
Ten hundred valiant Fenians,  
In the bands of each man.

The bands of the Fians of Alba,  
And the supreme King of Britain,  
Belonging to the order of the Fians of Alba,  
Joined us in that battle.

The Fians of Lochlann were powerful,  
From the chief to the leader of nine men ;  
They mustered along with us,  
To share in the struggle.

There was Cairbre Liffeachair,  
And the great hosts of Erin,  
Opposed to our power,  
In the battle of Gabhra of the strokes.

---

\* Cormac Cas.

There were Oscan,\* son of Garraidh,  
 And ten hundred active warriors,  
 Augmenting the forces in that battle,  
 In opposition to my son.

The King of Erin  
 And Mac Garraidh Mac Moirne.  
 Led their brave hosts and their banner forward,  
 In the front of the battle of Gabhra."

Just as in the drama of the *Battle of Aughrim*, the Fenians before engaging the Royal troops, had like to destroy each other through rivalry for command: much blood was shed, and,—

" We then raised our war-cry  
 Commencing the battle of Gabhra;  
 Oscan and the Fians of Leinster,  
 Marched to oppose Mac Moirne.

There was Feargus the poet,  
 The prince's minstrel,  
 Cheering us in the struggle,  
 To advance to the battle.

We rushed against each other,  
 We and they;  
 Of a similar conflict  
 No mortal shall have to tell.

My son urged his course  
 Through the battalions of Tara;  
 Like a hawk through a flock of birds,  
 Or a rock descending a declivity.

Mac Garraidh\* of the white skin came,  
 After having served in the battle,  
 To meet my son,  
 Fiercely and prince-like.

The men of Eire hearkened,  
 Though the cessation was painful;  
 To the sound of the strokes  
 That passed between the two Oscurs.

As many as two score shields,  
 In each contending struggle,  
 Mac Garraidh the pure, and my own son,  
 Broke in the battle of Gabhra.

---

\* *Aedh Caemh* or the Connaught *Oscan*, grandson of *Morna*,

Three showers arose  
Over their heads in the strife,—  
A shower of blood, a shower of fire,  
And a bright shower from their shields.

Mac Garraidh was worsted,  
Though the task was difficult,  
By Oscur, who never failed  
In point of liberality to the learned.

The monarch of Eire hastened,  
Who had poisoned (*deadly*) weapons;  
To meet Oscur of the strokes,  
And he wounded his heart.

Nor failed my son,  
Whose career was never impeded:  
He drove the nimble javelin  
To the cross through Cairbre.

He slew the king of Munster,  
Though great his deeds in conflict;  
The son of the king of the world fell by him also,  
And so did Mac Garraidh.

By him was slain Cairbre,  
Who had the silken standard;  
There fell by him in evil conflict  
The despoilers of every country.

Until the grass of the plain is numbered,  
And every grain of sand of the sea-coast,  
All who fell by my son  
Cannot possibly be enumerated.

My son was slain,  
That caused the misfortune of the Fenians;  
He fell in that battle,  
Together with Cairbre."

From the discursive mode in which the fight is sung, and perhaps from the dovetailing of two separate poems on the same subject, there begins now a confused narrative. Even *Fion*, who had been murdered some years before, comes to bewail his grandson.\* A few verses are subjoined in which no inconsis-

---

\* The translator reconciles the incongruity by supposing the ghost of *Fion* to have visited the field of slaughter; but on giving the matter due consideration, and carefully examining the text, we have come to the conclusion that the poet meant otherwise.

tency occurs. The reader will scarcely fail to mark a true poetic spirit and genuine pathos even in the bald literal translation.

“ When the carnage ceased, I came,  
And stood over my successful son Oscur ;  
And Caóilte dévoid of deception came,  
And stood over his six gentle sons.

Many a mail of noble warriors,  
Many a fair head-piece,  
And shield lay scattered over the plain,  
Together with princes bereft of life !

I found my own son lying down  
On his left side by his shield,  
His right hand clutched his sword, and he  
Pouring blood through his mail.

I leaned the shaft of my spear on the ground,  
And I raised a cry over him ;  
O Patrick, I then thought,  
What I should do after him.

Oscur gazed up at me,  
And the sight was pain enough for me (to bear) ;  
He extended his two arms towards me,  
Endeavouring to rise to meet me.

I grasped the hand of my own son,  
And sat down by his left side ;  
And from (the time of) that sitting by him,  
I set no value on the world.

My manly son thus said to me,  
And he at the latter end of his life ;  
‘ I return my thanks to the gods  
For thy safe escape, O father.’

Mac Ronan then cried aloud,  
And feebly fell upon the earth ;  
He cast his pure body upon the ground,  
He plucked his hair and beard.

We remained that night amidst the slaughter,  
Watching his body till the day,  
And conveying the male descendants of Fionn,  
To pleasant and delightful mounds.

We raised the manly Oscur  
Aloft on the shafts of our javelins ;  
— Bearing him to another pure mound,  
To strip him of his garments.



A palm's breadth from his hair,  
Of his body was not whole,  
Until it reached the sole of his foot,  
But his face alone.

From that day of the battle of Gabhra,  
We did not speak boldly;  
And we passed not either night or day,  
That we did not breathe deep, heavy sighs.

We buried Oscur of the red weapons,  
On the north side of the great Gabhra,  
Together with Oscur son of Garraidh of renowned feats,  
And Oscur, son of the king of Lochlann.

And he who was not niggardly of gold,  
Mac Lughaidh, the tall warrior,—  
We dug the cave of his sepulchre  
Very wide, as became a king.

The graves of the Oscurs, narrow dwellings of clay,  
The graves of the sons of Garraidh and Oisín,  
And the whole extent of the great Bath,  
Was the grave of the great Oscur of Basisgne.

I beseech the king of blissful life,  
And do thou beseech him too, Patrick son of Calphurn,  
That weakness may come upon my voice;  
My sorrow to-night is very great!"

It was scarcely judicious to admit into the collection, the prose account which follows the poem. It totally upsets the ordinary traditions of the tribe, making *Fion*, *Diarmuid* *O'Duibhne*, and others, perform deeds of valour on that day, despite of their having been wrapt in clay for several years; and the style of the piece is extremely turgid and unpoetical.

The residence of *Oisín* in *Tir-na-n-Oge* occupies a portion of the fourth volume. It is furnished by Mr. O'Lobney, Dunreel, Ennistymon, and is ushered to the reader's notice by these remarks.

"The Council of the Ossianic Society do not hold themselves responsible for the authenticity or antiquity of the following poem; but print it as an interesting specimen of the more recent of the Fenian Stories. In the tract which follows it, will be found one of the most ancient of records that describe the exploits of Finn Mac Cumhail."

This piece is the last in order of time of the Ossianic poems, and contains one of the discrepancies before mentioned. *Fion* must have been dead at the time about fifteen years, but our

bard presents him as still in the enjoyment of his hunting faculties.

"We were hunting on a misty morning  
Nigh the bordering shores of Loch Léin,  
Where were fragrant trees of sweetest blossoms,  
And the mellow music of birds at all times.

. . .

'Twas not long 'till we saw, westwards,  
A fleet rider advancing towards us,  
A young maiden of most beautiful appearance,  
On a slender white steed of swiftest power.

. . .

A royal crown was on her head ;  
And a brown mantle of precious silk,  
Spangled with stars of red gold,  
Covering her shoes down to the grass.

. . .

A garment wide, long, and smooth,  
Covered the white steed ;  
There was a comely saddle of red gold,  
And her right hand held a bridle with a golden bit.

*Fion* courteously enquires her rank and appellation.

"Golden-headed Niamh is my name,  
O sage Fionn of the great hosts :  
Beyond the women of the world I have won esteem,  
I am the fair daughter of the King of Youth."

F. "Relate to us O amiable princess  
What caused thee to come afar across the sea—  
Is it thy consort has forsaken thee,  
Or what is the affliction that is on thyself?"

N. "'Tis not my husband that went from me,  
And as yet I have not been spoken of with any man,  
O king of the Fianna of highest repute,  
But affection and love I have given to thy son.

. . .

Obligations unresisted by true heroes,  
O generous Oisín, I put upon thee,  
To come with myself now upon my steed  
Till we arrive at the "Land of Youth."

It is the most delightful country to be found,  
Of greatest repute under the sun,  
Trees drooping with fruit and blossom  
And foliage growing on the tops of boughs.

When all arrived in one spot,  
 Then courteously spoke the 'King of Youth,'  
 And said, 'This is Oisín the son of Fionn,  
 The gentle consort of 'Golden-headed Niamh!'

He took me then by the hand,  
 And said [aloud to the hearing of] the host,  
 'O brave Oisín! O son of the king!  
 A hundred thousand welcomes to you!

This is the gentle Queen,  
 And my own daughter, the Golden-headed Niamh,  
 Who went over the smooth seas for thee,  
 To be her consort for ever.'

I spent a time protracted in length,  
 Three hundred years and more,  
 Until I thought 'twould be my desire  
 To see Fionn and the Fianna alive.

In the unruffled enjoyment of a calm waveless life he yearns  
 for the chequered existence of old, and the sight of his lost  
 brothers in arms.

"I asked leave of the king,  
 And of my kind spouse—golden-headed Niamh,  
 To go to Erin back again,  
 To see Fionn and his great host.

'Thou wilt get leave from me,' said the gentle daughter,  
 'Though 'tis a sorrowful tale to me to hear you mention it,  
 Lest thou mayest not come again in your life  
 To my own land, O victorious Oisín!'

'What do we dread! O blooming queen!  
 Whilst the white steed is at my service:  
 He'll teach me the way with ease,  
 And will return safe back to thyself.'

'Remember, O Oisín! what I am saying,  
 If thou layest foot on level ground,  
 Thou shalt not come again for ever  
 To this fine land in which I am myself.

I say to thee again without guile,  
 If thou alightest once off the white steed,  
 Thou wilt never more come to the 'Land of Youth,'  
 O warlike Oisín of the golden arms!

'I say to thee for the third time,  
 If thou alightest off the steed thyself,  
 That thou wilt be an old man, withered, and blind,  
 Without activity, without pleasure, without run, without  
 leap.'

I looked up into her countenance with compassion,  
 And streams of tears ran from my eyes,  
 O Patrick! thou wouldst have pitied her  
 Tearing the hair off the golden head.

She put me under strict injunctions  
 To go and come without touching the lea,  
 And said to me by virtue of their power,  
 If I broke them that I'd never return safe.

I kissed my gentle consort,  
 And sorrowful was I in parting from her,  
 My two sons, and my young daughter  
 Were under grief, shedding tears.

I prepared myself for travelling,  
 And I turned my back on the "Land of Youth;"  
 The steed ran swiftly under me,  
 As he had done with me and 'golden-headed Niamh.'

On my coming then into the country,  
 I looked closely in every direction;  
 I thought then in truth  
 That the tidings of Fionn were not to be found.

'Twas not long for me nor tedious,  
 Till I saw from the west approaching me,  
 A great troop of mounted men and women,  
 And they came into my own presence.

They saluted me kindly and courteously,  
 And surprise seized every one of them,  
 On seeing the bulk of my own person,  
 My form, my appearance, and my countenance.

I myself asked then of them,  
 Did they hear if Fionn was alive,  
 Or did any one else of the Fianna live,  
 Or what disaster had swept them away?

'There is many a book written down,  
 By the melodious sweet sages of the Gaels,  
 Which we in truth, are unable to relate to thee,  
 Of the deeds of Fionn and of the Fianna.

' We heard that Fionn had  
 A son of brightest beauty and form;  
 That there came a young maiden for him  
 And that he went with her to the "Land of Youth."

When I myself heard that announcement,  
 That Fionn did not live, nor any of the Fianna,  
 I was seized with weariness and great sorrow,  
 And I was full of melancholy after them.

I did not stop on my course,  
 Quick and smart without any delay,  
 Till I set my face straightforward,  
 To Almhain of great exploits in broad Leinster.

Great was my surprise there,  
 That I did not see the court of Fionn of the hosts;  
 There was not in its place in truth,  
 But weeds, chick-weeds, and nettles.

On my passing thro' the Glen of the Thrushes,  
 I saw a great assembly there:  
 Three hundred men and more  
 Were before me in the glen.

One of the assembly spoke,  
 And he said with a loud voice;  
 ' Come to our relief, O kingly champion,  
 And deliver us from difficulty !'

I then came forward,  
 And the host had a large flag of marble,  
 The weight of the flag was down on them,  
 And to uphold it they were unable !

- Those that were under the flag below,  
 Were being oppressed weakly,  
 By the weight of the great load  
 Many of them lost their senses.

One of the stewards spoke,  
 And said—' O princely young hero !  
 Forthwith relieve my host,  
 Or not one of them will be alive.'

I lay upon my right breast,  
 And I took the flag in my hand ;  
 With the strength and activity of my limbs  
 I sent it seven perches from its place !

With the force of the very large flag,  
 The golden girth broke on the white steed ;  
 I came down full suddenly,  
 On the soles of my two feet on the lea.

No sooner did I come down,  
 Than the white steed took fright ;  
 He went then on his way,  
 And I, in sorrow, both weak and feeble.

I lost the sight of my eyes,  
 My form, my countenance, and my vigour,  
 I was an old man, poor and blind,  
 Without strength, understanding, or esteem.

Patrick ! there is to thee my story,  
 As it occurred to myself without a lie,  
 My going and my adventures in certain,  
 And my returning from the ' Land of Youth.' "

Anxious for the success of the labors of this truly-national Society, we wish every care taken for the non-appearance of blemishes. They cannot prevent two mere stories or legendary poems from differing in the relation of the same circumstance, or from putting a warrior to death, or reviving him with no regard, each to the other's chronology. But granting *Fion* and *Goll Mac Morna* to have been real men and not myths,—a belief in which they are borne out by Tiernach and the Four Masters, let them not countenance such an inconvenient instance of longevity as that of *Goll* who was present in the battle of Magh Lena in A.D. 125, and lived down near to that of Gabhra, A.D. 296 or thereabouts. Begging them again by all they hold dear, to moderate the rancor of poor *Oidin* in his future (published) controversies with St. Patrick, our fault finding ceases. We exhort them to reprint (if practicable) the second, third, and fourth volumes : they may use their own discretion as to the first. Furthermore, we exhort every man of literary or archæological taste, whether he rejoices in Celtic, Saxon, or Cumbrian (*Pictish*) descent, to get his name forthwith on the list of subscribers. The Irish language or a kindred branch of it was spoken in every country of Southern and Western Europe from the time that the early colonies, migrating from the plains of Shinaar, were gradually occupying them. It is hence the most ancient of the cognate European languages, whether existing in books or on the tongues of living men, and traces of it may be still found in every one of the various resting places of the old colonists in the names attached to rivers, hills, old cities, harbours, and capes. The language itself is regular, copious, expressive, euphonious, peculiarly fitted for being moulded into verse, and adapted to every modulation of which the gamut is capable.

Next to Latin and Greek, the written remains of our language are the oldest in Europe; and we would be glad to see those archæologists who would give up all their worldly possessions for the recovery of the lost books of Livy or the plays of Menander, bestow a moderate interest on the preservation of the once common language of Italy, Gaul, Iberia, Britain, Macedonia, and Ierna. Let them fancy their ecstasy on the recovery of a manuscript of the language spoken in King Arthur's Court, copied in the tenth century from one nearly coeval with Sir Launcelot and Sir Gawin, or of a Welsh, Cornish, or Breton one, a couple of centuries later. Let them fancy this rather improbable circumstance, and rejoice that there are pieces of the ancient Celtic tongue extant in manuscripts of the ninth century, which themselves were compiled from manuscripts four hundred years older. If incredulity disturbs their archæological comfort, let them reveal their doubts to any of our excellent confessors,—Drs. Todd, O'Donovan, or Petrie, or our no less excellent Professor Eugene Curry, and we promise them perfect ease of mind on the subject.\*

The French, Italian, and Spanish tongues being in some inexplicable way, moulded from the Latin by the northern nations, who made a kind of chemical combination of their own dialects and the sort of Latin spoken by the colonies, and which had been previously affected to some extent by the native Celtic of these countries, we need not look for much regularity in these languages, nor the existence of manuscripts as early by some hundreds of years as among the unconquered Celts or Teutons.

We regard with much interest a copy of the *Song of Hatto*, a Saxon legend in rude verse or prose of the days of Alfred, either of the *Eldas*, *Reynard the Fox*, or the *Nibelungen Lied*, and give up as fruitless, all hopes of ever discovering romance, poem, or history in the Celtic dialect spoken by Boadicea, or Caractacus, or the valiant Celtic Gauls who gave such trouble to Cæsar. Let then the literary world receive with welcome, those lays which delighted our ancestors, before

---

\* Besides our scholars already mentioned, we wish to express the obligations under which the Irish reading public stand to Messrs. Graves, Hacket, O'Brennan, O'Connellan, O'Mahony, Windele, and to the deceased Bryan Geraghty, publisher of the *Annals of the Four Masters*.

*La Belle Irlandaise* bathed in the Liffey ;—which were committed to writing long before Alfred learned to read, and which have been since perpetuated by zealous family historians, by religious men in their cloisters, by poor schoolmasters, by farmers after their laborious day's toil, or by blacksmiths when their arms were reposing from wielding hammer or sledge. Many a valuable piece has been lost, and there are some which in part at least, are not worth preserving; but thanks to *Grinians* our Celtic Apollo, many are now out of danger, preserved in legible type; and thousands of manuscripts are still religiously watched in our College, our Academy, in the libraries of the English Universities, and those of the Continent. If it be objected by hypercritics or natives of *Boetia* that the specimens given do not warrant our enthusiasm, we beg to cite one convincing proof of the injustice of their objection. We lately heard extracts read from the third volume, in a party where there was a sprinkling of dissipated young fellows, who, whenever they read at all, patronise the worst samples of the *fast* literature of the day, and all these to a man, either fell asleep, yawned, or stole away on some pretence.

We will not offer our readers the affront of attempting to prove to them, that the extracts given breathe a genuine poetic spirit, that they exhibit happiness of description, a picturesque beauty, originality, and vigour. In presenting even the bare literal translation deprived of the charms of rhythm, appropriate poetical idiom, and such conventional agreeability as arises from alliteration and assonance, we reckon on the consent of the body of our readers that the Ossianic remains are most worthy of preservation.

Our era is so far fortunate, that in our metropolis, and scattered through the country, at this present time, we possess a fair average number of sound Irish scholars, not only learned in the tongue but anxious for its permanent endurance. We have called on literary people in general to join the ranks of the subscribers, but we call more emphatically on the masters of the old language, to use diligence about the editing and translating of such pieces as are really worth preservation, and not to be chary with any information concerning the old usages, laws, and modes of life, not yet dwelt on in the volumes published.

From the materials now collecting with such diligence, our sons may probably see that "History of Ireland" so long looked for, completed at last. It is a little despressing to think



that ourselves will not have the pleasure of reading it, but what good man planting an acorn, expects to sit under the shade of the future oak! The long shadows cast from our round towers have cooled or damped our zealous co-operation, and will continue to have that bad effect, till we know whether their architects were fire-worshippers or good Christians. The question will hardly be laid at rest in our time. So let our Seanachies, forgetting their differences, call to mind that they were *Gaels* before they were either *Heathens* or *Christians*, and vigorously continue to unearth our long-buried national treasures.\*

Our mere English readers will feel small comfort from the appearance of some Irish names met in the present paper, especially when he finds three or four consonants without the interposition of a vowel. However, let him simply pronounce whatever one or two of them makes the most euphonious sound with the vowel going before or following; and in most cases he will not be far from the true pronunciation. *d* loses its sound in most cases when united with *h*, so he will sound 'Eochaidh,' as if written *Achy* or *Uchy*, and 'Aodh,' *Ee*. *c* is always hard, thus 'Ceann' (head) is pronounced *Kaoun*, and the finale *e* is always sounded. '*Bh*' and '*mh*' are mostly sounded like *v*, for instance 'bhan,' *van*, 'mhor' (great), *vör*. Your mere Briton has some time in his life heard a real or a stage Irishman pronounce *Ochone*; let him remember, and apply his knowledge if he can, to words that have *ch* or *gh* in their construction. It has often struck us as singular, the difficulty English people find in achieving a guttural sound, whereas the German tongue, the base of their own, is full of such. The general aspiration of *d* and *t* in Irish, has influenced the sound of these letters in English words as pronounced by our peasantry. The diphthong *ea* gets the sound of *ai*, but *ie* is not incorrectly sounded by our people in any instance. It is very easy to know whether an Irish sketch is written by a native of England or Ireland, by the mode in which such words as 'Priest' or 'Chief' are written. They are always, (as already said) pronounced correctly, but under the Briton's

---

\* The chief Bard owning a thousand tales is not to be literally received. Seven times fifty tales of the first rank, and three times fifty of the second rank, were his stint. In *Grainne and Diarmuid* towards the commencement, *Duibhne* is erroneously printed for *O'Duibhne* in two or three instances

pen they come out *Proate and Chafe*. Ah! if Mr. Dickens or the Messrs. Chambers could only be sensible of the pain they inflict on the eyes and ears of their Irish subscribers, by neglecting the travelling and other sketches of their contributors on Irish subjects, they would in pity employ as corrector of the press, some one born West of the Irish sea. In *All the Year Round*, August 13, among other atrocities laid at the door of the poor Connaught man, he is made to pronounce 'flying' *flaying*, 'thief' *thafe*, &c. Paddy usually makes use of the expression 'let them be,' but the *Year Round* man makes him say, 'let them be,' and call a 'girl' a *gurl*. *Mike*, for the only time in his life, we are sure, mentions in presence of the sage tourist—'a pair of breeches as mightily takes his fancy.' The same *Mike* relates, how Bianconi was shipwrecked in a desert island early in life, with three shillings in his pocket, and how he incontinently purchased pictures in Dublin for these coins. We know that such things happen in dreams, but how the man, the Desert Island, and the Dublin picture shop, came in such close neighbourhood, is very difficult to be realized.

Our Solomon meets on his tour the mountain '*Beantola*,' where *Bemabala* formerly ruled over the twelve pins, and has the good taste to call the former member for Galway, '*Old Cruelty to Animals*.' He relates how a man went to cut turf, intending to boil his potatoes with it on the same day, though our peasants are so wayward as to leave it to dry some days before it is used for fuel. This man took a *log* on his shoulder, and a *kippeen* (twig or stick) at his back; he went into the bog, cut his *kippeen* full of the (wet) turf! tied it up in a cord, and carried it off to burn on the very day. We wondered what the man wanted the *log* for, till we recollected that in some parts of Ireland, a spade is called a *loy*, on purpose we suppose, for the mystification of foreign tourists. The use to which the *kippeen* was put, still remains a mystery. In one particular we do justice to our tourist's sagacity: he spells '*Sheebéen*' *Shabheen*, quasi '*shabby-inn*'—an expressive title. Such is life: *Sir Anthony Absolute* gets angry with his sen, his son reproves his valet, the valet cuffs the errand boy, and the errand boy kicks the house-dog. The great national taker of portraits, *A. Dumas*, entices *John Bull* into his painting-chair, and on pretence of making his portrait, he shortens his legs, adds a foot or so to the breadth of his body, where the

waistcoat ends, an inch or two to the breadth of his nose, claps a round hat jauntily on a pair of coquettish short horns, and is just at the moment called out of the room. *John* takes that opportunity to look at his 'counterfeit presentment,' and is far from flattered. His cousin *Pat* steps in at the moment; the annoyed sinner assumes palette, pencils, and maul stick, makes the new comer assume the chair, and takes revenge on him for the wrong himself had just suffered.

Any words used by the English, Spaniards, French, and Italians, that cannot be clearly traced to the Celtic, the Saxon, the Greek, or the Latin, may be looked on in the same light as those sprung up in later times in America or our distant colonies, and having strictly local or accidental significations. May we see published in our own times, at a moderate price, a Polyglot dictionary of the English, and those four early tongues of Europe, merely containing words common to three of them at least; something in this fashion:

<i>English.</i>	<i>Celtic.</i>	<i>Teutonic.</i>	<i>Greek.</i>	<i>Latin.</i>
Mother.	Mathair.	Mutter.	Mētēr.	Mater.
Father.	Athair.	Vater.	Pater.	Patēr.
Nose.	Rinn.	Nase.	Ris or Rīn.	Nasus.

A vocabulary follows of Celtic words, many of which enter into the composition of proper names, or are still used by English-speaking natives, while they fancy they are conversing in the pure Anglo-Norman dialect, a few only of the many words common to both languages being admitted. Let the English reader remember that *c* and *g* are always sounded hard, and *d* and *t* generally pronounced *dh* and *th*.

<i>Aban</i> , (Avon) Water, River	<i>Beal</i> , <i>Beul</i> , Mouth.
(Avonmore, large river).	<i>Bealach</i> , Pass.
<i>Aill</i> , Cliff ( <i>Albion</i> , white cliff).	<i>Bearna</i> , Gap.
<i>Airgíth</i> , Silver.	<i>Beg</i> , <i>Beag</i> , Little.
<i>Ará</i> , High ( <i>Armagh</i> , High Field).	<i>Ben</i> , Hill ( <i>Ben a Dair</i> , Hill of Oaks, Howth).
<i>Ath</i> , Ford.	<i>Bo</i> , Cow.
<i>Baile</i> , a Town ( <i>Baile ath chiah</i> ,	<i>Bodach</i> , Cow-keeper.
Town on Ford of Hurdles,	<i>Both</i> , Tent, hence <i>Bothy</i> , a Hut.
Dublin).	<i>Brathach</i> , a Banner.
<i>Ball</i> , Spot.	<i>Breac</i> , Speckled, a Trout.
<i>Bas</i> , Death.	<i>Breáth</i> , a Judge, hence <i>Breton</i> .
<i>Be</i> , Life, Woman (Eve?).	<i>Brugh</i> , Town, Residence.

- Bann**, Foundation.  
**Caomh, Caomh**, Crooked.  
**Galbh, Bald** (*Calvus*, Lat.).  
**Caech**, Blind.  
**Caol**, Short, Slender.  
**Capall**, Horse.  
**Carn**, Heap of Stones.  
**Carraic, Corrig**, Rock.  
**Cathair** (pr. *Caer*), Town (*Carlow*, Town on the lake).  
**Cath**, Battle.  
**Ce, Tiz**, the Earth.  
**Ceann**, Head (*Klutarre*, Cape of the Tower).  
**Cearc**, Hen.  
**Ceir, Wax**, (*Cera* L.).  
**Ceo**, Fog.  
**Cil, Cell**, Church (*Kildara*, Church of the Oak).  
**Cineal**, Family, Tribe.  
**Cish, Cias**, a Rent.  
**Cleach, Clath**, Wattle, Hurdle.  
**Clo, Nail** (*Clavus*, L.).  
**Clóch**, Stone.  
**Clogh, Bell**, (*Clogher*, Golden Bell, or Stone of Gold, or Stone of the Sun).  
**Cluain, Cluan**, Meadow (*Clontarf*, Bull's Pasture).  
**Cnoc**, Hill.  
**Coilech**, a Cock.  
**Coille**, a Wood.  
**Cul**, an Impediment (*Cul*, Fr.).  
**Corc, Currach**, Bog, Marsh.  
**Cosh**, Foot.  
**Craeb, Craobh**, Branch.  
**Craig**, Gullet, Claw.  
**Creach**, Booty, Spoil.  
**Croagh, Crach, Cross**, Crook.  
**Croicenn**, Skin, Hide.  
**C'ruit**, a Harp.  
**Cu**, Hound.  
**Cuile**, Vein.  
**Curadh**, Knight.
- Dair, Duir, Oak** (*Derry*, Oak Grove, hence *Druid*).  
**Dal**, Blind.  
**Daltha**, Foster Child.  
**Daol**, a Reptile.  
**Dearg**, Red.  
**Delg**, Thorn.  
**Deoch**, a Drink.  
**Di, Do**, Two.  
**DIA**, GOD.  
**Dia**, Day.  
**Doirt**, Grove.  
**Domnach**, Sunday.  
**Dónn** (pr. *abouin*), Brown.  
**Dorn**, Fist.  
**Dorus, Door** (*Deochan, Dertus*, Stirrup-Cup).  
**Druim, Drum**, Ridge (*Rathdrum*, Fort on the Hill Ridge).  
**Duan**, Poem.  
**Duine**, a Man.  
**Dun**, a Fort.  
**Dur, Hard** (*Durus*, L.).  
**Each, Eoch**, Horse (*Eamh*, etc., Horse-leap).  
**Ealt, Flock** (*Magmalty*, Plain of Flocks of Birds).  
**Ealg**, Noble (*Eitel* in Saxon).  
**Earr**, Hero.  
**Eglais**, Church.  
**Eilit**, a Hind.  
**Eirie, Eric**, a Fine.  
**En, Ean**, a Bird.  
**Erc**, Ox.  
**Es**, a Waterfall (*Assaroo, Es Aodh Ruadh*, Cascade of Red Hugh, Salmon leap at Ballyshannon).  
**Facc**, Spade.  
**Fadh**, Tall, Long.  
**Failte**, Welcome.  
**Fail**, Ring, Stone, Blood, Name of Ireland.  
**Falc**, Hook (*Falx*, L.).

*Fasach*, a Desert.

*Far*, Why? (*Warum* in German).

*Fead*, Whistle, Sword.

*Feis*, Parliament.

*Fer*, *Fir*, a Man.

*Fesog*, Beard.

*Fiac*, a Raven.

*Fiacal*, *Fecc*, Tooth.

*Fian*, a Hero.

*Fib*, Laughter.

*Fiad*, Deer.

*Fid*, Whistle.

*Finn*, Fair.

*Fiodhga*, Woody.

*Flaith*, *Flath*, Prince, Heaven.

*Flann*, Blood, Red.

*Fleath*, Feast (*Pleodogus*, children's Feast of Easter Eggs).

*Folt*, Hair.

*Fort*, Strong (*Fortis*, Lat.).

*Fraech*, *Fraoch*, Heath, hence *Frauchans*.

*Ga*, Javelin.

*Gab*, Mouth.

*Gad*, Withe.

*Gaill*, Foreigner.

*Ge*, Goose.

*Geal*, White.

*Gean*, Woman, Daughter, Love (*Guné*, Gr.).

*Gealach*, the Moon.

*Gen*, Sword.

*Gear*, *Gar*, Short.

*Giall*, Hostage.

*Giolla*, *Gilla*, Servant (*Gilmour*, Mary's Servant).

*Glac*, Fist, Fork, (*Galltoghach*, Armed Partizan; *Giolla*, Attendant, and the above).

*Glas*, Green.

*Gleirr*, White of Egg.

*Gluin*, the Knee.

*Glib*, Lock of Hair.

*Gloir*, Sunrise, Glory.

*Glor*, Voice.

*Goban*, Smith, hence *Gow*.

*Gob*, Beak.

*Goid*, Knighthood.

*Gort*, Garden.

*Gorm*, Blue.

*Gradh*, Love.

*Graf*, Scion, Sprout.

*Graig*, Manor.

*Grian*, the Sun (hence *Orange*).

*Gril*, Iron Grating.

*Gris*, Ashes.

*Gruag*, the Hair.

*Gruin*, Hedgehog.

*Gug*, *Gog*, Egg.

*I*, Island.

*Iar*, West (*Ireland*, West Land).

*Iabhar*, a Rivers' Mouth; *Aber* in Welsh.

*Inis* (*Inch*), an Island.

*Ir*, Anger.

*La*, Day (*La Bannha*, Sun's Day, Lammas).

*Lach*, Hero.

*Lach*, Milk (*Lac*, *LAA*).

*Lamh*, *Lav*, Hand.

*Lann*, Sword.

*Laoi*, Poem.

*Leabhar*, Book (*Liber*, L.).

*Leacht*, Bed.

*Leambh* (hence *Llama*), Child.

*Leac*, Flag, Stone (*Laica*, Saxon).

*Lecht*, a Grave.

*Leith*, Half.

*Leim*, a Leap (*Limeady*, Dog's Leap).

*Linn*, Pool (*Dublin*, *Dubh Linn*, Black Pool).

*Ler*, *Lir*, the Sea.

*Lis*, Fort, House.

*Liath*, Grey.

*Lios*, Cottage.

*Loch*, Lake, Pool.

*Loinges*, a Fleet.

- Long, Lüing, a Ship.*  
*Losc, Blind of one eye (Luscus, Lat).*  
*Luachair, Rushes.*  
*Luaidh, Ashes, Lees.*  
*Luain, the Moon.*  
*Lugnas, Lammass.*  
*Luath, Sharp, Swift (Name of a Hound).*  
*Lus, Herb, (Lusmore, Large Herb, Fox-glove).*  
*Luim, New Milk.*  
*Luin, Spear.*
- Mac, Son (Mackay, Mac Hugh, Mac Kew, Mac Aodh, Son of Hugh).*  
*Madra, Dog (Madra Rua, Red Dog, Fox; Madra, Cunning, Foxy, Fr.).*  
*Maer, Steward.*  
*Magh, Mathaire, a Field.*  
*Mairt, Execution.*  
*Mala, Eyebrow.*  
*Mam, Breast, Mother, Mount.*  
*Manach, Monk.*  
*Man, Hand.*  
*Maoit, Moist.*  
*Maol (pr. Miul), Bald, Hornless.*  
*Maor, Earl, Baron, Sergeant.*  
*Mathair, Mother.*  
*Me, My, Me, I, Myself.*  
*Meas, Yard, Measure Judgment.*  
*Measg, Mixing.*  
*Mer, Finger.*  
*Mer, a Blackbird.*  
*Mfir, a Part.*  
*Mion, Small.*  
*Misnecht, Courage.*  
*Moin, Bog.*  
*Molt, Sheep, Wether.*  
*Mor, Mhor, Big. (Major, L.).*  
*Mos, Custom.*
- Muic, Pig*  
*Muidh, Moy, Plain (Moytuir, Plain of the Tower).*  
*Muintir, Tribe.*  
*Muir, the Sea, (More, L.).*  
*Muis, Pouting Lip.*
- Naemh, Naomh, a Saint.*  
*Nead, Nest (Nidus; L.).*  
*Neul, Cloud (Nephela, Gk.).*  
*Noed, Naked, Nude.*  
*Noi, Ship (Navis, L.).*  
*Nuall, Angelical voice (Noel, Christmas, Fr.).*
- Og, Oig, Young, Virgin.*  
*Ol, Drink.*  
*Olann, Wool.*  
*Oir, the East (Orient).*  
*Oll, Great.*  
*Ollamh, Doctor.*  
*Or, Gold.*  
*Os, Mouth.*
- Pain, Bread.*  
*Paisde Child, (Pais, Gk.).*  
*Partan, a Crab, (in use in Scotland).*  
*Piast, Worm, Serpent.*  
*Pib, Pìob, Pipe, Flute.*  
*Port, Tune, Jig, Harbour.*  
*Pus, Lip.*
- Rae, the Moon.*  
*Rann, Verse.*  
*Raom, Rìgh, Number, Rhythm (root of the word Arithmetic).*  
*Rath, Fortress.*  
*Rì, Rìgh, King.*  
*Rìghan, Queen.*  
*Rinn, Nose, Promontory.*  
*Ros, a Green Plain.*  
*Reny, the Eye.*  
*Roth, Ròt, Wheel (Rota, L.).*  
*Ruadh, Red.*

- Sa*, It, It is.  
*Sagarth*, Priest.  
*Sail*, Willow.  
*Sal*, Heel, Dirt.  
*Salthair*, Chronicle.  
*Samh*, the Sun.  
*Samhain*, End of Summer, All-hallows.  
*Samhradh*, Summer (pr. *Saura*).  
*Saor*, *Saer*, Mason, Carpenter.  
     Free.  
*San*, Holy,  
*Soath*, Shade.  
*Scaff*, Ship, Skiff.  
*Sceall*, Story, Shield.  
*Scealp*, Cliff, Bite.  
*Sceath*, *Sgat*, *Sge*, Hawthorn.  
*Sceul*, *Scel*, Tidings, Story.  
*Scian*, Dagger, Knife.  
*Sciath*, Shield, Basket.  
*Scraith*, Sod; Vulgo, *Scraw*.  
*Se*, He, Six.  
*Sean*, Old.  
*Sech*, Dry, (*Siccus* L.).  
*Seas*, Heap of Sheaves.  
*Si*, She, Her.  
*Sia*, *Sighe*, *Sidhe*, *Siog*, Fairy.  
*Sinnach*, Fox.  
*Siol*, Tribe.  
*Sios*, Down.  
*Siur*, Sister, Country.  
*Slab*, Mire.  
*Slainte*, Health.  
*Slan*, Health.  
*Sleg*, Spear.  
*Sliabh*, Mountain Ridge.  
*Stiochd*, Tribe.  
*Slod*, Puddle (hence *Sludge*).  
*Smaois*, Nose (pr. *Snuish*).  
*Smoll*, Trush.  
*Snathad*, Needle.  
*Sneachd*, Snow.  
*Snuad*, Fair Head of Hair, hence  
     *Snood*.
- Soisgel*, the Gospel.  
*Soalt*, a Leap (*Saltus*, L.).  
*Solas*, Comfort.  
*Soc*, Beak, Plough Share, Necess.  
*Suil*, the Eye.  
  
*Ta*, I am, It is.  
*Tain*, Herd of Cattle, Land.  
*Taim*, I am.  
*Talamh*, Earth.  
*Tarbh*, Bull (*Taurus*, L.).  
*Tart*, Thirst.  
*Tech*, *Teach*, House.  
*Tea*, Rope.  
*Teidhm*, Death.  
*Teine*, *Ten*, *Tin*, Fire.  
*Ti*, Him or Her.  
*Tigherna*, Lord.  
*Tir*, Land Country.  
*Tlachd*, Burying Place.  
*Tobar*, a Spring Well.  
*Tonn*, a Wave.  
*Tort*, Cake.  
*Tra*, *Traig*, Strand (*Bantry*,  
     *Ventry*, Fair Strand).  
*Tradh*, Fishing Spear.  
*Traill*, Slave.  
*Trean*, Strong (*Treanmor*, Very  
     Strong—Proper Name).  
*Trus*, a Girdle.  
*Tuath*, People.  
*Tuc*, a Rapier.  
*Tulach*, a Hill.  
*Turr*, a Tower.  
*Tus*, Incense, (*Thus*, L.)  
  
*Ua*, O, Grandson.  
*Uiagh*, *Uaim*, Cave.  
*Uais*, Noble (*Duais* *Uasal*,  
     Gentleman).  
*Uan*, Lamb.  
*Ucht*, Breast.  
*Ui*, *Hy*, District.  
*Ubh* (pr. *Uv*), Egg.

## ART. II.—IRISH SALMON FISHERIES.

A paper on the subject of the Irish Fisheries was published in November, 1851, in the *Dublin University Magazine*: it was the leading article of that number, and attracted at the time a large share of the public attention. Another article on the same subject, appeared in the same Magazine in the November number of the following year; and we now purpose making a few observations in reference to, and with the view of winding up those articles.

The state of the Irish Fisheries, about the year 1850, drew towards them particular notice, and occasioned some solicitude on the part of the government. The Salmon Fisheries were then in a deplorable condition, evidenced by the annual reports made by the Commissioners of Fisheries to Parliament respecting them; and it was generally supposed that mismanagement existed somewhere.

In this state of the case a public letter was addressed to the then Lord Lieutenant, and by his permission published in the newspapers, in which the writer gave a marked and distinct pledge to the government, that if the measure for the resuscitation of the Salmon Fisheries were placed in his hands, he would be responsible for their complete restoration.

This pledge indeed was given—and purposely—in somewhat strong language:—the writer stated that if his Excellency would place the preparation of the necessary legislative measure in his hands, he would give his head upon a block, if in three years the Fisheries of Ireland were not restored to their full state of productiveness.

That pledge, it would appear, was accepted by the government. In March, 1851, the Fishery question was entrusted to the party who had given to the head of the government so explicit and positive an engagement, and the preparation of a measure for the improvement of the fisheries, and consolidation of the fishery laws, was formally entrusted to him.

As that pledge has been redeemed; as the Irish Salmon Fisheries, in the reports now made to Parliament by the Commissioners concerning them, are stated to be in a prosperous and flourishing condition; and as it has been officially announced that it would be desirable to introduce, and adopt, the Irish system in the English and Scotch Salmon Fisheries, perhaps some particularity in reference to the legislative mea-



sure referred to, and the manner in which the improvement has been brought about, may not here be misplaced.

The Bill was introduced into the House of Commons in June 1851, was printed by order of the House, and circulated through Ireland during the recess. It was again ordered to be printed in the following session, and stood for second reading on the 23rd April, 1852, but on the change of ministry which occurred during the session, it was postponed, and with other useful and important measures appeared to be allowed to fall into the shade.

It was in connexion with this bill, then before Parliament, that the articles in the *University Magazine*, just referred to, appeared; and as the system embodied in them was at once adopted in practice, and has been since attended with such important effects, we think it desirable to make a few remarks, sincerely hoping that as great practical good and national benefit resulted from the publication of the articles in question, some further practical good may follow from the publication of the present paper.

There is an observation made by Paley, in which, at a very humble distance we would concur, which is to this effect:—"That he alone discovers, who proves." The party who contributed the articles referred to, having competent knowledge of his subject, and ample practical experience of the Salmon Fisheries, undertook to prove both the cause of their decline, and the means for their restoration; and as such signal results have followed from the adoption of the system he put forward, both in the legislative measure he prepared, and in the articles which accompanied it, we proceed to single out, and emphasize the items, from which these beneficial results were obtained, and by so doing we trust we shall accelerate the onward motion; at least it is with such intention the present paper is submitted.

In all ages discoveries have been founded upon some simple facts carefully sifted, and thoroughly understood. In the article alluded to, the object proposed was, to *demonstrate* that the complete restoration of the Salmon Fisheries depended upon one or two leading principles—aided of course by minor, and subsidiary details, but yet founded, and entirely dependant for realization upon the due application of those leading principles.

It is our purpose now to show, that those principles had been for a long course of years persistently repudiated, and

that they have been since, and now are, fully recognised and carried into effect.

The first, and most important of these principles is, the appointment of a proper period for the commencement of the close season; the close season being, as our readers probably are aware, the period during which Salmon fishing is prohibited by law. The confusion which existed upon this subject, previous to 1850, cannot easily be imagined. The Board of Works, as Commissioners of Fisheries, were empowered in 1842, to fix the close season for all the Irish rivers, and the public inquiries and commissions perambulating the kingdom, to examine into this matter, and the conflicting evidence given upon it, only tended to increase, and aggravate the confusion. In the *melée*, the Commissioners, (notwithstanding improved modes of capture then recently brought into use,) adopted the principle of *prolonging* the period for the commencement of the close season; and they accordingly in the year 1846, procured and got passed an act of Parliament prolonging the commencement of the close season to the 1st of September in each year. We contended, that precisely a contrary course should have been adopted, and that the 1st of August should be the limit fixed. For fourteen or fifteen years this battle of the close season was fought without flinching on either side, but we believe it is now as fully decided as that of Solferino, and we confess we are glad to say so, for it is the chief and main pivot upon which the whole question of the improvement of the Salmon Fisheries hinges.

The Commissioners on this, and many other matters, however, are now-progressing in the right direction: in 1852, they fixed the 18th of August for the Shannon and Limerick district; in various other rivers they are gradually approximating to the period indicated; and in the instance of the river Liffey they last year made their bye-law fixing the first of August as the proper period. In this particular, we believe, the bye-law is necessary, but many alterations of the fishery laws are statutablely made by the Commissioners, not by bye-law, but by rule or order of the Board. Finally, the Commissioners have reported to Parliament that in all those rivers in which they have appointed an early commencement of the close season marked improvement has ensued, and so strong is the conviction now, in all quarters, upon this matter, that measures, we believe, are in progress to incorporate it into the regulation of the English and Scotch Salmon Fisheries. During the present summer, we are informed, our Inspecting Commissioner, and

others from Ireland, were examined before a Committee of the House of Lords, in the Tweed case, for the purpose of showing the great advantages resulting from this all-important change, and with a view to its general adoption. We may therefore conclude our observations upon this item by repeating, that after a persistent opposition of fourteen or fifteen years, this principle is now fully set up, and, as we have just stated, is about to be extended to the English and Scotch Fisheries.

The prevention of over capture of Salmon peal, is another matter of essential importance, strongly enforced in the articles adverted to; and in the absence of any specific provisions for that purpose at present, it may be observed that the fixing an early commencement of the close season, to a considerable extent effects that object, since as Salmon peal are ascending the rivers only in the summer months, the cessation of fishing on the first of August allows a large escape of them, and affords the best security for restocking the rivers. Protection (the value of which has always been understood) then becomes an essential adjunct; but the word protection is one of large import and signification, and almost all the remedial measures may be covered by it. Every provision that enables Salmon and Salmon peal to proceed up rivers to spawn, is protection; an early close season is protection; the weekly close season is protection; Salmon passes for the escape of Salmon over weirs is protection; and the prevention or punishment of poaching is protection; but it will be easily understood that the best protection of all is, to have something to protect.

There is another matter, that of migratory passages, to facilitate the passage of Salmon over weirs. This topic is very fully discussed in the article of 1851; it is there endeavoured to be shown that to construct an expensive Salmon pass is one thing, and to construct a good one is another. The matter is exceedingly technical, and the writer endeavoured to show, at much length, that inexpensive passages of great efficiency could easily be constructed, and gave several plans; but, be they simple, or be they complex, nothing is more certain than that a slight error of construction will render any one of them valueless. We have no means of knowing in what manner a great number of these Salmon passes, which have been constructed throughout the country, have been planned, but will advert to one of them near Dublin, in our immediate vicinity, by way of illustrating what we mean. The device or Salmon pass we here allude to was constructed in the year 1855, at a cost, we believe, of some £40, or £50: it was, as originally constructed, serrated

like a saw, the stones throughout its whole length being set angle wise: now every one of these notches or angles formed a stop (particularly objected to in the article of 1851), the pass in question was further complicated by having cradles, or rests, constructed in it: these and the serrated projections formed a positive obstruction, and experience soon proved it, for after three years trial of this pass, it was found that the serrated process destroyed its efficiency, and a mason was then employed to cut every one of them away; but the cradles remain, and they are a manifest obstruction and injury—we wish we could see the mason again at work at them. Within these few days, we, and numerous other spectators, have seen the Salmon in great numbers, one after the other rushing up this pass, and at least one half of those attempting it were thrown off by the rush of water issuing from the cradles: a blunder of this kind is painful to witness, and our only intention by these observations is to see it remedied. Every poacher or practical person is aware, that when a Salmon is rushing over a weir, almost a straw, if he strikes against it, will throw him back: these passes in almost every case should be made smooth throughout, and somewhat arched, or bowed, and should have nothing whatever connected with them, against which the ascending fish could by possibility strike. Had the pass we are describing been made perfectly smooth throughout, every Salmon attempting it would have passed over with the utmost facility; as it is, it is distressing to see so large a proportion of them thrown back, gasping and injured at the foot of it, a ready prey to any one who pleases to catch them. As a rule, in the formation of these passes, we would say, the simpler they are made the better—complications and needless helps are positive obstructions.

To enumerate the practical amendments of the law, embodied in the bill referred to, which have been already introduced and brought into operation through means of the powers which the Commissioners of Fisheries have, of making bye-laws, rules, orders, and regulations, would occupy far too much space here; still, much remains to be done in the way of express amendments of the law. Amongst other matters, a consolidation of the Fishery Acts is urgently required, and it is to be hoped the attention of Mr. Fitzgerald, the present Attorney-General, may at an early period be called to the whole of this important subject of the Fisheries; his patriotic efforts to encourage every thing beneficial to the country, and to promote all objects of

practical utility, afford the best assurance that the measures here referred to will not escape his attention.

Indeed a due regard even to matters of detail, becomes essential when we consider the position the Salmon Fisheries occupy as one of the chief resources of the kingdom: the gross produce arising from our rivers, if it could be accurately ascertained, would surprise and startle the casual enquirer, and even an approximation to it may afford some idea of its magnitude. There are in Ireland upwards of one hundred Salmon rivers, and while in the larger rivers there are Fisheries which yield, each, from one to two hundred tons of Salmon annually, the very smallest rivers are capable of having their produce brought up to an almost fabulous amount. But rivers retrograde, as well as advance, and the decline in the one case is often as rapid and alarming as the increase and improvement is gratifying in the other. We shall illustrate this by a reference to the two neighbouring rivers, nearest the metropolis; we mean the river Boyne, and the river Liffey. The Boyne was always considered one of the best Salmon rivers in Ireland of its class, but during the last two or three years a lamentable change has taken place, its produce having been run down almost to nothing, by the operation of causes which will require a specific counteraction and remedy; whilst on the other hand, the Liffey, by the adoption of proper means, has been increased in its produce, during the last few years in a remarkable manner, the yield now, being more than ten-fold beyond the average of former years, previous to 1854; and yet this river may be stated as only in progress of development. What we would direct attention to is, the actual produce of the rivers during the period which may be termed—the great productive period of the Salmon Fisheries—which extended, we should say, up to the year 1800, at which time improved modes of capture first came into use in Ireland. At the period referred to, salmon was almost a drug in all parts of the kingdom, and was the ordinary food of the poorer classes: the river Liffey at that time, and no doubt for all time previously, yielded a supply which would appear altogether incredible, if we had not before us the authentic evidence of ledgers and market returns. The chief fisheries of this river are situated respectively at Island Bridge and at Poolbeg, and assuming the capture of the Poolbeg fishery to bear the same proportion as now to that of Island Bridge, the gross capture of both

would amount to about one hundred tons annually. The price in the metropolis also indicated the extent of the supply. In the years 1794, 1795, and 1796, the fixed price of Liffey salmon, sold in gross in the city of Dublin, was three pence halfpenny per pound from January to the 1st of May, and two pence halfpenny for the remainder of the season. The great size of the fish too, at that period, is also worthy of remark; a salmon of 20lbs. weight is now rarely to be met with in any of our rivers, but at the period referred to a large proportion of the Liffey salmon equalled or exceeded that weight—the same cause which produces increased quantity also producing increased size—the larger fish being merely those of older growth, which had escaped up and spawned, and escaped and spawned again for successive seasons. Now, without confining our observations to the Liffey, (the conditions of which river are in many respects unfavourable) we fix our attention on the great productive period alluded to, and we contend that it is not only possible, but perfectly feasible to restore it—that this great productiveness of the salmon species is a law of nature, subject to specific rules; that under present circumstances and conditions its developement depends chiefly upon a due adjustment of the laws of compensation and waste, as we endeavoured to show at large in former publications; that the requirements are easily under control, and that the aggregate amount of food derivable annually from the salmon fisheries of the United Kingdom may be increased by thousands of tons. This we think we have abundantly proved both in theory and practice. We submitted that view in the practical system we put forward in 1851, and we do not now in the least diverge from it.

We pass from these observations to make now some particular reference to an interesting experiment, which has been in progress during the last few years, with the Salmon Fishery of the River Liffey. The importance of this experiment cannot well be overrated; and we conceive that a proper understanding of it in detail, may have most beneficial national effects. The feasibility of restoring this river was for a long time denied in somewhat expressive, though not very courteous terms, but nevertheless its advocates proceeded in their efforts to get the matter undertaken and carried out, and hope we may now declare they have succeeded. In the year 1854, a lease of the Salmon Fishery of the river Liffey, was made to four influential gentlemen, one of them a member of the legislature. Their object was a spirited and enterprising one;

it was nothing less than to restore the Salmon Fishery of the Liffey, and make that river a model for the improvement of the Irish Salmon Fisheries. Almost all the conditions to this undertaking were unfavourable: the Fishery at the time was in the last stages of exhaustion, and almost all the known causes which are supposed to militate against Salmon Fisheries, were here to be found in excess: we mention these shortly: the sewerage of the metropolis: constant traffic of steamers and steam tugs, in the tidal portion of the river: discharges from factories, and gas works; and above all, numerous high mill weirs presenting themselves as barriers to the fish throughout the whole course of the river: we mention these obstacles to the improvement of the Liffey to give encouragement elsewhere. To restore the Liffey Salmon Fishery, appeared indeed to many to be a hopeless task: nevertheless the success of it was predicated, and the object has been most thoroughly accomplished.

The experiment, as has been already stated, was commenced by these gentlemen in the year 1854. During the first two years, namely, the years 1854, and 1855, the whole of the summer fish, including all those of the month of August, were allowed to pass up; some little impatience was then shown, and some detrimental acts were undoubtedly committed in the year 1856; but in 1857, the first improved run of Salmon pial was perceptible, and gave encouragement: improvement then rapidly set in: the fish of August, 1857, and August, 1858, were now of course spared, and allowed to pass up to spawn, although by law it was at that time permissible to kill them; the capture of those years became great, and the commercial profit considerable, and finally we are now happily enabled to state that the river Liffey may be classed amongst the best Salmon rivers in the kingdom; indeed, although the weather from the long drought was unfavourable the quantity taken in this river during the present year (1859) both in the upper Fishery, at Island Bridge, and in the lower Fishery, at Poolbeg, surpassed all experience of the oldest fishermen. The fishing season has now terminated, and the actual indications are such that we can with safety assert, that on the occurrence of the floods of this September, and of the ensuing month, the successive shoals of Salmon that will be seen passing over the weirs, and over the Salmon leap at Leixlip, will be such as has not been witnessed in the Liffey since the olden time.

In point of precision, however, as everything connected with the Liffey improvement is of moment, we would here just

slightly advert to some omissions, or drawbacks, which no doubt, to some extent were prejudicial. 1st.—The manner in which, throughout, the weekly close time was observed, was objectionable. 2nd.—Protection, in its ordinary sense, as it regards the prevention of poaching, was insufficient; little exceeding that of former times. 3rd.—The overcapture of Salmon peal in the year 1856, is to be lamented. And lastly, some of the Salmon passes already made are faulty, and several high mill-weirs are as yet unprovided with them at all. We just glance at these matters, easily remedied for the future, merely as it were taking a note of them; as in so important a movement as that of making one river a model for others nothing should be suppressed.

It may now be asked, to what are the happy results which have attended the Liffey improvement attributable? There is considerable mystification about it, and we shall not, through any affected diffidence, hesitate to particularize the cause. In the year 1844, a competent practical person made a deposition upon oath, before the Commissioners of the Board of Works, who were on that occasion constituted Commissioners of Inquiry; the party in question drew up a paper concerning the Liffey, and tendered it to the Commissioners as his evidence, and he was sworn to the truth of its contents; the Commissioners have since published that document in their fourth Annual Report to Parliament. The paper in question details, in a concise form, the means by which the Liffey, and all other Salmon rivers, could be restored, and it sets forth the futility of expecting any improvement in the Salmon Fisheries of Ireland, so long as the fish ascending the rivers in the month of August, are allowed by law to be destroyed. The reader will observe that this sworn testimony of the absolute necessity of making August a close month, was laid before the Commissioners in *December*, 1844; and that it was still further urged and impressed upon them in the articles published in the *University Magazine*, in 1851 and 1852, but that the Commissioners only made this all important change in this river in the year 1858, having thus taken fourteen years to consider of it.

But we will go closer to the point in the present paper: the welfare of the Fisheries, and the improvement of the resources of the kingdom, demand that there shall be no concealment or obscurity on our part respecting this matter; in all we, who now write, have written, and published for nearly



twenty years back on the voluminous subject of the Salmon and Sea Fisheries, we have endeavoured to narrow and simplify whatever we had to say; in the article of November, 1851, page 520, we stated explicitly the items, by means of which, as we submitted, the resuscitation of the Salmon Fisheries could be effected, and we have now only to repeat verbatim, that statement—our declaration, therefore is, that the restoration of the Liffey Salmon Fishery has been effected by three resuscitative and remedial measures, brought into operation for the first time in 1854, that is to say:—Firstly.—Before all, and above all, cessation of Salmon Fishing on the first of August—this always was our *sine qua non*, for if August be included in the killing season, a mere remnant is left for spawning purposes. Secondly.—Migratory passages for facilitating the ascent of Salmon over weirs. Thirdly.—Provision against overcapture of peal, with as much protection in its ordinary sense as possible.

If therefore, the powers that be, desire to see that grand improvement and development of the Salmon Fisheries of the United Kingdom, which all will admit is so devoutly to be wished for, there is nothing more to be done, than for those in authority to point to the Liffey, and proclaim—Go, and do likewise.

In conclusion, we would here lament that, as if it were by some flaw or failing of mortality, all mundane reform seems doomed to pass through its ordeal of opposition and disappointment: truth, or the demonstration of fact, has in all ages of the world met with persecution and injustice: too often is the zealous labourer in the vineyard deprived of the promised fruit of his toil—repeating perhaps, in meditative mood, those very pithy words—“*Sic vos non vobis*,” or mourning in sadder thought over the neglected resources of a nation. We conceive, however, that the advocate of any important public good is unworthy of his mission, if he be not prepared to meet patiently the sorrows, disappointments, and self-sacrifices, which are the never-failing portion of the pioneer in the paths of public improvement. There is, however, one reward of which the weary pilgrim in those tortuous and thorny ways cannot be deprived—the consciousness he will have if he has laboured zealously, and faithfully, that by throwing his mite into the common stock of knowledge, he will at all events have made himself useful in his generation.

### ART. III.—DREAMS.

*Medical Notes and Reflections.* By Hénry Holland, M. D.,  
F.R.S., &c., &c. London: Longmans. 1839.

There is perhaps no subject of equal interest which has been so little methodically treated as that of Dreams. In conversation they are frequently the theme of transient remark, and vague discussion; but there are very few regular dissertations concerning them, though it might be supposed that what so much tends to illustrate the powers and faculties of the human mind, would have engaged attentive consideration.

The reason of this neglect indeed cannot easily be discovered: whether it be, that the wide range which the prospect opens seems to tempt rather desultory and discursive flight, than steady and systematic enquiry, or that the indistinct notions which are usually entertained in hasty speculation, appear to preclude the hope of clear and satisfactory decision, the projector of the present treatise attempts not to determine; but he is of opinion that much curious information may be collected on the subject, and that some important conclusions may be deduced from a general view of the considerations which are connected with it. In the paper it will not be expected that we shall embrace the whole scope of the argument; it will be sufficient if we throw out some general principles, and confirm our remarks by a reference to some of those dreams, both ancient and modern, which have excited the chiefest attention.

In order to assist our examination of that variety of matter which will demand our notice, it may be useful to advert to the distinctions under which the different kinds of dreams have been characterised in general description by preceding writers.

The first distinction laid down by Macrobius, an ancient author, refers to what is properly called a dream,\* which he regards as a figurative and mysterious representation

---

\* "Ονειρος, somnium.

that requires to be interpreted. An example of this is furnished by Dion Cassius,\* who states that Nero dreamt that he saw the chair of Jove pass into the palace of Vespasian, which was considered as emblematical of the translation of the empire to Nero.

The second relates to what is termed vision,† which was understood to obtain, when any one saw that which afterwards came to pass in the same manner that it was foreseen. A friend, for instance, acting in the same circumstances, as in reality the next morning he may be found to do.

The third sort is what the ancients conceived to be oracular,‡ and what they described as taking place, when in sleep, a parent or priest, or venerable person or deity, denounced what was or was not to happen, or what should be done or avoided; an instance of which is said to have occurred to Vespasian, who, when a private man in Achaia, dreamt that a person unknown assured him, that his prosperity should begin as soon as Nero should lose a tooth: in completion of which he was shewn on the next day a tooth just drawn from the Emperor; soon after which Nero's death took place, as likewise that of Galba, and discord broke out between Otho and Vitellius, which facilitated Vespasian's ascent to the throne.§

An impressive example is also furnished by Virgil, who represents the disfigured shade of Hector to have appeared to Æneas on the night on which the Grecians took possession of Troy, exhorting him to escape from the flames of the city already falling to destruction.

These were supposed to rise under the influence of inspiration: Cicero considers them as particularly suited to temples, and we are told, that the leaders of the Lacedæmonians were accustomed to lie down in the temple of Pasithea, in expectation of such ocular suggestions, in which they trusted as infallibly true.|| They are here produced only by way of illustration.

The fourth is the Insomnium,¶ which Macrobius represents as some solicitude of an oppressed mind, body, or fortune, which, as it harassed us when awake, so it affects

\* L. lxvi. † Ὀραμα, visio. ‡ Χρηματισμός, oraculum.

§ Sueton. Vespas. Dion. Cass. L. lxvi.

|| Cicero de Divin. L. i. §. 43.

¶ Ἰνσόνιον.

us in our sleep ; as for instance, when a lover finds himself possessed or deprived of the object of his affections ; or when any one under apprehensions of some insidious enemy seems to have fallen into his power, or to have escaped from it. With respect to the body, when a person filled with wine, or distended with food, fancies himself either strangled with repletion, or suddenly relieved ; or when, on the contrary, a man hungry or thirsty appears to desire, or to seek, or to find, food or liquor : lastly, with respect to fortune, when any one seems, according to his hopes or fears, to be elevated to or degraded from power and high stations.

These dreams were considered by the ancients as especially deceitful and vain,\* as leaving no significant impression ; they are spoken of by Virgil as those

“ Fallacious dreams which ghosts to earth transmit,”†

and are directly opposite to the dreams which Persius describes as

“ Visions purg’d from phlegm,”‡

and which were considered as sent from the gods, and not proceeding from humours of the body.

Petronius Arbiter, or rather Epicurus, thus describes the *Insomnium* with discrimination from the oracle.

“ The fleeting spectres which in dreams arise  
Come not from temples, or indulgent skies ;  
The mind creates them, when its powers uncheck’d  
May sport, and leave the body in neglect.  
The hero sees disorder’d legions fly,  
And helpless monarchs bath’d in slaughter die,  
Renews the war, besieged town assails,  
With sword and flames the lofty fortress scales.  
In visionary courts the lawyers spar,  
And convicts tremble at th’ ideal bar.  
Still o’er his hidden gold the miser quakes,  
The sportsman still with dogs the woodlands shakes :  
The skilful mariner the vessel saves,  
Or buffets, from the wreck escap’d, the waves.

---

\* Ψευδεις ὄνειροι. Sophocles.

† Falsa ad cælum mittunt insomnia manes. Virgil. *Æneid*. l. vi.  
The earth is here mentioned as heaven, in relation to the lower regions, in which the dead were supposed to be.

‡ Sat. ii., v. lviii.

All that affection breathes by love is penn'd,  
 And tokens sent which love delights to send.  
 Ev'n dogs in sleep the same impression bear,  
 And tongue the scented footsteps of the hare.  
 The wretched must the wounds of mis'ry feel,  
 Though night's still influence on the world should steal."

Macrobius illustrates the Phantasm, which is the fifth sort, and which is styled *Visus* by Cicero, as that which takes place between waking and sleeping, as it does in the first clouds of sleep, when the person who begins to doze, thinking himself awake, imagines that he sees forms differing in shape and magnitude from natural objects rushing upon him, and wandering about; or any strange confusion of things, cheerful or distressing. Under this class he places the *Ephialtes*, or night-mare, which common opinion supposes to invade persons when asleep, and to load and incommode them by the weight.

Macrobius represents the Phantasm and the *Insomnium* as little deserving of attention, conceiving them to furnish no subject of divination or assistance in the discovery of futurity: popular superstition, however, seems to have regarded the night-mare as capable of predicting.

Macrobius, in his description, has not included visions which were supposed to be seen in the day, when the senses were awake, several of which are recorded in the fabulous relations of ancient history, as that of the appearance of Romulus, who is said to have presented himself in glittering armour, and with an aspect more bright and august than when living, to Julius Proculus, a patrician of distinguished character, as he was travelling on the public road, and to have assured him of the future power and prosperity of Rome:† and another example was furnished in the apparition which appeared to Tarchetius, king of the Albans, and which was feigned to have been the father of Romulus.‡ Those, indeed, come under the general idea of visions, treated of in the second definition of Macrobius, differing from them only as they occurred in the day; but, properly speaking, they should be distinguished as being imparted to persons whose senses were awake.

\* Petron. Arbit. p. 178. *Somnia quas mentes, &c.*

† Plutarch. in Romul.

‡ Ibid.

A more simple distribution of dreams than that of Macrobius was adopted by those who divided them only into two sorts—plain and allegorical: the former including such as exhibited things in their own form,\* the latter such as intimated circumstances under similitudes.

On a general reflection that dreams take place when the body is inactive and dormant, it may be expedient to examine a little into the nature of sleep, which is one of the most remarkable regulations of Providence, and intimately connected with some of the great arrangements of his appointment, who has “established day and night for a perpetual ordinance;” the latter for sleep, which is well described as “Nature’s soft nurse,” as that which

“knits up the ravell’d sleeve of care,  
The birth of each day’s life, sore labour’s bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature’s second course,  
Chief nourisher in life’s feast.”†

As indeed it is the fostering and gentle soother of human cares and infirmities, the guardian of that repose in which the preservation of the human frame is cherished. If sleep be considered in abstract distinction, it is certain that notwithstanding the effects which we experience from it in recruited strength and renovated spirits, it is a state of apathy; if considered separately from dreams, it is a suspension of the mental as well as of the corporeal powers;‡ it is a seeming prelude of death§ however salubrious in supporting life, and the senses, though capable of being roused, are closed in insensibility; it appears to loosen the links of connexion which subsist between the soul and body without breaking the chain.

“It is death’s counterfeit,  
We seem in it as passing to our former state  
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve.”¶

“It is,” says Sir Thomas Brown, “a death whereby we

\* *Θεωρηματικα*—things which appeared in their own likeness.

† Macbeth.

‡ Johnson’s Diet. fol. ed.

§ Ἰππος δε θανατος τις προαελεσις πιδει

Ἰππος δε πασιν εστιν η υγια βιος

*Diversorum γυνωμαι.*

¶ Paradise Lost, B. viii., L. 290.

live, a middle moderating point between life and death, and so like death, I dare not trust it without my prayers, and an half adieu unto the world, and take my farewell in a colloquy with God. After which I close my eyes in security, content to take my leave of him, and sleep unto the resurrection."\*

Thomas Tryon, a student in physic in the last century, defines sleep to be the natural rest of a living creature, or a partial temporary cessation of animal action, and the functions of the external senses, caused immediately by the weakness of the animal faculty proceeding from a steep and stupifying vapour, arising from the concoction and digestion of the alimentary food exhaled from the stomach, and hence ascending to the brain, and watering and bedewing it with unctuous fumes, whereby the operation of the senses is for a time obstructed, to the end the powers of the mind and body may be recruited, refreshed, and strengthened.

Sleep, as it is a state of exemption from impressions from external objects, can occasion no positive sensations of pain or pleasure, unless by the aid of dreams. If during sleep we are safe and tranquil, yet, as insensible of our security, we derive no satisfaction from it.

To enjoy advantages we must be conscious that we possess them, and the only consciousness which we have in sleep is a consciousness of the existence of the ideal objects which our imagination creates in dreams, for when the senses are so strongly affected by external impressions as to produce sensations on the mind, sleep is disturbed, and if no impressions continue we awake.

To the unhappy sleep may indeed be considered as good, inasmuch as it intermits the agonies of pain, and closes the wounds of misery; if it bring no joys, it at least suspends sorrow; he who mourns even that thankless ingratitude which is "sharper than a serpent's tooth" forgets the anguish of his soul in sleep, which, like the medicated wine of Circe, induces a cessation of sorrow and passion, and a forgetfulness of all evils. The tear is at least for some time checked, and the sigh of the heart suppressed.

As the will seems to exercise little influence over the powers of the mind or body in sleep, though it occasionally

---

\* Religio Medici. B. ii. §. 12.

exerts a control over them, the character of sleep must take its cast from the nature of the dreams which occur; and in this state of ideal existence the man whose waking thoughts revel in festivity may pine under imaginary distress, while the wretched and depressed may enjoy the cheerful scenes of prosperity. The sovereign whose living brows are encircled with a diadem may see himself "despoiled of the pride of kingly sway" till the early courtiers attend his levee. The embarrassed debtor may be restored to opulence, and the wretched exile return to the land of his affection.

In general, however, our reflections in sleep are regulated by certain laws of association, and the predominant complexion which distinguishes the mind when awake, continues to spread its influence over our waking thoughts.

"Whatever love of burnished arms obtains,  
Of chariots whirling o'er the dusty plains,  
Whatever care to feed the glossy steeds  
By day prevails, again by night succeeds."\*

Or as the idea is expressed by Garth :

"The slumb'ring chiefs of painted triumphs dream,  
While groves and streams are the soft virgin's theme."†

The "memory retains the colouring of the day,"‡ which fades only by insensible transitions. In times of prosperity

"Glorious dreams stand ready to restore  
The pleasing shapes of all we saw before."§

In scenes of sorrow, as Job pathetically complained, the afflictions end not with the day; "when I say my bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint, then thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions;"|| and Plutarch has expressed a similar sentiment, saying, "when grief takes me sleeping I am disturbed by dreams."¶

\* Virgil. B. vi. Quæ gratia curram, &c.

† See Dispensary.

‡ Walpole's Mysterious Mother.

§ Dryden.

|| Job vii. 14. 15. So Cicero, Cura oppressi animi vel corporis sive fortunæ, qualis vigilantem fatigaverit talen se ingerit dormienti. De Divin. Lib. i. C. 3.

¶ Plutarch. περί απειρας και κακίας.



To the coward conscience and guilty reflections, of that murderer of innocent sleep, and of Richard, "the dreadful minister of hell," the night could bring but perturbation and shadowy terrors, rendering that by which wearied nature was to revive a rude state of disquietude shattering the human frame, while like Rufinus they might see

"Dire shades illusive fleet before the mind  
Of men by him to cruel death consigned."

The passions which are ruffled cannot be instantly calmed, and these agitations which impress the mind continue long to fluctuate with an impulse which resembles the dead waves that succeed a storm, subsiding only by slow and imperceptible degrees.

As the tide of our reflections is only changed by a gradual recess after we sink into repose, so the influence of dreams is often felt beyond the period of their continuance; we wake with cheerfulness if we have been exhilarated in slumber, and the joy which comes in the morning requires time to disperse the clouds of solicitude. Sleep, however, though it sometimes admits images to harass the mind, yet in general serves to renew an impaired strength, and to recruit our exhausted spirits; and even when it is most interrupted and disturbed by visionary disquietudes, it still administers to the support of the human constitution. Nature cannot long subsist unless invigorated by its relief; it must collapse or be fretted to an irritation which will drive the sympathetic mind to insanity, if it experience not occasionally its solace and recruiting aid.

The necessity of sleep results from the deficiency of the quantity and mobility of the spirits occasioned by the compression of the nerves, and by the collapsing of the nervous parts which convey the spirits from their fountain in the common sensory to circulate to all parts of the body † As this necessity becomes more urgent in proportion to the fatigue of the body, we find that often while it refuses to weigh down the eyelids of royalty

"In the perfumed chambers of the great,  
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody;

---

\* Claud. in Rufin. L. ii.

† Haller's Physiolog.

It will

" Upon the high and giddy mast  
Seal up the ship boy's eyes, and rock his brains,  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge."

Sleep also is justly considered as the world's best medicine, repairing the waste and lulling the disquietudes of nature, carrying off the gross humours of the body by perspiration, and refreshing its debilitated powers. It is so favorable and restorative to nature, that some animals which sleep in the winter, as bears are supposed to do under the snow, grow fat though they are deprived of food; and swallows, bats, and many sorts of insects which enjoy a kind of alternation of sleep extended to a long period, are preserved in that state under circumstances in which they could not exist when awake.

Some writers represent sleep to be subservient to the sustenance of vegetable life, conceiving that the plants which close with the night, and open in the morning, derive benefit from a state of rest analogous to slumber; and all animated nature may be conceived to require repose, while unceasing vigilance may be regarded as the exclusive attribute of God "who slumbereth not." The quantity of sleep which is sufficient for the purposes of well sustained life varies with the constitution of the individual, and depends on the proportion of fatigue which he endures, and the quantity of nourishment which he receives. It may be protracted indefinitely, and during its continuance the vital flame appears scarcely to waste its supplies; if we may credit some accounts which are furnished to us, and which represent lethargic persons to have been so absorbed in uninterrupted sleep for weeks, and even years, as to require no sustenance, and to suffer so little change or consumption of the animal vigor, that the "eye was not dimmed, nor the natural force abated."\*

Diogenes Laertius represents Epimenides, a distinguished philosopher of Crete, to have slept fifty-one years in a cave, during which time if he had any dreams he could not afterwards recall them, and when he awaked he with difficulty recollected the city of his residence, and could scarcely persuade his younger brother to recognise him.† This

---

\* Bacon.

† Diogenes Laertius, Epimen, L. i. Plin. Hist. Nat. L. vii. C. 5. p. 248.

account may probably be suspected from his connection with Cretan history; the Abbé Barthelemy represents it to import only that Epimenides passed the first years of his youth in solitude and silent meditation. There are many other relations, however, which prove that sleep may be continued without injury to the human constitution certainly to a much longer period than the body could subsist without food in a waking state.\* Aristotle and Plutarch† speak of the nurse of one Timon who slept two months without any indication of life. Marcus Damascenus represents a German rustic to have slept under an hay-rick through a whole autumn and winter, till on the removal of the hay he awoke half dead and utterly distracted.‡ Crantzius mentions a scholar at Lubeck in the time of Gregory the Eleventh, who slept seven years without any apparent change.§ The most memorable account, however, is that of the seven persons of Ephesus, who are reported to have slept providentially in a cave to which they had retired, from the time of the persecution under Decius till the 30th year of Theodosius. The cave, it is said, is still shewn at Ephesus, and the remains of a chapel erected to their memory.|| These were the seven famous sleepers whose reputation is certainly unrivalled in history. But though the account be sanctioned in some Greek homilies, and in the Koran, many incredulous people have stumbled at the marvellous relation, and consider it as a fiction of the martyrologists. There is however perhaps nothing more inexplicable in men's sleeping 196 years¶ than in their sleeping six; we know not at what limits to stop, and may remark, as was once done on the subject of St. Denys's walking a great way without his head, *La distance n'y fait rien, c'est le premier pas qui coute.*

Upon this subject it may be worth while to notice a very extraordinary account which was drawn up by Gualtier at the request of the King of Sweden, and which is inserted in the Memoirs of the Academy of Berlin. The case allu-

---

\* *Introduct. au Voyage de la Grèce.* Pausanias, L. i. C. 14. p. 35.

† *Plutarch. Sympos.* L. iii. Quæst. 9.

‡ *Zuing. Theat.* vol. ii. L. 5. p. 415.

§ *Crantz, Vandal.* L. viii. C. 39.

|| *Ricaut's Hist. of the Greek Church.*

¶ *Niceph. Hist. Eccles.* L. xiv. C. 44. Schol.

ded to is that of a woman of the name of Guasser, who was affected by a kind of catalepsy which attacked her twice a day, during which she sunk into a profound sleep, and was deprived of all internal and external sensation; her limbs grew hard and inflexible like stone, a little pulse was discernible, and her respiration continued as free as in her natural sleep: she appeared to have no feeling though her flesh was scarified. The fit came on regularly every morning at a very early hour, and ceased about twelve o'clock by a gradual and convulsive recovery of the use of the limbs, which allowed her just time to take refreshments, when she again relapsed into sleep, which continued till eight o'clock, from which time she remained awake till eight o'clock in the morning. It was remarkable that this disorder sometimes lasted six months, sometimes a year, and at last two years and a half (during the latter part of which time the paroxysm returned but once a day) after which period a correspondent interval of health always intervened. During the continuance of her malady she was married, and brought to bed of two or three children, who were not affected by her complaint; she lived many years after the last attack, and having attained the age of eighty, died in 1746, of a disorder which had no apparent connection with this periodical affection, which is supposed to have originated in some irregularity of constitution increased by exposure to wet in an endeavour to escape from a persecution in France.\*

The case of Colonel Townshend, mentioned by Dr. Cheyne, was also very remarkable; he had for many years been affected with a nephritic complaint, and had the power of dying or expiring when he pleased, and afterwards of coming to life again at pleasure, a proof of which Dr. Cheyne, Dr. Baynard, and Mr. Skrine, had at Bath, where, after composing himself deliberately on his back, the pulse of the colonel gradually became insensible, no motion of the heart was perceptible, nor any symptom of life to be discerned, a mirror held to his mouth being not even soiled by his breath; he continued in this state near half an hour, and then gradually recovered.†

---

\* *Considerations sur un Sommeil extraordinaire, Mem. de l'Academ. de Berlin.*

† Cheyne's English Malad.

This relation reminds us of the account given by St. Austin of Restitutus, a Presbyter, who could at pleasure deprive himself of all sense in a state of apparent death, in which he seemed not to breathe, and was not affected by any present sensations even from fire, though he professed to hear very loud voices.\*

Cardan, the famous physician and astrologer of Pavia, tells us, among other extraordinary things of himself, that he could at any time fall into an extasy, and had only a faint and indistinct hearing of those who conversed, becoming insensible of the gout, and every other pain.†

But some reports are still more surprising. A whole people of Lucomoria, a country of farther Sarmatia, are related to die on the twenty-seventh of November, like swallows, in consequence of the intense cold, and not to awake again till the twenty-fourth of April.‡

These wonderful suspensions of the corporeal powers must be considered as more than common trances, such as those by which Barton, the maid of Kent, could absorb her faculties, or than such extasies as Locke describes to be dreaming with the eyes open.§

The notion of a trance with the eyes open appears very early to have been connected with the idea of divine visions,|| and it seems in modern times to have been imagined, that the senses of those who are entranced leave the body, and are occupied in acquiring the knowledge of things secret and remote.

After the marvellous accounts which have been here produced, it must be an insipid relation to mention that Baker speaks of a William Foxley who fell asleep on Tuesday in Easter week, and could not be awakened even with pinching and burning till the first day of next term, which was full fourteen days.¶ These relations, it may be incidentally

\* August. de Civit. Dei. L. xiv. C. 24.

† Cardan de Varietat. Rer. L. viii. C. 43. p. 108. Scaliger informs us that Cardan abstained from food to verify the prediction which he had uttered of his death, as did also Robert Burton and Bayle.

‡ Wanley's Wonders, C. xxiv. p. 627.

§ Essay on the Unders. B. ii. Ch. i, §. 2.

|| Numb. xxiv. 4.

¶ Baker's Chron. p. 428.

observed, prove the necessity of caution in not burying persons prematurely.

The circumstances under which epileptic persons have been known to think and act as if waking, and even to address other persons in long and connected discourses, are deserving of philosophical investigation.

There are other accounts of an opposite nature equally remarkable. Seneca reports that Mæcenas lived three years without any sleep, and was at last cured of his distemper by soft music.\*

Nizolius is related to have lived thirty-five years without sleep.†

The modern account of the woman of Padua, who lived fifteen days without sleep, will easily be credited by those who receive the former histories.

It is to be observed, that in these accounts no mention is made of dreams having been enjoyed by the persons thus subjected to the dominion of Morpheus, and it is doubtful whether we are to consider dreams as necessarily attendant on sleep.

Herodotus asserts of the Atlantes, the inhabitants of Mount Atlas, that they neither eat animal food nor dream. Lode professes to have seen a man who, though his memory was by no means defective, assured him that he had never dreamt till after a fever which affected him about the twenty-fifth or twenty-sixth year of his age; and Plutarch mentions his friend Cleon, who though he had attained a great age, had never dreamed, and says that the same was recorded of Thrasymenes. It is possible, however, that these persons had dreamed, though the impression made on their mind might have been so slight as not to excite any recollection. Aristotle observes, that those who never dream till grown up are generally liable, after their experience of this kind, to some change of constitution, a remark confirmed by Beattie, who professes to have known a gentleman who never dreamed but when his health was disordered. The habit of dreaming, however, prevails so generally, that it may be considered as an ordinary exercise of the human mind, and its tending to prove its inherent powers of reflection; and it is probable that if the mind is capable of being entirely

\* De Providentiâ.

† Schenk's *Observat. L. i. p. 64.*

quiescent, it rarely ceases to think, however its thoughts may sometimes be forgotten as speedily as they arise. Clemens Alexandrinus deemed an entire quiescence to be a death to the soul. Locke's argument that it is not essential to the soul to think, because it does not always dream,\* is founded upon an argument which is at least disputable, for though it may be allowed that the mind cannot think without being sensible that it does think, it need not necessarily be admitted that it does not always dream, because it cannot recall its dreams when awake, or because it does not even remember that it has dreamed; since it might be conscious of its reflections when the body was asleep, though no recollection of them be retained at the return of morning, which instantly presents new scenes to the eyes, and excites new and stronger impressions on the mind. The voluntary operations of the mind seem to cease during sleep, so that the mind becomes in great measure passive, and we can seldom discern any accurate recollection or powers of reasoning.

"Ebon night is no logician."†

Many things which did occur in sleep, and many things which strike the mind when we are awake, escape almost instantly from the memory, and are not recollected till perchance some remote event recall them to our remembrance; so likewise drunken persons often forget the events and actions which took place during their intoxication; and with respect to dreams, Nebuchadnezzar forgot his dream till Daniel recalled it to his mind.‡

Dreams, though sometimes forgotten almost as soon as framed, are not to be considered as useless: they may serve to exercise the faculties and improve the temper of the mind, which may derive profit from the contemplation of successive images, but could receive no advantage from apathy.

Incoherent as they are, they enable us, on reconsideration, to watch the temper of the mind, to regard its pre-

---

\* Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, B. ii. C. i. §. 1. Watt's Essays, p. 120. Aristot. de Insomn. Hobb's Leviathan, B. ii. C. 45.

† Mysterious Mother.

‡ Dan. ii. 5.

dominant affections, and to note its undisguised propensities ; and they who are disposed to correct any mischievous tendencies, may be assisted thereby in discovering where it may be done with most benefit and effect.

Zeno was of opinion, that every one might form a judgment of his advancement in virtue from his dreams, since if he found himself not pleased with anything disgraceful and unjust, but his powers of mind enlightened by reason, shining out for the reflection of pure images, like a placid and waveless sea, he might have ground for self approbation ;\* on the other hand, if in sleep the mind seemed readily to yield itself to vicious passions, there must be much cause for vigilance.

It was upon a similar conviction that Dionysius inflicted the punishment of death on Marsyas, for having dreamt that he had cut the tyrant's throat, being persuaded that it must have formed the subject of his waking thoughts.† When we are awake, as Plutarch has observed, if vice peeps out, it accommodates itself to the opinion of men, and is abashed ; and veiling its passions, it does not entirely give up itself to its impulse, but restrains and contends with it, but in sleep flying beyond opinions and laws, and transgressing all modesty and shame, it excites every lust and stirs up its evil propensities, aiming even at the most dreadful crimes, and enjoying illegal things and images which terminate in no pleasure, but promote disorder.‡ It is observable, however, that when the passions operate to excess in dreams, the mind is affected with a sense of conscious guilt, the influence of which throws a gloom over the waking thoughts ; and Plato was of opinion that the mind might be so subjected to the influence of reason, as not even in sleep to be carried away by any vicious desires.

The mind appears to entertain some idea of the length of time that the body has slept, though probably this is from a consideration of circumstances when it awakes, since its estimate does not seem to depend upon the succession of images which it has contemplated ; and if sleep is extended to any unusual length of time, no accurate idea of

---

\* Plutarch, Wytttenbach, vol. ii. p. 316.

† Plutarch, Dionys.

‡ Plat. vol. i. p. 398. Edit. Wytttenbach.



the time elapsed is preserved, as a person who had slept for a week is known to have fancied that he had slept only one night.

As dreams usually arise when the senses are closed against external objects, they must be considered as the work of the mind, sketches of the fancy, deriving its materials and objects from experience. It is the pre-eminent glory of the mind that it can subsist, as it were, in a separate state, independently of the body, which, in none of its regular functions, is removed from the superintendence and control of the mind.

It is true, that whatever ideas the mind may enjoy are originally acquired through the senses before they become stupid in forgetfulness, all of them being formed from the observation of earthly circumstances, and not appearing to be innate. The images, however combined in extravagant pictures, and in whatever manner acquired, are composed of the representations of real objects, and are called up at pleasure by the mind, and if we should admit what Formey,\* after Wolfius, has asserted, that every dream originates in some sensation, yet the independent energies of the mind are sufficiently displayed in the preservation of the successive phantoms, and in the continuance of reflection long after the sensation is excited. The scenes which pass in review before us in sleep are sometimes composed of images which are produced immediately by corporal impressions, not sufficiently strong to destroy the enchantment of sleep. Beattie speaks of an officer in the army, whose imagination was so easily effected in sleep by impressions made on the external senses, that his companions could suggest anything to it by whispering gently in his ear; and that they once made him go through the procedure of a duel till he was awakened by report of a pistol.

Dreams are, however, more often produced by sensation or motion of the brain, excited when we are awake, and continued, agreeably to the opinion of Aristotle, after the removal of the object. However, the powers of the mind are not limited to the contemplation of the image first introduced, but range in the wide scope of their observation to the view of every particular with which they are ac-

---

\* Essai en Mem. de l'Academ. de Berlin. Tom. ii. p. 16.

quainted, and call up in the concatenation of their reflections, often extending to the most remote and forgotten images long since committed to the memory. Hence it is that we are so little able to trace any affinity between the subjects of our dreams and the sensations of recent impression, the links which connect the successive ideas of the mind, either waking or sleeping, being in general so imperceptibly fine, as to be traced with difficulty.

Allowing then that dreams are sometimes prompted by immediate or recent sensations, they must in general be considered as the creation of the mind, existing, as it were, in an abstracted state, though still capable of being easily summoned to attention to the body. The sympathy and reciprocal influence which subsist between them are never destroyed, and the mutual interchange of feeling is quickly communicated. There is perhaps never a total insensibility; the moment when vigilance sinks into oblivious indifference can never be accurately marked; no one, at least, has ever yet noted the moment which precedes sleep. The connexion between mind and body is renewed on the slightest alarm, and unusual impressions are instantly conveyed from one to the other. The hungry body suggests to the sleeping mind visions of food.\* Oppressions from repletion generate fearful dreams, and a disordered limb, if its pain increase, will attract attention. Dugald Stewart observes, that dreams are frequently suggested by bodily sensations, and states, that he had been told by a friend, that having occasion, in consequence of an indisposition, to apply a bottle of hot water to his feet when he went to bed, he dreamed that he was making a journey to the top of Mount *Ætna*, and that he found the heat of the ground almost insupportable. Another person, having blisters applied to his head, dreamed, in the association of ideas, that he was scalped by a party of Indians.†

Considering dreams then principally as the production

---

\* It may perhaps be said, that when the hungry man dreams, it is rather the effect of the recollection of his waking thoughts. An ancient writer attributes dreams to the immediate temperament of the body. *Hi qui laborant siti cum in soporem venerant, flumina et fontes videre sibi videntur, et bibere, hoc autem patiuntur aviditate imtemperata corporis laborantes.* *Recog. Clem. L. ii. §. 64.*

† *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind. C. v.*

of the mind ruminating on its own stores, we perceive that the imagination is ever in a state of vigilance ; that it can paint and recall to its own view those scenes of nature and of life which it has admired ; and though the corporal eye be closed, yet

“ not the more cease  
To wander where the Muses haunt,  
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill.”

That the mind retains its full and native energies in sleep, its powers of memory, and of reasoning, is evident from the circumstances of somnambules, or sleep-walkers, in which the will directs the body, though in a state of somnolency, often guiding it by an accurate recollection of accustomed circumstances and local particulars, and acting, as it seems, by its own vigour as an ethereal spirit moving a passive machine. It then appears indeed capable of performing some things better than when its attention is diverted by the senses to external objects ; it seems left to its own reflections, and free to apply to its own views. In some of these cases it has been known to solve difficulties better than when awake, as in the instance of the man mentioned by Henricus ab Heeres, of whom it is related, that when young, being a professor of a distinguished university, and engaged in the composition and improvement of verses, he has been known, after being dissatisfied with his labours in the day, to have risen in the night, to have opened his desk, and to have written and composed, reading aloud his production, and applauding himself with satisfaction and laughter, and sometimes calling to his chamber-fellow to join in his commendation : after which he has been observed to arrange his papers and shut up his desk, and then undress and retire to bed, and sleep till the morning, when he retained no recollection of the transaction of the night.\*

The same conclusion may be drawn from the relation of Oælius Rhodiginus, who informs us, that when he was twenty-two years of age, being busied in the interpretation of Pliny, while as yet the learned emendations of Hermolaus Barbarus on that author had not supplied to him

---

\* Henricus ab Heeres *Observat. Medic. L. i. Obs. 2. p. 32, 33.*

all that was requisite, he was reading a passage in the seventh book, which treats of those who grow up beyond the usual proportion which Nature has assigned. The word *Ectrapali*, by which such persons were described by the Greeks, was some trouble to him. He knew that he had read something concerning it, but not being able to recall the author, or the book in which the word was mentioned, and fearing the imputation of unskilfulness, he retired with uneasiness of mind to sleep, when his thoughts continuing still to employ themselves on the subject, he recollected the book, and even the page which he wanted.\*

Persons are very commonly known to walk in their sleep over ridges and parapets, at which *Mad Tom* would have shuddered. Upon these occasions it appears, that they often act merely from recollection, since they stumble over objects placed in their way. The recollection, however, is often defective, and however circumspectly and steady the persons may guard against danger in some parts, they often forget where it exists in others. The imagination is also generally so ascendant, that the judgment is not allowed time to act. The eyes of the person are frequently open, but objects which appear before them are usually unheeded, the mind being so absorbed by its own contemplations, as to be inattentive to impressions conveyed by the senses. Sometimes, however, the eyes continue, even in sleep, to present objects to the mind which engage its attention; as in the case of Johannes Oporinus, a printer, who, being employed one night in correcting the copy of a Greek book, fell asleep as he read, and yet ceased not to read till he had finished not less than a whole page, of which, when he awoke, he retained no recollection.†

The attention of the mind, in this case, appears to have been gradually withdrawn after the body began to lie. This disposition to walk and act in sleep is usually considered as a disorder occasioned, according to the opinion of some persons, by a plethora, to which young men are chiefly liable: we may conceive in these cases the turgid and foaming blood to excite sensations which affect the

---

\* Schotts Phys. Curios. L. iii. C. 25. p. 50. Cæl. Rhod. Antiq. Lect. L. xxvii. C. 9. p. 1250.

† Plater. Observ. L. i. p. 12.

mind ; the disorder is understood to be curable by purging the *primæ viæ*.\* Whatever be the remote cause which affects the mind on these occasions, it certainly affords to it an opportunity of displaying its superior powers of intelligence, raised and excited, as it were, by new sensations, and moving the body only as an incumbrance to which it is chained. A similar but less remarkable effect is displayed, when, by an agitation of the spirits, persons are found to talk in their sleep, or to cry out and move, and even to execute their designs by external actions.

There is another faculty of the mind distinct from those hitherto specified, if we may credit a singular relation of Halley, who declared to the Royal Society, that being carried by a strong impulse to visit St. Helena, in order to make observations on the southern constellations, being then twenty-four years of age, he dreamed, before he undertook the voyage, that he was at sea, sailing towards that place, and saw the prospect of it from the ship in his dream, which exhibited the perfect representation of that island, as it afterwards appeared on his approach. It is possible, that the picture was formed agreeably to the ideas of the island, which his correct mind had formed from the accounts of others which he might have heard or read. Every one, however, may probably have noticed instances, in which particular scenes appear, or particular events happen, of which a representation may seem before to have taken place in his mind ; a circumstance certainly not easy to be explained, but upon the supposition of some presaging power of the mind ; but of which the existence and limits are not sufficiently ascertained or defined, to authorize the ascribing of any prophetic intelligence to it, or to imply any design in Providence thereby to direct us, any farther than by such general intimations of the spiritual nature of the mind.

The unpleasant sensations occasioned by the incubus, or night-mare, are either accidental or habitual, and they appear to affect both mind and body. The former is often occasioned by the distention of the stomach with wind or

---

\* Levinus Lemnius describes these night-walkers as men of a relaxed habit of body, and great fervour and activity of mind, as chiefly young persons ; observing that old persons, in whom the vital powers begin to flag, are incapable of the exertion. *De Occult. Nat. Mirac.* L, ii. C. 5.

orudities ; and it is apt to prevail when people lie on their backs, for then the stomach, being dilated, presses the midriff and muscles of the breast most, and by that means encumbers the descent of the one and the expansion of the other, which are necessary to respiration, and thus the blood becomes stagnant in the lungs.

The habitual night-mare is supposed to be occasioned by some acid lymph which disorders the spirits, and creates a paralytic or convulsive disposition of the nerves of the midriff and muscles, which press upon those of the wind-pipe, and produce the sense of strangling : hypochondriacal and scorbutic persons are particularly liable to these complaints.

It is doubtful, in some instances, whether dreams originate with the mind spontaneously summoning up its own ideas, or with the body prompting some sensation of solicitude. In the case of the existence of disorders in the body, the fearful or oppressive dreams which indicate a disordered habit, need not necessarily be ascribed to the immediate operation of the body on the mind commencing in sleep, since the mind, sympathetically affected when awake,\* may by its own reflections generate gloomy phantoms that scare it when the pains of sensation are suspended.

As for dreams which seem to argue a redundancy of health, it is at least disputable, whether they arise from an ardent imagination operating on the mind, or a full constitution of body, suggesting ideas to the imagination. The connexion which subsists between the mind and the body is so intimate, and their reciprocal influence so immediate, that it is difficult to discriminate the boundaries of their respective operations, and the only consideration of consequence, is the necessity of purifying the affections, and of subjecting the body to rules of temperance and self-command ; even Lucretius proves this fact.

That dreams, which were considered in their nature as so important, should be imitated in fictitious representations by ancient and modern writers, was consistent with the general objects of literature, which might be expected to avail itself of the strongest and most popular impressions.

---

\* Per consensum et legem consortii. Levin. Lemn. de Occult. N. Mir. L. i. C. 12.

Divine dreams, which actually were imparted to God's servants, formed a basis of conviction on this subject, handed down by tradition, and enlarged by superstitious additions: the idea of an intercourse with beings of the spiritual world, and with objects of fear or affection, though departed from life, was natural to the human mind, and became the foundation of much religious apprehension among the heathens. Those therefore who sought, either to amuse the fancy, or to instruct the judgment, naturally employed the agreeable fictions, which they knew were best calculated to engage the imagination. Hence divine dreams became the constant appendages of the heathen mythology, and accounts, real or fictitious, of communications in vision, were interwoven in every production.

Information which was superior to the vulgar philosophy of the time, modestly intimated its discoveries as suggestions imparted by revelation to the mind, and conjectures concerning the interests and future dispensations of the invisible world were delivered with striking impression as divine communications. If a warning was to be conveyed, what so affecting as the exhortation of a departed friend! If advice was to be given, what so persuasive as the voice of a revered character, which had long carried great weight!

Such machinery was particularly calculated for works of imagination, and the poems of antiquity, as well as those of modern times, were frequently decorated with its ornaments.

It has been often doubted whether the sublime vision described in the fourth chapter of the Book of Job, is to be regarded as a real scene imparted to the mind of the narrator, or as merely a vehicle for the religious instruction which is communicated in its awful description.

A very early example of a dream designed to enliven poetry, is furnished in the *Iliad* of Homer, which was possibly introduced, not merely as ornamental, but with some view of exposing the danger of listening to ambiguous suggestions in sleep. It represents Agamemnon as deluded by a promise of victory, if he should lead out all the Grecians to battle, and as suffering a defeat in consequence of Achilles joining in the engagement.

The circumstances, as described by the poet, remind us of

the particulars recorded in the twenty-second chapter of the first book of Kings, in which Ahab appears to have been seduced by a lying spirit to destruction.

Historians and orators, likewise, were by no means insensible of the value conferred on their works by embellishments so interesting: they therefore invented similar relations, and it is probable, that many of the dreams which have been examined in this paper, were no more genuine than the speeches ascribed to distinguished characters, being originally only agreeable inventions contrived for rhetorical effect.

Instances of these may be found in the celebrated dream of the choice of Hercules, furnished in the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon, or in that of Lucian, which was probably designed as a humorous imitation of it.

If, however, some dreams are so interwoven with historical accounts, that it is doubtful whether they are related as real or not, there are many which are evidently employed as ornamental modes of instruction. Such is the dream, for instance, described to have expressed the anger of the gods against Numenius, who had pried into the Eleusinian mysteries, and published the secrets of philosophy. This was said to have represented the Eleusinian goddesses meretriciously attired, and sporting before a public brothel; who, upon inquiry into the cause of such indecent conduct, informed Numenius, that they resented his having driven them from retirement, and exposed them to the common gaze of men.\* It is evident, that this was only a reproof of the folly of exposing the mysteries of a licentious superstition to public animadversion; a measure very impolitic and injurious to the interests of those who lived by its support; and similar to the presumption, censured by Callimachus, of those who, with Actæan audacity, ventured to contemplate the undisguised charms of Minerva.†

One of the most beautiful fictions employed by ancient writers in prose is that of Cicero, written probably in imitation of one by Plato. In this, which is entitled the *Dream of Scipio*, the Roman orator‡ has conveyed the

\* Macrob. in *Somnum Scipion.* L. ii. C. 2.

† *Εἶδεν ἀθήναις γῆρα καὶ λαγόναις;*

‡ *De Repub. Lib. vi.*



most sublime instruction concerning many points in natural philosophy and the immortality of the soul. And the tendency of the work was to encourage a patriotic affection for the country of a man's birth, and a contempt of human glory, upon principles which sometimes almost approach to those which Christianity has consecrated.

Some writers, it is true, have conceived such fictions as discreditable to the gravity and truth of philosophical instruction; but the dream in question is vindicated in an elaborate commentary by Macrobius, who considers it as an engaging veil under which truth may be usefully presented to the mind.

We have already observed at sufficient length on those divine dreams, which were imparted in evidence of the authority and instruction of the evangelical dispensation, and have considered them as furnished exclusively in support of Revelation, and as having ceased with the other miraculous testimonies of Christianity.

The persuasion, however, of preternatural intelligence being communicated in dreams, has continued so forcibly to operate at all times, that Christian writers, who have reported and invented dreams of pretended inspiration, have obtained more credit and success than they have merited; and however little claim to regard they may be thought to have when philosophically examined, they have at least been allowed so much authority in popular estimation, that they have at all times been employed, not only with a view to impose on credulity, but as ingenious fictions agreeable to common apprehension, framed for the expression of instruction in an allegorical manner.

Among those which are of earlier production, we may notice the Shepherd of Hermas, a moral vision of the second century, in which are represented the characters and circumstances of the Church at that time; and many other instances might be produced, if it were necessary, from works of later times, none of which, perhaps, are more ingenious and agreeable, than those which have been published in our own language, particularly the allegorical visions and dreams which have appeared in the Spectator, and other periodical papers.

### ART. III.—BAVARIAN PRISONS.

We beg attention to the following communication from our venerated friend, the Recorder of Birmingham :—

*To the Editor of the Irish Quarterly Review.*

Heath House, Stapleton, Bristol,  
September, 1859.

Dear Sir,

In your number for January, 1859, you laid before your readers a paper of mine, which, in my absence, Lord Brougham was so good as to read at the Liverpool Meeting of last October for the Promotion of Social Science. Having sent a copy of this paper to my friend Professor Mittermaier of Heidelberg, on whose views of the state prison at Munich, under Governor Obermaier, I had taken the liberty of commenting, he referred me, in corroboration of his remarks, to a report to the Saxon Government on the Bavarian prisons. With some difficulty I have procured a copy of this document, and the passages relating to the Munich prison have been translated for me by Mr. Leipner, of Clifton, himself a Saxon, but who has resided some years in England. I now send his translation to you, and, if you will do me the favour to read it, you will find that, as relates to the principal point of controversy between the learned and excellent Professor and myself, namely, the alleged employment of spies, the report concurs with me and not with Dr. Mittermaier.

I avail myself of this opportunity of correcting an error into which I fell, while writing my paper, as to the Professor's personal knowledge of the Munich prison. I had understood from him (or, as it seems, misunderstood) that he had never visited the prison himself. This, he assures me, is erroneous, he having been to the prison more than once during the government of Obermaier. He does not, however, in his letters, point out any facts ascertained by personal inspection, which are in contradiction to my statements.

Allow me to add a line to express the high estimation in which I hold the labours of Mittermaier, who was the first among the lawyers of Germany to call attention to what is doing in Great Britain and Ireland for the improvement of our prisons and their discipline, and also for the amendment of the Criminal Law.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your faithful Servant,

M. D. HILL.

## NOTES UPON CERTAIN BAVARIAN PRISONS.

### BEING

*Extracts from a Report made in 1856, upon many German Prisons, by a Commission appointed by the Minister of the Interior of Saxony. Dresden, 1857.*

*Page 11.*—The visit to the three Bavarian prisons of St. Georgen near Bayreuth, Kaisheim near Donauwörth and Munich was convincing, that the Bavarian prisons are still governed and are still developing in the same spirit, in which Obermayer most meritoriously changed the old form of prison discipline at Kaiserslautern into a well organized and benevolent system, which was most carefully based upon a consideration of the bodily and mental wants of the prisoners.

*Page 14.*—The prison at *Munich* contains only male prisoners, and these are criminals of the worst kind, sentenced to the chain, or to detention from a period of 8 years, up to imprisonment for life, or to hard labour for 4 years or more—at present about 500. There are only some 20 women detained here, under a female overseer, to attend to the laundry.

Supervision is exercised by 18 unmarried Overseers, and a picket of 20 soldiers is in guard of the prison. The Director leaves it to the option of the overseers, whether they will keep themselves armed or not. He himself is unarmed, but in his office and in his rounds is accompanied by a large fierce dog. Obermayer objects to labour in the open air, and to agricultural employment of the prisoners, though not especially for the reason of the possibility of their being at any time left unguarded. This objection of Obermayer's however appears only to be dependent upon the peculiar condition of *his* prison, which more especially contains young, rough, malicious criminals, drafted from an agricultural population, for whom of course that kind of employment would be but little punishment. Obermayer moreover requires strict discipline with incessant supervision, which in his opinion would not be possible outside

the precincts of the prison. Aged or delicate prisoners—fathers of families—about one-fourth of all the prisoners, he occupies in the courts of the prison with household labour.

The kind of work done in the rooms is especially cloth manufacture, linen weaving, &c., the power being produced by four wheels, turned by hand labour.

The population, which recruits his prison, is robust. When there are more convicts than he has room for, he gives some of his prisoners up to other prisons. Discipline is enforced by moderate punishment, such as reduction of food, and cellular incarceration, but never by corporal punishments.

The Overseers exercise their function over a division of several work halls or rooms, which are not closed from the corridor. Within the work rooms, even if there be only 2 prisoners at work, one of them is a watcher.\* These watchers are substitutes for Overseers, and have to a great extent the rights and duties of the "Elders" in the prisons of Saxony. On the whole, and in every case, one prisoner is made personally responsible for the other.

Talking during work hours is prohibited. During the hours of rest, conversation, within the limits of decency and propriety and without noise, screaming or indecent gestures and signs, is permitted.

Obermayer manages also by means of monthly visits the establishment for youthful criminals at Wasserburgh. Against self-pollution he has used there successfully reduction of food and hand cuffs.

During the last 14 years, Obermayer has discharged 1,468 prisoners (not including removals.) Of these, 1200 have shown themselves reformed during the two years, which in Bavaria is the term of control. How many of them however have after the two years relapsed into crime is not ascertained, or more properly speaking "no account is taken of such"; and Obermayer merely stated, that such relapsed criminals *had* been re-admitted into the prison.

Other competent authorities also affirm, that frequent

---

\* *Aufpasser* in the original, not *spion*, the term adopted by Mittermaier, which answers precisely to our word *spy*, whereas I am informed by Mr. Leipner that *aufpasser* has no such invidious meaning, and he is supported by Hilpner—see his English and German Dictionary *in vocibus*.—M. D. H.

escapes occur; one case indeed had been detected, in which one of the prisoners had been murdered by some fellow-prisoners, who intended to escape, and had made it appear as a case of suicide.

As regards the state of health of the prisoners, experience is here unfavourable; mortality also is particularly great here. (According to Obermayer's statement in the year 1855, from 70 to 80 died, according to official statement 91, which is 1·7 of the average prison population. This appears to be partly an after-effect of the cholera.) The ground floor of the prison is very damp. But Obermayer mentioned also, as a special cause of this high rate of mortality, the imprisonment during trial in unhealthy prisons, which has also been confirmed by others. Obermayer expressed his well-known opinion on separate imprisonment, but stated also, that he did not object to it, but would use it in cases of prisoners sentenced to short terms of imprisonment under one year.

The ministerial offices of the Interior, and of Justice, gave also full and explicit information on every point connected with prisons. The Referendary of the ministerial department of the Interior gave special information on the control over the discharged prisoners, as existing in Bavaria, upon which the statements of relapses and reforms are founded.

All prisons, and all police establishments for detention\* keep a list based upon the information, which the local magistracy annually (i.e. after the expiration of one year from the time of the discharge of the prisoners) has to forward to these establishments, concerning their behaviour. The local authorities divide in their reports the discharged into the following three classes: Relapsed, Doubtful and Reformed. Whoever is reported as Reformed, is struck from the list of control, but the Doubtful continue thereon. A criminal who afterwards falls into police detention (which in Bavaria must not exceed the term of two years,) is *not* considered a relapsed criminal, but is merely continued on the list as Doubtful. In the sense of the criminal law the term "Relapse," is never used. In statistical accounts, those mentioned as reformed, include consequently all such, as did not relapse within the space of 12 months after their discharge. That many of the so-called reformed after-

---

\* Under this head would be included, most, if not all, such of our English gaols as are not Government prisons for convicts. Tr.

wards return to the prison is notorious, but is not noticed in the statistical accounts. Nor does the figure for relapses contain those, which relapsed after one year's good conduct. The number stated as reformed is consequently too high, and that of relapsed too low.

*Page 55.*—Obermayer's principles are professed in all Bavarian prisons; they were at that time (1856) expressly adopted, and had been introduced into the prisons by means of officials, who had served with or under Obermayer at Kaiserslautern. If at the present day various modifications and deviations may be observed, and moreover an essentially different rule for measuring the success of the Munich prison has been adopted, or seems to have been adopted, this can in nowise reduce the merit of Obermayer's fundamental ideas. For they have stood their test at Kaiserslautern under different circumstances, than are existing at Munich. And when afterwards the success of the prison at Munich was overrated, because the special circumstances in force there—long, mostly life-long periods of detention, the provincial character of the criminals and of the crimes were lost sight of, so now the opposite mistake would be made, were we to estimate Obermayer's merits only by the somewhat limited success he has had at Munich. Granted that Obermayer be labouring under a slight delusion as regards the success of the Munich prison, yet *he* is the last who should be reproached with it, he who is its reformer, and that too from a perfectly dilapidated condition. Besides, there is a special cause to be found for this delusion in the peculiar sense, in which the word "Reformed" has been adopted by the Bavarian Government of prisons. It was probably M. Widmer (*Page 52*) who first prominently and firmly showed and proved against all the hostile critics (both against the well-meaning and against those whose desire it was to insult) that Obermayer's idea is founded upon a proposition, which is psychologically correct and proved by every day's experience. Anyhow, a well-regulated and efficient government of an extensive prison in which the inmates are kept together, cannot be conceived without the essential part of Obermayer's system, unless the cost be disproportionately increased, or the essence of discipline be changed into a mere appearance.

That the unfavourable rate of mortality at Munich and in some other establishments in Bavaria, cannot be attributed to

Obermayer's system, but is partly owing to the unfavourable positions of these prisons and partly to other external causes, is proved by the reports of the Bavarian Ministry, in which prisons, situated in isolated and elevated positions, but governed on the same principles, show as low a rate of mortality as in all likelihood can ever be attained in prisons.

The Bavarian prisons possess one great advantage over almost all others, which is that they consist of edifices which were formerly convents or chapter-houses, which by their grandeur, their regularity, their internal arrangements, supply all the wants of a prison for confinement of prisoners in association. All crowding together of the workers can be avoided there, and arrangements can be made for the prisoners sleeping in smaller detachments in moderately-sized apartments, which are open on two sides for inspection and control. If the supervision of the prisons of Bavaria were exercised with the same care as in Saxony, and if there were a more immediate supervision of the prisoners themselves, these establishments would then possess all the preliminary conditions necessary for conducting "imprisonment in association" in its best and most efficient form. The want of appliances for isolation as a means for discipline is, however, felt everywhere in that country.

Obermayer's institution of "watchers," i.e. prisoners intrusted with supervision, has subjected him to bitter but unreasonable reproaches, especially from such as have not examined the matter practically, but only from a distance and only by having it called a spy-system. The partisans of the "isolated imprisonment" more particularly have tried to deduce from it the greatest possible harm to the morality of the prisoners. This institution in the form and with the name of "Elders" in the Saxon prisons, "Seniors" in the prisons of Würtemberg, has proved itself an efficient organ of control; the superior physical force of the bad class is kept in check by the authoritative elevation of the better disposed.

The exclusive supervision by the better prisoners is however in Saxony limited to but few cases, direct supervision by warders is still as much as possible in force. And this latter arrangement seems to be the preferable and more efficient one, as has been proved more especially by a comparison with the prison at Cologne. The constant presence of the warder, far from causing fear or exasperation or irritation, accustoms the prisoners to the consciousness of being observed and is pro-

ductive of confidence in the officers. The majority of free labourers are usually and for very good reasons under a direct supervision—why should the same system, which works well with free labourers, be productive of evil in the case of prisoners? Only speculative exaggeration without experience can lead to that opinion.

*Page 60.*—As regards the treatment of juvenile criminals, Bavaria and Würtemberg have made considerable progress, especially in comparison with Prussia, inasmuch as special prisons have been erected for their detention. And of these two countries Bavaria has outstripped Würtemberg; for in Bavaria these establishments have been specially arranged for agricultural employment of the inmates, and the rules by which they are governed, show that the ends which these institutions ought to have in view, and the means to attain such ends, have never been lost sight of.

The want of a kind of educational detention after imprisonments, often very short, for such as are still in their childhood, is certainly a defect; and we are inclined to give preference to the arrangements existing in Saxony, where the juvenile criminal is, by act of grace, sent to a house of correction,\* and after that, in case of necessity, is subject to a further detention under police for correction.†

*Page 66.*—Had I at this moment a perfectly free choice, without need to take into consideration the existing state of things, I would undoubtedly decide for the erection of small panoptic prisons like those at St. Jacob and St. Gall, each however of the size to contain 200 prisoners, and with a corresponding number of cells for isolation according to Mooser's proposal. I should consequently decide for a mixed system, which would include both the Auburn system and the system of separate imprisonment.

For I am convinced that within such limit a good government can gain the majority of results, which it is the object to gain. That the consequent multiplication of establishments would be too expensive a plan, cannot unreservedly be conceded. Anyhow the greater expense would sooner and more certainly be counterbalanced by the results, which such small prisons would show, than would a less expense for the erection of prisons of double or treble the size.

---

\* This is so, and they are called "houses for education and correction."—Tr.

† Called "police-correctional detention."—Tr.



#### ART. IV—"ODDS, TRIGGERS AND FLINTS."

*Recherches sur le Feu Grégeois et sur l'Introduction de la Poudre à Canon Europe.* Paris: Corréard. 1845.

It appears from the Byzantian writers that, in the year 673, during the reign of Constantine III, during the siege of Constantinople by the Arabs, Callinicus, an architect of Heliopolis, introduced among the Greeks what is called Greek, or wild fire, of which they consider him to be the inventor. "It was owing to this discovery," say those authors, "that the Arab fleet was set on fire and destroyed in the harbour of Cyzicus."

Such is their brief account of the origin and first application of Greek fire.

This projectile, which was originally known by the simple term Greek fire, and now called after Joinville, *Wild fire—grégeois*,\* received from the Byzantian historians different names, such as *feu maritime*, from its being used on sea, *feu liquide*, a term most frequently applied to it; *feu mide*; *feu d'artifice*, *feu énergique*, &c. &c. It is evident that by none of these terms is meant the property of burning in water, unextinguishable, a property which has been erroneously attributed to wild fire.

The Greek emperors soon felt the great importance of this fire, and the use to which it could be applied, for its preparation was ranked among the secrets of the state by the emperor Constantine. That prince, in his work on the administration of the empire, considered as worthy the malediction of God and man who ever should dare to communicate it to strangers: his commands were faithfully observed by his successors. The secret was rigorously kept, even at the time when the kings of the West obtained, after much entreaty, the aid of Greek ships armed with wild fire.

The number of those ships was frequently very considerable; in an anonymous pamphlet of Romain the Younger, it is said to have amounted to two thousand in an expedition against Saracens of the island of Crete.

---

\* *Grégeois* was a term by which the French, of the middle ages, distinguished the Greeks.

There were three different kinds of this wild fire.

The first we shall classify under the head of large tubes, and which was discharged by means of brass tubes after the plan of the emperor Leo VI., "preceded by thunder and smoke, and setting whole fleets on fire." The discharging of this fire was both easy and simple, one man placed at the stern of a vessel was sufficient to regulate it. Generally there was but one engine in each ship, but afterwards each ship was provided with several, as we see by the following account of an engagement which took place at Pisa.

"The emperor," says Comenus, "being aware that the enemy were expert and skilled in sea fights, had figures placed in the prow of each vessel representing the heads of wild animals with open mouths, and to render their appearance more formidable caused them to be gilt; he then prepared the fire which by means of certain springs was hurled against the enemy from the distended jaws of the brazen figures, and, as if it were, vomited forth from the bowels of lions and other wild beasts." This stratagem succeeded, and the "barbarians were terrified by the flames thus hurled against them, to which they were never before accustomed, and which flashed about them in all directions, at the will of the person in charge of the engine." A storm which raged during the battle contributed to the defeat of the enemy.\*

During the siege of Durazzo by Boemond in 1106, there was a severe engagement between the Normans and the besieged, in which the latter made use of wild fire, the composition of which is thus described by Cominus. "It consists of the berries and the juice of green plants collected and bruised together, mixed with sulphur; it is then forced into small cane-tubes by means of the breath blown strong and continuously. It is then set fire to at one end; *like a fiery meteor* it falls on every thing that opposes it. The people of Durazzo employed this fire because they found themselves face-to-face with the enemy, which after setting fire to their beards and burning their faces put them to flight."†

Let us now quote the narrative of a battle fought between the Greeks and Russians. "Then, armed with a *kind of winged fire*, and by means of a certain tube, the Greek

---

\* Alexiade Lib. IX. p. 335, 336, ed. du Louvre.

† Ibid, Lib. XIII p. 283.

general was able to throw flames among the Russian fleet, a sight as terrifying as extraordinary! The Russians on beholding this magic fire precipitated themselves into the sea to escape it, and very few were able to return to their country." Those who escaped thus described it to their countrymen. "The Greeks possess a *kind of fire which flies thorough the air like lightning*, which they were able to hurl against us, burning our ships; and by this means we were unable to conquer them."\*

The following is the description which the Emperor Leo, the philosopher, has left us of the second kind of wild fire, of which he says he was the inventor:—"This fire may be also employed in this manner by means of small tubes, which may be thrown by the hand, and which the soldiers can carry behind their shields. Those tubes, constructed after our plan, are called *hand tubes*, and should be charged with the combustible used in fire-works, and thrown in the face of the enemy." The third kind, which the Emperor Leo calls *shells*, or *pots filled* with fiery matter, is well described by the following lines of Nicetas:—

"They threw on the houses of the unfortunate wretches who dwelt on the shore a kind of liquid fire, which, lying dormant in closed shells, suddenly exploded into flames, setting fire to every thing within their reach."

Up to the time of the Crusades the Greeks seem to have been the only people in possession of the secret of this wild fire, which became so famous in Europe, that its name was applied all through the west to every substance of a fiery or combustible nature.† The historians of the first wars in the east thus describe the incendiary projectiles used by the Arabs, and which were composed partly of certain substances, which, like Naptha, must have been comparatively unknown to the Latins. Up to the expe-

\* Chronique de Nestor, trad. du Ruase. Paris. 1854. P. 53. This is also related by Luitprand.

† Maizeroy well understood this, as, in his *Observations on wild fire*, he says—"It is certain that the fire invented by Callinicus has been confounded with other substances known before his time, and then in use, or since then invented, so that the term wild fire was applied to every substance capable of producing a conflagration and which could not be extinguished by water. See "Institutions Militaires de l'Empereur Leo," t. II, p. 278.

dition of Damietus, in 1218, the descriptions of those projectiles do not seem to present any of the features peculiar to the wild fire, and it is only at the latter period that we find, in the history of Oliver l'Ecolatre, mention made of a fire *resembling thunder in its effects*, an expression which reminds us of the description of the Emperor Leo X. Joinville, who, thirty years after, accompanied Saint Louis into Egypt, was a witness of the effect produced by this fire, and describes the terror with which it inspired the Christians.

There is no resemblance whatever between the description of Joinville and the accounts of the Latin writers previous to 1218; on the contrary, in the description of *the mighty sword, the thunder of heaven, and of the flying dragon of light, the stars which seemed to fall from heaven, we recognize the fire, which, accompanied by thunder and smoke, rose in the air like a fiery meteor, and appeared to come from a great distance, like thunder.*

The description given by Joinville, which has been always considered to contain a frightful picture of the effects produced by the wild fire, only proves the terror with which this new projectile inspired the Christians.\* Thus we see that, so far from being inextinguishable, it could be easily put out; besides, those ravages which were represented as so terrible, were merely confined to the burning of three wooden edifices, a canvas tent, and a palisading of pine wood. Instead of the injuries it inflicted being fatal, William de Boon received a shell on his shield; St. Louis had the reins of his horse shattered by it, William de Malvoisin was entirely enveloped in it, without their receiving the slightest injury, which, had it been otherwise, Joinville would have, no doubt, recorded.†

---

\* Here are a few examples. According to Lebeau, (History of the Low Countries, t. XIII, p. 103) this fire, after bursting with a terrible explosion, enveloped in flames whole battalions, edifices and ships. According to Michaud (*Histoire des Croisades*, Ed. 1828, t. III., p. 326) this fire consumed ships, soldiers and arms; and even the waves, instead of extinguishing it, only increased its fury. See also Biographie Michaud, Art. Calatinigue; and see Michelet, Histoire de France, t. II, p. 517.

† All those passages of Joinville are figuratively commented on in an Arab manuscript to be seen in the Imperial library. It appears to have been written in Egypt, about the close of the thirteenth century; the various instruments which the Arabs used in propelling their war-fires are there represented by coloured drawings, in which are also minutely explained the various combustibles of which the fires were composed.

It is worthy of remark that the Saracens introduced an important improvement in the system of firing those projectiles. Instead, like the Greeks, of permitting them to take their own course in their flight, they discharged them by means of engines, which, although it added to their range, had the disadvantage of rendering them more difficult to be managed, and consequently less convenient. This change, however, was of great importance, for, on sea, for instance, the variations of the atmosphere frequently rendered them useless. Luitprand, a writer of the ninth century, after relating that a Roman Emperor, in an expedition against the Russians, after having placed, not only in the fore-part of the ships, as was the custom, but also at the stern and sides, engines for the purpose of discharging those projectiles, says: "In presence of the enemy, God, wishing to crown with victory his servants who pray to him, appeased the winds and calmed the sea; for otherwise the Greeks could not conveniently work their engines of war.\*" Thus the firing of the engines was attended with great inconvenience, for they could only be worked in times of perfect calm.

As to the property of burning in water, a property which modern writers assert the wild fire possessed, there is no mention made of it in the works of Byzantine writers. We must also look upon, in the light of fable, the effect that vinegar was supposed to have in extinguishing, not only wild fire, but every kind of fire. The assertions which some authors have made on this subject have been thus refuted by a learned chemist, M. Chevreul, in a paper in the *Journal des Savants*. The ancients, says M. Chevreul, attribute to vinegar the property of extinguishing several combustible matters when in a state of ignition, and they believed that vinegar, possessing the faculty of wetting, and even dissolving several resinous ignitable matters, could also extinguish the flame. We will only make one objection to this erroneous assertion, which is, that vinegar does not dissolve resinous substances, save in a concentrated state (*acide acétique radical*), and that then it is itself inflammable."†

The secret of wild fire was only known to the Byzantians up to the thirteenth century, but from that period it was in the possession of the Saracens of Egypt, and as the latter made

---

\* Luitprand, lib. v. ch. 6

† *Journal des Savants*, Avril, 1847, p. 214.

no mystery of its preparation, the secret necessarily spread from place to place, both in Asia and Europe. We read that it was used, in 1257, at the siege of Niebla, in Spain.\*

"The besieged," says an Arab writer, translated by J. Conde, "threw, by means of certain engines, into the camp of the Christians, stones and javelins, *making a noise like thunder accompanied by fire.*"†

Froissart speaks of a certain fire which was used in France, in the fourteenth century, by the English, with artillery, at the siege of the Castle de Romvran: "They (the English) brought into the court yard cannon and waggons filled with fiery combustibles, which, when set on fire, so spread that it enveloped in flames the roofs of the tower and the citadel, spreading in all directions, and destroying everything that opposed it.

It was by the aid of those projectiles, that a Danish lord took, in 1420, the fort Sainte Gertrude, and that, in 1449, the town Pont Audmer was burned by the army of Charles VII., a circumstance to which we will return. Finally, the Greeks, who were the first to make any mention of this fire, are also the last to allude to it. Pharanza, who was present at the siege of Constantinople, by Mahomet II., relates that a certain German, very skilful in the preparation of the wild fire, and in firing the engines, caused a counter-mine to be prepared and filled with liquid artificial fire. "Then," continues Pharanza, "all being ready, he himself fired the mine and destroyed numbers of the Turks. The Turks, in their turn, kindled their liquid fire, which they had previously prepared, but which proved a failure, having succeeded in destroying only a portion of an old tower by the explosion."

He then describes a combat sustained by three Genoese ships and an imperial galley, against the entire fleet of the enemy, during which engagement the Greeks threw amongst

\* It is probable that some of these tubes, used in throwing wild fire, are still to be seen in Jerusalem. "I have seen," says Chateaubriand, "in the castle of Jerusalem, an ancient chamber filled with old helmets, some of which were of the form of Egyptian caps—*bonnets*. I also remarked some iron tubes of the length and thickness of a gun barrel, the use of which I am ignorant of. I secretly endeavoured to purchase a few of those remnants of antiquity, and I cannot now say why I did not succeed. See "Iteneraire de Paris à Jerusalem," Ed. 1844, t. ii. p. 313.

† Historia de la dominacion de los Arabes en Espania, t. iii, ch. 7. p. 42.

the enemy *shells filled with fire*. Farther on, he alludes to an attempt of a Venetian to destroy, by means of wild-fire, a bridge of boats constructed by the Turks, the whole length of the harbour.\*

Wild-fire was, therefore, used at the same time by the Greeks and Turks, and the siege, on this occasion, was conducted by two foreigners, a German and a Venetian.

Thus, in the middle of the fifteenth century, about the time when no further mention is made of it, wild-fire was known in Asia, Greece, Spain, France, in Holland, and probably in Germany and Italy. Therefore, it is not reasonable to suppose, that a projectile in use during seven hundred years, which several nations employed with artillery for a century, a circumstance which should prevent its being forgotten, would, without any assignable cause, cease everywhere to be in use in such an age of progress and civilisation, as the middle of the fifteenth century. This hypothesis is inadmissible, particularly when we consider how difficult it is to destroy amongst a people the use of a weapon to which they have been long accustomed.

Whoever occupies himself with the subject of the origin of useful inventions, knows well how very seldom they are totally forgotten; they are, in later times, only transformed and changed in name.

It is, however, a general opinion of the present day, that the secret of wild-fire is lost. Because none of the effects produced by our pyrotechnics in any way resemble the marvellous properties so gratuitously attributed to the wild-fire of the ancients—because its name is not found in the vocabulary of our artillery, it is universally believed, on that account, that the projectile itself had suddenly disappeared from use, and has not even left a trace of its existence behind.†

\* Chronique de Georges Phrantza, Vienne, 1796, in fo. p. 54, 55, 57

† Different attempts were made during the last century to gain the knowledge of the construction of a projectile to which tradition attributed such formidable properties. In France those experiments, founded principally on the idea that the wild fire could not be extinguished by water, gave rise to a number of discoveries either true or false, but always involved in obscurity.

The following appears on this subject in the *Mémoires Secrets de la République des Lettres*, dated 19 November, 1772:—A person named Dupré, has, by means of chemical processes, discovered the secret of the wild fire of the ancients, that is of a fire which increases in intensity and power by the application of water.

If we once admit that the secret of wild fire is not really lost, now that its real effects, deprived of the exaggeration and the marvellous which false reports attributed to it, have been distinctly defined, it will suffice to determine what could have been the nature of this projectile, to see what projectiles, now in use amongst us, most resemble what were called large tubes and shells filled with fiery matter used by the ancients.

If we turn to the *Dictionnaire d'artillerie de l'encyclopédie methodique*, published in 1822, we read as follows under the article *Squibs*, that is, Rockets.

"Those large and smaller fire-works, made into a cartridge, are so called, and generally of a cylindrical form. What is remarkable in squibs and rockets is, that they possess *in themselves the principle of motion, are self propelling.*"

A more recent work on this subject completes the definition.

"It is observed by all who devote themselves to the subject of war-rockets that they are very irregular in their flight; *the wind has much power* over a projectile of such length; as it travels but slowly at first, its direction is easily changed or influenced by the atmosphere, and the unequal density of the air it has to traverse. They may be used to great advantage in calm weather, but the slightest change in the state of the atmosphere may render them entirely useless. It would be very imprudent then, to place too much confidence in an arm, which may become useless at the very time it is most required."\*

On comparing those two descriptions of the tubes and rockets, it is impossible not to see that they are one and the same, although separated by a distance of several centuries. There is not one property to be found in the tubes alluded to

The government to which he had offered his secret very wisely declined to purchase such a dreadful means of contributing to the destruction of mankind, but gave him a pension on condition that he would not divulge or sell his secret to any other power. The modern inventor is not long dead, but it is feared that documents may have been found among his papers which may lead to the discovery of the fatal secret: every precaution has however been taken to prevent a publication which would be sure to be attended by such fearful consequences.—See *Art de vérifier les dates (regne de Louis XV.)* p. 417. Also *La dictionnaire des origines, de Noel et Carpentier*, 1re. édition. t. 1, p. 456: *les Lettres sur la physique et la chimie, par A. Martin*, t. 1, p. 232: *Costa, Essai sur les decouvertes nouvelles.*

• *Etat actuel de l'Artillerie de campagne in Europe*, par Mazé, 1839, in 8o, p. 135, 36.



that is not applicable to rockets, and *vice versa*. The projectile which, according to Cominius, possessed the property of raising itself in the air, is nothing but the *self-propelling rocket*.

Then the projectile which, according to Joinville, had a long luminous tube, emitting such light during the night that the army were enabled to see as well as in the day: is not this the rocket so often used at the present day to light up the neighbourhood of places that are being besieged, and also in certain military operations? The facility in using the wild-fire, and its harmless effects—all this is to be found in the Roman lights, blue lights and rockets.

They resemble each other even in their imperfections, since, notwithstanding the progress science has made, the uncertainty in the precision of the rocket caused by atmospheric influence, renders this projectile now, as well as in the time of Luitprand, comparatively useless. The only difference, one not of much weight, consists in the substituting a cylindrical cartridge for a cane tube.

*Long tubes, then, were only flying rockets*, at the extremities of which was placed combustible or ignitable matter.

Any further discussing would be useless to determine the nature of the different kinds of wild-fire: should we wish to be satisfied on this point, we need only consult the authors already quoted to prove—

First, That *hand tubes*, which only differed from the large with tubes in their length, were the same as those squibs with which children now amuse themselves.

Second, That the balls filled with ignitable substance were nothing else than fire balls.\*

We have still two authors to confirm us in our opinion, and to prove that in the fifteenth century, according to some writers, there was not the slightest doubt as to the identity of the rocket and wild-fire.

Blondel, chaplain of Charles VII., relates that in 1449, at the siege of Pont Audmer, at which he assisted as a young man belonging to the house of St. Pol, *wishing to try the effect*

---

\* We should sooner arrive at those conclusions were it not for the unreasonable obstinacy evinced up to the present day in confounding two things essentially distinct, namely, the matter constituting the principle of the rockets, as a simple flying squib, and the combustible intended to set it on fire, which, in old days, as with us, was placed at the end of the projectile.

of the wild fire, he seized a squib ignited with sulphur (*fusum sulfure ignitum*) and threw it against a house in the town, setting it on fire. This we have discovered in the MSS. Bibliothèque Imperiale, No. 6,197.

There can be no difficulty here as to the true meaning of the word *fusum*, for Chartier, alluding to that translation, thus writes—"They took the town by assault by the aid of rockets thrown against it." Another cotemporary writer, Jacques Ducleroq, says: "at last the town was taken by assault by means of fire rockets thrown into it."\*

Should we now endeavour to ascertain the nature of the combustible which, of itself, could produce the three different kinds of wild fire, and examine the different exploding substances with which we are acquainted, we must arrive at the conclusion, that of all compounds, either liquids, or solids, capable of exploding, gunpowder alone, from the combination of the different elements of which it is composed, possesses the required conditions.

Let us now see what the most ancient work which treats of rockets, says on this subject, the famous treatise entitled *Liber ignium ad comburendos hostes*, the author of which, Marcus Græcus, lived in the twelfth century, as is generally supposed.†

This work, which we believe spread all over Europe after the conquest of Constantinople by the Latins, who must have been then anxious to acquire as much as possible of the military information of the Byzantians, is evidently a translation from the Greek.‡ There are in this work about thirty receipts, generally of no importance, such as those concerning wild fire, and the fires said to have been discovered by Aristotle, which were to last nine years. But of these there are two, and one in particular, which explain the composition of powder, and it is very remarkable that those very receipts are the receipts in-

\* Chartier, *Histoire de Charles VII.*, 1662, p.146, *Memoires de Ducleroq*, t. I. ch. 8. edition du Panthéon.

† See Schell, *Histoire de la Littérature Grecque Profane*, t. VII., p. 211. *Biographie universelle*, art., *Marcus Græcus*; et M. M. Reinaud. et Favé, *du Feu Grégeois et des Feu de guerre*, 1843-49.

‡ The oldest Manuscript known of this work is in the library at Munich; it is said to date from the thirteenth century. There are two other copies of it in the imperial library, Paris. Of those two manuscripts, between which there is no material difference, one is of the XVI, and the other of XVII century. The latter was published in 1804.

tended to illustrate the fabrication of squibs and crackers, the composition of which is most clearly described.\*

Several distinguished writers who, on several points, differ from the opinion here put forth, admit however that the Arabs used war-rockets in the thirteenth century. The wild-fire of which Joinville speaks, was, according to them, nothing else than the projectile which in the East went by the name of *the Egg which moves and burns*. Or, as they themselves say, "in the shape given to this projectile in the Arab manuscripts, two and even three rockets seem to have been used to propel those incendiary projectiles."†

We are therefore led to believe that it was in the shape of rockets that powder was first used for military purposes. In fine, artillery had, in its slow and tardy developement, to go through those phases, and experience those trials to which all human sciences are subject at their birth. The rocket, that is the *uncertain range*, made its appearance under the name of *wild-fire*, and so continued without a rival untill the introduction of the *certain range*, or what was called *fire-mouths*; and as soon as the latter arrived to any perfection the former fell into disuse, which was about the middle of the fifteenth century, and was only retained by those whose ideas of the military art were much the same as the Greeks of the Bas-Empire. In the wars of Tippoo-Saib against the English it supplied the place, almost exclusively, of artillery amongst the Indians, who understood and used it with great success, which caused it to be reintroduced into Europe. Ruggeri in vain endeavoured to have it adopted in France in 1795. It is now transformed, thanks to recent discoveries and improvements, the necessary

---

\* "Ignis volatilis hoc modo conficitur: accipe lib. 1 sulfuris vivi; lib. 2 carbonum tilliæ vel salicæ: 6 lib. salis petrosi; quæ tria subtilissime terrantur in lapide marmoreo. Postea pulverem ad libitum in tunica reponatis volatili, vel tonitruum faciente. *Nota*: Tunica ad volandum debet esse gracilis et longa, et cum prædicto pulvere optime conculcato repleta. Tunica vero tonitruum faciens debet esse brevis et grossa, et prædicto pulvere semi-plena, et ab utraque parte fortissime filo ferreo bene ligata. *Nota*: Quod ad volandum tunica plicaturas ad libitum habere potest, tonitruum vero faciens quam plurimas plicaturas. *Nota*: Quod duplex poteris facere tonitruum atque duplex volatile instrumentum, tunicam subtiliter in tunica includendo."

† See also on this subject several articles in the *Bibliothèque de l'Ecole des chartes*; and in the *journal des Sciences militaires de Corréard*.—Ed. 1847.

results of long years of study and of wars, and we see it, under the new name of *Congreve rockets*, struggling to resume a position which perhaps the incessant advance of science will no longer recognize.

Several derivations are given for the word *artillery*. Some pretend that it is derived from two latin words, *ars tollendi*; others maintain that it was introduced by a man named Tillery, and that it is from him the art derives its name. This term, however, the true etymology of which is *ars telorum*, was long in use before the invention of gunpowder. Joinville mentions, C. 224, a certain Jean l'Ermin, one of the king's artillery, who was sent to Damascus "to purchase horn and glue to make cross-bows." We have it defined by a poet of the thirteenth century, Guillaume Guiart, in the following lines :

"Artillerie est la charroi  
Qui par duc, par comte, par roi,  
Ou par aucun seigneur de terre,  
Est chargé de quarrians en guerre,  
D'arbalestes, de dars, de lances,  
Et de targes d'un'es semblances."

In the fifteenth century, to distinguish the old from the new artillery, the latter was called *powder artillery*. However we see from the following passage of Bramtome, that, at the end of the sixteenth century, the word *artillery* still retained its primitive meaning :—"And even yet, our kings retain in their service a master of artillery, whose business it is to make cross-bows and arrows : those which I have seen appeared to be manufactured with considerable skill : he also superintended the making of rockets."\*

The first cannon in use was of a very small bore, and might be considered as portable fire-arms, if their construction did not render them inconvenient. They were carried on carts, and on wheels, and were fired on pivots.†

In 1827, a fisherman of Calais, having cast his nets on a bank called Dartingue, about a few leagues from the city, drew up an old cannon which, according to all probability,

---

\* Ed. du Panthéon Littéraire, t. I. p.578.

† There were some, so light and small, says Father Daniel (t. I. liv. VII p. 321) that they could be carried by two men. When about to be fired they were placed on a support, fixed in the ground. The 400 cannons which, says Froissart, the English used at the siege of Saint Malo, in 1378, were, no doubt, of this class.

belonged to the earliest ages of artillery. The following is the description given of it :—

"It is an iron cylinder, very irregular, about three feet eight inches long, at the end of which was an iron contrivance with a handle, for the purpose of adjusting it, 1 foot 8 inches in length. Towards the centre was a kind of ring with two trunnions for placing it on the frame, with an opening or receptacle at the breech, provided with an iron key, to receive a tube 7 inches long and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  inches in diameter, with a breech and touch-hole, which could be unscrewed and loaded in the hand, for during a considerable time cannon were loaded at the breech or stock, a contrivance which some armourers of the present day have adopted in the construction of fowling pieces, and as we see by several drawings in manuscripts, were discharged by means of an iron bar heated in a furnace placed near the cannon. The thickness of this cannon at the breech was about 5 inches, in the middle 3 inches, and at the mouth  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches. The piece was still loaded, and when after considerable difficulty it was unscrewed it was found to contain one ounce of powder which, although it had lost its strength, still retained its original smell and appearance. The barrel was hermetically sealed by means of an oak plug which appeared to have been driven in with great force, no doubt to give it more effect: outside or above the powder was a ball of lead one inch four lines in diameter, enveloped in hemp and weighing four ounces."

This piece was sold by the fishermen, and was subsequently purchased by an Englishman from Essex, for 1,200 francs.\*

"It is certain," says Diego Ufano, "that the first cannon were very imperfectly constructed and attended with much danger, as they were manufactured with great difficulty. For, as they knew nothing about casting, they were obliged to content themselves with large strong plates of iron, such as we see in funnels or boilers, and thus constructed, they were charged with coarse bad powder, as it must have been when first invented, without any rule as to quantity; this was the cannon, this the artillery in use in several parts of Europe, till, in the course of time, the human mind, ever struggling to advance and progress, found the means of refining the powder, and melting iron and brass to cast pieces of ordnance, which thenceforth were everywhere substituted for the old. But as it was

---

\* See *Magasin Pittoresque*, année, 1836, p. 199

found that the iron cannon were easily injured, and those of brass not sufficiently strong or sure, a mixture of brass and other metals was discovered better adapted to durable pieces, to which different names have been given, according to their nature and their range.”\*

Petrarch informs us, that wooden cannon were at one time in use which, no doubt, were secured by iron rings.†

“For a long time,” says Froissart, “the artillery used in campaigning was a small battery, consisting of three or four large cross-bars ranged abreast on high carriages of rude construction, mounted on two or four wheels, bound with iron.” The cannon used by Maistre Jean de Lorraine, in his sorties against the English at the siege of Orleans, was of this kind, and was called *Ribaudequin*. Previously, this name was applied to the war chariots described by Monstrelet.

The *Duc de Bourgogne, Jean Sans Peur*, when laying siege to Ham, had in his army, according to Monstrelet, about 2,000 chariots and waggons, and a great many batteries with their appendages on wheels, each drawn by a horse; there were, besides, long iron spears to engage in close combat, if necessary.‡

In the history of the Houses of Carrara, by Giovanni Citadella, we have the following details concerning a kind of ribaudequin, constructed by Scaliger, in 1387.

“Scaliger,” says Citadella, “put together several instruments of artillery, by means of which he was enabled to bring several mouths of fire to play together, and send death through the camp of the enemy. He constructed three large carriages, or waggons, each with three tiers of cannon, each tier having three compartments, and each compartment twelve bombs, with as many balls. Each waggon con-

\* Artillerie, ouvrage, d'Instruction de l'Artillerie et de ses appartenances par Diego Ufano, capitain d'Artillerie au chateau d'Anvers, Traduction Française, Rouen, 1628, ch. 2. p. 3.

† “Non imitabile fulmen ligneo quidem, sed tartareo mittitur instrumento”—De Remediis utriusque fortunæ, t. 1. dialog. 99. Petrarch says that according to some authors this discovery is due to Archimedes. It is to the same inventor that Leonarda de Vinci, attributes the introduction of vapour or steam cannon of which he has given a description and drawing in a manuscript, a work which M. Delecluse alludes to in a very interesting article in *L'Artiste*. For more detailed information concerning this curious machine see *L'Essai sur les origines de la vapeur*, de Léon Lalanne, Magasin Pittoresque, Nov. 1847.

‡ Monstrelet, p. 205.

tained 144 ribaudequins, with a man to serve each row, and to fire the guns by twelves. Each battery was drawn by four huge horses in armour, and for each horse there was a conductor, armed with a hatchet; there were besides, twelve other horses similarly caparisoned, each led by a man holding in his hand a shaft, with a hollow iron head filled with combustible matter, which, when it struck the enemy, ignited, spreading flames all round.\*

This battery continued to be long in use; in 1444, at the battle of *Saint Jacques*, the Swiss had a piece which they called *hail* cannon (*Hagel Bachse*) which consisted of a train of nine small pieces. General Coglione† used at the battle of Ricardena, in 1446, small cannon mounted on waggons, about two yards in length, and throwing a ball the size of a plum. Some erroneously consider this to be the invention of the Italian general. The cannon of small bore had already been considered so portable that they went by the name of flying, or light artillery.‡ Doctor Henry says, “that the Scotch had, as early as 1471, war chariots armed with two pieces of cannon.

In 1477, Orso degli Orsini, in his *Trattato della Militia*, when speaking of an army composed of twenty thousand men, assigns it 200 small chariots, carrying 200 small pieces—*cerbalanes*. “Those chariots,” says he, “should have in front, as a protection, planks covered with leather, and which should cover not only the pieces, but the cross-bow-men and the gunners.”§

After being for many years in use, those batteries were discontinued, and again frequently put forth as new inventions. In the expedition of Francis I., into Italy (1515), Count Pedro de Navarre, general of the French infantry,” says Fleurange, “constructed a kind of parc of artillery after a manner which the young adventurer had learned, being only two feet in

\* See the original, in Italian, in *Etudes sur le passé et l'avenir de l'Artillerie*, par Napoléon-Louis Bonaparte, 1846, t. 1, p. 40, the present Emperor of the French. This is the most perfect work, with which we are acquainted, on the history of Artillery.

† We think the author of *des Etudes* is wrong in so calling the celebrated Italian general, whose real name was Barthélemy Coléoni

‡ *Etudes*. Michaud has fallen into the same error as Paul Jove, when he says that the Italian general was the first to use campaign artillery, and to provide cannon with frames.

§ *Etudes*, p. 95.

length, and capable of discharging fifty balls at a time, which rendered great service ; he also had constructed at Lyons, by order of the King, three hundred pieces, which were transported on mules, fifteen days previous to the King's departure ; it was a kind of artillery not before in use."\*

There can be no doubt as to the nature of this artillery, for the traces of it are to be found in an inventory of artillery of the castle of Sedan, drawn up the 10th October, 1642 ; this castle had belonged to Fleurange. In this document there is mention made of "two hundred and fifty pieces of small iron cannon of the length of pistols having a screw at the breech."†

Francois de Rabutin mentions, thirty six years later, in his *Commentaires des dernières guerres de Belgique*, in the artillery of Henry II., two pair of barrels, a strange and novel kind of artillery." Finally in 1622, at the battle of Wimpfen, the margrave of Baden-Durlach had in his army carriages armed with spears, on which were placed small mortars which were considered to be his own invention.

Besides the small pieces just mentioned, there were cannons of huge dimensions, intended for siege purposes. If we are to believe Froissart, the Gantois at the siege of Oudenarde in 1382, "in order to surprise the garrison, constructed an immense gun, being fifty inches at the mouth, which threw wonderfully large balls of great weight ; when this bomb was fired the flash could be seen five leagues off at day time, and at the distance of ten leagues at night, making such a noise when exploding as if all the devils in hell were there."‡

We find in Christine de Pisan, the following list of large cannon in the French arms in the beginning of the fifteenth century.

"Four large pieces, one called *Garitte*, another *Rose*, the third *Senegue*, and the fourth *Marye*. The first threw from four to five hundred pounds weight, the second, three hundred, the third and fourth, two hundred. "Item. Another cannon called *Montfort*, throwing three hundred pounds weight, and considered the best of all.

\* *Memoires*, ch. 48. Collect. Michaud-Poujoulat, p. 48.

† *Etudes*, p. 173.

‡ Froissart, Ed. du. Panthéon, p. 543, année 1551.



*Item.* A brass cannon called *Ortigue* which throws one hundred pounds.

*Item.* Twenty other common pieces for throwing stones and pieces of lead and iron.\*

Amelgard, speaking of the siege of Caen in 1550, says: "it was a beautiful, and at the same time, a terrible sight, to see the effect of the bombs and stone-guns,† of such enormous size, and the other guns of smaller bore but beyond counting, with which the enemy had surrounded nearly the whole city. According to ancient writers there were twenty-four of those guns so large that a man could easily sit upright in them.‡

The largest cannon we read of in history, was used by the Turks at the siege of Constantinople in 1433. The Greek historians have transmitted to us curious details on this subject. Towards the end of the year 1452, when Mahometh had determined to take possession of the capital of the Byzantine empire, a cannon founder from Holland, named Orban, presented himself before him. He had previously offered his service to the Greeks, but, says Ducas, he was so badly paid that he could not live in Constantinople, and took refuge with the barbarians, by whom he was so well received and allowed such an income, that if he had received but the fourth part from the emperor, he would never have left him. Being asked if he could make a cannon large enough to throw a stone which would destroy the walls of Constantinople, he replied that he could make a cannon capable of throwing a stone of any size, adding that he knew exactly the thickness of the walls, and engaged to reduce them to ashes were they even as strong and as solid as the

\* Christine de Pisan. *Livre des Faictes d'Armes*, MS. Bib. Imp. No 7076. part II. ch. 21, p. 58. *Etudes*, t. 1. p. 44. Each cannon had its appropriate name. That of Jean de Lorraine, at the siege of Orleans, was called *Riffard*, on account of the havoc, or terrible breaches (*Riffles*) it made in the ranks of the English. Hence the derivation of the word "*Rifles*," our English sharp shooters.

† The stone gun, says Diego Ufano, although it might have been cast, was however constructed of thick planks, or iron plates, and was generally used for firing stone balls, masses of broken stones, pieces of bricks, nails, pieces of chains, and other such materials, principally at the breach, when the enemy would attempt to force it.

‡ L. iv. ch. 25. M. S. Biblioth. Impér. 5963. M. Jules Quicherat, was directed by the Historical Society of France to publish this interesting manuscript.

walls of Babylon. A great quantity of metal was immediately collected, the mould was cast, and, in three months, the huge cannon was completed.

In the month of January, 1453, Mahomet, on his return to Adrinople, made trial of the cannon; it was placed in front of the palace which Mahomet had constructed the same year, the stone was selected which was to be fired, the powder measured and the piece loaded. Notice was given that the following day the explosion would take place, lest some might lose their speech, and that the women might be prematurely confined from fright. On the match being applied, the stone flew from the cannon with a dreadful report, filling the air with black and thick smoke. The explosion was heard a mile away, and where the stone fell it sunk to the depth of six feet.

“Mahomet, satisfied with this result, ordered the cannon to be sent on towards Constantinople. Sixty bullocks were yoked to thirty waggons to transport it, two hundred men walking on each side to keep it upright. Two hundred and fifty labourers were employed on the road in advance clearing the way and making wooden bridges wherever required. It took two months to bring it within five miles of Constantinople. At last, when the siege commenced, it was placed in position in front of the gate of Saint Romain. There were two stones prepared, one larger than the other; the latter was fired first in order to ascertain if the piece were properly adjusted. At the first explosion, the inhabitants, terrified, exclaimed, *Lord have mercy on us!* The inventor of this terrible engine had also the secret of preventing it from bursting. We have seen some of those cannon fly into pieces, like glass, after having been fired three times, unless they were immediately covered after the explosion, with a thick woollen cloth; notwithstanding this precaution they very frequently burst, in consequence of the cold air penetrating through the pores of the metal. The secret consisted in pouring oil into the cannon after exploding. One day, after the gunner had discharged the cannon, and wishing to direct another shot in the same place, some present began to laugh and told him, ‘that if he wished to succeed in soon destroying the wall, he should alter the position of his gun by shifting it a little from the first point, and then he should strike in another place, so that the three shots would form a triangle which would immediately

fall to pieces.' This suggestion was adopted and proved successful."\*

This monster cannon, which took two hours to load, and which was only fired seven times in the day, and once in the morning, to give the signal for attack, soon burst, and one of its explosions killed Orban himself. Beside this cannon there were two others of smaller size, but which were capable of throwing a great number of stones. The Greeks had also cannon of huge dimensions, but which, as they shook the ramparts at each explosion, were as injurious to themselves as to the enemy.†

Such was the terror with which the cannon of the Turks inspired the Christians, that a century later the very sight of a model of one of those pieces made fortresses surrender.

In 1552, the Turks laid siege to the fortress of Salgo, in Hungary. "This Castle," says Hammer, "would have nobly resisted if the Governor had not allowed himself to be deceived by a stratagem of the enemy. Arslan having caused a huge piece of timber to be drawn up to a neighbouring mountain with great noise by a great many bullocks, made the Hungarians believe that it was one of those monster cannon with which Mahomet II. had taken Constantinople." The garrison was terrified, and immediately surrendered.

Baron de Tott who, after the burning of the Turkish fleet at Tchesmé (1170), had been directed by the Sultan to place the Dardanelles in a state of defence, relates that the Turks had placed near the fort an enormous stone gun, the ball of which in white marble weighed eleven hundred pounds. "This piece," says he, "was cast in bronze during the reign of Amurat, and consisted of two pieces joined by a screw where the chamber is separated from the barrel in the manner of an English pistol. It is considered that this gun, the breech of which rested against a mass of stone, was only mounted on an inclined frame-work of heavy timber arranged for that purpose under a small arch which served as an embrasure, or port hole.

\* Ducas, ch. 34, 37, and 38. Cousin's Translation, B. viii. 524, et seq.

† The Greeks, says Ducas, had also smaller pieces which fired five and sometimes six lead balls of the size of an egg, with such force as to pierce the shields and armour, and after killing a man they frequently killed one or two others standing behind him, ch. xxxviii.

I could not," continues Baron de Tott, "make use of this gun in exterior works which were so situated as to prevent me from getting the proper range, and the Turks complained of the contempt with which I seemed to treat a gun which was unsurpassed in the world. The pacha made some representations to me on the subject. He admitted that the difficulty of loading the piece was a great inconvenience, inasmuch as in time of attack it could only be fired once; but he considered the effect of one shot so terrible, and the range of the ball so great, that this gun was capable by itself, of destroying the enemies' fleet. I was therefore desirous of trying the effect of the ball. The council were terrified at this proposition; the old men proclaimed that according to an old tradition, this gun, which however had never been fired, would make such an explosion as to destroy both the castle and the city. It was probable that a portion of the walls would be shaken; but I assured the Grand-Seignior that he would not have to regret it, and that the direction of the gun did not lead me to suppose that the explosion would injure the city. Never to be sure did a cannon enjoy such a formidable reputation; friends, enemies, all were to suffer. A month previous it was determined to charge the gun, the chamber of which contained 330 pounds of powder. I sent for the master gunner to give him notice before hand to prepare the charge. Those who heard me give the order immediately fled to get out of the danger they anticipated. The Pacha himself was preparing to fly, and it was only after the strongest remonstrance, and assuring him that he would incur no danger by remaining, that I succeeded in persuading him to take up his position in a small pavilion situated in an angle of the castle from which he could easily observe the effect of the shot: it now remained for me to persuade the master gunner, and although he was the only one who *did not run*, he did not evince much courage, or seem to have any confidence as to the result. It was only by promising him to halve the honours that I succeeded in bewildering him, rather than inspiring him with courage. I was standing on the stone pile, behind the gun, when he applied the match. A commotion resembling an earthquake preceded the explosion, I then saw the ball separate into three parts at a distance of 200 yards, and those fragments of the rock crossed the straits striking the opposite mountain, and leaving

a track of foam behind them the whole length of the straits. This trial, in removing the extravagant apprehensions of the people, the Pacha and gunners, convinced me also of the terrible effect of the ball."\*

This perhaps is the same enormous gun which de Hammer saw at the Dardanelles, "the mouth of which was so large, that a short time before my arrival, a tailor, pursued for debt, was able to take refuge there, and lay concealed in it for a considerable time."†

Jean Chartier relates a very curious circumstance which took place during the siege of Cherbourg by the French in 1450. "So great was the firing on the city, from cannon and bombs, that the like was never seen before, principally from the direction of the sea, for there were guns placed even on the sea-side, although it was covered by the tide twice a day, charged with powder and stones, which the tide covered at its approach, nevertheless, as they were protected by means of certain skins and grease, the powder was kept dry, and as soon as the sea again retired, the gunners uncovered the guns, and resumed the firing on the city with the same energy as before, which very much surprised the English, for they had never before heard of such things."‡

"Louis XI." says Comines, "whose army was invincible, was the best provided with artillery of any King of France." He often alludes to him in his history of Jean de Troyes, in which he says, "that in 1470, all the fine artillery the King had in Tours was brought to Paris, and dismounted in the castle of the Louvre." "In December, 1477," according to the same author, "the King, wishing to strengthen his artillery, ordered twelve large guns to be made of cast metal, three to be cast in Orleans, three at Tours and three at Amiens. He also

\* The largest cannon of modern times is a brass piece at Bedjapour, and which is called *à Malick-à-Meidân* the lord of the plain. It was cast in memory of the taking of that place, by the emperor Alum Gir, in 1685. It is 14 feet, 1 inch English; its diameter is 2 feet, 5 inches, and the ball weighs 1,680 pounds.

† *Historie de Charles VII.*, 1661, p. 214.

‡ They had, besides, twelve large brass cannon which he called the *twelve Peers*, one of which was taken at Montlhery, and retaken at the siege of Beauvais by Charles le Téméraire. *Jean de Troyes*, Ed. du Panthéon, p. 299. He does not say where the other three were cast.

got made at the same time a large quantity of iron balls in the wood near Creil, under the superintendence of *Maistre Jéhan de Reillac*, his secretary, and from the quarries of Peronne, a large supply of stone shot for the large guns, together with scaling ladders, and other engines used in attacking cities and fortresses."

This same Jean de Troyes gives us a narrative of an experiment which was made with one of those guns, and which was attended by fatal consequences. "In 1479, some artillery officers wishing to test the strength of a large gun which was cast the same year at Tours, placed it in front of the fields opposite the *Bastille Saint Antoine*, with the mouth facing the Bridge of Charenton; it succeeded very well at the first attempt, throwing the ball as far as the bridge; but as it appeared to them that it did not discharge all the powder which had been put into it, it was resolved to reload it without cleaning the interior of the gun for the second charge, consisting of the same quantity of powder with an iron ball weighing five hundred pounds. The consequence was that the gun suddenly exploded, for which they could not account, and the ball striking Maugue, the founder of the gun, who happened to be standing at its mouth, shattered him into a thousand pieces, as well as fourteen others who had come from Paris to witness the experiment, throwing arms, legs, and bodies, into the air and in all directions; it also struck and cut into pieces a poor boy who was catching birds in the fields. This explosion also killed fifteen or sixteen others, many of whom had their limbs broken and died immediately; so that the number of those who died on that day and since from it, amounted to twenty-four persons. The remains of Maugue, who cast the cannon, were collected and brought to *Saint Mary* in Paris to be interred after the funeral service, and he was prayed for and wept over by all Paris—the poor Maugue, who so lately and unexpectedly passed from earth to heaven in the service of his King, our Master." Ed. du Panth. p. 340.\*

The principal pieces of artillery mentioned at that epoch were known under the names of *grosses bombardes*, *bombardes*

---

\* Le Pere Daniel is in error in referring for this occurrence, to the *Chronique de Monstrelet* which only comes up to 1444. The author *des Etudes* is equally mistaken, with regard to this transaction, in supposing that the gun burst.

*portatives, canons, bricoles, veuglaires, serpentines, coudevrines, basilics, pass-volantes, sacres, fauconneaux, &c. &c.* Monstrelet classifies them all under the general head of *habillements de guerre*.

Charles le Temeraire, the rival of Louis XI., had also a very considerable artillery force, of which Oliver de la Marche speaks in those terms; "The artillery was under the superintendence of a knight, who was called master of artillery, and had as much authority in the State as the prince; he had under him an officer called a receiver whose duty it was to pay the different officers of the state, and defray all expenses connected with the manufacture of artillery, so that the different sums which pass through his hands in the year amount to more than sixty thousand pounds. It was also his duty to provide for the artillery alone more than two thousand chariots, the best and the strongest which could be procured in Flanders and Brabant. The Duke must have had in his army about three hundred pieces of artillery without counting the *harquebuses* and *culvrines* which he had without number. There is a comptroller of artillery who keeps an account of all the expenses incurred and paid, providing bows and arrows with every other thing necessary for that portion of the army. There are also belonging to this branch, skilled workmen, such as carpenters, farriers, smiths, and all kinds of trades. And when the Duke is before a city he puts the guns in position, and assigns to each a gentleman of his own household to superintend and work it. His artillery is so well provided with every necessary, that the Duke has never any difficulty in crossing a river, were it even a thousand feet wide, when necessary, and in a very little time, bringing over with him the largest guns in the world."\*

The Artillery before Neuss consisted of nine large iron pieces, eight of brass, from eight to eleven feet long, ten smaller ones, mounted on wheels,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet in length; one hundred and fifteen *serpentines*, of which one was thirteen feet long; six others of brass, varying from eight to eleven feet; sixty-six round *serpentines*, from six to nine feet in length, and fifteen weighing 4,000 pounds each.

The stimulus given by Louis XI. to the manufacture of cannon in France was continued under his successors. "Char-

\* Oliver de la Marche, *Estat de la maison de Charles le Hardi*. Collect. Michaud-Poujoulat, 1st series t. iii, p. 602.

les VIII.,” says Jaligny, “possessed a cannon which far excelled any belonging to his predecessors; among others there were, in 1488, some of a peculiar construction, resembling *serpentine*s, and of great power.” The train which that prince brought with him into Italy astonished and excited the admiration of the people of the Alps.

“What particularly struck us with awe,” we are told, “was thirty-six cannons placed on waggons, which were drawn with amazing speed by horses over both level and stony ground. The largest of those pieces were eight feet in length, and weighed 6,000 pounds of bronze; they were called cannon; they could throw a ball as large as a man’s head. After the cannon came the *coulurines*, longer by half than the cannon, but of smaller bore, and consequently not throwing so large a ball. There were several other pieces of different dimensions, the smallest throwing a ball the size of an orange. All those smaller pieces were encased between two thick planks, and suspended on pivots for the purpose of taking proper aim. The small cannon were mounted on two wheels, and the large guns on four, of which the two last could be removed, according as it would be necessary to proceed quickly or slowly. The drivers excited the horses both by the whip and voice so as to equal the speed of the cavalry.”\*

French writers have entered more particularly into this subject. “In this expedition,” says Robert Gaguin, “there were one hundred and forty large pieces of artillery, and one thousand smaller pieces, with two hundred large siege guns, six thousand two hundred pioneers, and two hundred experienced artillerymen; there were also belonging to this expedition, six hundred master carpenters, engineers, and others versed in siege operations; three hundred metal casters, eleven hundred charcoal burners, two hundred chain and rope makers, one thousand six hundred and twenty-four waggons in charge of eight thousand horses belonging to the artillery.”†

The artillery of Louis XII. was on the same footing as that of his predecessors. “The artillery in France,” says Fleurbaeuge, “cannot be surpassed, and in time of war is a great expense to the state, as we shall presently see. First, the master of artillery is paid 6,000 francs in each district; there

---

\* Pauli Jovii Historiæ. Paris, 1658.

† *La Mer des Chroniques*, 1528, p. 193.



are other officers under him to the number of fifty, each receiving 800 francs, and in time of war these have also others acting under them."\*

Jean d'Auton gives the following account of the artillery of Louis XII. at the siege of Genoa in 1507.

There were, first, six large cannon, marked with the arms of France and Milan, and two with the arms of Luxembourg, which the late Count de Ligny had cast at Ast, and about 70 others of different dimensions, mounted on frames which were very convenient, and were carried on the shoulders of the pioneers, to the summits of the highest mountains.

About the same period, Alphonse I. had an artillery force which rendered great service to the French. "He was," says the same historian, "a good and warlike prince, whose sole pleasure consisted in the manufacture and improvement of artillery, which surpassed that of all the other princes of Italy."

At this period the German artillery was much inferior to the French. One writer thus accounts for the superiority of the French artillery. "The French purchase for their artillery, strong and powerful horses, which they maintain at great cost; they keep in their service, at great expense, the most expert and skilful gunners, who are masters of their profession and inured to danger. Schools are established where young men are taught the profession, and by degrees acquire the distinctions and the pay of their masters; thanks to the liberality of their kings, in times of peace, as well as in war, merit is sure to meet its reward.

"Owing to this organisation and liberality, the French have become formidable, and have defeated the most powerful enemies. Although the Italians, Spaniards, and other nations, have acquired the art of casting cannon with skill, they cannot use them to such advantage, which must be attributed to the slowness of the oxen, which, through economy, they substitute for horses, as well as to the want and inefficiency of conductors. The latter were very difficult to be procured, for it was only by holding out the prospect of great rewards that men could be got willing to expose themselves to manifest danger."†

The manufacture of cannon was brought to great perfection

\* *Histoire des choses mémorables advenues du regne de Louis XII. et Francois Ier.*

† Pauli Jovii Historiæ. Paris, 1553.

in Spain, under Charles the Fifth. Diego Ufano, speaking of twelve pieces of cannon, which that prince had cast at Malaga, previous to his expedition to Tunis, and which were called the *Twelve Apostles*, says, "they were 18 feet long, of equal bore, stamped with the imperial arms, with a ball weighing 45 pounds, and taking 23 pounds of fine powder. They weighed 70 hundred, and were of remarkably beautiful construction, and of the finest metal, such as had not been seen for many years. These cannon were long used as models, and were known by the name of the 'Emperor's cannon.' There is in the Imperial library a manuscript containing drawings of the cannon used by Charles the Fifth, many of which are very fine. Opposite each drawing is a representation of the ball."\*

Some of these cannon bear inscriptions; the following is seen on one requiring a ball of 32 pounds:—

Meister Steffen, aw Francfort, 1519,  
 Een Nachtigal bin ich genant;  
 Liehlich un schuvo (sic) ist mein Gisang.  
 Wen ich sing, deen zeit ist lang.  
 Master Steffen Francfort, 1519.

My name is Nightingale,  
 My song is sweet and gay,  
 And when I sing the time seems long.

The following is an account by an eye-witness of the artillery used by the Turks at the siege of Rhodes, in 1522. "There were six bronze pieces throwing a ball about ten inches in circumference, twelve larger guns with a ball of thirty inches, and two others, throwing balls thirty-three inches. Besides these, there were twelve smaller pieces, and two double cannon, with numerous other small guns, also four mortars in bronze which were kept firing night and day doing great damage. The latter threw balls of three different dimensions, the largest being twenty-eight inches in circumference, a most inhuman and formidable sight."†

\* This curious document is called *Discurso del Artilleria del invictissim imperador Carolo V., sempere Aug., tambien de 149 piezas de la fundicion de sua Magad.*

† *La Grande et merveilleuse oppremation de la noble citè de Rhodes, par excellent et noble chevalier, frère Jacques, bastard de Bourbon; Paris, 1527.* De Hammer says, that there were, in his time, to be seen, near the city, some of the huge balls thrown by the Turks during the siege.

"The ancients," says Diego Ufano, "called their cannon by different names, according to their size and quality, always adopting the names of the fiercest and most formidable wild animals, such as dragons, serpents, &c., and of birds of prey, such as hawks and eagles."

In addition to the name given to each piece, according to the class to which it belonged, every cannon had a name peculiar to itself. We will here give an anecdote related by Brantome on this subject.

"During the wars of the Huguenots they had a very beautiful and remarkably large gun, called the *Queen Mother*, after Catherine de Medicis, which, in consequence of its great weight, and the horses not being able to draw it, they were obliged to bury at *Villmoze*; it has never since been discovered. The Queen, on hearing that the gun was called after her, wished to know the reason, and one of those present, on being much pressed by her Majesty, replied, 'the gun is so named, Madam, because it has the largest mouth'—on hearing which she was the first herself to laugh."\*

"It was only from the time of Henry II.," says Vigenère, "that artillery were in general use. Francis I. and his successors published some very important regulations concerning the organization of the artillery. In 1540, Francis I. established eleven manufactories and arsenals through the different provinces; in 1543, the number was increased to fourteen, and in 1582, to thirty. In September, 1542, he appointed three commissioners, or treasurers, of artillery, who were to send once a year to the king, or council, an exact report, signed by their hands, of all the artillery and munitions in their charge, which reports were to be kept in the king's chambers with other deeds and titles."

In the month of December, 1552, Henry II. published a decree at Compiègne as follows:—"Wishing to relieve our subjects from the heavy taxes imposed upon them in time of war, rendered necessary to supply our artillery with waggons and horses, with other requisites for the service, we here decree and enact, that there be appointed twenty captains selected respectively from the provinces, as near as possible to the frontiers, who, on the shortest notice, and with the least ex-

---

\* *Vies des Dames illustres*—Catherine de Medicis. Ed. du Panthéon, t. ii p. 127.

pense to us, must be prepared to serve in time of war, as officers of artillery. And we reserve for ourselves, and our successors, the right to select such persons as we may deem competent to discharge said duties, and able to furnish, when required, at their own expense, four thousand horses for the artillery, with harness and other appendages thereof; one thousand conductors and six hundred waggons, all to be maintained and provided with every necessary for active service by the said captains, in consideration of which they shall receive the pay, and enjoy the privileges which here follow:—each team of four horses to receive fifty sous per day; each captain will be paid two hundred pounds a-year—the king to replace the horses that may be killed or taken by the enemy. On no account is the captain to receive any gratuity from his subalterns, &c.”

The expense incurred by the artillery was enormous.

In an expedition which Henry II. made into Germany in 1552, it was calculated that, at Dampville, and Ivry alone, places but of little importance, and which had to endure the fire of thousands of guns, during three months that this expedition lasted, each round, taking everything into account, must have cost two or three hundred crowns at least.\*

According to Brantome, Jean d'Estreés, who held the post of grand master of artillery from 1550 to 1569, introduced several important improvements in the construction of cannon. “He was the first,” says he, “to introduce those beautiful specimens of artillery which we now have, and even those pieces which may be fired a hundred rounds consecutively without fear of their bursting. Before those improvements our artillery was much inferior, and a hundred-fold weaker, when it was customary to cool the guns with vinegar, which rendered them more difficult to be worked with efficiency, and otherwise injured the battery.”†

However, to believe Ufano, in the beginning of the seventeenth century the art of making cannon was still very imperfect: “Some were crooked and of unequal bore, others improperly poised, so that when fired they fell forward, or rolled about, because the pivots were neither properly adjusted, nor of the sufficient strength, which caused the gun to incline

---

\* Vigènère, *Artillerie au seizieme siecle.*

† *Hommes illustres et grands capetaines Français.*

towards the earth; and I have frequently seen the most expert gunner fail in striking his mark, and to the surprise of all present appeared to know nothing of his profession, when the fault was not his ignorance, but rather lay in the bad construction of the gun, which being heavier towards the mouth than the breech, caused him to miss his aim. I remarked that the piece was heavier in front and consequently fell forward, making a line either too short or too long, till, at last, the gunner perceiving the error, placed at the breech a basket filled with iron balls and other ammunition, which proved successful. It often happened that the piece, when taken out of the mould, was porous, spongy and bent, so that the ball could never be sent properly home. And when it is necessary to reload in haste, and there is no time to wet the gun with water or vinegar, or clear out the interior from any remains there may be of fire from the previous charge, the gunner is in great danger of being suddenly blown into the other world."

"There are other pieces so weak, and of such bad metal, that when—as may often happen to those who are not very expert in the art of gunnery—they are charged with even a little too much powder, they immediately burst or split, so as to be of no further use.

"There are others again so heavy, and unwieldy as to require two strong men to bring them to the required height by means of a strong pole placed in the mouth of the cannon in order to get the proper range; they have the advantage, however, from their being so difficult to be moved, of being surer than the light and unsteady pieces we have described; they are also more formidable, as well for destroying walls, as for silencing the enemies' guns; however they are very hard to be managed."\*

The following rules to be observed by the artillery on the march, are extracted from an artillery manual, published in 1562.

"First. The officer of artillery should precede his guns, with a number of pioneers for the purpose of clearing and levelling the roads. Then another officer with more pioneers bringing up the small pieces; each piece should be provided with a small bag of powder, with balls, attended by the gunners to fire in case of alarm, or skirmish; and it would be well

---

\* See Diego Ufano, p. 19.

to have a supply of cartridges, in order to fire with more expedition, should it be necessary. Care should be taken to have the cannon provided with ropes, gunners, levers and plugs, and also that the gunners be furnished with good prime; care should be also taken to have the name of each gunner marked on his piece, that there be no confusion, and each man be in his place in time, who should have the touch-hole of his cannon covered with wax or tallow to protect it from wet. Also whenever any difficult passage presents itself on the road, the officer should be ready with his pioneers, and see that all the cannon are safely got over. And if any piece or carriage should obstruct the march of the artillery it must immediately be removed, and no waggons or munitions should be allowed to mix with the guns. There should also be three waggons, one with three chests, containing matches, tapers, nails, cordage, and other things necessary for the artillery, with a barrel of grease for the guns: the second waggon is to carry the carpenters' tools, &c, and the third, the smiths' utensils with the bellows, anvil, &c. There should also be a fourth waggon to carry a vice, a small ladder, a lever and jack for raising the guns, should they sink on the road. After those waggons should come the powder carriages attended by artillery, whose duty it is to prevent any one approaching with fire, or otherwise do harm. Then came other waggons carrying wheels, &c., in case of accident befalling the guns. Those were followed by other waggons carrying the balls intended for the different guns; then came the munitions and camp requisites, which were not allowed to mix with the provisions, or baggage. When the artillery encamped for the night, the commander was to put it in a state of defence, and provide against the enemy, and see that there was sufficient space behind the camp to draw out his force in line of battle. In an angle of this space, well fortified, were placed the powder carriages, with the waggons and munitions of war; around the powder were piled the balls and other war materials, in order to protect it from the danger of fire. Around the whole a ditch was made to enclose it so as to have but one inlet, over which was placed a sentinel to prevent all but the master or chief gunner from passing. There was also a strong guard placed on the moat to prevent any one passing with fire. The pieces were to be kept loaded, and elevated to the height of a man's waist, and directed to the points whence an attack might

be made, and in case of rain the guns were to be placed with the mouth downwards, to prevent the water entering; the touch hole, as already said, should be well secured. The gunners should take up their quarters in the immediate vicinity of the artillery and munitions, to be ready in case of alarm or attack which might be made day or night.\*

It was only in the sixteenth century that artillery became active, or could be moved from one position to another, in the field. At the battle of Marignan, in 1515, says a contemporary writer, the Constable De Bourbon had introduced such order in the vanguard of his artillery as to throw the Paillars (Swiss) into confusion, for when they changed position they were followed in their movements by the artillery, which so surprised and astonished them that they neither knew where they were, nor what they were doing;† and confessed that never since the introduction of cannon was there such execution done as on that day, from noon till day light next morning.‡

"At the battle of Benty, in 1554," we read, "the Imperialists had four field pieces mounted on four wheels and drawn by two horses at full gallop." "These pieces," says Francois de Rabutin, "could be easily turned to any side, and have since been called the *Emperor's pistols*."§

De Thou informs us that at the siege of the fortress of Gand, 1576, "the Spaniards repulsed the enemy by means of a new kind of cannon which they could shift from place to place with admirable skill."

In one of the engagements between the Duke of Mayenne and Henry IV. before the walls of Arques, in 1589, the latter made a successful experiment with what is called flying artillery.

"The King," (Henry IV.) says Davila, "having directed Baron de Biron to advance with a strong troop of horse to the mid-

\* *Livre de Canonnerie, Paris, 1561, ch. IX. Comment un maistre cannonier doit garder et conduire artillerie quand il marche en campagne.* See also the *Etudes*, p. 208.

† It was before this period that Machiavel, calculating on the difficulty which so long prevailed, of shifting and pointing the guns, advised, as a sure means of keeping out of range, to leave an open space, or gap, in the line of battle, in front of the enemy's batteries. This gap in front of the enemy's guns he considered sufficient to render them powerless.

‡ *Voyage et conquête du Duché de Milan, par Pasquier le Moyne, dit le Moyne sans froc, Paris 1520.*

§ *Guerres de Belgique.*—F. Rabutin,

dle of the plain, the Duke, either annoyed at their rashness in thus advancing so near, or convinced that they unexpectedly found themselves in presence of the enemy, ordered two squadrons of cavalry to charge; but on their coming up, the royalists very cleverly extended both wings, opening in the centre, and thus surrounded the enemy, who were met at the same time by two formidable pieces of artillery, which began immediately to fire upon them with great speed and precision, killing many, and putting the others to flight; a very clever stratagem certainly, and no small wonder to those who saw two such large cannon skirmishing in the midst of the cavalry." Charles Brise, or Brisa, is said to be the inventor of the new and expeditious mode of conveying heavy guns to different positions in battle. Brise was a Norman gunner who made many voyages in pirate ships to the West Indies, and had acquired great experience in the art of gunnery during the civil wars. This and many other services he rendered to his country, and he was held in great esteem both for his skill and experience.\*

D'Angoulême, who was present at the battle, gives a different version of this affair. "The Sieur de Guित्रy," says the Duke, "proposed to route the enemy, bringing up in the rear of the cavalry two light pieces, which were to be fired at intervals as soon as, after slowly approaching the enemy, the troops had separated into four divisions; that thus the enemy would be taken by surprise, and fly before us; that the infantry also would have to retreat immediately after their first discharge." This plan was submitted to Mareschal de Biron, who added two guns to the former, and when the royal troops advanced on the rebels, our squadrons," continues the Duke, "separated into four divisions, and our guns fired with such precision as to mow down the enemy's horse, and so terrified the infantry that the traitors fled in all haste."† There is a manifest difference between those two accounts, but we feel inclined to believe Davila, who is more minute in his details, and who seems to have consulted original documents, whereas d'Angoulême, who was only fifteen years old at the battle of Arques, did not write his memoirs till *sixty years* later.

---

\* Historia delle guerre civili de Franci, p. 1644, t. II., p. 9.

† Collect. Michaud-Poujoulat.



The following is a still more remarkable passage which occurs in the *Memoires de Gaspard de Tavannes*. It is evidently horse artillery he alludes to, for the gunners were mounted and armed.

"The inventions of the present day are wonderful," says Gaspard, "twenty men mounted on strong built horses can transport from one place to another small pieces of cannon, charged with three balls, which being fastened on carriages and pointed to the *height and just proportion of man* and horse along the lines, may be used against the enemy with great effect at a distance of thirty paces; and the gunners after discharging their pieces immediately dismount and join the others in the charge.

Previous to the Thirty Years' war the firing of artillery was excessively slow. Historians remark with surprise that in 1546, the army of the line which possessed 100 pieces of cannon, discharged in nine hours, 750 balls; and that on another occasion 1,700 were picked up in the camp of Charles the Fifth. Never, according to Antoine de Vera, was there such a fearful cannonade.

Deigo Ufano, who may be considered good authority, says "that one cannon could only fire eight times in an hour.\* The best constructed pieces might easily fire ten shots in an hour, but eight is the most that could be expected from the others: it must also be observed that after forty rounds they were generally cooled and allowed to remain silent for an hour.

The regulations for the artillery, drawn up in the reigns of Charles IX. in 1572,† Henry III. in 1582, and Henry IV. in 1601, made but very little alteration in the bore, or size of the artillery used under Henry II. Thus, in a paper on the art of gunnery, written by the Duke de Sully, there is only question of six different bores, 23, 16,  $7\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $2\frac{1}{2}$ , 1 and  $\frac{3}{4}$  pounds bore.

In the reign of Louis XIII., pieces of twelve and twenty-four were cast, but great caution was taken in using the latter as well as the 33 pounders, particularly in sieges; for as it is

---

\* This was very good for the commencement of the 17th century, when Ufano wrote; but a hundred years before, it was considered a cannon could not be fired more than twice in one battle, so says Machiavel.

† In this regulation it was directed that each piece should bear the arms of the owner, the mark of the maker, and the month of the year.

remarked in a letter to the Cardinal de Lavalette, on the subject of the siege of Corbie, in 1636, "as those pieces were the same as used by the enemy they could make use of our balls."

The Spaniards, in the commencement of the seventeenth century, introduced great changes in their artillery. According to Diego Ufano, they no longer used any but pieces of 40, 24, 16, and 5 pounds bore, and generally had thirty pieces of artillery for 40,000 men. Under Prince Maurice of Nassau, the Dutch seldom used any but 41, 24, and 12 pounders. During the Thirty Years' war, says the Emperor in the *Études*, they possessed an artillery which, a century after, served as a model for Gribeauval; but the variety of bores was still too great. Thus, there were guns of 48, 24, 12, 6, 3, 1½, and ¾ pounds bore.

"Gustavus Adolphus instituted artillery of 3, 4, 6, 12, 16, and 30 pounds bore. The mouth piece was of bronze, cast iron, and even, as it is said, of leather, that is of iron plates secured by leather straps. The regimental pieces, which were never taken from the regiments to which they belonged, were very short and light: they were drawn by one horse, and frequently carried on a man's shoulder. The large guns were attached to twenty horses, the smaller ones were drawn by six or four horses. To accelerate the firing, he introduced the use of small, light wooden cartridges, to which the ball was attached. 'Thus,' says an author of that time, 'the artillery could fire ten rounds before a soldier could discharge six shots with his musket.'"<sup>\*</sup>

Although important and desirable changes were made in some departments of the artillery, others remained stationary. It was thus regulated according to a law published in 1720: "The cannon to be henceforth used in France shall be of six different bores, namely, 32, 24, 16, 12, 8, and 4 pounds bore. The land artillery at present consists of the cannon of France with a 33 pound ball, weighing 6,200 pounds and eleven feet in extreme length.

"The Spanish 24 pounder, weighing 5,100 pounds, and 10 feet, 10 inches long.

"The 12 pounder, weighing 3,400 pounds, and measuring ten feet, nine inches.

"The eight pounder, weighing 1,950, and ten feet, seven inches long.

---

\* *Études*.

"The Hawk, throwing a ball of from  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to two pounds, measuring seven feet, and weighing 150, sometimes 400, 500, and even seven and eight hundred pounds.

"The short piece of eight, measuring  $7\frac{1}{2}$  feet.

"There are also other pieces newly invented differing from those; 1st. They are much thicker at the breech than in the barrel; 2nd. They are not so long as ordinary cannon; 3rd. They are considerably lighter. Thus the newly invented pieces of 24, only weigh 3,000 pounds, and are but seven feet seven inches long. The other cannon are equally in proportion, namely, the 16, 12, 8, and 4 pounders. There are none made smaller."\*

It was Frederick II. who introduced horse artillery into his army; he ordered pieces of 3, 6, 12, and 24 pounds bore to be cast, sufficiently light to be drawn by men into the battle with the troops to which they were attached. There were, however, at this period, eminent men who did not feel the importance of flying artillery. Thus, Mareschal Saxe, the conqueror of Fontenoy, in his *Reveries* (Paris, 1757), asserts that artillery should only be yoked to oxen, as it is thus less calculated to injure the roads, and that none but pieces of 16 should be used. According to him, 16 such cannon and 12 mortars would be sufficient for an army of 46,000 men.†

It was not until 1775 that Gribeauval, when at the head of the artillery, with the title of first inspector-general, succeeded in introducing into that department those improvements which prepared the way for the great triumphs of the French arms under the Republic. Gribeauval made two grand divisions of the artillery—field and siege artillery. He introduced into the French artillery a howitzer of six inch bore, and reduced that of field pieces to twelve, eight, and four. He altered the proportion of existing pieces, and reduced them to about 150 times the weight of the ball. Such improvements were introduced in the casting as to improve their symmetry, and give them more uniformity of barrel; and ingenious instruments were invented to test their dimensions, both externally and internally. The old frames were not adapted to those light pieces, as they could not offer sufficient resistance to the recoil now so much greater. Gribeauval was therefore obliged

\* *Abrégé de l'Histoire de la Milice Française*, de P. Daniel, 1773.

† Favé, *Histoire et Tactique des Trois Armées*, Paris, 1845.

to make heavier frames than those in use before his time for guns of the same size; but the different parts being better put together, and the iron being used to more advantage, gave them more solidity, although the whole frame and gun, in proportion to the bore, was much lighter than formerly. This was not the only advantage gained by Gribeauval. The end he proposed to himself was, that the artillery should be able to follow, over every kind of ground, the Prussian infantry in their rapid movements. Many circumstances contributed to this end. The many improvements effected by modern industry in the working of iron enabled him to provide his field carriages with iron axletrees; he made the two fore-wheels larger, and improved the harness; he detached the fore part of the train altogether from the breech, which he secured again with ropes, an innovation which has since proved of immense service to the artillery.

It was not merely in the construction of cannon that Gribeauval enforced precise dimensions, and furnished the means of testing them. Projectiles were also submitted to severe trials; the diameter was shortened to ensure more precision in discharging them, and other improvements were introduced. All the manufactories of the different arsenals were obliged to observe certain proportions and dimensions in the repairs and alterations, which gave to the guns a solidity and strength not to be surpassed, and which rendered such incalculable service in all the great wars. The powder was no longer separated from the ball; the charge, fired at one-third the weight of the ball, was enclosed in a bag and put with the ball into a wooden groove. By means of a close case the ball cartridge could be transported to all places, and at all seasons, without injury.”\*

It was at the beginning of the revolutionary wars that horse artillery was introduced into the French army, and, if we are to believe la Fayette, he was the author of this innovation. At first there were only two companies raised, but, by degrees as their services were appreciated, their number was increased.

In 1845 the strength of the French artillery consisted of 14 regiments, forming a total of 206 batteries, one regiment of *pontonniers* of 12 companies, 42 companies of artisans, half a

---

\* Favé.

company of armourers, and six squadrons of park artillery, each composed of eight companies.

In 1845, the number of guns in France, for the land service alone, amounted to 14,086 pieces, namely :—

Field pieces in bronze, from 8 to 12, 2,694; 'field and mountain bronze bowitzers, 2,131, which gives a total of field artillery, 4,825.

Siege guns of different dimensions, in bronze, 4,112; bowitzers and mortars of various size, 2,893; bombs, 220, which gives to the siege artillery 6,725 guns. To this may be added 2,536 iron guns destined for siege purposes and the service of the coasts, making, in all, 14,086 pieces.

In consequence of the fortifications erected round Paris, Lyons, and other cities of the empire, it is considered in 1845 the number of cannon available for the service in time of war would amount to 26,000.

We read in the historians of the end of the fourteenth century of cannon of very small bore, which were called *hand cannon*, (muskets). It is those probably that Froissard alludes to when he says, speaking of the siege of San Malo by the English, in 1378: "They had more than 400 cannon which they fired night and day, on the town."

In 1484, at the siege of Saint Denis by the English, "the besieged," says a private journal kept in Paris, "killed them with large and small cannon, but particularly with small, long guns which were called *coulombures*, and which always wounded mortally."\* It appears the Greeks used them at the last defence of Constantinople, in 1453.

In a catalogue of the artillery under Louis XI. at Paris and the Bastille, dated 1463, there is mention of small guns weighing 60 pounds.

It is in the description of the battle of Moret, in 1476, by P. Comines, that we first read of muskets. In 1495, at the battle of Fourvieres, there were horse musketeers.

"In the army, composed of 20,000 men, which Louis XII. led against Genoa in 1507, there were," according

---

\* Collect. Michaud-Poujoulat, t. iii., p. 275. In a French translation of Quintus Curtius, written in 1568, and which is in the British Museum, soldiers are represented armed with small hand guns: it is the most ancient model of portable artillery.

to Fleurance, "five hundred *acquobuttes*, or muskets." The name of *acquibuse* was given to a small piece which was mounted on a stock and fired by the hand; it weighed from 12 to 13 pounds, and was of very small bore. According to the *Observations militaires* of Saint Luc, written about the end of the sixteenth century, the musket was then four palms and a-half long, (Milan measure), and fired a ball about one-third of an ounce weight.

"At the assault of Brescia, in 1512, Gaston de Foix," says the historian, "made five hundred armed men dismount, who advanced on the city, each armed with an axe, followed by a strong detachment of musketeers, who kept firing on the inhabitants with great precision and order; for when the latter were about to fire, those in advance, at the word of command, prostrated themselves on the ground, and immediately regained their position after the musketeers had fired, and so on."\*

From two passages in Montluc we may infer that in 1523, the musket was but very little used in the French army.†

But after the battle of Pavia, in 1525, in which the Spaniards owed their success principally to the muskets of their marksmen, "the mother of Francis I." says Brantome, "when declared regent, sent commissioners all through France, principally to the large towns on the frontiers and elsewhere, to recommend to the people, amongst other things, particularly to provide themselves with good muskets which proved so useful to the enemy, and by which they were enabled to defeat the king in the late battle. The people accordingly provided themselves with those arms, but it was a long time before they were able to make use of them, being only accustomed to use the cross-bow. However, sixty years later, they had become so expert in the use of the musket as to serve as models for other nations."‡

---

\* Etudes, p. 135.

† After stating that in 1523, the French troops were not provided with muskets, Montluc says, farther on, there were from 7 to 800 men at Lautrec, including 500 musketeers, which was more than France possessed at the time (*Memoires*, p. 8, 14)—*Le traité de la Discipline Militaire*, attributed to Sieur Langey: he alludes to the muskets as having been invented a few years later.

‡ Vies des Grands Capitaines, ch. 138, edit. du Panthéon, p. 92. The Germans, who succeeded in binding the stock of the gun, in order that the barrel could be raised to the level of the eye without losing its horizontal position, gave the musket the name of *haquebute*.

We have also in the Vie de M. de Strozzi, by Brantome, some interesting details on the use of muskets in France, which we shall look for in vain elsewhere.

No student will say that the old musket was the same as that of the present day; in fact they were only small wretched cannon, all badly mounted, and of the shape of a *shoulder of mutton*; and as for the powder flask, as it was called, it was merely a piece of horn, or like a piece of boiled leather, a very fragile thing. The Piedmontese afterwards had a hand-gun called Pignerol, from its being manufactured there, which was very long and slight, and which was certainly very good for the time; they were much used in France, as being well adapted to the chase, but the powder flasks were very inferior. As for the rest, the match of the musket was carried by the soldier, coiled round his arm, except the end which he held in his hand, and which made the whole affair as unsafe as it was uncertain.

If we are to believe Vieilleville, it was he when Governor of Metz, in 1552, who first introduced the musket into the French army. Going out of the town one day for the purpose of surprising the enemy, who were preparing for an assault, "he took a terrible resolution, he ordered sixty arquebuses or hand guns to be taken from the pivots and carried by the guards, who were all very powerful and athletic men; hence the origin of the word musketeer, a term which long applied to foot soldiers.

However, Brantome says, it was Strozzi who introduced the use of muskets into France, "and certainly with great difficulty, for he could not find a soldier who was willing to carry one. But in order to establish them, and to familiarise by degrees the soldiers to the use of the musket, he made his groom and his page use a musket at the siege of La Rochelle, and when a good shot offered he fired himself."† The great importance of this arm was soon felt.

Tavannes says, "the more muskets a regiment has the better :

\* *Memoires*, t. vi., Michaud-Poujoulat.

† *De scouronnets Français*, edit. du Panthéon, t. i. p. 246. Brantome alludes elsewhere to balls of a peculiar alloy, invented by Stuart, a gentleman of a most noble house in Scotland, who made balls of such a composition as to pierce the hardest cuirass; he called them Stuarts, and made presents of them to his friends the Huguenots *Hommes illustres et Grands Capitaines Français*, ch. 75.

few armours can resist the first volley if properly fired. Some muskets with locks (*à rouet*) are necessary to fire behind the first rank, and in case of wet weather. The system of mounting those fire-locks adopted by the Spaniards and Italians is superior to the French."

According to Saint Luc the musket was fourteen feet long, and the ball weighed from one to two grains; it must have been therefore a formidable arm, but it was attended by many inconveniences; thus the sulphur match was easily extinguished by the rain or moisture, or their light very often betrayed the troops either in ambush or on the march to surprise the enemy.\* We may see by a passage of Vieilleville that the very smell of the sulphur discovered the musketeers lying in ambush.†

The most perfect mechanism known up to 1630, consisted of a lock and flint. At the breech of the musket was a steel wheel which revolved rapidly by means of a spring, and which in revolving came in contact with the flint. It was not until 1630, that percussion, or simple friction of the flint against the steel, was substituted. This important modification gave rise to the word *fusil*,‡ and although it originated in France, it was not adopted for war purposes till 1670, when it had undergone such other improvements as brought it very nearly to the state of perfection in which we have it now.

Even at the end of the seventeenth century all foot soldiers were not provided with guns. A regulation dated 12th December, 1692, determined the number of men who were to be armed with guns in each company. In 1703, Villars wrote to Chamillard, "that the one-third of the battalions of his army were without fire arms, and that at the siege of Kehi, those who left the entrenchments were obliged to leave theirs behind for those who were to replace them."§

The following anecdote, the authority of which is not given, occurs in a work which, however, does not seem entitled to much credit.

\* *Memoires du Duc d'Angoulême*, p. 75.

† He alludes to an ambush where they were obliged to hide the guns, fearing the smell of the matches, B. VI.

‡ In the middle ages, *fusil*, (from the Italian *fucile*) flint, signified steel, *Ducange verbo fugittus*. Roquefort, on the word *fusil*. We may here add in passing, that in 1610, Florence Rivault, in his *Elements d'Artillerie*, proposed to apply fulminating gold to fire-arms.

§ *Memoires*, Poujoulat, p. 109.



"An officer who was confined to the Bastille for some freak of youth, was very anxious to recover his liberty: he frequently wrote to the Lieutenant-general of police to excite his sympathy. 'If the king restore me to liberty,' said he, 'he shall be amply and promptly rewarded, for I can, in one day, add twenty thousand excellent soldiers to the numerous troops at present in the field.' The lieutenant of police, believing, that such a promise was the act of a madman, on the part of the prisoner, acquainted the king of it for the purpose of amusing him for a moment. Whether through curiosity, or some other motive, the king immediately ordered the prisoner to be released; he was sent to the war office, and when he was ordered to explain himself, he wrote upon the margin of the paper presented to him—'Give guns to the sergeants,' (up to that time the sergeants were armed with pikes or halberts). This was about the beginning of the reign of Louis XVI. From that time the halbert was abandoned, and replaced by the musket. This is why we still sometimes see the sergeant on parade hold his gun like a halbert."\*

De Fobin mentions a circumstance in his *Mémoires*, which we believe has not yet been related elsewhere. In 1684, he was travelling in company with some merchants of Saint Etienne, who were returning from the fair of Bordeaux. "As we were walking along," says he, "a bird perched within gun shot before us. One of my travelling companions, who held a stick in his hand, or something like it, made us all stand, and having added a few springs to this pretended stick, which it contained, without their being observed, he formed a perfect gun, fired at the bird and killed it."†

Tavanires says that the Germans, who introduced the musket, also invented the pistol, to which Du Bellay alludes, in 1544. The Germans, says Tavanires, are the inventors of muskets, pistols, squadrons and other improvements in military tactics. The French bring them to perfection, and finally rob the Germans of their invention.‡ "To the Reiters," says Le None, "is due the honour of being the first to use pistols, which I think, a very dangerous weapon when one knows how to

---

\* Dictionnaire des origines.

† Collect. Michaud-Poujoulat, p. 406.

‡ *Memories* p. 267. In the time of Henry II. the German *Reiters* were called pistol shooters.

use it."\* Tavanires, in several of his *Memoires*, seems to deny this when he says "that the pistol is never sure, except when it is *loaded at home*. The pistol can be of no use when loaded in a hurry, and *artificially*, and the soldiers give themselves as little trouble as possible in charging them; besides it is impossible to charge the powder and ball in the hurry and excitement of battle." However he adds, "the pistol pierces, kills and carries death and consternation with it: the weakest man, provided he be courageous, may easily use it, even on restive horses. Soldiers should carry three, or at least two pistols; one in the hand, which is never of any inconvenience in charging, and the other two in the saddle.

About the end of the sixteenth century an arm was invented combining the qualities of both the musket and pistol: it was called *petrinal* or *poitrinal*. The following is the description of it in the *Dictionnaire de Nicol*. "It is somewhat shorter than a musket, but of larger bore, and as it is much heavier, it is slung round the shoulder by means of a belt; when about to fire the soldier lets it rest against his chest, hence his name, *poitrinalier*. The *poitrinalier* is a warrior who carries the poitrinal into battle." President Fauchet has given a description of it. He says the *petrinal* is an invention of the brigands of the Pyrenees. It is mentioned as having been used at the siege of Rouen by Henry IV. in 1592. The English call it *pethernels*, as appears from the *inventory* of Hentgrave of the year 1603.†

The projectiles thrown by cannon were of various kinds; those known before the invention of gunpowder were long in use, namely, tiles, flaming arrows, bags filled with broken stones and particularly balls of stone.‡

---

\* He adds, "they are the offspring of muskets, and, to say what we think, they are all infernal instruments, invented in some diabolical concern to depopulate republics and kingdoms of the living, and fill graves with the dead." *Discours politiques et militaires*, 16th discourse, Bale, 1587, p. 335. According to Davilla, Henry IV. adopted the use of the pistol at the battle of Ivry, in imitation of the German *reiters*.

† *Encyclopédie de XIX siècle*, par M. Ed. Fournier.

‡ We give a receipt on this subject, dated 1416:—I Jehan de Joinville, Captain de Beaugency, acknowledge to have received from Pierre Renier, Treasurer General of His Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans, by the hands of Michelet de Liche, clerk of the Treasurer's office of Blois, six pounds on account of a thousand stone balls for cannon which I furnished from the said place of Beaugency,

We read in an account of the siege of Beauvais, by the Duke de Bourgogne, in 1472, as follows :—"The enemy kept throwing into the city large stones, round as the bottom of a barrel, others of cast iron, weighing from twenty to thirty pounds, others somewhat smaller both of lead and iron ; so that according to the testimony of several military men of high character, who were there, there was never such a siege.\*

Besides balls of iron, lead and bronze, there were others of brass, in the shape of apples, a kind of small grenade.

At the siege of Rhodes, in 1522, the besieged discharged pieces of chains from cannon against the Turks.

Strada pretends that bombs were the origin of grenades. We believe it is quite the contrary. In the thirteenth century, the Arabs made use of grenades of glass. We find that in two inventories of the contents of the Bastille, made in 1428 and 1430, there is mention of "*exploding apples of brass*,"† but it is not known whether those *apples* were thrown by the hand or by cannon. Martin du Bellay alludes to a supply of grenades, lances and shells, which was prepared in Provence in 1587, to resist the invasion of Charles V. This date, as we shall see, is long before we find any allusion made to the bomb amongst Europeans.‡

In 1477, at the Siege of Scutari by Mahomet II., the Turks fired grenades from mortars ; for they are projectiles, and not bombs, as has been said, we believe to be shown in the following passage.

"The Turks, by their mortars, very much annoyed the inhabitants, for the balls thrown by those engines on the houses

for the garrison and castle of Blois, which stone balls I delivered to Jehan Rome, guard of artillery of the said castle. *Bibliothèque de l'Ecole de Chartres*, t. 1, p. 193. In another document dated 1431 there is mention of several made of stones drawn from Vernon, 26 inches in diameter. *Encyc. de XIX. Siecle*, art, Patrimonial.

\* *Discours véritable du siège mis devant la ville de Beauvais.*

† It appears that in the Spanish wars under the Empire, the Spaniards continued to use grenades of this kind.

‡ In a work, *Cannonerie et Artifice a feu*, printed in Paris in 1561, we read of *grenades migraines* ; *migraines* was in the middle ages, the name by which grenades were distinguished. Even to-day in the south they use the word *migrana* ; *melagrana* in Italian has the same meaning.

of Scutari, were of such a nature that after exploding they could not be distinguished, so that the fire immediately seized the roofs of the houses which merely consisted of shingle, or thin boards, committing frightful ravages, and throwing the miserable inhabitants into complete disorder; and it was for this object the Turks invented those machines: and in order to render their effect more terrible and complete their success, they seldom fired them except at night. The people of Scutari having discovered the artifice, appointed some of the citizens to watch the effects of the enemy's fire; and they, by their diligence and address, succeeded in establishing such order, and making such arrangements, that the city suffered but little inconvenience; and thus marred the projects of the enemy."\*

Three years later, in 1480, at the first siege of Rhodes, the same writer alludes to the destruction caused by the mortars which were used at the siege of Scutari, from which the inhabitants were obliged to take refuge in caves and other such places. As there is only question here of stones thrown by mortars, and not of hollow balls, or shells, which ignited on exploding, we cannot conclude there were either grenades or bombs used on this occasion.

An eye-witness of the second and last siege of Rhodes, in 1522, Jacques de Bourbon, thus describes certain projectiles used by the Turks:—

"It has been calculated there were one thousand, seven hundred and thirteen marble bullets fired during this siege, and eight rounds of brass balls filled with combustible matter. The total of mortars fired was one thousand, seven hundred and twenty-one. But when the enemy found their firing had but little or no effect, they were very much disappointed, for they calculated on killing one-third of the inhabitants, so they resolved to discontinue the firing, as it would be powder lost."

He adds elsewhere, that during three other attacks, "they only used stones, and *bags filled with ignitable matter.*"†

---

\* Continuation de l'Histoire des Turcs par Attus Thomas, Sieur d'Embry, Paris, 1633.

† Stow tells us, 1543, of a supply of all kinds of projectiles made by Henry IV. in anticipation of a war with France and Turkey: amongst the number were certain hollow balls of cast iron which were to be charged with ignitable matter, to be thrown by mortars, from 11 to 19 inches in diameter.

Jaques de Bourbon expresses himself in such vague terms that it is impossible to say whether he means grenades or bombs. But the *Continuateur de Chalcondyle*, who seems to us to have derived his information from authentic sources, has given more minute details.

"The batteries of the Turks continued therefore to play more violently, and with more deadly effect than before, discharging immense brass guns like mortars from three different points; however they only succeeded in killing twenty-five men and the Chevalier de Lioncel, although they had fired 17,113 marble bullets and eight metal shells filled with combustible matter; the smaller bullets were of the thickness of a man's finger, and wounded more persons than the large balls which went to pieces when fired, as they were hollow. However when the Turks were informed of the little damage done by their guns, they silenced the batteries." \*

Those metal shells, filled with combustibles, seemed to us to resemble in many respects, the bomb which we find in use amongst the Orientals so early as 1522. We will now speak of its use amongst the Europeans.

According to some modern writers the bomb was used in Italy at the end of the sixteenth century at the siege of Chateau Neuf, near Naples, by the army of Charles VIII.; † others speak of it as having been used at the siege of Mazières by the Imperialists, in 1521. We find nothing in the history of those two sieges to justify such assertions. Thus, in the following passage from Vergier d' Honneur, there is evidently no allusion made except to mortars: "Those within seeing themselves on the point of being routed, loaded a mortar, and having put fire in the inside pointed it towards the nave of the church of the *Frères Mineurs*, which they destroyed, without

\* Continuation de l' Histoire des Turcs, p. 466.

† This term, like that of *bombard*, is derived from *burnbus*, which in corrupt latin means *cracker*. The use of the red ball is more ancient than that of the bomb, although Daniel says it does not go farther back than 1580, when it was used by Marschal Matignon at the siege of la Fère. Elmham, in his history of Henry V. (p. 115) relates that when the English were laying siege to Cherbourg in 1418, the besieged fired from their cannon red iron balls into the English camp to burn the huts occupied by English soldiers: *Massas ferreas rotundos igneis candentes fervoribus asaxio omorum fracebus studuerant emittere*.

however injuring any of those who were in the said church, or of those who were dispersed all around."\*

It is however worthy of remark that on this point, as in many others, the theory was in advance of the practice.

Thus Valteireo published in 1471, at Verona, a work called *de Re Militari*, which has been often reprinted, having a representation of a mortar under which there is a bomb with a lighted match. At the bottom of the figure we read the following text :

"Inventum est quoque machinæ hujusce tui, Sigismunde Pandolphe, qua pilæ ensæ tormentarii pulveris plenæ cum funge aridi fomite arentis emittuntur."

This, as we see, is clear and explicit, but there is a long interval intervening between the first conception of the machine and its execution. There are many difficulties attending the construction of bombs which time and experience alone have been able to surmount; and if we see it early in use among the Turks, we must remember that for a long time their artillery was far superior to that of the other nations of Europe.

However this may be, de Thou is the first historian who mentions in a positive manner the use of this projectile. The author, speaking of the siege of Wachtendonk, by the Comte de Mansfield (October, 1588), says, "They fired bombs on the besieged who were obliged, to get out of their range, to betake themselves to the eaves: the bombs came from the direction of Venloo, a neighbouring town. The inventor, wishing to make a trial of them at a fete given in honor of Prince William, youngest son of the Duke de Cleves, caused such a conflagration as threatened to reduce the place to ashes."†

Strado, who wrote subsequently to de Thou, has given more circumstantial and minute details, in his tenth book.

"Nothing," says Strado; "contributed more to the terror of the inhabitants than certain large balls of hollow iron, filled with powder and other materials, which it was impossible to extinguish. Those balls were fired in the air from mortars, and had a match of a certain length attached to them, which was to set fire to the powder. They penetrated the roofs of the houses as they fell upon them; as soon as the fire caught the

---

\* *Archives curieuses*, p. 330.

† De Thou, L. lxxxix, p. 203.

powder they immediately burst, spreading flames in all directions, which, with difficulty, could be extinguished with water. This instrument, which has given rise to grenades, shells, and other such machines, invented for the destruction of the human race, is said to be the production of a native of Vanloo, some time before the siege of Wachtendock, who was engaged in the manufacture of fireworks. The inhabitants of that city had proposed to fete, by means of this invention, the Duke de Cleves who had come amongst them, and for whom they had prepared a grand banquet. They were anxious to make the first experiment before him, and succeeded beyond their expectations, for the bomb falling on a house, penetrated the roof and set it in flames, which, extending to the neighbouring houses, destroyed the two-thirds of the city; the fire became so violent that it was impossible to arrest the progress of the flames. I am aware that some writers have asserted, that a similar experiment had been made a few months previous at Bergan-op-Zoom, by an Italian; he was a deserter from the Spanish army who had entered the service of the Dutch. He engaged to produce hollow balls of stone or iron, which, when thrown into a city besieged, would immediately burst where they fell, enveloping all about them in flames, but as he was preparing his combustibles, a spark fell into the powder which immediately exploded; he was killed on the spot, and his death left those for whom he was labouring in doubt and uncertainty as to the result of his projects."\*

The following is the most accurate and reliable information we have been able to procure as to the use of bombs in France. Malthus,† an English engineer in the service of France, claims the honour of being the first who used bombs at the siege of Lamothe (Lorraine), in 1534. "As for bombs," says Malthus, "and the principle on which they are constructed, I know no author who has expressly alluded to them as having been previously known and in use, with the exception of an old work in German, and one in Spanish, which mentions a *certain kind of fire-balls*, and after them Tibourel and Hanzlet who

---

\* Extracted from P. Daniel, t. iv, p. 580.

† He assumes in his work the titles of *English gentleman, Commissioner-General of Fireworks in France, Captain-General of Sappers and Miners, and Engineer of the King's Armies*. He was killed at the battle of Gravelines, in 1658.

translated into French the greater part of the German work which treats of military engines. But neither of those writers describes in any way bombs and mortars such as we now use for siege purposes ; they merely mention some trifles in this way of olden time which had no importance whatever and are long since obsolete. But about thirty years ago a certain German named Clernel, introduced himself to some of the princes of that country, and I think it was the Duke d'Alberstat who gave him the means of bringing this beautiful invention to perfection, both as regards bombs and mortars for war, as well as for purposes of amusement : passing in his old days into the states of Holland where he exhibited some of his art, he brought into that kingdom all his machines and inventions, but never took any part in the sieges of his time. He died during the last siege of la Rochelle, without having fired a single bomb during the war, but merely a few fire-balls, in consequence, as I believe, of his not knowing the use to which they could be applied, and with which we are now so familiar.”\*

“ From that period to the siege of Lamothe, in Lorraine, we find no further mention made of bombs ; and it is at the siege of Lamothe that I fired the first which was used in France. It is thus that this engine called bomb originated first in Germany, where, at least we first became first acquainted with it, then passing into Holland, finally established itself in France ; and as the fame of all great discoveries spreads with rapidity, so it has been with this invention, for in a little time, it was taken up by all the nations of Europe which adopted it as their own, each day adding to its perfection, and rendering it more familiar and easy in its application. This is all the information we have been able to gather touching the invention of bombs and mortars such as we now have them, although we must admit there were old engines which somewhat resembled our mortars, but which were not adapted to war purposes, as they were intended to throw stones and other missiles, being too long in proportion to their diameter, and with chambers and pivots differently constructed from that which they should be for bomb guns.

The first use of the bomb in France does not seem to have made much impression, as we find no allusion made to it in any

---

\* *Pratique de la Guerre.* Paris. 1646, p. 96.



cotemporary publication; and the *Mercuré François*, in reference to this subject, only speaks of grenades.\*

The following is a curious passage from Tellemant des Réaux which, dated 1639, mentions this projectile as a recent invention. "With regard to this siege of Hesdin (1639), I remember," says Tellemant, "that a Baron from Languedoc, whose name I forget, a relation of Madame de Covoye, invented a kind of hollow ball, which he filled with gunpowder, and which by means of a match which was lighted when the ball was about to be fired, tore up the ground as if a mine had sprung. The late King Louis XIII. made trial of it at Versailles, where a rampart of earth in the shape of a half moon was constructed for the purpose. Saint Aoust, Lieutenant General of Artillery, from motives of jealousy, sent bad powder for the occasion; the Baron remonstrated, the King was angry, and Saint Aoust finally procured good powder. The effect produced was all that could be desired. The King presented the Baron to the Cardinal, who pretended to be delighted at the result of the experiment, but as it was calculated to be of great advantage to the artillery in reducing the number of carriages and waggons to one-fourth the number, he managed to procure an order for the Baron to retire. The invention was said to be of the greatest use in destroying earth works."†

At this time bombs were also in use in Spain, for in 1640, at the siege of Turin by d'Harcourt, who, in his turn was besieged in his own camp, the besieged had no powder except what was sent to them by the Marquis de Leganez. In alluding to this circumstance, Richelieu says, in his *Succincte Narration*, "It is an invention wonderful both in its effects and its novelty."‡

In the seventeenth century bombs were used in France weighing 500 pounds, thrown from mortars 18 inches in diameter; they were called *cominges*, not, as has been said, from their inventor, but from a pleasantry of Louis XIV. This Prince conducted the siege of Mons in 1691, and had as aide de camp, le Comte de Cominges, a colossus six feet high

\* T. xx. p. 158-164.

† *Historiette du Cardinal de Richelieu*, t. ii, p. 164. What we have here related corrects the error into which Montmerqué has fallen in his note appended to this passage.

‡ Collect. Michaud-Poujoulat, P, 350. Those words are in Richelieu's own handwriting in the Manuscript.

and broad in proportion. The King, laughing, said, "Those prodigious bombs are very like Cominges, we must call them after him; but he will never forgive us if he hear that we have made such a comparison." The members of the court readily adopted the saying of the King, and those bombs ever after went by the name of Cominges, as long as they continued to be in use.\*

Those enormous bombs are no longer used, as they were both unwieldy and of uncertain range: in France, at least, they were succeeded by those weighing from 48 to 50 kilogrammes, and having a diameter of from 217 to 271 millimetres.

It was on the occasion of the siege of Algiers by Duquesne, in 1682, that bombs were first used at sea; in another expedition against that city in 1688, a monster bomb was prepared containing 8 milliers of powder. This bomb was never used, and was preserved a long time at Toulouse as an object of curiosity.

Whilst bombs became of general use in Europe, the Turks who were the first to adopt them, seemed to have forgotten them altogether.

D'Ambigne, in his *Histoire Universelle*, gives these details concerning rockets. "The following is the first mention we find made of rockets, about which so much has been said and written, and which had never before been tried, except on one occasion, in a miserable castle in Rourgue, the name of which we could not learn. I have heard the inventors of rockets say that the idea was suggested to them by contemplating the effect produced by those short pieces of artillery which were secured with iron rings, such as, in effect, were our first cannon. Rockets and crackers were used for various purposes, such as blowing up towns and walls, and even doors and windows; there were also what was called *saussages*, and other fireworks invented at the same time which invariably proved fatal to those who uncautiously meddled with them. The first who experienced their effect was the King of Navarre, Henry IV., under Cahors, during a siege which was the most memorable of all during that age, from the fact of the battle lasting for six days and six nights."†

---

\* *Jugements sur quelques ouvrages nouveaux.*

† *Histoire Universelle* du Sieur d'Ambigne, 1680, t. iv., ch. 7, 1616, 1618, p. 340, 350.

"Crackers,\* and the newly invented *saussages*," says Rovenne, "prove that all science is progressive. I myself have invented a kind of clock which at the end of twelve hours touches a spring something like an alarm clock, so that it could be made available for blowing up a magazine, into which it could be privately conveyed. It could be also concealed under the enemy's camp, and thus a mine could be spread, and servants could also, by its means, blow up the houses of their masters. In the year 1589, I invested Pontoise on the promise of a certain captain to burn the magazine. He planted the lighted match in the powder, which however, by some accident, was extinguished, but we succeeded in taking the city."†

Truly we may say that "all science is progressive." We read of the projectiles, the history of which is sketched in this paper, and examine that wonder, the revolver, or that marvel, the Armstrong gun.

---

\* The Huguenots first used them at the siege of Calais, in 1580, and it was principally by their means that Mareschal Lesdiguières captured Montlemart and Embrun in 1585.

† Memoires, Michaud-Poujoulat, p. 218.

## ART. V.—FREE PUBLIC DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

*A Plea for Free Drinking Fountains.* By E. T. Wakefield, B.A., Barrister-at-Law. London: Hatchard and Co. Price Sixpence.

What shall be done to abate the great evil of our land—Drinking?

This is a question which for years past has occupied many of the best and ablest minds of the country. Some propose the Maine-liquor-law, i.e., an absolute prohibition of the trade in intoxicating beverages; others suggest various restrictions on that trade; while not a few think that the evil would be less were all restrictions removed. It is not now our province to attempt to decide between the disputants, but we conceive that they would all admit that none of these courses are free from serious difficulties and risks; and, on the other hand, that any thing which would diminish the temptation to the drinking of intoxicating liquors, without imposing restrictions, would be a great benefit.

Sufficient weight is not generally given to the influence exercised upon all of us by circumstances; and the less the training and education that people have received, the more are they the slaves of the circumstances in which they are placed. Thinking persons, however, who are practically acquainted with the habits of our labouring classes, know well that mere accident, such as the nearness or distance of a liquor-shop, the receiving his wages on Wednesday night instead of Saturday, or even his wages being paid in silver instead of in gold,\* will sometimes make the difference between a man's being sober or drunken.

---

\* In Cornwall it is well known that the keepers of public-houses near a mine make a practice of gathering together all the silver change in the neighbourhood, before the monthly pay-day of the mine, so as to force the gang of miners to come to them for change to enable a division of the earnings to be made amongst the individuals of the gang: of course an expenditure is expected, which too frequently comprises a large part of the hard-won gains.

Price's Candle Company, so well known for their philanthropic efforts, make a practice of paying their wages in silver, so that there

Last October Mr. Melly read a very interesting paper on this subject at the meeting of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science, by which it appeared that the Liverpool fountains have been used to an extent far exceeding the most sanguine expectations of their founder: thus it was ascertained that in one day of about 13 hours 8 minutes, 24,702 persons drank at thirteen of these fountains; or in other words, one person drank at each of the thirteen fountains every twenty-five seconds for thirteen consecutive hours; at one fountain as many as 3,340 persons drank in twelve hours, being an average of one drinker every thirteen seconds; there were five other fountains, at each of which above 2,000 persons drank; or, taking all the fountains, there was one drinker for every two seconds throughout a day of thirteen hours,\* (*see opposite*). Gratifying as are these results, it will be seen that they have been much exceeded—for example, at some of the London fountains.

It is remarkable that the use of the fountains is not confined to hot weather, though of course it is then much greater.

Though the fountains had been in existence in Liverpool for several years, the movement had made very little progress elsewhere, until it was brought to the notice of the Social Science Association. The reading of the pamphlet and its circulation in a cheap form, caused the subject to be taken up in most of our large towns.

In London the movement was begun by Mr. Samuel Gurney, M.P., a worthy member of a most worthy family. Having first, by a letter which was published in most of the London papers, called attention to the grievous privation which the want of these fountains inflicts on the metropolitan poor, Mr. Gurney in April last erected a public drinking fountain in the wall of St. Sepulchre's Churchyard, a corner position in one of the greatest of the metropolitan thoroughfares. This fountain was opened by Mrs. White, the daughter of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in presence of a numerous assembly, composed mainly of the labouring classes, who shewed by their cheers how heartily they appreciated the boon. Immediately after the ceremony a deputation from the journeymen butchers of the adjoining Newgate Market appeared in their working dresses, and delivered a sensible address of thanks to Mrs. Gurney, Mr. Gurney being unavoidably absent from London.

\* The following is an extract from Mr. Melley's pamphlet :—

# LIVERPOOL DRINKING FOUNTAINS.—STATISTICS.

SITE.	DATE OF ERECTION.	NUMBER OF PERSONS DRINKING.	DATE.	WEATHER REMARKS, &c.
PRINCE'S DOCK	March, 1854	{ 2396 in 12 hours 20 minutes 2308 " 12 " 20 " 348 " 11 " "	7th June, 1854 . Fine all day. 9th April, 1855 . Weather fine all day. 9th Jan., 1856 . A very cold frosty day. 22nd June, 1855 . Fine hot day. 10th Jan., 1856 . Hard frost all day. 7th July, 1856 . Water not flowing freely in the morning. 21st Sept., 1858 . Water running very slowly, a mere dribble, until 12 o'clock.	
GEORGE'S DOCK	May, 1854	{ 3340 " 12 " 15 minutes 243 " 10 " 40 "		
WAPPING STATION	May, 1856	2585 in 15 hours		
OLDHALL STREET	Dec., 1856	1405 in 14 hours		
OLDHALL STREET	May, 1856	2375 in 14 hours 30 minutes	13th Sept., 1858 . A close dull day.	
EXCHANGE BUILDINGS	May, 1856	2609 in 15 hours	4th July, 1856 . Showery all day, especially in the afternoon.	
OLD CHURCH WALL	Dec., 1856	1678 in 14 hours	20th Sept., 1858 . Cold in the morning, but fine all day.	
ST. JAMES'S CHURCH	June, 1857	2184 in 13 hours 30 minutes	18th Sept., 1858 . Fine all day. (This fountain is in the upper part of the town.)	
ST. JOHN'S MARKET.	Aug., 1857	1684 in 14 hours	14th Aug., 1858 . Only one ladle. Weather fine in the morning, heavy rain in the afternoon.	
STANLEY DOCK	May, 1857	1126 in 14 hours	15th Sept., 1858 . Weather dull and rather cold.	
WEST DERBY ROAD. (Quite out of Town.)	May, 1858	92 in 9 hours 30 minutes	22nd Sept. 1858 . Water turned off at 4.30 p.m. Weather cold, with hard rain all morning, and showery in the afternoon.	
SMITHDOWN LANE	June, 1857	1739 in 16 hours	July, 1857 . This fountain is quite at the outskirts of the town.	
PRINCE'S DOCK	May, 1854	1549 in 16 hours	4th April, 1858 . Fine all day, but cold. (Then worked by a ball tap, which wore out in the course of a few months, made very wet work on the footpath, and had to be replaced by a fountain with a continual flow of water.)	

As soon as the fountain was free, drinking at it began, and has continued, almost without intermission night and day, ever since. We have often passed this fountain in all weathers, hot, cold, wet, dry, and have always seen at least three or four drinkers standing there, and frequently a crowd; as many as 7,000 persons in a day have been known to drink here. Mr. Gurney is erecting some other fountains in London.\*

It was, however, seen by Mr. Gurney and his friends that the work of properly furnishing the metropolis with drinking fountains was an undertaking far too gigantic for the powers and pecuniary means of any one man, or even of several men. It was determined therefore to get up an Association of first-rate influence to effect the object. It was considered that the duties of the Association would be the raising of funds for the erection of fountains—the inducing the local authorities to grant sites in the public thoroughfares, and to undertake the water supply—the devising the best construction for fountains, so as to secure the durability of the structures and fittings, and the purity and coolness of the water—the providing that the fountains should be clean looking, elegant and attractive objects, ornaments to the streets rather than eye-sores—and generally to diffuse information on the subject.

An inaugural meeting was held in April, under the presidency of that staunch friend of progress, Lord Carlisle. Lord John Russell, Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Albemarle,

\* To Samuel Gurney, Esq., M.P.

We, whose names are hereunto appended, Butchers, &c., of Newgate Market, beg to present you our most cordial thanks for the great boon you have conferred upon us by the erection of a Free Public Drinking Fountain in the vicinity of our Market.

As working men, we hail this movement as the dawn of a happier era in the history of the great mass of the people of this realm. Too long have we been enslaved, mentally and physically, to the beer shop and gin palace; but now, thanks to the Cheap Press, the Mechanics' Institution, and above all to the Great Temperance Reform, our homes are happy and comfortable, and our families enjoy the produce of our industry.

In conclusion, we trust that your valuable life may be long spared to witness the good fruits of your benevolence, and like Thomas Hood, your monument will be a people's love.

Lord Radstock, Mr. Monckton Milnes, Mr. Melly, and other eminent men, took part in the proceedings. A most influential Association was formed, more than £1500 being subscribed in the room. An executive committee was appointed, which, with the aid of the able and energetic honorary secretary, Mr. E. T. Wakefield, (a member of the English Bar, but an Irishman by birth), immediately set to work, and opened negotiations with several of the Local Vestries and Boards. The majority of these bodies met the advances of the Association in a praiseworthy spirit of liberality, granting the most advantageous sites, undertaking to provide and pay for the water-supply, and in most instances agreeing to pay a large portion of the cost of erection. There is little doubt but that this course will be ultimately taken by all of these bodies.

At the present time the progress which has been made by the Association is as follows:—Arrangements have been made for the erection and supply of water to 75 fountains in various parts of London. Of these, nine are now (September 16th) actually at work—many more are in a forward state—others are in process of manufacture, and the remainder will soon be put in hand.

Considering the short time during which the Association has been in existence, this progress is most gratifying, and proves how much the want of free drinking fountains is felt—still it is a small part of the work which has to be done. Had London as many fountains in proportion to its population as Liverpool, it would possess at least 400 of them, and Mr. Melly considers that there is still room for more in Liverpool. Again, London, owing to its greater size, and the consequently greater distances from their homes to which the wayfarers are led, and also to its hotter and drier climate, has a greater need of fountains than Liverpool; the work therefore will probably need the labours of the Association for years to come, after which provision must be made for the sustentation of the structures, and preserving them in full efficiency.

Great as has been the use made of the Liverpool fountains, those in London have been resorted to far more. Thus, at the Saint Sepulchre's fountain more than 7,000 drinkers have been counted in one day, at the Bethnal Green fountain 8,000, and at one opened in the beginning of this month (Sept.) in Westminster, 5,000.



In addition to the above, several fountains have been erected independently of the Association. Indeed, probably no movement ever made such rapid progress.

Great attention has been paid to the important subject of the internal and external construction of the fountains.

Drinking fountains are essentially different from others. In ordinary ornamental fountains there is a large flow of water falling into a basin. In London and many other large towns water is too precious to be wasted in this manner, considering that it is expected that the fountains will be very numerous; or, looking at the matter in another light, if the quantity of water which can be thus expended is limited, it is evidently much better that it should be divided among a great number of fountains in different localities. The smallness of the jet of water therefore, coupled with the consideration that it should be placed at a convenient height for drinking, and yet so high that it cannot be dabbled at by children, or made the subject of other nuisances, renders a peculiar construction necessary, which of course ought to be brought into harmony with good taste.

In order to obtain as many good designs as possible out of which to select, the Association advertised that some prizes would be given for the best designs. A large number were sent in, most of which were entirely unsuitable, but some were both appropriate and elegant. Several of the fountains now erected and erecting are from these prize designs. They are of different forms and materials to suit different localities, and vary in cost from £25 to £200 or upwards. Of course a first-rate situation requires a handsome fountain, while an ordinary site is suited with a plain but not untasteful one. The decorations are generally such as have some reference to water, as river-gods, swans, water-plants, &c. In some instances there are reliefs representing appropriate scripture-scenes, as Moses striking the Rock, Rebecca at the Well, Christ and the Samaritan Woman, &c. Inscriptions are sometimes inserted of appropriate texts or references to texts. The barbarism of making the water spout from human or animal mouths is we believe avoided in nearly all the fountains erected or aided by the Association.

It has been found by experience that a clean-looking,

elegant fountain is much more used than one of a different appearance. Happening to be in Scotland in July last, we remarked that, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, the plain black iron posts which have been erected as drinking fountains in some of the towns of that country, were but little used, whilst the clean and elegant structures of London and Liverpool are so greatly appreciated. Except in very hot weather one rarely sees persons drinking at the London pumps, though many of them are furnished with ladles. In the liquor trade it is a well known fact that a handsomely decorated public-house always gets the most custom.

With regard to internal fittings, the fountains are provided with filters, which are rendered necessary by the impurity of the water supplied by the London water companies. They are also provided with small cisterns and ball-cocks to regulate the flow of the water—this is required by the Companies. (In many towns neither filters nor cistern are needed, and thus the original cost of the fountains is lessened, and they are less liable to get out of order.) The internal fittings are all surrounded by a thick layer of granulated charcoal, a non-conductor of heat, which protects the water from warmth and from frost. Thus every means is taken to afford to the drinkers a draught as cool and grateful as possible.\*

The Association, as a general collector of information upon the mechanical and æsthetical construction of drinking fountains, and also as a central moving power, has proved most valuable.†

The practical working of the system is shortly as follows. The Association enters into communication with the Vestries and Local Boards, and agrees with each as to the number of fountains to be erected in its district and the sites for them (the Vestry or Board undertaking to provide the

---

\* In the *Mechanics' Magazine* of August 19th, 1859, is contained a full description (illustrated by drawings) of the internal construction of the fountains. Designs for the fountains have appeared in the *Builder* and the *Illustrated London News*.

† Although the Association confines its labours to the metropolis, it is happy to afford information, prints of designs, photographs of fountains, &c., to those interested in the subject in any part of the country.

water), also what pecuniary aid is to be given to the construction of each fountain by the Vestry or Board. Where the Vestry or Board contributes to the cost of a fountain, its representatives usually choose the design from some of those which have been sanctioned by the Association, though they occasionally adopt other designs, which, however, must be approved of by the Association. In many cases, however, the Vestry or Board pays no part of the original cost.

A private individual desirous of erecting a fountain applies to the Association, stating what sum he has to spend and in what neighbourhood he wishes the fountain to be placed; one of the sites agreed upon is then assigned to him, and he chooses the design, usually from those in the Association's office, pays over the money, and he is thenceforward relieved of all trouble.

Several fountains have been erected in this manner; we happened once to be in the office when some ladies came in, one of whom said that she intended to erect a fountain, which was to cost not more than £40, and to be in Marylebone parish, of which she is an indweller. Such of the sites as were agreed upon with the Vestry of Marylebone were shewn to the lady, who selected one, and then chose a design from those hanging on the office walls. We believe this fountain is now in course of erection. Were it not for the Association, this lady would probably not have known how to obtain a site and a supply of water, nor how to secure the construction of a good and elegant fountain, and her public-spirited intentions might never have been carried into effect. Many such cases have occurred; indeed the spirit of support to the movement seems to take this form, more than that of general contribution to the Association's funds.

Bodies of subscribers to local fountains are treated by the Association like individual fountain-givers.

Perhaps the most gratifying feature of the movement is the manner in which it has been taken up by the working classes. Working men's meetings have been held in various parts of the metropolis, which have been attended by deputations from the Association; excellent speeches have been made, mostly by working men, and subscriptions have been raised by that class. Thus the Bethnal Green fountain

was paid for by a subscription got up by a working man among working men, and we believe other fountains are being arranged for in the same manner. The fountain in Golden-lane (which, however, was erected independently of the Association) was paid for by a subscription made by the costermongers and other poor parishioners of that exemplary (Protestant) parish priest, the Rev. William Rogers.

The free drinking fountain movement has met with the approval of all classes and sects. So highly is it appreciated by the City Mission Society, that that body has placed the time of one of their missionaries, Mr. Weyland, entirely at the disposal of the Association. This gentleman has proved to be a valuable coadjutor of the Committee. The Secretary of the Church of England Scripture Readers' Association has also written strongly in favour of drinking fountains, and the Temperance Societies are labouring heartily in the cause. Indeed, if the movement proceeds as it has begun, (of which there is every prospect) the amount of good that it may do is difficult to calculate.

Mr. Wakefield puts this matter in its true light, thus :—

“ Let us now glance at some of the features that peculiarly commend this measure to benevolent support. Most eleemosynary institutions require continually recurring pecuniary aid, but here the chief part of the expenditure is required to be made but once for all. The means, moreover, employed to attain these results are such as cannot possibly offend the scruples or shock the prejudices of any. Many are withheld from contributing to charitable institutions which indirectly offend their conscientious scruples ; but here is an obvious means of doing good, which has the singular felicity of reconciling itself equally to every religion and every subdivision of religious belief. Jew, Christian, and Mahomedan can with equal freedom contribute to the support of this charity. There must be surely something healthy in the action of a movement which can thus unite men of all religions in one common object, that object being for the good of their fellow-creatures !

“ Again, the good effected is not like that of many other charitable objects, future, contingent, and unseen by those who nevertheless nobly support them ; but here the good results are, to a large extent, immediate, certain, and ob-

vious to all. When a Fountain is open thousands flock to it, and every contributor to the Association will be amply repaid by the pleasure of constantly beholding the poor daily allaying their thirst at the fountains he aided to erect.

“Let us next consider some of the pecuniary and moral results that would flow from the extensive use by the poor of these Fountains.

“Take the case of an individual. Suppose a man, much employed about the streets, is thus saved five visits weekly to the public-house, where he would spend 2d. each visit, that is 10d. per week, 5 or 6 per cent. of his wages; a sum which would pay for the education of three or four children, or buy from 4lbs. to 7lbs. of bread, thus, perhaps, making the difference between scantiness and sufficiency in his household. Tenpence a-week is £2 3s. 4d. a-year, an amount which would clothe one or two children, or go far towards clothing the man himself.

“Let us endeavour to form some estimate of the aggregate pecuniary results. It can of course be only approximative, though the statistics at command enable us to approach the truth. I observed that 22 millions may be taken as the number of times which the Liverpool Fountains would be annually used if the town were adequately supplied.

“People do not drink water unless they are thirsty; and if thirsty in London, where there is scarcely any other available means of quenching their thirst, than a public house which meets them at every turn, the chances may, I think, be fairly estimated as ten to one that they will resort thither.

“I stated that the Fountain already erected by the Association is frequented about 7,000 times daily in the month of June. Taking this data, and making due allowance for the greater number who drink in summer, I think it may be fairly assumed that each London Fountain, properly placed, will be used, on an average, 2,000 times daily the whole year round. Now if, as I have estimated, 400 Fountains would be required for London, this would give 300 millions as the total number of times the Fountains would be used in the course of one year. But if only one out of ten of these were thereby saved spending 2d. at the public-house, this represents an annual saving of £250,000 in the Metropolis alone.

"I am now only dealing with that class who would, if they could, drink at a street Fountain instead of a public-house. Their thirst is inevitable, the result, perhaps, of bodily labour upon which their subsistence depends; it is not *their* fault that the public-house is the only means of quenching their thirst. It is, therefore, strictly true that this sum of £250,000 per annum is wrung from the hard necessities of the poorest classes by the sheer force of circumstances over which they can exercise no control!

"But this sum, large as it may appear, has a value far exceeding its intrinsic worth; for it is a saving of so much money to those by whom money is greatly wanted, and to whom it has, therefore, an extraordinary value. It is a saving also of time and physical energies to those who mostly live by bodily labour; and an indirect but great saving to society, which annually expends four millions sterling on pauperism, and still more in the prevention and punishment of crime, intemperance being the chief cause of both."

The movement, we are happy to say, is spreading itself rapidly through the provincial towns of England, in many of which have well constructed and elegant fountains been erected.

That God may speed this great effort, and that it may soon become as active in Ireland as in England, is our fervent wish.

## ART. VI.—IDYLLS OF THE KING.

*Idylls of the King.* By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet-Laureate. London: Edward Moxon & Co., Dover-street. 1859.

It is all nonsense to think, say, or insinuate, that people are growing too sensible for reading romances or idling over books of poetry. What is a gentleman without his recreation? is an old saying: and we all know that the fairer half of the population have from time immemorial been privileged to indulge in certain "amiable weaknesses," a love of poetry and poets among the rest. What would become of us in this pompous, solemn-faced age of the world, stiffened up as we are by the education in vogue, if it were not possible now and then to slip the leash, and be off for a scamper through forlorn realms of unreality, or play the truant betimes, and float our airy craft into Cloud Land? Would we be the better for it, if, through the thick veils which this inexorable *working day world* tightens round us, we did not sometimes strain our eyes to catch a glimmer of that light—so far, so near—which radiates from the Spirit Land? By and by we shall be "over all the mountains," as the Germans say, our work done, or left undone. Meanwhile, depend upon it, Lotos eating, in moderation of course, and under proper regimen, is good for soul and body. We do not desire to see every body's so called follies blushingly confessed and ruthlessly amended. Quarterly reviewers as we are, we should look very blank if our long supply of novels, romances, plays, and poems were suddenly cut short, light literature grown heavy, and all our little papers bespoke for the—"Record!" Once for all we must have our holiday-side if we are not to be doomed to stray about the world in as uncomfortable a state as that notorious character, the Shadowless Man.

Let us be thankful for our poets. They speak out boldly what the vast multitude feel and know, yet cannot express. Voices they are whose echoes resound through steep places, and penetrate mysterious depths: sweeping through the whole diapason of human thought and passion—"striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound." If poets of the true caliber they are for all time; if of lesser mould they are at least

the mouth-piece of a generation. In our own days we have a poet or two singing to a larger or smaller audience. But it is not now as it was in the old, *old* times, and as it is still in Eastern countries, where the poet is not only a voice but an individual, holding his audience in bodily presence before him; the group gathering round the knees of story teller or singer, and the lifted gaze, dancing eye, still attitude, or quivering play of limb and feature marking the effect of every syllable. Now-a-days we use another gauge: cause and effect are not thus made plain to the naked eye, but we apply the test in fashion; a little numerical calculation suffices, and edition after edition, each of so many thousand, marks the cadences of the chosen one's *Idylls*. Our Laureate may be what manner of man heaven pleases; it makes no matter, his admirers may never lay eyes on him. What he has to say to the world, or for the world, he shuts up in a portable volume; we pay down our money as we might for so much bread and cheese; put our poet in our pocket, and cut the leaves at our leisure, very unfeelingly.

Some persons take up a new book with the avowed intention of keeping sleep out of their eyes; others like to commence as they steam and storm along some Great Western or Great Northern line, or when beginning to dread sea sickness in mid-channel; others again hoard up the treasure until the long vacation, and then, stretched under the shade of some wide-branching lord of the forest, read and dream, as well as the distractions which are numerous and peculiar in such circumstances, will let them. We for our own part, being of a methodic well regulated character, prefer, when there is a choice in the matter, making acquaintance with an author by our own fire-side. When dinner is done, and the house quiet, we close the door, adjust the lamp, poke up the fire with a fierce determination to spare no expense on our enjoyment, and gathering all our critical senses about us, put on our spectacles literally or metaphorically, and then—God help poet and prophet if we have paid down current coin of the realm, and have got no genuine stuff in exchange!

This time our Laureate put us out a little. He did not wait for "the season" properly so called. He sent these *Idylls* into the world quite unexpectedly, not waiting for the customary chill of autumn, and the consequent critical temper with which we reviewers bristle up, as out of Longman's and Bentley's and Moxon's list of new books, ripe droppings fall upon our



study table. The heart of a glorious, well nigh tropic summer, with every thing wearing a southern aspect, and the whole air languid with excess of peace, was not the most likely time for the Laureate's last lay to be hardly dealt with. It were scarcely possibly, all things considered, to wrap us in our critic's mantle, put on the black cap, and play off in a really formidable manner the mimic thunder of criticism. To cut up any body in cold blood would have been quite out of the question : and not to stretch out one's hand in welcome of an old friend and favourite would have been equally unnatural and ungenial. More from habit perhaps than *malice prepense*, we gave a shrug or two ; asked rather stiffly, why does Tennyson go back to the ancient Britons ? Could he not give us something newer ? And then required to know very particularly, what *are* Idylls ? and are *these* Idylls ? But the first page turned we cared not to wait for the answer ; we were completely caught ; read on and on, and finished the book at a heat, if the expression may be permitted. A second perusal confirmed the impression of the first, and there is no doubt now on our minds that this is the most perfect of our Laureate's works, and that English literature is greatly the richer of these charming Idylls.

Our literature and tradition are full of King Arthur. His story forms, so to speak, a grand national epic, though many books are lost, and some chapters remain yet unwritten. Like the Homeric poems, the Niebelungen Lied, and the Sagas of northern nations, such fragments of the great Pendragon's life and exploits as have been chiroined and preserved, contain the best epitome extant of the ways and usages of a fabulously remote era, and are interfused with the spirit of a race long since past away. The materials of as noble an epic as ever was penned, lie an unworked quarry in this strange jumble of undoubted fact and evident fiction, plain history and pure poetry. All that we have yet got are wild snatches of song, stray episodes, black-letter compilations, and lastly these Idylls.

There was a belief in the old time that King Arthur never died ; that he was saved in the hour of discomfiture by some beneficent higher power, or some how caught up into Fairy Land. Like the lost Sebastian, the people long expected that he would come again, that the work he had left undone, adverse fate interfering, would be once more resumed, the aim

and passion of his life accomplished, and the glory of the antient Britons secured. It looks as if the old prophecy had come true, though in a different sense. The magnificent Arthur has not reappeared in the flesh to stir up a later generation to deeds of heroism, confronting the powers of darkness, and charging the ranks of the Heathen and Barbarian with the battle cry.—“For Christ and the King!” But in English literature his name and story continually reappear; the poets never willingly let him die; and that unwritten Epic of the King, is constantly demanded and even yet expected. Milton was attracted by the theme and longed to gather the fragments into one immortal poem; Southey’s ponderous learning tempted him to the trial; Tennyson years ago sang of the death day of the King in strains majestic and enduring; and now the old charm comes over him anew, and though we have not the epic of Arthur, he gives us the Idylls of the King.

He is right, undoubtedly. Life is hardly long enough for a poem in twelve or twenty books. Long ago when works of literature were scarce, it was convenient enough to have a whole library and reading for a year, in one volume. But now, extracts and episodes answer better. The poet has, in this instance, selected such scenes and incidents from the larger history, as form distinct stories in themselves; and he has done his work with such consummate tact, that we have in these Idylls, not mere fragments of a great outlying whole, but the very essence of a dozen cantos. What is not fully described is cleverly inferred; what is not leisurely dwelt on is hit off with the precise suggestive touch of a master’s hand. The old-world story he has dealt with in his own way. We have not showy studies of obsolete costume, whether of garb or manner; or mere display of medieval pagentry, and barbaric splendour—all ohivalry and glitter. There is as much of all as need be, for illustration and picturesque effect; but the poet, following the true rule, works from within outwards; and the life it is of the human heart, with its passion and affection, and sorrow and joy, which is felt throughout and gives value to every detail. Fairy land, which is always believed to have been so busy in those days, is but sparingly brought into play. As in Mendelssohn’s music of the *Midsummer Night’s Dream*, fairy strains intermingle with the harmony—scarcely audible, capricious strains—the *reveille* of the phantom population, just discernible amidst the pomp and parade of overture and chorus.

Reader! you have not been listening thus complacently to our discursive talk, without inspiring us by your cordiality and silence, with a sincere esteem. Let us strike up a friendship, and as we go the same road, travel amicably in company. Let us run through these poems, tarrying here and there to note what is specially attractive, and making a flying commentary as we go.

First of all then, observe the simplicity of the form. There is no dedication, introduction, or preface, not one solitary foot note; the story tells itself. If you are not satisfied without comment, why then—go to Sir John Malory, and the commentators; but the poet will not help you. Then, note the classic beauty of the language. It is Saxon English of the purest water. We have seen nothing like it, either in poetry, or in “that other harmony” of prose. Open the volume in any part, read a page, and you will be astonished to find how sparingly three syllabled words are used. Latinised, scientific, mashed-up diction is once for all eschewed. There is not a page which might not be given as an easy reading lesson to a child. If you want to test it, try to write out a passage into prose; do your best, you can find no plainer words, no simpler phrases. Other poets we could mention have made attempts at simplicity before now, and have contrived to galvanise prose into strange contortions. But here is neither twaddle nor puerility.

“Enid” the first Idyll is charming; it is the story of what poor women have oftentimes had to suffer, before and since king Arthur’s time, from the jealous fits of their lords and masters. If the hard outline only of the tale were given, one might say:—“How unfair to treat the poor girl so!” and thus muttering, half curse the noble Prince Geraint. But the poet does not want us to do so; and consequently, instead of looking very indignant, we only look sad, and pity both—the brave prince and fair Enid. The poem as it proceeds, contains some of the loveliest pictures in the book. Here is *à propos* of a royal hunting party; kings and queens in those days, be it remembered, were not mere lay figures dressed out in stiff purple; otherwise no poetry could be made of their sayings and doings. They were men and women with red blood in their veins, who took their diversion in a rational manner, and enjoyed what sport was going in a right royal fashion—fully and freely.—

The king, hearing that a hart, “taller than all his fellows, milky-white,” had been seen in the neighbourhood of the court, then

ruralizing at Carleon-upon-Usk, gave orders to "let blow his horns for hunting on the morrow morn." The queen Guinevere wished to see the sport, and the good king readily permitted. The queen overslept herself; but waking at last, and springing up like any young girl of lesser mark, she takes a single maidens with her, leaps into the saddle, fords the river, gains the wood, and drawing rein on a little knoll, waits there to hear the hounds. By and by, she hears instead, "the sudden sound of hoofs," and presently sees Prince Geraint come "quickly flashing thro' the shallow ford." He too, is late; had not time to put on his hunting dress; and so appears at that early hour of the morning, "in summer suit and silks of holiday;" a purple scarf, with pendant golden apples at either end, floating round him, and no weapon but "a golden-hilted brand." The prince salutes the queen; she as ever, sweet and stately, returns the greeting, and invites the prince to wait with her upon the little knoll, and hearken for the baying of the hounds.—"Here often they break covert at our feet." Other parties pass by, and altogether it is a gem of sylvan scenery, a Wovermans for sunshine, truth, and colour.

An imperious knight suffers his servant to offer discourtesy to the messenger sent by the queen to demand his name, and ill treats the prince himself: whereat, the latter announces to the queen that he will ride off at once in pursuit of the imperious knight, and bring him to a proper sense of himself, hoping to find on the way "arms on loan, or else for pledge." The queen bids him farewell, with choice good wishes, hoping as the best of all things, that he may wed with her whom first he loves, and charging him, ere he wed with any, to bring his bride to her, promising that whether she be of high or low estate, "the daughter of a king," or "beggar from the hedge," she will "clothe her for her bridals like the sun."

All these little particulars, the prince going out unarmed, the promise of the queen, and the prince's engagement to be back the third day, no matter what befel, have their full effect in the progress of the story. After a long ride "by ups and downs, through many a grassy glade and valley," the prince issues at last from "the world of wood," and sees before him—

The long street of a little town  
In a long valley, on one side of which,  
White from the mason's hand, a fortress  
rose;  
And on one side a castle in decay,

Beyond a bridge that spann'd a dry ravine:  
And out of town and valley came a noise  
As of a broad brook o'er a shingly bed  
Brawling, or like a clamour of the rooks  
At distance, ere they settle for the night.

A ride of twelve miles on an empty stomach had given the prince a good appetite. In the town he found every hostel full, and nothing going on but breathless furbishing of arms, in preparation for a tourney to be held next day; he could not procure either meat or weapon, or at first get even a civil answer. To the trim fortress he could not go, for the party he pursued had entered there. Turning therefore to "the castle in decay" he took his way across the bridge "that spann'd a dry ravine," and found the owner Earl Yniol musing under the shadow of his homestead, in a manner pardonable in those who dwell in "a state of broken fortunes." Question and reply are exchanged, courteous welcome given and accepted, and—

Then rode Geraint into the castle court,  
His charger trampling many a prickly star  
Of spreuted thistle on the broken stones.  
He look'd and saw that all was ruinous.  
Here stood a shatter'd archway plumed with  
fern;  
And here had fall'n a great part of a tower.  
Whole, like a crag that tumbles from the  
cliff,  
And like a crag was gay with wilding flow-  
ers:  
And high above a piece of turret stair,  
Worn by the feet that now were silent,  
wound  
Bare to the sun, and monstrous ivy-stems  
Claspt the gray walls with hairy-fibred  
arms.  
And suck'd the joining of the stones, and  
look'd  
A knot, beneath, of snakes, aloft, a grove.

And while he waited in the castle court,  
The voice of Enid, Yniol's daughter, rang  
Clear thro' the open casement of the Hall,  
Singing; and as the sweet voice of a bird,  
Heard by the lander in a lonely isle,  
Moves him to think what kind of bird it is  
That sings so delicately clear, and make  
Conjecture of the plumage and the form;  
So the sweet voice of Enid moved Geraint;  
And made him like a man abroad at morn  
When first the liquid note beloved of men  
Comes flying over many a windy wave  
To Britain, and in April suddenly  
Breaks from a coppice gemm'd with green  
and red,  
And he suspends his converse with a friend,  
Or it may be the labour of his hands,  
To think or say, 'there is the nightingale;  
So fared it with Geraint, who thought and  
said,  
'Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for  
me.'

Is not that a pretty picture, landscape and *geurs* at once?  
As Enid's song has meaning in it, and no way resembles our  
Dreams of Marble Halls, or Lights of other days, we must  
read if not sing it.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower  
the proud;  
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm  
and cloud;  
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor  
hate.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile  
or frown;  
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;  
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

Smile and we smile, the lords of many  
lands;  
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own  
hands;  
For man is man and master of his fate.

Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring  
crowd;  
Thy wheel and thou art shadows in the  
cloud;  
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor  
hate.

We have been out of doors all this time. Here is an in-  
terior. Step within.—

Entering then,  
Right o'er a mound of newly-fallen stones,  
The dusky-rafter'd many-cobweb'd Hall,  
He found an ancient dame in dim brocade;  
And near her, like a blossom vermeil-white,  
That lightly breaks a faded flower-sheath,

Moved the fair Enid, all in faded silk,  
Her daughter. In a moment thought  
Geraint,  
Here by God's rood is the one maid for  
me.

The hoary earl not dwelling on the picturesque, but remembering, very properly, the tired hungry traveller, and the steed in the court yard, called to his fair daughter to take the latter "to stall and give him corn," and then go into the town to bring thence a store of meat and drink wherewith to make merry:—"our hoard is little but our hearts are great." It appears to have been the custom in those days for even accomplished young ladies to make themselves useful at home, whether their fathers' halls were ruinous under poverty's heavy hand, or stately and magnificent in the shine and shimmer of prosperity. Even when they could sing songs in a manner to stir the hearts of chivalrous princes, they were not above their business, and ever gave a ready hand in providing and ministering good cheer. The prince was instinctively about to follow the damsel with offers of assistance, but the old earl caught him by the purple scarf, and would not suffer that in his house "a guest should serve himself;" and it is a trait of the courtier's good breeding that, "reverencing the custom of the house, Geraint, from utter courtesy forbore."

Enid having led away the charger, crossed over the bridge into the town. Presently she returned with a youth who carried the provisions for the feast, while she herself brought "sweet cakes to make them cheer," and "manchet bread" enfolded in her veil. Then she dressed the dinner with her own hands, in the hall; served and waited; so that—

Seeing her so sweet and serviceable,  
Geraint had longing in him evermore  
To stoop and kiss the tender little thumb,  
That crost the trencher as she laid it down.

The repast being over she went about her "lowly handmaid work" in all simplicity, the prince's eye following her wherever she turned. The after dinner talk between the gentlemen was timely and agreeable. As their presence in the hall had not interfered with the cooking operations, so neither did their conversation require the absence of the ladies. The hoary earl is overjoyed to find in his castle the far famed prince Geraint. The first sight of him, it seems, as he crossed the bridge made the old man feel that he must be one of Arthur's most distinguished knights; and he appeals to the "dear

child" who has often heard her father praise Geraint, and has herself ever loved to hear his feats of arms recorded—"so grateful is the noise of, noble deeds to noble hearts who see but acts of wrong." The earl relates the family history to his guest, tells how he came by his misfortunes, describes a strange pair of suitors his dear child has had, and gives all particulars of the tourney to be held next day. Geraint finds that the imperious knight of whom he has been in pursuit, is at once the nephew of the earl, the unsuccessful suitor of his daughter, and the cause of all the ill that has befallen him. Of course there is no question but the prince must break his pride next day. The earl's arms, old and rusty though they be, are at the service of Geraint; but there is one condition of the fight which the prince may not be prepared for; the earl tells him that no one can tilt in that tourney unless the lady he loves best be present: that he, having no lady with him, cannot fight:—

To whom Geraint with eyes all bright  
replied,  
Leaning a little toward him, 'Your leave!  
Let me lay lance in rest, O noble host,  
For this dear child, because I never saw,  
Tho' having seen all beauties of our time,  
Nor can see elsewhere, anything so fair.  
And if I fall her name will yet remain  
Untarnish'd as before; but if I live,  
So aid me Heaven when at mine uttermost  
As I will make her truly my true wife.'

Then, howsoever patient, Yniol's heart  
Danced in his bosom, seeing better days.  
And looking round he saw not Enid there  
(Who hearing her own name had slipped  
away)  
But that old dame, to whom full tenderly  
And fondling all her hand in his he said,  
'Mother, a maiden is a tender thing,  
And best by her that bore her understood.  
Go thou to rest, but ere thou go to rest  
Tell her, and prove her heart toward the  
Prince'

The maiden it is evident, had already been in love with the prince's noble deeds; her hero of romance seen near, did not belie his character; at any rate the end of the good mother's mission was that in the early dawn, mother and daughter arose, and "hand in hand they moved down to the meadow where the jousts were held." As was to be expected, the imperious knight bit the dust; was sentenced to do penance at the court for the insult done the queen; and compelled to restore his ill-gotten goods to the rightful owner Earl Yniol. The morning of the third day had now come: the prince must keep his engagement with the queen, and Enid had promised to ride with him to court that day, "there to be wedded with all ceremony," according to the queen's desire:—

At this she cast her eyes upon her dress,  
And thought it never yet had look'd so  
mean.  
For as a leaf in mid-November is  
To what it was in mid-October, seem'd  
The dress that now she look'd on to the  
dress

She look'd on ere the coming of Geraint.  
And still she look'd, and still the terror  
grew  
Of that strange bright and dreadful thing,  
a court,  
All staring at her in her faded silk:  
And softly to her own sweet heart she said:

'This noble prince who won our earldom  
back  
So splendid in his acts and his attire,  
Sweet heaven, how much I shall discredit  
him!  
Would he could tarry with us here awhile!  
But being so beholden to the Prince,

It were but little grace in any of us,  
Bent as he seemed on going this third day,  
To seek a second favour at his hands.  
Yet if he could but tarry a day or two,  
Myself would work eye dim, and finger  
lame,  
Far liefer than so much discredit him.'

At the last moment, to Enid's great surprise, the good mother appeared with "a suit of bright apparel" in her hand, and bade her put on "the gorgeous gown," making a sensible remark or two, meanwhile :—

For tho' you won the prize of fairest fair,  
And tho' I heard him call you fairest fair,  
Let never maiden think, however fair,  
She is not fairer in new clothes than old.  
And should some great court-lady say, the  
Prince

Hath pick'd a ragged-robin from the hedge,  
And like a madman brought her to the  
court,  
Then were you shamed, and, worse, might  
shame the Prince  
To whom we are beholden;

But it was not to be as they wished; for when Yniol told the Prince how the ladies were engaged, he answered in a very unexpected way. What he said, and what ensued—let the poet himself tell :—

Earl, entreat her by my love,  
Albeit I give no reason but my wish,  
That she ride with me in her faded silk.  
Yniol with that hard message went; it fell,  
Like flaws in summer laying lustrous corn:  
For Enid all abash'd she knew not why.  
Dared not to glance at her good mother's  
face,  
But silently, in all obedience,  
Her mother silent too, nor helping her,  
Laid from her limbs the costly-broder'd  
gift,  
And robed them in her ancient suit again  
And so descended. Never man rejoiced  
More than Geraint to greet her thus attired;  
And glancing all at once as keenly at her,  
As careful robins eye the deliver's toll,  
Made her cheek burn and either eyelid fall,  
But rested with her sweet face smil'd;  
Then seeing cloud upon the mother's brow,  
Her by both hands he caught, and sweetly  
said.

'O my new mother, be not wroth or  
grieved  
At your new son, for my petition to her.  
When late I left Caerleon, our great Queen  
In words whose echo lasts, they were so  
sweet,  
Made promise, that whatever bride I  
brought,  
Herself would clothe her like the sun in  
Heaven.  
Thereafter, when I reach'd this ruin'd hold,  
Beholding one so bright in dark estate,  
I vow'd that could I gain her, our kind  
Queen,  
No hand but hers, should make your Enid  
burst

Sunlike from cloud—and likewise though  
perhaps,  
That service done so graciously would bind  
The two together; for I wish the two  
To love each other: how should Enid find  
A nobler friend? Another thought I had;  
I came among you here so suddenly,  
That tho' her gentle presence at the lists  
Might well have served for proof that I was  
loved,  
I doubted whether filial tenderness,  
Or easy nature, did not let itself  
Be moulded by your wishes for her weal;  
Or whether some false sense in her own  
self  
Of my contrasting brightness, overbore  
Her fancy dwelling in this dusky hall;  
And such a sense might make her long for  
court  
And all its dangerous glories: and I thought  
That could I somehow prove such force in  
her  
Link'd with such love for me, that at a  
word  
(No reason given her) she could cast aside  
A splendour dear to women, new to her  
And therefore dearer; or if not so new,  
Yet therefore tenfold dearer by the power  
Of intermitted custom; then I felt  
That I could rest, a rock in ebbs and flows,  
Fixt on her faith. Now, therefore, I do  
rest,  
A prophet certain of my prophecy,  
That never shadow of mistrust can cross  
Between us. Grant me pardon for my  
thoughts:  
And for my strange petition I will make  
Amends hereafter by some gaudy day,  
When your fair child shall wear your costly  
gift



Beside your own warm hearth, with, on her knees,  
Who knows? another gift of the high God,  
Which, maybe, shall have learn'd to bless  
you thanks.'

He spoke: the mother smiled, but half  
in tears.  
Then brought a mantle down and wrapt  
her in it,  
And clapt and kiss'd her, and they rode  
away.

Meanwhile the queen was on the look out for the happy pair. Thrice she had that morning "climbed the giant tower" of her palace—not to enjoy the view of the "goodly hills of Somerset," or strain her eyes to catch "the white sails flying on the yellow sea"—but to watch the approach of the travellers along the quiet valley. Descrying them at last, she descended, and going to the gates to meet them, embraced Enid with a most friendly welcome. Great rejoicings and festivities ensued; the bride was clothed in gorgeous array, and they were "wedded with all ceremony," by Dudric, the great saint of those days.

All well so far. But in this instance it is only the first part that ends with the marriage ceremony. A great deal goes wrong by-and-by, and before twelve months are about many things have to be related which cannot be sung to the tune of wedding bells. Certain rumours afloat at court alarm the prince; he makes excuse for retiring to his distant estate: there matters do not improve—but the contrary; and without any just cause he grows fiercely jealous of fair Enid.—

O purblind race of miserable men,  
How many among us at this very hour  
Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves  
By taking true for false, or false for true;

Here, thro' the feeble twilight of this world  
Groping, how many, until we pass and reach  
That other, where we see as we are seen!

In his frenzy he determines to ride forth into the wilderness, and orders Enid to put on "her worst and meanest dress" and ride with him. And he—

Perhaps because he loved her passionately.  
And felt that tempest brooding round his heart,

Which, if he spoke at all, would break  
perforce

Upon a head so dear in thunder, said:  
'Not at my side! I charge you ride before,  
Ever a good way on before; and this  
I charge you, on your duty as a wife,  
Whatever happens, not to speak to me.  
No, not a word!' and Enid was aghast  
And forth they rode, but scarce three paces  
on,

When crying out, 'Effeminate as I am,  
I will not fight my way with gilded arms,  
All shall be iron; he loosed a mighty purse,  
Hung at his belt, and hurl'd it toward the  
squire.

So the last sight that Enid had of home  
Was all the marble threshold flashing,  
strown

With gold and scatter'd colnage, and the  
squire

Chafing his shoulder: then he cried again,  
'To the wilds!' and Enid leading down the  
tracks

Thro' which he bade her lead him on, they  
past

The marches, and by bandit-haunted holds,  
Gray swamps and pools, waste places of  
the fern,

And wildernesses, perilous paths, they  
rode:

Round was their pace at first, but slacken'd  
soon:

A stranger meeting them had surely  
thought,

They rode so slowly and they look'd so  
pale,

That each had suffer'd some exceeding  
wrong.

For he was ever saying to himself,

'O I that wasted time to tend upon her,  
To compass her with sweet observances,  
To dress her beautifully and keep her  
true—

And there he broke the sentence in his heart  
 Abruptly, as a man upon his tongue  
 May break it, when his passion masters him  
 And she was ever praying the sweet heavens  
 To save her dear lord whole from any wound.  
 And ever in her mind she cast about  
 For that unnoticed failing in herself,

Which made him look so cloudy and so cold;  
 Till the great plover's human whistle amazed  
 Her heart, and glancing round the waste she fear'd  
 In every wavering brake an ambushade.  
 Then thought again, 'If there be such in me,  
 I might amend it by the grace of heaven,  
 If he would only speak and tell me of it.'

Thus rode the noble pair through the wilderness, meeting with strange adventures. The ride was not a pleasant one, and so we must decline accompanying them too closely. Early in the journey three bandit knights on horseback rush upon the prince; he hews them down, and stripping the dead bodies of their armour, binds it on each of the horses, and tying the bridles together, bids Enid drive the animals on before her. Three other troublesome fellows meet the same fate later, and the like is done with horses and armour. It was sad work to put the gentle Enid to; yet it was not so bad as it might have been:—

The pain she had  
 To keep them in the wild ways of the wood,  
 Two sets of three laden with jingling arms,  
 Together, served a little to disedge  
 The sharpness of that pain about her heart:

And they themselves, like creatures gently born  
 But into bad hands fall'n, and now so long  
 By bandits groom'd, prick'd their light ears,  
 and felt  
 Her low firm voice and tender government.

Other adventures, and far worse, were encountered. The prince was well nigh killed, and the poor wife heart-broken. Earl Lemours, one of her old suitors, in whose castle the luckless pair unexpectedly found themselves, took advantage of their situation, and addressed the gentle Enid, thus daringly, in the very presence of her lord:—

'Enid, the pilot star of my lone life,  
 Enid my early and my only love,  
 Enid, the loss of whom has turn'd me wild—  
 What chance is this? how is it I see you here?  
 You are in my power at last, are in my power.  
 Yet fear me not: I call mine own self wild,  
 But keep a touch of sweet civility  
 Here in the heart of waste and wilderness.  
 I thought, but that your father came between,  
 In former days you saw me favourably.  
 And if it were so do not keep it back:  
 Make me a little happier; let me know it:  
 Owe you me nothing for a life half-lost?  
 Yea, yea, the whole dear debt of all you are.  
 And, Enid, you and he, I see it with joy—  
 You sit apart, you do not speak to him,  
 You come with no attendance, page or maid,  
 To serve you—does he love you as of old?

For, call it lover's quarrels, yet I know  
 Tho' men may bicker with the things they love,  
 They would not make them laughable in all eyes,  
 Not while they loved them; and your wretched dress,  
 A wretched insult on you, dumbly speaks  
 Your story, that this man loves you no more.  
 Your beauty is no beauty to him now:  
 A common chance—right well I know it—pall'd—  
 For I know men: nor will you win him back,  
 For the man's love, once gone, never returns.  
 But here is one who loves you as of old;  
 With more exceeding passion than of old;  
 Good, speak the word: my followers ring him round:  
 He sits unarm'd: I hold a finger up;  
 They understand: no; I do not mean blood:

Nor need you look so scared at what I say :  
My malice is no deeper than a moat,  
No stronger than a wall : there is the keep ;  
He shall not cross us more ; speak but the  
word :

Or speak it not ; but then by him that  
made me

The one true lover which you ever had,  
I will make use of all the power I have.  
O pardon me ! the madness of that hour,  
When first I parted from you, moves me  
yet.

Again a huge bandit earl offers her discourtesy ; but this time the prince slays the ruffian, and the true wife's sharp agony recalls her lord's love and trust. To see that fair weather is breaking, we have only to turn to the following scene. The prince speaks :—

' Enid, I have used you worse than that  
dead man ;  
Done you more wrong : we both have  
undergone  
That trouble which has left me thrice your  
own :

Henceforward I will rather die than doubt.  
And here I lay this penance on myself,  
Not, tho' mine own ears heard you yester-  
morn—

You thought me sleeping, but I heard you  
say,

I heard you say, that you were no true  
wife :

I swear I will not ask your meaning in it :  
I do believe yourself against yourself,  
And will henceforward rather die than  
doubt.'

And Enid could not say one tender word  
She felt so blunt and stupid at the heart :  
She only prayed him, ' Fly, they will return  
And slay you ; fly, your charger is without,  
My palfrey lost.' ' Then, Enid, shall you  
ride

Behind me.' ' Yea,' said Enid, ' let us go.'  
And moving out they found the stately  
horse,

Who now no more a vassal to the thief,  
But free to stretch his limbs in lawful fight,  
Neigh'd with all gladness as they came,  
and stoop'd

With a low whinny toward the pair : and  
she

Kiss'd the white star upon his noble front,  
Glad also ; then Gerald upon the horse  
Mounted, and reach'd a hand, and on his  
foot

She set her own and climb'd ; he turn'd  
his face

And kiss'd her climbing, and she cast her  
arms

About him, and at once they rode away.

And never yet, since high in Paradise  
O'er the four rivers the first roses blew,  
Came purer pleasure unto mortal kind  
Than lived thro' her, who in that perilous  
hour

Put hand to hand beneath her husband's  
heart,

And felt him her's again ; she did not weep,  
But o'er her meek eyes came a happy mist  
Like that which kept the heart of Eden  
green

Before the useful trouble of the rain.

The poem does not quite end here. There are many passages throughout which are remarkable for originality of imagery, and striking grace and flow of diction. We would willingly study many of such together, but reader, cannot now. We must leave Enid, whom ladies call the fair, but the grateful people, the good, trusting that all shall go well with her for evermore.

The second Idyll is entitled " Vivien," and the heroine is a very different character from fair Enid. It is full of clever play of character, and abounds in fine passages ; yet is the least agreeable of the four poems which comprise the volume. The subject of the tale is the contest between the wily Vivien and the enchanter Merlin, " the most famous man of all those times," —

—Who knew the range of all their arts,  
Had built the King his havens, ships, and halls,  
Was also Bard, and knew the starry heavens.

The magician has a secret in his possession, which the lady, or sprite perhaps would be the better name, for her own purposes wants to get from him. She has her wiliness, fantastic grace, beauty, and fixed will, to oppose to his large experience, great wisdom, and vast knowledge. The combat may seem unequal, but the poem tells how cruelly waged the war. Never mind the *denouement* just now—here are a few choice passages.—Listen to the famous man's estimate of fame. Certain envious-minded persons spoke evil things of him; alluding to the slander, and the ill-reward his life of usefulness had met with, he says:—

Fame with men,  
Being but ampler means to serve mankind,  
Should have small rest or pleasure in herself,  
But work as vassal to the larger love,  
That dwarfs the petty love of one to one.  
Use gave me Fame at first, and Fame again  
Increasing gave me use. Lo, there my boon!  
What other? for men sought to prove me  
vile,  
Because I wish'd to give them greater  
minds;  
And then did Envy call me Devil's son:  
The sick weak beast seeking to help herself  
By striking at her better, miss'd, and  
brought

Her own claw back, and wounded her own  
heart.  
Sweet were the days when I was all  
unknown,  
But when my name was lifted up, the storm  
Broke on the mountain and I cared not for  
it.  
Right well know I that Fame is half-  
dis-fame,  
Yet needs must work my work: That other  
fame,  
To one at least, who hath not children,  
vague,  
The cackle of the unborn about the grave,  
I cared not for it.

Again, after listening to a fearful tirade from the malicious Vivien, in which all his friends at Court came in for more than their share, Merlin turns to her, and says, though half aside—

Nine tithes of times  
Face-flatterers and backbiters are the same.  
And they, sweet soul, that most impute a  
crime  
Are proudest to it, and impute themselves,  
Wanting the mental range; or low desire  
Not to feel! lowest makes them level all;  
Yea, they would pare the mountain to the  
plain,  
To leave an equal baseness; and in this

Are harlots like the crowd, that if they find  
Some stain or blemish in a name of note,  
Not grieving that their greatest are so small,  
Inflate themselves with some insane delight,  
And judge all nature from her feet of clay,  
Without the will to lift their eyes, and see  
Her Godlike head crown'd with spiritual  
fire,  
And touching other worlds.

"Elaine," the third Idyll, might be a pendant for "Enid." The outline of the story is extremely graceful, and the tiling up full of varied life and incident. Elaine, "the lily maid of Astolat," falls in love with no less a personage than Lord Lancelot "the great knight and darling of the court," before she knew what she was about, or could guess the disastrous effects sure to be the consequence of such a misplaced affection. In the opening of the poem she is described sitting in a high tower of her father's castle, guarding the sacred shield of Lancelot, which he had left in her keeping when he went to the Great Diamond jousts to tourney in an unknown character.

She placed the brilliant shield so that the morning sun shone upon it and awoke her with the gleam. Then she made a cover for the precious thing, all embroidered with strange conceits; and this she would strip off from time to time to read in her own fashion the devices, diuts, and mark of battle imprinted on the surface, making a pretty history to herself out of all these facts and symbols. And so, as the poet says, she "lived in fantasy." But from "living in fantasy," to sleeping in death was no very tedious transition; and each downward step is indicated in a strain of quaint pathos, with admirable touches of nature.

Now, that the lily maid should love Lord Lancelot is scarcely to be wondered at; next to Arthur he was the man of greatest note in all these times; of the whole distinguished company of knights, it was he whom the king held in "most love and most affiance." He had, even compared with the great Pendragon, "the firmer seat, the truer lance;"—"whom he smote he overthrew." The hero as a rule is the woman's idol. Lancelot was about three times the girl's age, but that made no matter: it never does when *fantasy* is in the way; and worst of all, he did not love her. She was indeed most loveable, but, all "woman's love save one, he not regarded." It was a "great and guilty love," which stood in the poor child's way, and made him stone cold to her affection. Though it was every way a luckless affair, the lily maid was not without excuse. There was great natural nobleness in Lord Lancelot's character; and with how fine an instinct she singled out and gave prominence to traits of such, we shall see. She "read his lineaments" with no casual eyes—

And when he fell  
From talk of war to traits of pleasntry—  
Being mirthful he but in a stately kind—  
She still took note that when the living smile  
Died from his lips, across him came a cloud  
Of melancholy severe, from which again,  
Whenever in her hovering to and fro  
The lily maid had striven to make him cheer  
There broke a sudden-beaming tenderness  
Of manners and of nature: and she thought

That all was nature, all, perchance, for her.  
And all night long his face before her lived.  
As when a painter, poring on a face,  
Divinely thro' all hindrance finds the man  
Behind it, and so paints him that his face  
The shape and colour of a mind and life,  
Lives for his children, ever at its best  
And fullest; so the face before her lived,  
Dark-appeal'd, speaking in the silence, full  
Of noble things, and held her from her sleep.

Lord Lancelot having been wounded in combat, was carried by his companion to a cave in which a holy hermit, ever labouring and praying, "had scoop'd himself in the white rock a chapel and a hall." Hither came Elaine to nurse the wounded man. We see how patient she was—how loveable—yet how all in vain her longing for the great lord's love, for "to be loved makes not to love again;" at least not always.—

Then rose Elaine and glided thro' the  
fields,  
And past beneath the wildly-sculptured  
gates.

Far up the dim rich city to her kin;  
There bode the night: but woke with dawn  
and past.

Down thro' the dim rich city to the fields,  
Thence to the cave: so day by day she past  
In either twilight ghost-like to and fro  
Gliding, and every day she tended him,  
And likewise many a night: and Lancelot  
Would, tho' he call'd his wound a little hurt  
Whereof he should be quickly whole, at  
times

Brain-feverous in his heat and agony, seem  
Uncourteous, even he: but the meek maid  
Sweetly forbore him ever, being to him  
Meeker than any child to a rough nurse,  
Milder than any mother to a sick child,  
And never woman yet, since man's first fall,  
Did kinder unto man, but her deep love  
Uppore her; till the hermit, skill'd in all  
The simples and the science of that time,  
Told him that her fine care had saved his  
life.

And the sick man forgot her simple blush,  
Would call her friend and sister, sweet  
Elaine,

Would listen for her coming and regret  
Her parting step, and held her tenderly,  
And loved her with all love except the love  
Of man and woman when they love their  
best

Closest and sweetest, and had died the death  
In any knightly fashion for her sake.

And peradventure had he seen her first  
She might have made this and that other  
world

Another world for the sick man; but now  
The shackles of an old love straiten'd him,  
His honour routed in dishonour stood,  
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

Yet the great knight in his mid-sickness  
made

Full many a holy vow and pure resolve.  
These, as but born of sickness, could not  
live:

For when the blood ran lustier in him again  
Full often the sweet image of one face,  
Making a treacherous quiet in his heart,  
Dispersed his resolution like a cloud.  
Then if the maiden, while that ghostly grace  
Beam'd on his fancy, spoke, he answer'd  
not,

Or short and coldly, and she knew right well  
What the rough sickness meant, but what  
this meant

She knew not, and the sorrow dimm'd her  
sight,

And drove her ere her time across the fields  
Far into the rich city, where alone  
She murmur'd 'vain, in vain: it cannot be,  
He will not love me: how then? must I die.'  
Then as a little helpless innocent bird,  
'That has but one plain passage of few notes,  
Will sing the simple passage o'er and o'er  
For all an April morning, till the ear  
Wearies to hear it, so the simple maid  
Went half the night repeating, 'must I die?'

Well: there was no help for it; as the simple maid could not  
be cured of her fantasy, dark death was the only alternative.—

And in those days she made a little song,  
And called her song, 'The Song of Love  
and Death,  
And sang it: sweetly could she make and  
sing.

"Sweet is true love tho' given in vain,  
in vain;  
And sweet is death who puts an end to pain:  
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

"Love, art thou sweet? then bitter death  
must be:

Love, thou art bitter; sweet is death to me.  
O Love, if death be sweeter, let me die.

"Sweet love, that seems not made to fade  
away,  
Sweet death, that seems to make us loveless  
clay,  
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

"I fain would follow love, if that could be;  
I needs must follow death, who calls for me;  
Call and I follow, I follow! let me die."

And when she died she was laid with a letter in her hand, in  
a funeral barge "pall'd all its length in blackest samite;" and  
the dumb old servitor of the house steered the barge, which  
going upward with the flood, soon brought the strange, mourn-  
ful freight even to the gates of the king's palace:—

Then came the fine Gawain and wonder'd at her,  
And Lancelot later came and mused at her,  
And last the Queen herself and pitied her,  
But Arthur spied the letter in her hand.—

The story of the hapless maid became known to the whole  
court, and various were the impressions made on those who

heard the letter read, and witnessed the strange spectacle : at last King Arthur leading, and the magnificent company of knights following, the gentle Elaine was borne to the richest shrine in the kingdom, and buried :—

Not as one unknown,  
Nor meanly, but with gorgeous obsequies,  
And mass and tolling music, like a queen.

The last Idyll is the finest of all ; the grand choral chaunt to which the others are but overture and prophetic symphony. It has the name of a woman for title, as each of the others also has, and it is of Guinevere—the queen !

Now, all through these poems we find that Arthur and the queen are seldom suffered to be long out of sight. The various incidents of the story revolve round them, nearly, or remotely. This is done with great art, and does not strike at first ; but in the end we find that our interest in all the other characters, loveable, or admirable as they may be, gradually declines before the grand attraction of this central group. Throughout the poems is felt the quickening presence of a noble spirit of loyalty, bravery, true gentleness and Christian duty and forbearance. The king is the ruling spirit without any mistake. By the simple influence of his character he has evoked order out of chaos ; tamed unruly natures ; checked barbarian tendencies ; and by the magic of the strong mind, subdued the weaker to a worthy vassalage. Rumour said there was great mystery about his birth ; his parentage was unknown ; by a sort of miracle the people chose him for their king. Clearly he was born to be a king, well dowered with all princely gifts. He found much to be done in the realm committed to his charge. Disorder was rife within, and the Heathen powers, threatening and formidable, mustered in great force without. The king prepared for the inevitable struggle with the latter by looking sharply after his own household, his court, and the chivalry of his army. If he could only leaven the wild mass with his own high thought ; make the better nature of each enslave his baser appetite ; persuade all to unite in one true brotherhood with the Law of Christ for guiding principle ; then he knew he should have nothing to fear from anarchy within or the powers of darkness without. He would have justice done and law supreme :—

He rooted out the slothful officer  
Or guilty, which for bribe had wink'd at  
wrong.  
And in their chairs set up a stronger race  
With hearts and hands, and sent a thousand  
men

To till the wastes, and moving everywhere  
Clear'd the dark places and let in the law,  
And broke the bandit holds and cleansed  
the land.

Jousts and tourneys be held every year for a good purpose,  
so that—

We needs must learn  
Which is our mightiest, and ourselves shall  
grow  
In use of arms and manhood, till we drive

The Heathen, who, some say, shall rule the  
land  
Hereafter, which God hinder.

And why it was that he instituted the famous order of the  
Round Table, and what the special calling was of those re-  
doubtable knights, the king himself tells us :—

When the Roman left us, and their law  
Relax'd its hold upon us, and the ways  
Were fill'd with rapine, here and there a  
deed  
Of prowess done redress'd a random wrong.  
But I was first of all the kings who drew  
The knighthood-errant of this realm and all  
The realms together under me, their head,  
In that fair order of my Table Round,  
A glorious company, the flower of men,  
To serve as model for the mighty world,  
And be the fair beginning of a time.  
I made them lay their hands in mine and  
swear  
To reverence the King, as if he were

Their conscience, and their conscience as  
their King,  
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,  
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,  
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,  
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,  
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,  
And worship her by years of noble deeds,  
Until they won her; for indeed I knew  
Of no more subtle master under heaven  
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,  
Not only to keep down the base in man,  
But teach high thought, and amiable words  
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,  
And love of truth, and all that makes a  
man.

With such a band to carry out his views, were not the king's  
great enterprises destined to prosper? We shall see. Then the  
king's person, his air and bearing, are admirably sketched :  
everywhere he is characterised by such epithets as the blameless  
king, the guileless king, the clear-faced king. Merlin speak-  
ing of his royal friend, and his faith in the nobility of human  
nature, exclaims :—

"O true and tender! O my liege and  
King!  
O selfless man and stainless gentleman,

Who would'st against thine own eye-whit-  
ness fail  
Have all men true and leal, all women pure,

One who wronged him deeply, bears witness that he was,  
"a king who honoured his own word as if it were his God's;"  
and testifies to his character, as soldier and leader in such  
phrase as this :—

I myself beheld the King  
Charge at the head of all his Table round,  
And all his legions crying Christ and him,  
And break them; and I saw him, after, stand  
High on a heap of slain, from spur to plume  
Red as the rising sun with heathen blood,  
And seeing me, with a great voice he cried  
"They are broken, they are broken" for the  
King,

However mild he seems at home, nor cares  
For triumph in our mimic wars, the jousts—  
For if his own knight cast him down, he  
laughs  
Saying, his knights are better men than he—  
Yet in his heathen war the fire of God  
Fills him: I never saw his like; there lives  
No greater leader.



One thing the king had need of; namely, a help-mate worthy of him. A great bard of the time, poet and prophet at once, who many a mystic lay of life and death "had chaunted on the smoky mountain-tops," had, in full swing of inspiration, sang of King Arthur—his mysterious birth, his glorious wars, his death, which should be wrapped in wonder like his birth; and then he said, that if the king could find "a woman in her womanhood, as great as he was in his manhood," the purpose of his life would be fulfilled, and "the twain together well might change the world."

So now comes the queen! The land was "full of signs and wonders ere the coming of the queen!" Of her beauty, enough is said in this apostrophe of her lord the king:—

— O imperial-moulded form,  
And beauty such as never woman wore!

When she speaks, it is in "words whose echo lasts, they are so sweet;" when she answers, it is "sweetly and stately, and with all grace of womanhood and queenhood." There was some charm about her which made her inexpressibly attractive, even to the most opposite characters. Prince Geraint, we have seen, brought his young bride to the queen, for he wished them to love each other, and could dream of no nobler friend for the gentle Enid; and she too soon learned to worship the queen as the most excellent of womankind. The holy nuns of Almsbury could believe no evil of the queen: "her beauty, grace and power," wrought so upon them. The king wedded her believing—"lo, mine helpmate, one to feel my purpose, and rejoicing in my joy!" But was the queen up to the mark? Alas, no! She did not love "God's best and greatest;" she was, indeed, no helpmate for the king. When Arthur's choice fell upon her, the daughter of his antient friend, Lord Lancelot, the most trusted and most favoured of his knights, was despatched to fetch her to court: some say she took him for the king, and "fixed her fancy on him:" but be that as it may, before she saw the king, she loved his messenger. Here is the journey of Lancelot and Guinevere to court:—

Far ahead  
Of his and her retinue moving, they,  
Rapt in sweet talk or lively, all on love  
And sport and tilts and pleasure, (for the time  
Was maytime and as yet no sin was  
dream'd,)  
Rode under groves that look'd a paradise  
Of blossom, over shoots of hyacinth  
That seem'd the heavens upbreking thro'  
the earth,

And on from hill to hill, and every day  
Beheld at noon in some delicious dale  
The silk pavillions of King Arthur raised  
For brief repast or afternoon repose  
By couriers gone before; and on again,  
Till yet once more ere set of sun they saw  
The Dragon of the great Pendragonship,  
That crown'd the state pavillion of the King.  
Blaze by the rushing brook or silent well.

Our modes of travelling give no idea of the excitement and intoxication of such a journey. We can fancy Guinevere leaving her father's castle, and thus getting a glimpse for the first time, of the gorgeous open-air world—of that world which if it ever looks bright, must be rainbow-coloured just in such circumstances. Very likely too, she had had up to that time no experience of what true companionship means,—the electric shock of mind on mind, the intellect awakening, and the heart bounding to the touch of sympathy. She may have gone smoothly on even to that day, safe on calm level lands, unvisited by disastrous gusts of passions; her safety, exemption from temptation; her virtue, ignorance that there might be another human soul which could reflect her own, as water takes the changes of the sky. Such a discovery, when ties of duty form a barrier, or other entanglements interfere, is a severe shock for man or woman; especially for the latter, who when her fancy is snared is sure to let her heart be captured with it. But let no woman boast that she is safe, until she has found the forbidden fruit at hand, and has turned away calmly or courageously! Lancelot was bravest of the brave, a knight without blemish, save in this, that he dared to love where he should only have obeyed. As "became a noble knight," he was "gracious to all ladies;" what must he have been to this matchless one?

It may easily be supposed the queen was sorry when the journey came to an end. Neither can it be wondered at that when the king rode to meet them from the city, she looked on him with indifference, thought him "cold, high, self-contained, and passionless." She had already found in Lancelot more than she dreamt could have been found in any man; she was content. Little cared the queen for her lord's great aspirations, heroic strivings, or the aim and purpose of his life. Lancelot was "love-loyal to the least wish of the queen:" that sufficed. She knew the king to be the worthier; in her heart of hearts, she acknowledged he was the nobler. Though the courtiers knew the guilty secret well, "the guileless king" had no suspicion; and, strange inconsistency of human nature! she makes this a cause of complaint against him, striving to persuade herself that because he never reproached her, or guessed at her untruth, he cared not for her; and then she makes this daring avowal to Lancelot:—

But, friend, to me.  
He is all fault who hath no fault at all :  
For who loves me must have a touch of  
earth ;

The low sun makes the colour I am  
yours,  
Not Arthur's, as you know, save by the  
bond.

Thus it went on for years. Though the clear face of the king was not clouded with suspicion, and though the courtiers did not talk too loudly at times of what was plain to their eyes, trouble was sure to come ; and if not in the first instance from without, then all the more surely from within. There was much good in the nature of each, which even this canker could not kill : they were insured from utter corruption, and the terrific calm of a seared conscience. Lancelot, so loved and trusted by the king, could not be always willingly a traitor.

The great and guilty love he bare the Queen,  
In battle with the love he bare his lord,  
Had marr'd his face, and mark'd it ere his  
time.

Another sinning on such heights with one,

The flower of all the west and all the world,  
Had been the doer for it ; but in him  
His mood was often like a fend, and rose  
And drove him into wastes and solitudes,  
For agony, who was yet a living soul.

Again his agony breaks out in such words as these :—

Mine own name shames me, assuming a re-  
proach,

Lancelot, whom the Lady of the lake  
Stole from his mother—as the story runs—  
She chanted snatches of mysterious song  
Heard on the winding waters eve and morn  
She kiss'd me saying thou art fair, my child,  
As a king's son, and often in her arms  
She bare me, pacing on the dusky mere.  
Would she had drown'd me in it ; where'er  
it be !

For what am I ? what profits me my name  
Of greatest knight ? I fought for it, and  
have it :

Pleasure to have it, none ; to lose it, pain ;

New grown a part of me ; but what use is  
it ?

To make men worse by making my sin  
known ?

Or sin seem less, the sinner seeming great ?  
Alas for Arthur's greatest knight, a man  
Not after Arthur's heart ! I needs must break  
These bonds that so defame me : not with-  
out

She wills it : would I, if she will'd it ! nay,  
Who knows ? but if I would not, then may  
God,

I pray him, send a sudden Angel down  
To seize my by the hair and bear me far,  
And fling me deep in that forgotten mere,  
Among the tumbled fragments of the hills."

The queen too has felt the timely sting of conscience. Sir Mordred, a kinsman of Arthur, has taken offence at some slight put upon him by Lancelot, and only waits a convenient opportunity to take his revenge. The queen is aware of this, and begins to avoid meeting Sir Mordred, feeling instinctively that he will track her guilt and shame her.

"Henceforward too, the Powers that tend  
the soul,

To help it from the death that cannot die,  
And save it even in extremes, began  
To vex and plague her. Many a time for  
hours,

Beside the placid breathings of the King,  
In the dead night, grim faces came and went  
Before her, or a vague spiritual fear—

Like to some doubtful noise of creaking  
doors,

Heard by the watcher in a haunted house,  
That keeps the rust of murder on the walls—  
Held her awake ; or if she slept, she dream'd  
An awful dream ;  
And all this trouble did not pass but grow,  
Till ev'n the clear face of the guileless King,  
And trustful courtesies of household life,  
Became her bane."

At last she besought Lancelot to go back to his own land. It must be done ; for if he tarried they would surely meet

again, and some evil change would ruin all. He promised—but remained. And she said again, “O Lancelot, if you love me get thee hence!”—And finally it was agreed to meet once more, and part for ever. It was “a madness of farewells.” The word was indeed said which was never more to be unsaid; but—late, too late! Mordred surprised Lord Lancelot as he descended the queen’s tower; there was a momentary struggle, and then silence. To the queen it was a flash revealing the darkness—“The end is come, and I am shamed for ever.” Lancelot implored of her to fly with him to his “strong castle over seas,” where he would hide her, and hold her with his life against the world; but she said:—

Nay friend, for we have taken our farewells.  
Would to God that thou couldst hide me from myself!  
Yet rise now, let us fly,  
For I will draw me into sanctuary,  
And bide my doom.

So he set her on her horse, and mounted on his own, and “they rode to the divided way”—and parted. He being, even now, “love-loyal to the least wish of the queen,” turned to his own land; while she fled away all the night long to the holy house at Almsbury, fancying the while she heard the “spirits of the waste and weald” echoing her own wild moan, “too late, too late!” The good nuns gave her sanctuary, and forbore to ask her how or why she came there in that plight, for the old charm of her “beauty, grace, and power” wrought also upon them; but they never dreamt she was the queen. Many a week she abode with them; a little novice maid, her chief companion, whose “babbling heedlessness” many times “lured her from herself.” Once when tired of prattling, the little maid began “to hum an air the nuns had taught her:”—

Which when she heard, the Queen looked  
up, and said,  
“O maiden if indeed you list to sing,  
Sing, and unbind my heart that I may weep,  
Whereat full willingly sang the little maid.

“Late, late, so late! and dark the night  
and chill!  
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.  
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

“No light had we: for that we do repent.  
And learning this, the bridegroom will  
relent.  
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

“No light: so late! and dark and chill  
the night!  
O let us in, that we may find the light!  
Too late, too late: ye cannot enter now.

“Have we not heard the bridegroom is  
so sweet?  
O let us in, tho’ late, to kiss his feet!  
No, no, too late: ye cannot enter now.”

So sang the novice, while full passionately  
Her head upon her hands, remembering  
Her thought when first she came, wept the  
sad Queen,

But even to the holy house of Almsbury came tidings of the great world outside. The rumours of the disasters following

the unhappy queen's flight soon reached her ears and wrung her heart even in the depths of that solitude. The king was besieging Lord Lancelot in the strong castle where it was thought he held the queen; all the knight's kith and kin left the court and abode with him; Sir Mordred, who had ever had his eye upon the throne, took advantage of the king's absence to stir up discontent, and worst of all, plotted with the heathen, who, now that Arthur's right arm, Lord Lancelot, was gone, might indeed begin to hope the time was come for ruthless plunder and destruction. The whole kingdom was a scene of panic and confusion. Well might the queen weep. But the sharpest agony was yet to come. We cannot but pity and say God help her! for she is strong now in resolution at least to suffer; and that point is reached at which there begins to be hope that all will not be blank darkness here and hereafter. The poet was never greater in truth and passion than in these closing scenes. Late one night as the queen sat alone brooding over the past—

There rode an armed warrior to the door,  
A murmuring whisper thro' the nunnery ran,  
Then on a sudden a cry, 'the King.' She  
sat  
Stiff-stricken, listening; but when armed  
feet

Thro' the long gallery from the outer doors  
Rang coming, prone from off her seat she fell,  
And grovelling with her face against the floor;  
'There with her milk white arms and shadowy  
hair

She made her face a darkness from the King;  
And in the darkness heard his armed feet  
Pause by her; then came silence, then a  
voice,  
Monotonous and hollow like a ghost's  
Denouncing judgment, but tho' changed the  
King's.

'Lest thou here so low, the child of one  
I honour'd, happy, dead before thy shame?  
Well is it that no child is born of thee.  
The children born of thee are sword and  
fire,

Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws,  
The craft of kindred and the Godless hosts  
Of heathen swarming o'er the Northern Sea.  
A remnant stays with me.

And of this remnant will I leave a part,  
True men who love me still, for whom I live  
To guard thee in the wild hour coming on,  
Lest but a hair of this low head be harm'd.

Fear not; thou shalt be guarded till my  
death.

Howbeit I know, if ancient prophecies  
Have err'd not, that I march to meet my  
doom.

Thou hast not made my life so sweet to me,  
That I the King should greatly care to live;  
For thou hast spoilt the purpose of my life.

This life of mine  
I guard as God's high gift from scathe and  
wrong,

Not greatly care to lose; but rather think  
How sad it were for Arthur, should he live,  
To sit once more within his lonely hall,  
And miss the wonted number of my knights,  
And miss to hear high talk of noble deeds  
As in the golden days before thy sin.

For which of us, who might be left, could  
speak

Of the pure heart, nor seem to glance at  
thee?

And in thy bowers of Camolet or of Usk  
Thy shadow still would glide from room to  
room,

And I should evermore be vexed with thee  
In hanging robe or vacant ornament,  
Or ghostly footfall echoing on the stair.

For think not, tho' thou would'st not love  
thy lord.

Thy lord has wholly lost his love for the  
I am not made of so slight elements.

Yet must I leave thee, woman, to thy shame.

The king's voice ceases:—there is a pause; and into that momentary pause how much is crushed of agony, repentance, desolation—the now bitter past, the dreaded to come, and the fiery ordeal of the present! In the pause she “crept an inch

nearer, and laid her hands about his feet;" without, the monarch's war horse neighed in answer, when, "far off a solitary trumpet blew." He speaks again, judgment has been pronounced: there must be God-like mercy too. He cannot leave without giving her some hope. Where shall he find a ray of comfort for her! Is there any way that he can take heart himself?

Yet think not that I come to urge thy crimes,  
I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere.  
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die  
To see thee, laying there thy golden head,  
My pride in happier summers, at my feet.  
The wrath which forced my thoughts on  
that fierce law,  
The doom of treason and the flaming death,  
(When first I learnt thee hidden here) is past.  
The pang—which while I weigh'd thy heart  
with one  
Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee,  
Made my tears burn—is also past, in part.  
And all is past, the sin is sinn'd, and I,  
Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God  
Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the  
rest.  
But how to take last leave of all I loved?  
O golden hair, with which I used to play  
Not knowing! O imperial-moulded form,  
And beauty such as never women wore,  
Until it came a kingdom's curse with thee—  
I cannot touch thy lips, they are not mine.  
" " " My doom is, I love thee still.  
Let no man dream but that I love thee still.  
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,  
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,  
Hereafter in that world where all are pure

We two may meet before high God, and thou  
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and  
know  
I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,  
Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,  
I charge thee, my last hope. Now must I  
hence.  
Thro' the quick night I hear the trumpet  
blow.  
They summon me their King to lead mine  
hosts  
Far down to that great battle in the west,  
Where I must strike against my sister's son,  
Leagued with the lords of the White Horse  
and knights  
Once mine, and strike him dead, and meet  
myself  
Death, or I know not what mysterious doom.  
And thou remaining here wilt learn the  
event;  
But hither shall I never come again,  
Never lie by thy side, see thee no more,  
Farewell!  
And while she grovelli'd at his feet,  
She felt the King's breath wander o'er her  
neck,  
And in the darkness o'er her fallen head,  
Perceived the waving of his hands that blest.

The armed steps once more rang through the gallery; the queen is alone: now comes a longing in her to see the king's face once more before she dies; all the love that had gone astray came rushing back; would that she could give her heart's blood for her lord, the glorious king! In her anguish she arose and found the casement:—

'Peradventure' so she thought,  
'If I might see his face, and not be seen.'  
And lo, he sat on horseback at the door!  
And near him the sad nuns with each a  
light  
Stood, and he gave them charge about the  
Queen,  
To guard and foster her for evermore.  
And while he spake to these his helm was  
lower'd,  
To which for crest the golden dragon clung  
Of Britain; so she did not see the face,

Which then was as an angel's, but she saw,  
Wet with the mists and smitten by the lights,  
The Dragon of the great Pendragonship  
Blaze, making all the night a steam of fire.  
And even then he turn'd; and more and  
more  
The moony vapour rolling round the King,  
Who seem'd the phantom of a Giant in it,  
Enwound him fold by fold, and made him  
gray  
And grayer, till himself became as mist  
Before her, moving ghostlike to his doom.

It is in vain to stretch her arms in anguish, and cry aloud for Arthur! She shall not see his face for evermore. What is left now to do? No worse thing can befall her on earth. If

a brave heart, she will rise up to meet her doom with that sharp self-reproving which makes it almost joy to suffer. Unless we are mistaken there is stuff in her for this. All the natural nobility of her nature will assert itself. It is now her turn to speak, though there is none to listen but the great God above. Sorrow has made her clearer-visioned ; truth dawns upon her ; truth which would have been earlier seen, if earlier sought. Now, at last she is fully up to the mark. The past cannot be recalled, yet she shall not be vanquished by despair. There, is work still to be done, she will arise strong in humility, courageous in self-abnegation, irresistible in the very passion of devotion : henceforth, " her good deeds and her pure life " shall weigh in the balance against the gifts of " beauty, grace, power," turned to a vile account. The queen speaks :—

" Gone—my lord !  
Gone thro' my sin to slay and to be slain ?  
And he forgave me, and I could not speak.  
Farewell ? I should have answer'd his  
farewell.

His mercy choked me. Gone, my lord the  
King,  
My own true lord ! how dare I call him  
mine ?

The shadow of another cleaves to me.  
And makes me one pollution ; he the King.  
Call'd me polluted : shall I kill myself ?  
What help in that ? I cannot kill my sin,  
If soul be soul ; nor can I kill my shame ;  
No, nor by living can I live it down.

The days will grow to weeks, the weeks to  
months,

The months will add themselves and make  
the years,

The years will roll into the centuries,  
And mine will ever be a name of scorn.  
I must not dwell on that defeat of fame.

Let the world be ; that is but of the world.  
What else ? what hope ? I think there was  
a hope,

Except he mock'd me when he spake of  
hope ;

His hope he call'd it ; but he never mocks,  
For mockery is the fume of little hearts.

And blessed be the King, who hath forgiven  
My wickedness to him, and left me hope

That in my own heart I can live down sin  
And be his mate hereafter in the heavens

Before high God. Ah great and gentle lord,  
Who wast, as is the conscience of a saint

Among his warring senses, to thy knights—  
To whom my false voluptuous pride, that  
took

Full easily all impressions from below.  
Would not look up, or half despised the  
height

To which I would not or I could not climb ;  
I thought I could not breathe in that fine  
air

That pure severity of perfect light—  
I wanted warmth and colour which I found  
In Lancelot—now I see thee what thou art,

Thou art the highest and most human too,  
Not Lancelot, nor another. Is there none  
Will tell the King I love him tho' so late ?

Now—ere he goes to the great Battle? none:

Myself must tell him in that purer life.  
But now it were too daring. Ah my God,  
What might I not have made of thy fair  
world,

Had I but loved thy highest creature here?  
It was my duty to have loved the highest:

It surely was my profit had I known:  
It would have been my pleasure had I seen.

We needs must love the highest when we  
see it,

Not Lancelot, nor another.

Here her hand  
Grasp'd, made her veil her eyes: she look'd  
and saw

The novice, weeping suppliant, and said to  
her

' Yea, little maid, for am I not forgiven ?  
Then glancing up beheld the holy nuns

All round her, weeping ; and her heart was  
loosed

Within her, and she wept with these and said,  
' Ye know me then, that wicked one, who  
broke

The vast design and purpose of the King.  
O shut me round with narrowing nunnery-  
walls,

Meek maidens, from the voices crying  
" shame."

I must not scorn myself : he loves me still.  
Let no one dream but that he loves me still.

So let me, if you do not shudder at me  
Nor shun to call me sister, dwell with you ;

Wear black and white, and be a nun like  
you ;

Fast with your fasts, not feasting with your  
feasts ;

Grieve with your griefs, not grieving at  
your joys,

But not rejoicing ; mingle with your rites,  
Pray and be pray'd for ; lie before your  
shrines ;

Do each low office of your holy house ;  
Walk your dim cloister, and distribute dole

To poor sick people, richer in his eyes  
Who ransom'd us, and halter too than I ;

And treat their loathsome hurts and heal  
mine own ;

And so wear out in almsdeed and in prayer  
The sombre close to that voluptuous day,  
Which wrought the ruin of my lord the  
King.'

All is said now—and all done too ; for the act of will was the doing. Furthermore we are told how the good nuns took her to themselves ; and she “still hoping, fearing ‘is it yet too late?’” went her appointed way. And a few short years past by, and the pious sisters chose her to rule over them for “her good deeds, and her pure life,” and likewise for “the power of ministration in her.” And again a few short years, and the magnificent queen, the humble penitent, the saintly abbess, her sacrifice accomplished and her work accepted, past—

To where beyond these voices there is peace.\*

So ends the *Idylls of the King*. Has not the Laureate done well—chosen a worthy theme, and wrought it into grand harmony like a true poet? Shall we not forgive him that he has sometimes, in former days, wearied us with commonplace, and vexed us with a jangled rhyme? Let bygones be bygones : the last lay is perfect. We are proud of our Laureate and the better of his song.



## ART. VII.—POOR LAW REFORM.

1. *Reform of the Poor Law System in Ireland; or Facts and Observations on the inadequacy of the existing system of Poor Relief.* By Denis Phelan, M.R.C.S.L. Dublin: Alex. Thom and Sons, Abbey-st. 1859.
2. *Twelfth Annual Report of the Commissioners for administering the Laws for Relief of the Poor in Ireland.* Dublin: A. Thom, 1859.

We are all familiar with the picture of "The Tight Shoe";—the tortured look of the customer, pointing to the spot where the pinch is felt; the plausible face of the shoemaker assuring the sufferer that the fit is perfect. There are not many who are anxious to remedy the evils which they do not feel, or who indeed are ready to believe in their existence; and the class in the community who necessarily are farthest from feeling, and consequently are slowest in removing, the sufferings which unsuitable enactments inflict upon the poor and labouring classes, is that from which the Legislature is selected. How can the opulent appreciate the hardships which the daily pressure of want inflicts? How can the well-born and respected understand the harshness with which even humane acts can be accompanied? If sickness falls upon the rich as it does upon the poor, the struggle for life or health is not fought out in the wards of a public hospital, upon a straw bed, with no sight around but of suffering and misery, tended, too often neglected, by hirelings. Even in the cases, common to the pauper and the purse-proud, of sickness and of death, they have not alike the same comforts to alleviate the pain of the one, nor the same consolations to assuage the terrors of the other. Such an act of earnest self-sacrifice is rare as that of Mr. Vere Foster, entering the forecabin of an emigrant ship as a passenger, and enduring all the inconveniences of a voyage there, in order that he may really know, and knowing learn how to remedy, the evils which the poor emigrant had to endure. But catch anyone becoming willingly, and with a like purpose, the pauper inmate of an Irish Union Workhouse, even if such a thing were equally possible. It is much easier to pay occasional visits, to see white-washed walls, clean floors, tidily-made-up beds, rows of children

with sleek hair and white bibs, then to read of so many thousand paupers relieved and so many thousand pounds expended, and then to see by the blue book "presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty, that Commissioners "are happy in being enabled to report" this and that, and the noble lord or the honourable member sits in his library chair, and congratulates himself upon the excellence of the system he said "aye, aye" to in the House, and helped to make the law of the land. Who hears the groan of the pauper from the infirm or hospital wards? Who witnesses the anguish of the mother separated from her child—it may be her only, her fatherless child? Who sees despair seizing upon the sick man with no alternative but to enter the hospital and leave his helpless brood perishing outside, or to take them all into "the Union" with him, and break up that little home for ever? Few, few indeed whose hearts can truly sympathise with these humble but most poignant sorrows, fewer still who have any power or any influence to alter a law or the administration of it, by which such afflictions are daily cast upon the poor of this country. Pauperism is decreasing, the Returns show it;—the rates are lessening, it is plain the law is working well; why, even the *Times* and the *Globe* are writing in admiration of the way things are going on here, and wish that the English Poor Law administration could show like results—the shoe fits admirably, it is mere nonsense to complain, everything seems right, what more should a reasonable man require? Happily for the poor, there are some who take another tone to this. Happily for the sake of humanity, there are some who do not take official reports as final and conclusive evidence of all stated in them, who go deeper, seek information from better and more reliable sources, and learning the truth, and the whole truth, press it upon public attention, and seek to arouse that which must regulate the conduct of Commissioners and their officials, which must influence even Parliament itself, a sound, well-informed, healthy public opinion. It is well for the community that this should be so. It is one of the blessings which come to us from the enjoyment of our free Constitution, that social evils should not lie festering, cankering, within the bosom of the body politic to destroy the strength which the confidence of the people

gives, or to deprive the whole of that just balance of forces in which real vigour, true power consists. Terrible warnings have been given to the ruling classes in this realm, of the consequences which result from leaving without enquiry and redress the deeply-felt grievances of the masses. Such in England were the Manchester riots, such were the Rebecca risings in Wales, such to a great extent was the Whiteboy system in Ireland. The governing classes did not know, or did not sympathise with, the grievances under which the people groaned. For their wrongs the law afforded them no remedy; they sought it in "the wild justice of revenge." At the present day is the political horizon of England clear? While millions are spent upon putting "the sick man," Turkey, upon his legs again; while Japan is treated to an embassy, the liveliest anxiety shown to get a footing in the very capital of China, and the Italian question setting all our statesmen by the ears, would it not be well of them to look around at home, and see if there be not constantly recurring evidences that whatever Ministry be "in," or whatever party in opposition, there is an entire want of confidence in the government, the legislature, and the tribunals of the country? Were this not so, Chartism would not continue to be "a fact;" cheap newspapers, whose staple topic is derision of all that is exalted in station, would not enjoy a circulation rivalling almost that of "the Thunderer" itself; and Strikes of fearful magnitude would not occur to mark how much the times are out of joint when working men take the remedy of their grievances into their own hands. Would these and such things exist if they who should reform would inform themselves of what needed reformation? Assuredly it is not for lack of desire to do what is right, that our legislators do not do it. We believe that a true and earnest patriotism, no less that a real and active philanthropy exists, either sufficiently strong to give motive power to efficient exertion. Unfortunately we believe, there has grown up in latter years a system which stands between the enquiring public and due enquiry, we mean that of Commissions. The duty of administering a law is entrusted to three or five or seven men: the number generally is odd; "there's luck in odd numbers," we say at this side of the water. It is convenient sometimes, or the contrary; if Warren Hastings could have

commanded but a casting vote, he need not have perverted English forms of procedure to procure the hanging of Nuncomar. These Commissioners exercise authority with a despotism which a modern ruler might envy, issue orders which receive all the ready compliance of a Ukase, appoint or dismiss officials with a nod, regulate salaries, direct expenditure, the opposition of local bodies notwithstanding ; in brief, exercise power with an omnipotence towering over Parliament itself. And Parliament is very much obliged to the Commission for saving it so much trouble, and "takes its word for a thousand pound." And the Government backs it up whatever it says, for the labour of administration is taken off the shoulders of the Home Secretary, and of course the Commission has enquired into everything, and has always done what was right, and must be supported. And so it has come to pass that Commissions and Commissioners govern the country, with no remedy but a tardy appeal to Parliament, too busy to engage itself in a series of small complaints, or a process in a law court too expensive and too precarious to be undertaken by a private individual. In fine, this system of Commissions is, in itself, unconstitutional, and has grown to be a grievance, in no respect more than in standing between the most influential of the community and enquiry ; in inducing them to accept Parliamentary Reports and Parliamentary Returns as full and reliable sources of information, in keeping down that active spirit of investigation which should be exerted to arrive at the real condition of the social community, and in fostering that laziness and torpor which opulence and power are so calculated to produce. To those then whom rank and station remove so far from opportunities of seeing what are the real wants of their brethren less favoured by fortune, it should be a duty to seize eagerly upon every means of acquiring information as to the condition of those who constitute the vast majority of the social family,—most of all that of the most helpless, the most abject, the most dependant of all, of the poor, of those whom the great Father has left always with us,—whose sole dependance is in Him,—whom when we cherish, befriend, and love, our work becomes likest His. For our duty does not end when we pay the taxman our assessment, it behoves us to see it is properly expended, and the purpose

for which it is intended—the adequate relief of the poor—duly discharged. Nor should we be satisfied to give our vote that one worthy man or another should sit as a guardian of the poor; we should see that a better policy guides his acts than simply to keep down the rates. In a word, we should not consider our duty to the poor discharged when we discharge our duty to the law, in which something of the spirit of Christian charity should be heartily, thoroughly, and effectively infused.

We doubt if there be in Ireland any one whose opinions as to the condition of the poor and upon the subject of their relief deserve more attentive consideration than those which may be put forward by the gentleman the title of whose pamphlet is at the head of this article. In the performance of his public and private duties he has been long and closely in contact with the poor; out of office in the exercise of his benevolent profession, in office discharging the duties of Assistant Poor-law Commissioner and Inspector. Recounting with no unworthy pride what are his claims to attention when he offers his views and suggestions upon the subject of Reform of the Poor-law System in Ireland, he informs us that his connexion with that system commenced in 1838 and did not terminate till 1855. Such experience, such means of observation have been enjoyed by, perhaps, no other person in Ireland; they have led Mr. Phelan to conclusions of a gravely important character, and to ascertain whether he be correct or whether he be mistaken is an enquiry which imperatively demands the earliest attention of the country and the legislature. The conclusions to which Mr. Phelan has arrived are the following:—

1. That Poor Relief, according to the letter and spirit of the provisions of the first section of the Poor Law Extension Act of 1847, is insufficiently afforded in Ireland.

2. That Poor Relief cannot be adequately afforded under the almost exclusive system of in-door relief practised in Ireland.

3. That it can only be sufficiently given under a mixed system of workhouse and out-door relief, similar to that practised in England and in some parts of Scotland; and

4. That relief can be safely and sufficiently given in Ireland under that mixed system.

Now, the Poor Law Commissioners open their Report

with an elaborately tabulated statement of the inmates in Union Workhouses for the preceding 52 weeks, from which we learn that the minimum was reached on the 28th August, 1858, and that it was 36,190, and that the number increased till on the 12th February, 1859, it reached its maximum, 46,592. From the same table we gather that the average weekly cost of maintenance never exceeded 2s. 2½d.,\* and that it was as low as 1s. 10d. There is another Table which shows the maximum number relieved out of the Workhouses to have been 1538, and the minimum 968. At the former date, 12th March, 1859, the total expenditure was £68 1s. being rather less than 10½d for the weekly maintenance of each individual; at the second date, 2nd October, 1858, £45 19s. 3d. was expended, giving a like average of less than 11½d. Then we learn that the 163 Unions into which Ireland is divided, had a population in 1851 of 6,552,055; that there were admitted 134,913 individuals, of whom 47,515 were admitted while sick and 87,398 in health; that 2,454 saw the light (Heaven help them!) in the Workhouse during the same period (the year ending 29th Sept., 1859), and that 9,395 found their last resting place in the paupers' grave. During the same period the expenditure was £457,635, upon a grand total relieved of 177,205 indoor, and 5,851 out-door; and then we have the statement put forward by the Commissioners with a complacency to which the *Gaudeamus* of the *Times* has given effect, that there has been a decrease in expenditure of £41,254, or 8.27 per cent., and in the number relieved of 9,030, or 4.1 per cent., and that the amount of rates collected has undergone a decrease of 10.5 per cent. At this news the rigid economist rubs his hands, and there are some, no doubt, who will regard it as the opening of a prospect that poor-rates will ultimately reach a vanishing point. Yet what really do these figures prove? Give them the weight which of themselves they deserve, admit to the full all they say, give the Commissioners the value of these figures, they amount just to this:—that the *total* number relieved during the year (*not* the average *daily* number which, as will be seen, Mr. Phelan uses, and which is, of course, an entirely different thing) in Ireland, in-door and out-door, shows that 1 in every 35 of the population received some relief, or in the

---

\* This occurred in Christmas week, when food of a better kind than usual is given in some Unions.

proportion of 2.7 per cent.; and that the total number admitted into the Workhouses during the year was in the proportion of 1 in 48 of the population, or 2 per cent. Now, what is there in these facts to afford a satisfactory solution of the question which Mr. Phelan has raised as to the sufficiency of the relief afforded? No matter what are the numbers, or what the cost,—no matter whether these numbers be or be not lessening, whether the amount of rates be or be not decreasing,—the conscientious, right-minded man will not allow himself to be led away from the real question at issue;—it is this:—whether or not the existing Poor Law system in Ireland, as at present administered, provides fully, fairly, and adequately for the relief of the poor of the country? Mr. Phelan says “No”:—how he supports his negative we shall proceed to state.

In the year 1857 an average daily number of 816,982 paupers was relieved during the year in 629 Poor Law Unions in England and Wales; 113,395 in Workhouses, 703,587 outside. Of the out-door class 412,076 were heads of families, and 291,511 the wives or children of such heads, who resided with them. The population in which this extent of relief was received amounted to 17,930,000, so that 4.55 per cent., or one in every 22 of the population was in receipt of it during the year.

In Scotland the average daily number of “registered” and of “casual” poor in receipt of relief during the same year was 82,222, nearly all heads of families, and the average of their wives and children 37,231; total, 119,453, which is 3.90 per cent., or one in 25 $\frac{1}{4}$  of the population, then stated to be about 3,064,560. 6,019 was the number in workhouses, 113,434 on out-door relief.

In the same year, ended 30th September, the average daily number that received relief in Ireland was 51,726; of whom 50,772 were relieved in workhouses, and 954 outside. The population is stated to have been 6,013,103; therefore relief was received by 0.86 per cent., or 1 in 116. (pp. 1-2.)

Let us apply these tests to the figures given by the Commissioners in their last Report. We have already seen that putting the extent of relief afforded at its highest pressure, namely, the total number relieved during the year, that only 1 in every 35 of the population received any relief; but taking the average daily number, (*Report*

p. 166) a result which brings us nearer to the true state of affairs presents itself. It is not necessary to go into particulars ; for instance, to point out the inequality with which the pressure of relief bears upon different districts, the poundage of the expenditure on the valuation being in one Union as low as 4d., while in another it reaches 2s. 2d. ; but taking the total average daily number relieved in the workhouse, which is given as 45,781 for the year ending 29th September, 1858, that would show that such relief was given to 1 in 143 of the population, or to the extent of 0.69 in every 100. If there be any force in the argument which is founded upon the disparity between 1 in 22 of the population of England and Wales, 1 in 25 $\frac{1}{2}$  of the population of Scotland, and 1 in 116 of the population of Ireland receiving benefit from the laws for the relief of the poor, that decrease which seems to be a subject for congratulation is really but stronger proof that an adequate amount of relief is not administered to the poor of this country.\*

“ But” (says Mr. Phelan) “ the disparity in respect to the numbers assisted in each country is not more striking than the mode in which relief is administered in each. In Great Britain the average daily number of the indoor class, during the year, was in the proportion of 1 to 175 of the population, whilst that of the outdoor was 1 in 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ . But, reversely, in Ireland the daily average of the indoor class was 1 in 118 ; that of the outdoor class, 1 in 6,300 of the population.” It may be well, hereafter, to consider this in another aspect, as to the effects which this almost exclusive system of workhouse relief has upon the population morally ; but for the present it is sufficient to leave the supporters of the law

---

\* The total number relieved indoor was 177,205, of which the daily average is given as 45,781. The calculation has been made upon this number ; to which something should be added for the daily average of the total relieved outdoor, which is given as 5,851. Adding to the indoor, a number in the proportion which this bears to the total number indoor, the result would be, 1 in 138 of the population, or 0.72 per cent. There is some discrepancy between the data on which Mr. Phelan makes his calculations and the figures given by the Commissioners. Mr. Phelan sets down the average daily number relieved in 1857 as 51,726, of which 50,772 was relieved in workhouses. This latter number the Commissioners give as 50,688, (p. 166.) He takes the population of Ireland as 6,013,103 ; they as 6,552,055, (p. 283.) We have, in all cases, used the figures as given by the Commissioners.



as at present administered in Ireland, (if indeed there are any such except those officially connected with its administration,) upon the horns of the dilemma on which Mr. Phelan has put them :—" 1st That the number in need of poor relief is far less, relatively to population, in Ireland than in England, or in Scotland ; or 2nd, that relief is given too freely in Great Britain ; or that relief is afforded insufficiently in Ireland," (p. 3.) There cannot be anyone so heedless of assertion as to support the first inference. If it be the case, as it is, that a far lower scale of animal comfort be tolerated by the humbler classes in this country than in England, so much the worse say we. In Donegal not long since, it was seen that, so truly miserable was the scale of living upon which the poor subsisted from day to day, the very moment that any, the least diminution of it took place, then, at once, without pause or delay, the whole population fell into a state of absolute starvation. It would be incredible, if the fact were not painfully undeniable, that there were found some who could say that, complaints of distress were ill-founded, because, forsooth, sea weed and such precarious supplies of food had been, year after year, the ordinary support of a large population. In the very Report before us, is a long correspondence, full of harrowing details as to the condition of the people in a portion of the Belmullet Union, the result being that, in the year 1859, Ireland in a state of unexampled prosperity, taxation steadily decreasing, pauperism on the decline, the Commissioners " are happy in being enabled to report that not a single death through privation has yet (June) taken place." The bare possibility of such a contingency marks the existence of a state of things among the poor, which shows prosperity to be neither high nor general. Nor does it need reference to the still continuing drain of emigration, to the condition of the dwellings of the working classes in Ireland unchanged as they are amidst the general improvement, or to the personal experience of those whom business or humanity takes much among the poor in this country and on the other side of the channel, the fact is undeniable that sources of employment, are fewer, the means of industry less, the earnings of the working classes smaller, their material condition less satisfactory, the prospects of distress more imminent upon the slightest casualty, and con-

sequently that the number in need of relief is, relatively to population, greater in Ireland than in England or Scotland, and that too beyond all comparison. If there be an Englishman who doubts it, let him withdraw his plea against the repeal of the law of removal. If the wide spread and severe poverty of this country and the greater comfort of the poor in England were not conceded facts, where would be the force of the cry (senseless though in truth it is)—“We will be inundated with Irish paupers if you let them come over here freely and abolish the law of removal and settlement?” Next, if relief be given too freely in England, it is wonderful it has never been found out, and it behoves the English rate-payers to look to it; but heaven help their poor if they be dragged down to the condition of the Irish. We once heard a good Bishop say, “he never knew an instance of a man injuring himself by a charity beyond his means;” History tells much, but the strangest story it would have to relate would be that the poor of England were, in the middle of the 19th century, enjoying a plethora of relief, that the pauper found himself in *l'embarras des richesses*! But this, too, not being so, we fall necessarily into the conclusion that relief is afforded insufficiently in Ireland.

There are some classes as to whom, no heart is so callous as to wish relief withheld from them, no spirit so starveling as to stint or limit it. All admit it is for the profit of the community that the youth of the country should be brought up in good health, strong, capable of going through the life of labour to which they are born. No one would send the aged and infirm off to caverns, to perish of hunger, or to be the prey of wild beasts; all admit that old age and infirmity should be protected and comforted. It appears that at the time of the last Census (1851) there were in Ireland 468,249 persons over 60 years of age, and, Mr. Phelan states, that an examination of the tables show that about 110,000 of these lived in fourth class residences, a fact sufficiently conclusive as to the poverty in which they exist. The Commissioners' Report (p. 199) enables us to see to a certain extent, the classification of persons relieved, but not to ascertain how many of these would consist of persons of advanced years. Using the statement so far as it goes, we find that the classes not able-bodied, who were relieved,

numbered during the half-year to 25th March, 1858, 41,886, of which 17,455 were children under 15, 15,780 being orphans or other children relieved without either parent; in the half-year ending 29th September, 1858, 43,405 not able-bodied were relieved; of these, 16,946, of whom 15,210 were relieved without either parent, were children under 15: the balances, for the one period, 24,431, for the other, 26,459; supposing all to be of the aged class referred to, which they are not, would still show an enormous disproportion to the number (over 100,000), to whose poverty the residences they occupy, fourth-class dwellings, sufficiently testify. But they are not all of the class referred to. Of that class, are the greater number, no doubt, of 172 males relieved out-door in the first period, and 158 in the second (Table No. 10, p. 199.) So too, of 437 and 433 females also so relieved in the respective periods. We have no clue, even by conjecture, to the proportion of lunatics, insane persons, and idiots, but we may fairly assume that few, very few indeed, of the aged have been classed in the large numbers entered as admitted "sick," and coming under the denomination "not able-bodied." There were 11,104 admitted in fever and other contagious diseases; we apprehend not many of these were over 60 years of age; and it is highly probable a like remark is applicable to 2,531 admitted as suffering from accidental injury. Of the balance, 33,880 admitted as suffering under diseases other than febrile, the proportion of aged is likely to be very small. We are told (p. 14) that in the twelvemonth from April, 1858, to April, 1859, 1,119 died in the Workhouses of Age; in our desire to extract from these returns anything tending to throw light on the enquiry, we give it, but we must confess our inability to state the bearing it has upon the endeavour to get at some notion of the extent to which relief has been afforded to aged persons in distressed circumstances, of whom it appears incontestably that over 100,000 were in the Country in 1851, and as to whose relief, so insufficient and unsatisfactory information is afforded. We have referred to those admitted sick to the workhouses; The return No. 15, (p. 223) gives 47,515 as the total admitted in sickness. There were, it seems, (Table No. 10, p. 199), about 500 males, with about twice that number of dependants, and of females a rather less number than 500, with

about an equal number of dependants, in receipt of out-door relief in cases of sickness or accident, and to that extent we are free to exonerate the administration from the remarks which the almost exclusive indoor system seems to warrant.

In this part of the enquiry, dealing now with the question, whether in regard to the sick poor, the system as at present administered is calculated to afford full and adequate relief to the poor, we are glad to find the evidence does not rest on mere figures, or upon inferences deducible from them. Figures afford debateable ground, massed together, arranged in formal rows, or marshalled to support this argument or contest that, they are to many as an unknown tongue, and utterly unintelligible. Take for example, the recent enquiry at Cork as to the state of the children. The Commissioners turned and twisted the figures and put them into this shape and that, and then confidently propounded the statement that the state of affairs in that Union was rather satisfactory than otherwise. On the other hand, the Mayor of Cork produced them under a totally different aspect, and boldly asserted that under such a system, the whole population would soon be exhausted. Doubtless there was many a man, whose sound sense and clear head yet failed him to say to which he should trust, and who like King James between the two contending lawyers, was like enough to believe both to be right. But there is a description of evidence which a clear head, a cool judgment, and sound good sense can understand and can examine into, and will be able to accept as worthy of credence, or reject as unreliable. We refer to the simple statement of experiences, and the results of observations; upon the credibility of the witnesses, and their means of acquiring information, the reception or refusal of their opinions will rest. Mr. Phelan expresses his opinion (p. 39), that "it is not desirable, without necessity, to send persons into Workhouse society, such as the families of sick fathers, or widows with children from five to fifteen, who only require temporary relief, who could be assisted at far less cost at home, where morally and socially they would be far better attended to;" and he lays before the public the letters of several medical officers of Hospitals and Dispensaries on the subject. They are too important not to quote from them freely. "I have had," says one gentleman, a House

Surgeon of an Infirmary in Cork, "large opportunities of observing the wants and privations of poor families when sickness obliged the head and support of them to go to hospital. Were it not for the help afforded them by the Vincent de Paul Society their position would be really deplorable. Invariably they pledge every article of property they possess before appealing to the charitable for assistance. When I resided in the Fever Hospital I found considerable difficulty in preventing poor men, not perfectly restored to convalescence, from leaving the house too soon, owing to their anxiety to go to work at once for the support of their wives and children. Many of them I knew to fall an easy prey to consumption, not having sufficient food or clothing after leaving hospital. In a word, I will give you the everyday scene occurring on a patient coming to the hospital. The wife prayed hard to be allowed to take away her husband's coat, hat, and shoes, in order, as she said, that she may provide a little supper for her children. I feel perfectly satisfied many of those children took fever more from their system being lowered from want and privation than from contagion. It would be a great blessing if the Poor Law Act were so amended as to allow of support being given to the families of men struck by sickness. The charitable and benevolent do a great deal in relieving their distress, but it is advisable that the law should make provision for them."

But why do not these people save something for a rainy day? Let another medical gentleman answer. "It has almost invariably happened in my practice in Galway, that when the father or head of a family was ill, there was a want of sustenance not only for the patient, but also for the entire family; a condition easily accounted for, when we consider that nineteen out of every twenty of this class of patients are tradesmen or labourers living on their daily wages, the earnings of each day being barely able to meet its own wants."

But why then do they not apply for poor law aid—persons disabled by sickness or accident can be relieved out of the house or in it? "Out-door relief, (says another gentleman, a clerk of an important union, Waterford), in cases of sickness or accident is only given where the certificate of the medical officer shows that removal to the workhouse

or fever hospital would be attended with dangerous results." Another says, "There is a class amongst whom I am aware great distress occasionally exists, through sickness, accident, or want of employment; this class are poor labourers, with families, who are householders, and who if compelled to enter a workhouse, would be obliged to disperse their little stock of furniture, &c., and be thereby rendered permanent inmates of it. Their repugnance to workhouse relief, for this reason, as well as the disgrace they consider the title of a pauper entails, excludes them from all relief under the present system." If an official answer be wanted to the above enquiry, we think we can find one ready to our hand in the correspondence as to the appalling distress in Belmullet Union (Report, pp. 29-55). "There is ample room in the workhouse for all persons likely to require relief; and the continuance or refusal of out-door relief to persons to whom it may legally be given by the Board of Guardians is a matter wholly within the discretion of the Guardians." In a word, the *Alpha* and *Omega* of the relief of the poor in Ireland is comprised in the formula,—“The workhouse is the test of destitution, there is room there, anyone really destitute would be glad to accept that relief.” The theory which English feeling has revolted from, but which has been worked out to the full extent of its inhumanity in Ireland, has been stated by the *Times* thus: “When the English new poor law was first framed and all these buildings with their expensive staffs, rose up around us, it never was meant that the out-door relief system should come in to the extent it has. Indoor relief was almost exclusively contemplated, and the workhouse test was to distinguish the cases of real want from all others. But the workhouse test has fallen into disuse; the popular feeling of the country has set it largely aside, and now we have colossal fabrics of union workhouses all over the country which are only partially filled, but which still remains a charge upon the rates.”

But there is the Medical Charity Act, and will not that meet such cases? “Many of the sick poor,” says a medical gentleman writing from the Co. Kerry, “are sadly in want of appropriate sustenance, and even bedclothes far more than medicine.” Another, from the Co. Leitrim, says: “The convalescence of the sick poor is, as a rule,

more protracted than that of persons in more comfortable circumstances, which is to be attributed to the want of appropriate nourishment ; and it would be a great blessing if a medical officer had the power to order some nutriment instead of calomel and castor oil." Again from another, the same testimony :—" There are no means of procuring fit sustenance for the sick except in a small way in cases where the head of a family is ill and unfit to be removed to the workhouse, and then the relieving officer gives a couple of shillings per week, which, in some cases, has to support the family as far as it may. Many of these poor people can get nothing but a drink of water and of oat-meal gruel."

Are the Commissioners cognizant of this need for an extension of out-door relief ? It cannot be doubted that their desire must be, that the law so far as it authorises out-door relief in Ireland should be a dead letter, and that the workhouse should be the sole mode of affording relief, when they are sanctioning from time to time the all but entire extinction of relieving officers in unions, wardens who can give tickets of admission to the workhouse being substituted. Is it necessary to continue extracts from the testimony borne by medical officers and other officials to the fact that the poor law as now administered in Ireland is entirely inadequate to the wants of the poor ? Is it necessary to heap proof upon proof, upon the statement of many, the most competent to offer such evidence and speaking of what exists in every province in the kingdom, that widespread, constant suffering is to be found, that the law fails to reach some cases, and that the law such as it is, will not be extended to others. Is it to the credit of the Government and Legislature of the country, that with an expensive administration, Commissioners, Clerks, Inspectors, watching over the manner in which the enactments for the relief of the poor are carried out, it yet can be said ; " I know many instances of servants, tradesmen, and labourers, who would have perished with their families were it not for the timely succour afforded them by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul ?" Such is the written declaration of an M.D. and Medical Officer of a dispensary in the County Cork. (p. 42) It is easy to say why these things exist ; the evil is in the too stringent application of the workhouse test. *Tout excès*

*mène au crime.* That system of relief which the good sense and humanity of England has kept within due bounds, has been given an all-but-exclusive operation in Ireland. The circumstances of the country, the feelings of the people, the wants of the poor, have been disregarded, that rates may be lessened, and pauperism present an apparent decrease. Fearing that a greater expense, a larger number of poor, a wider extent of relief would have to be provided for, if outdoor relief were not made strictly exceptional, the workhouse system has been made the inexorable rule.

*Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt.*

Lavish expenditure has been avoided; but the poor have been left without adequate relief.

The existing law, and the present administration of it, being, then, both open to amendment, the next step is the consideration of suggestions for improvement. But before entering upon an examination of the reforms which Mr. Phelan thinks called for, and of the alterations which the Commissioners have proposed, it seems essential to a right understanding of what classes it is thought expedient and necessary in England, to relieve out of the workhouse, and what classes indoor, to give in full the *Amended Order of December 21, 1844, of the Poor Law Commissioners for England and Wales.* That document is as follows:—

“Art. I. Every able-bodied person, male or female, requiring relief from any parish within any of the said Unions, shall be relieved wholly in the workhouse of the Union, together with such of the family of every such able-bodied person as may be resident with him or her, and may not be in employment, and together with the wife of every such able-bodied male person, if he be a married man, and if she be resident with him, save and except in the following cases:—

1st. Where such person shall require relief on account of sudden and urgent necessity.

2nd. Where such persons shall require relief on account of any sickness, accident, or bodily or mental infirmity, effecting such person or any of his or her family.

3rd. Where such person shall require relief for the purpose of defraying the expenses, either wholly or in part, of the burial of any of his or her family.

4th. Where such person, being a widow, shall be in the first six months of her widowhood.

5th. Where such person shall be a widow, and have a legitimate child, or legitimate children dependent upon her, and incapable of earning his or her livelihood, and have no illegitimate child born after the commencement of her widowhood.



6th. *Where such person shall be confined in any gaol or place of safe custody, subject always to the regulation contained in Art. 4.*

7th. *Where such person shall be the wife or child of any able-bodied man who shall be in the service of Her Majesty, as soldier, sailor, or marine.*

8th. Where any able-bodied person, not being a soldier, sailor, or marine, shall not reside within the Union, but the wife, child or children of such person shall reside within the same, the Board of Guardians of the Union, according to their discretion, may, subject to the regulation contained in Art. 4., afford relief in the workhouse to such wife, child, or children, *or may allow out-door relief for any such child or children, being within the age of nurture, and resident with the mother within the Union.*

Art. II. In every case in which out-door relief shall be given on account of sickness accident, or infirmity, to any able-bodied male person, or to any of the family of such person, an extract from the medical officer's weekly report (if any such officer have attended the case), stating the nature of such sickness, accident, or infirmity, shall be specially entered on the Minutes of the proceedings of the Board of Guardians of the day on which the relief was ordered, or subsequently allowed. But a certificate from a medical officer of the Union, or from the medical practitioner attending the case, will be received."

Under the existing Irish enactments, Boards of Guardians have the option of relieving in the workhouse or out of it, certain classes of destitute poor. None others can be relieved *out* of the work-houses, except under the permission of an Order from the Commissioners. The classes marked in Italics would in Ireland, require such an Order before they could be relieved otherwise than in the workhouse.

But in order to see the full scope of the intentions of those who framed the above *Order*, and the extent of the relief which may be dispensed in virtue of it, the *Explanatory letter* accompanying it must be read.

Art. I. Exception 1.—"By sudden and urgent necessity" the commissioners understand any case of destitution requiring instant relief, as house-burning, robbery, sudden loss of a horse or other animal, or of any article by means of which the person's earnings were chiefly obtained, &c. It is to be remarked further, that this exception does not authorize *permanent* out-door relief in any case. A case originally of sudden and urgent necessity, which subsequently requires continued relief, loses its character of suddenness and urgency, and may then be relieved in the workhouse or outside.

Exception 2.—The second exception provides for the case of any able-bodied man who is himself insane, or temporarily sick, or who has met with an accident, or any of whose family required to be relieved on the ground of insanity, infirmity, accident, or sickness.

Exception 4.—The exception of widows during the first six months

of their widowhood is adopted with a view of enabling persons thus situated to have an adequate interval for the purpose of making such arrangements for their support as their altered condition may require.

Exception 5.—The exception of widows with children, so far as it relates to able-bodied widows in employment, is one respecting which the Guardians ought to exercise great circumspection in applying it in practice.

Exception 6.—It sometimes becomes necessary that the Guardians should be empowered to give relief to the wife and children in cases where the husband cannot be required to enter the workhouse on account of his being in a place of legal confinement.

Exception 7.—The state of the law in reference to married women explained in par. 10, and the peculiar rights and obligations of soldiers, sailors, and marines, render it desirable to give great latitude to the proceedings of the Board of Guardians in respect of the families of persons in these departments of the Queen's service. The seventh exception therefore allows of relief of any kind being given to the wife and children of a soldier, or sailor, or marine, whether in or out of the workhouse, without requiring the husband to come into the workhouse."

We can fancy how the notion of getting such a system into operation at this side of the channel would be received,—how a smile would break up the shrewd face of a Relieving officer, an official who has the difficult card to play, of serving the poor by the conscientious discharge of his duty, and of pleasing his masters, the Guardians, by keeping down the rates, and not allowing paupers to get "on the Division." And yet in these provisions must be recognized an intimate knowledge of the condition of the poor and labouring classes, and a purpose, no less wise than benevolent, of affording them that measure of aid which their struggling circumstances require.

Is it not wise, and is it not humane, to help the poor working man over the expenses of the burial of some member of his family, whose loss is affliction enough? Perhaps we shall be told that a parish coffin, a "frail tenement" indeed, would answer sufficiently. Let those, who in their sorrow, spare no cost upon the seemly interment of relative or friend,—and who think velvet pall and sable plumes no more than becoming respect to the honoured remains,—let such then believe, if they can, that the poor have no feelings, and let them offer, as suitable means of burial, the rude shell, the rough thin boards nailed scarcely enough to hold together. Within these few weeks past, we have ourselves seen, in the crowded streets of a town,

a pauper man in the union garb, with a child's coffin such as we have described, tucked under one arm, and a spade over his shoulder. This was a pauper's funeral!

Is it not wise, and is it not humane, that in the first hours of her bereavement, the widow should not be driven in among the friendless indifference of the workhouse wards;—is it not wise, and is it not humane, to give her some time to look about her for some mode of industry to supply the place of the provider she has lost, and to make up for the expenses his death-sickness had brought upon their humble household?

Is it not wise, and is it not humane, to aid the poor struggling widow, encumbered with the care and support of a young child, “incapable of earning his or her livelihood?”—is it wise, and is it humane, to stop her industry, to force her to break up her home, to compel her to enter the workhouse, to separate her from her little one, to become a pauper or to starve, she and her child,—or to thief, or, goaded by despair, to do worse?

Let the clear heads and the honest hearts of Irish Guardians—Guardians and Ratepayers though they be—judge and decide upon these questions. If persistence in the unwise and inhuman system of turning poverty into destitution, and driving all into the workhouse, do not work hearts of flesh into hearts of stone, it will be seen that this English system does not need the hand to be “open as the day,” and that in the present circumstances of the Irish working classes relief can be afforded without its falling into the reckless, unchecked, and improvident distribution of former years. Nor is the system allowed to remain a dead letter in England. During the year ending January, 1858, there were relieved out of the workhouse 733,538, while 113,395 received indoor relief. The outdoor relief was distributed as follows:—

Adult males, relieved in cases of sudden and urgent necessity					129
Do.	on account of their own sickness, accident, or infirmity	...	...	...	17,274
Do.	on account of the sickness, accident, or infirmity of any of the family, or of a funeral	...	...	...	6,936
Do.	on account of want of work or other causes	...	...	...	6,865
					<hr/> 31,204

	Brought forward	...	31,204
Wives and children under sixteen, of the above	...	...	97,033
Widows and their children	...	...	177,810
Women and children relieved on account of their husbands or parents being in gaol, or in Her Majesty's service, or non-resident	...	...	44,767
Aged or infirm, (including orphans and other children, lunatics and idiots)	...	...	382,704
Total outdoor relief	...	...	733,538
Total indoor	...	...	113,395
Total relieved, England and Wales, population, 17,930,000			846,933

In Ireland, the returns are as follows :—

	No. in the half year ended 25th March, 1854.	No. in the half year ended 29th Sept., 1854.
OUTDOOR.		
Adult males permanently disabled by old age or infirmity (a)	172	158
Adult women, do. (b)	437	433
Families of the above (a)	125	128
— (b)	27	24
	152	152
Adult males relieved in case of their own sickness or accident (c)	525	484
Adult women do. (d)	476	425
Families of the above (c)	1190	1030
— (d)	414	354
	1604	1384
Able-bodied widows, having two or more legitimate children dependent on them	106	95
Children of the above	295	282
Lunatics, insane persons, and idiots	18	19
Total outdoor relief	3,785	3,432
Total indoor	113,993	114,500
Total relieved, Ireland, population, 6,552,055*	117,778	117,932

\* "The system carried out in Ireland is not, therefore, the English system; it is the doctrinaire plan of the advocates of the New Poor Law in England, which has never been carried out there, but which the fears of the ratepayers, scourged as they were during the famine, enabled the Irish Poor Law Commissioners to carry out in Ireland." W. Neilson Handcock, L.L.D., *On the importance of substituting the family system of rearing orphan children, for the system now pursued in our Workhouses*—a paper read before the Dublin Statistical Society.

It is not to be wondered at that Mr. Phelan should confidently argue that the due relief of the poor is more likely to be attained under the English than the Irish administration; he asserts that more relief than at present could be given in Ireland, without any additional cost, and very considerably more at a very moderate cost. Into the financial view of the question we do not propose to enter. Our object is to direct attention upon the enquiry whether an amount of relief adequate to the wants of the poor, is at present administered in Ireland. If it be found that this is not so, we do not hesitate to say what should be done, ought not to be regulated by considerations of taxation. The average poundage of the expenditure on the valuation of the 163 Irish Unions was, for the year 1857, *ten pence*, for the year 1858, it was brought down to *nine pence*.\* The lowest was, as already stated, 4d. (Loughrea Union;) the highest 2s. 2d. (Kenmare.) This, or twice the amount, is not so alarming an amount of taxation as to be weighed in the balance against human suffering and human life. But even should there exist any well-grounded dread of the expense of supporting the poor getting a-head, so as seriously to affect the value of property, as it did in the famine years during the *regime* of the Inspectors appointed under the Temporary Relief Acts, (the "Stirabout Captains" as they were called amongst the people,) there is a deeply rooted opinion, the grounds of which should be examined into, that, in regard to Establishment charges, Ireland has not been justly dealt with, and that some, or a proportion, of these expenses—the salaries of school teachers, medical officers, chaplains, and of the clerks (a great part of whose duties consist in furnishing returns to the Commissioners and to Parliament,) should be met out of the Consolidated Fund. Before the demand for increased relief to the poor is answered by the assertion that the country cannot afford it, this claim for justice as between the English and Irish establishments should be enquired into and adjusted.

There is another source of relief which the law has closed, and which Mr. Phelan asks to have laid open.

---

\* It is not unimportant to state that the Tenement Valuation is considerably lower than the real or the letting value of the property rated.

This is that the quarter-acre clause, the drawback to the humanity (such as it was,) of the Act of the tenth of the Queen (cap. 31., §. 10,) should be repealed. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that no such law exists in England, and that such a practice, as that of peremptorily refusing relief to a person possessed of some property, but which is not immediately convertible into the means of subsistence, does not exist there, appears from the letter of the Earl of Devon, the Secretary of the Poor Law Board. In the *memorandum* on the proposed alterations of the Poor Law and Medical Charities Acts, (*Report*, Appendix ix. p. 133) there is no recommendation to repeal the quarter-acre clause, nor was there any such provision in the Bill presented to Parliament in the present year, by Lord Naas and Mr. Whiteside, who then were members of the Irish Government. But the Commissioners, referring to the struggle for existence going on at Iniskea in the Belmullet Union, "feel bound to point out, that the main difficulty with which they are contending, next to the determination of the islanders not to part with their homes for a passage to the mainland and a subsequent unlimited prospect of maintenance in the workhouse, is the existence of that state of the law which makes it illegal to relieve the head of a family, as a destitute person, so long as he retains the occupation of land exceeding a quarter of an acre," (*Report*, p. 18.) The islands referred to are situated in the Atlantic, four or five miles from the mainland, and form part of the Belmullet Union. Upon them is a population of something less than 300, who by cultivating potatoes, and to a small extent, barley, rye and oats, and by fishing, manage to eke out subsistence. Besides this, there is some scanty pasturage, and upon these lands the people have some stock. On the 14th June last, the storm, which visited the entire of the kingdom, devastated these islands, inundating field after field of the cultivated ground. Early in July, distress beginning to be felt, a memorial was forwarded to Lord Eglinton, then Lord Lieutenant, stating the facts. On the 24th the Commissioners' Inspector (Mr. Richard Bourke) reports on what he saw there. He thinks "the visitation will be severely felt by the islanders;"—he "can see no prospect for 34 individuals who are returned as having no resources"—"for these persons he can see no

such suitable provision as the workhouse, (on the mainland or course,) which has ample accomodation for five times the number ;" "for the others, who as landholders, are by law denied assistance from the rates, except in the very last extremity, the same mode of relief is available, if they qualify themselves for receiving it by surrendering their land." Sixteen days go by, and on the 9th of August, the Inspector learns from the Relieving Officer that "complaints of destitution were made to him by several persons, and that outdoor relief was generally demanded but no disposition shown to profit by his offers of admission to the workhouse,"—"but he (the Relieving Officer) believes it impossible that those persons (without land or any ostensible mode of existence) should continue long able to obtain their support, as at present, by the benevolence of the other inhabitants who are better off ; and that the time must shortly arrive when they will be driven to accept relief in the workhouse." Time wears on, and on the 17th December, three months after his original report, the Inspector states that he finds the weather had been so stormy as to prevent the Relieving Officer visiting the islands since the 8th of the previous month ; "his impression was that the condition of some of the poorest of the people must have become critical." It seems time to do something, a ton of Indian meal is ordered from Ballina, and a Relieving officer is to take it into the island as soon after its arrival as the weather admits. It was the 4th of January before he got to the south island, and he "found it necessary to give relief in four cases, three of them being persons permanently disabled by old age, and one being an able-bodied man who was to have come before the Board with his family—they being in a state of starvation. There are a good many able-bodied men and their families in distress on the island ; in these cases I have offered an order to the workhouse and a mode of transit, they refused ; a good many of them have weak families." He then names two who sought admission, but who were rejected by the Board as holding more than a quarter of an acre of land. At this stage (January 17th) the Commissioners remind the Guardians, that the families can be relieved though the head of the family cannot ; a legal quibble resorted to in 1848 to defeat the hardships of the law. For the five weeks to the 5th

February, relief was given at the island, to the extent for the whole period of £1 1s. 10d. At last the Relieving Officer is driven to be a little more liberal; "the parties now (March 5th) receiving outdoor relief, together with a good many more who received none as yet, will starve unless the relief is continued to them," until fine weather allows of their being got to the workhouse; "a good many are weak and sickly, particularly the children." There is room in the workhouse; no order is issued under the 2nd Section of 10 Vic. cap. 31., but the necessity was imperative, and the Relieving Officer gave relief to 75 persons, of whom only 9 were relieviable under the 1st Section.

On the 30th March the Inspector says, "amongst these persons, thus receiving provisional relief, there are 13 cases, representing 34 individuals, where the head of the family is in occupation of land exceeding a quarter of an acre." Relief was not allowed to the head,—a saving of expense, for the quantity giving to 34 was diminished by the allowance (11lb. of meal a day each), for the 13 heads, who of course shared it. The Inspector goes on: "The remaining five cases are those of persons who are not in occupation of land, but nevertheless are excluded from outdoor relief except by force of an order from you." The guardians then resolve to give no relief but in the workhouse, and order "a large boat" to be sent to bring off the relieving officer and all who will enter the workhouse. The Commissioners "cannot approve of the discontinuance of the relieving officer's residence." However the tickets are offered which some will not except, and others cannot, being sick. We have now got to the 9th April, and the condition of these wretched islanders is described in a report made to the Lord Lieutenant by a constable of constabulary resident on the island. "I have known several families to boil and eat the *gills and entrails* of fish; and when I asked if it was a usual thing with them to do so, they told me it was not, but that they had nothing else to eat; and I do think that nothing but the keenest hunger could induce any human being to partake of such repulsive food." About the same period the Inspector reports, of those who had memorialized the Lord Lieutenant—"They are amongst those who hold the most land and have the most stock, their rent varying from £3 16s. 8d.



to £1 10s. a-year, and all of them having some cattle and sheep. I have no doubt, notwithstanding these facts, they are in distress, but their circumstances are not such as could entitle them to relief under the Poor Law. Indeed the continuance of provisional relief to those receiving it up to the 19th March seems to me only justifiable as necessary for the preservation of human life, as it is certainly contrary to the letter of the Act of Parliament upon the subject." With the report of the relieving officer of the 5th May, this painful specimen of the official mode of dealing with urgent distress, this miserable example of circumlocution spread over ten weary months, while the health and life of God's creatures are ebbing away, this correspondence of 25 printed pages all showing "how not to do it," comes to an end befitting all that had gone before. On the 5th May last, the Relieving Officer reports, "that during the week ending Saturday the 30th April, he found it necessary to give relief under the Commissioners' Circular of 1848," meaning that allowing relief to the families of those who retain possession of more than a quarter of an acre of land. He goes on: "I was also under the necessity of giving 140lbs. of meal, by way of loan, to parties who have means, and whom I consider not objects for relief. In consequence of the roughness of the weather during the week, they could not attempt to venture to the main land for provisions. The appearance of the weather is very good, and I expect to use the workhouse test for the future as far as possible. Still I shall keep in view the provisional power given me under the 7th section of the Irish Poor Relief Act." The workhouse test! After this correspondence it may be hoped that another session of Parliament will not pass by, and the 10th section of the 10th Vic. Cap. 31, be still the law of the land; if the Commissioners do not advise their official colleague, the Chief Secretary, to proposed its repeal, we hope that he who originally procured its enactment, will now exert himself to effect its abolition. We refer of course to Mr. Gregory M.P. "The struggle at Iniskea (say the Commissioners, *Report*, p. 18) has to be maintained for some months longer;" God grant that when "the struggle" is over, they may be able to repeat, "we are happy in being enabled to report however, that not a single death through privation has yet taken place." (p. 17).

Another remedial resource suggested by Mr. Phelan, is the modification of the 10th & 4th Vic., c. 84, so as to admit of vagrants and mendicants being confined in wards set apart for the purpose, in the Union workhouses. The suggestion is not without its value. At present there is an indisposition to put the Vagrant Act in force, by sending any one soliciting alms to the common gaol or house of correction for a month with hard labour. Whether this arises from the humane consideration that Poor law relief is not so liberally dispensed, as that the poor do not require the aid of private charity, or whether from the economic view that the expense of transmitting them to the County gaol, prosecuting them &c. had better be spared, the result is that a great deal of mendicancy still remains in the country. In 1851, there were still nearly 42,000 beggars in Ireland. If confining them in the workhouses and compelling them to earn something towards their support, would be the means of clearing the country of this worthless class, the measure would be a good one.\*

Of a different character is the amendment by means of which Mr. Phelan would propose to remedy the disproportion which occurs between the taxation of town and of rural divisions. Originally, as is pretty well known, the intention was to have a union rating in Ireland. The change to electoral division rating, was to individualize (as it were) responsibility, and make each district bear the burden of its own pauperism. But in those terrible years through

---

\* For the meagre diet and the restraints of Workhouse life, this class has always had the invincible repugnance which they still preserve. The following anecdote furnishes an instance of this as well as an example of that readiness in repartee and aptitude for alliteration to be found in the discourse even of the uneducated Irish. Many years ago, when the good work of Father Mathew was at its zenith, a friend of ours, an inside passenger in a coach about to start, was the object of the importunities with which the pertinacious class who frequented coachyards sought for alms. In reply to an offer to get his principal tormentor into the workhouse, he was informed, "Ah, darling gentleman, sure it wouldn't suit me; I wouldn't get a cup of *tay* there." Thinking that her face showed a greater taste for "a drop of the *crathur*" than for a dish of congon, our friend added, "No, nor a glass of whiskey." "A glass of whiskey!" said she, "Lord love you, who'd look at liquor now?" To which a sister professional, a bystander, added, "A glass of whiskey *there*! No, Katty, nor a candle to cover your corpse!"

which, as in the midst of the shadow of death, Ireland passed, the cabins of the poor labourer were tumbled down, the poverty-stricken flocked into the towns where more extensive charity was distributed, thither still, as to the better field for employment, many still resort when work is "slack" in the country, and there some shelter is always to be found, while no permission is accorded by farmer or proprietor in rural districts, to raise new dwellings fitted for the labouring classes. What is the consequence? "In the city or town electoral divisions of 31 Unions from which I have received returns, the collection rate in 1857 was a poundage of £3 6s. 7d., that on the 31 lowest rated divisions was 17s. 3d. on each of the first class, the poundage averaged 2s. 1½d.; on the second 6½d. (p. 25)." What is the remedy proposed? "If, however, it be admitted that there are divisions which cannot prevent paupers, or persons likely to become paupers from settling in them, perhaps the best and most equitable way of meeting the difficulty would be to charge a certain proportion of the expenditure incurred by the pauperism of those particular divisions on the others. For instance, in the year 1857, the rate levied off the City of Cork electoral division was £16,834, that on the other divisions, £8,845; the poundage on the valuation of the former was 2s. 3½d., on that of the latter nearly 1s. 3d.; and that of the whole Union would be an average of 1s. 9½d. The difference between the rate on the Cork division and the average on the other divisions of the Union is, say, one shilling. If in 1858, the cost having been incurred, and this rate having been levied in 1857, a poundage of 4d. suppose, was made on the rural divisions to reimburse the Cork one, the rate on the latter would virtually be only 1s. 11d., and it would be relieved to the extent of to £2,377, which sum would be raised off the rural divisions by a poundage on their valuation, which would be something higher on the lowest rated, and lower on the highest rated (p. 29)." It should be kept in mind whilst considering the disproportionate rating to which Mr. Phelan calls attention, that no poor person coming into one division can be removed back into another, and that the only provision having any resemblance to the English law of settlement is that which requires twelve months residence to fix chargeability on a division (12 & 13 Vic., c. 104, S. 1). Practi-

cally, this works so as to induce the guardians of the city, or urban division, to strain all they can to break up the applicants' residence, so as to keep the pauper off their heavily burthened division, and to put him or her on the Union at large, thus getting a contribution from the rural divisions in proportion to the valuation of each. If a return were obtained of the numbers charged to the Union at large during each of the 10 years past, and of the proportion borne by that number to the total relieved, this would, we are confident, be seen. That some contribution to the great increase in taxation which the circumstances adverted to, have brought about in urban divisions, should be made by the rural divisions, would be but fair. Mr. Phelan says, that plan which he proposes may be objected to as a "Rate in aid." But in truth the expenditure in cities and towns is far greater than he has stated, or than official returns can show, for there, and there almost exclusively, there is another source of relief constantly open, through which an enormous quantity of relief reaches the poor. The letters of the medical officers to which we have referred, show how much aid the relief of the poor receives from the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Take one place for example. The Cork Report for the year ending Nov. 1858 is before us. The amount expended in that city for that year was £1170, or more than one-eighth of the sum levied under the Poor Law on the rural divisions of that union. Since the formation of the Society in Cork, which we have ascertained to have taken place in 1847, £14,478. 15s. was distributed by it in relieving the poor in that city. From the Annual Reports of the last two years we learn, that *Conferences* exists in between forty and fifty cities and towns in Ireland, that in 1857, 1,525 "Active members" were engaged in carrying out the object of the Society, and in 1858, 1,699; and that in the former year over £6,000, and in the latter £7,800 was expended in the works of the Society. These consist in visiting the poor, founding and teaching schools, distributing clothing, and procuring work for the unemployed. How much the Poor Law leaves to be done for the poor, and how greatly that city and urban districts are aided by this Society in doing it, these facts will amply show.

Mr. Phelan calls attention to one other defect,—the re-

striction upon hospital relief, by reason of none but *destitute* being admitted to the workhouse hospitals. The 16th section of the 6th and 7th of the Queen (c. 93) makes an exception in favour of *poor* persons affected with fever, or other contagious disease. In 1855 the Poor Law Commissioners expressed regret, "that hospital treatment did not exist, except in the vicinity of the few County Infirmarys, for fractures and acute diseases other than contagious diseases, for the poorest part of the population of Ireland, except on condition of removal to the workhouse with the whole of their families." It is plain that a great benefit would be conferred on this portion of the community by enabling them, in time of sickness, to take advantage, if they so desired, of the treatment to be had in the workhouse hospitals, without dragging them down to the level of pauperism. "The provisions required (says Mr. Phelan, p. 31) are, power to admit without their families, destitute persons who are seriously ill of other than contagious diseases, or who have had severe accidents, and to admit persons similarly affected, and who are able to pay more or less for their hospital support." Would it not be well also to admit, under similar circumstances, members of families without forcing the head of the family in too?\*

Having thus very fully presented the main features of the amendments in the administration of the Irish Poor Law suggested in the important pamphlet before us, let us see how far it seems susceptible of improvement, to those

---

\* The provision contained in a Bill brought in (12 February, 1858) by Colonel Herbert, then Secretary, and Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald, then Attorney General, for Ireland, seems to have met the want. It was as follows:—"That it shall be lawful for such Guardians to admit into the Infirmary of the Workhouse any poor persons requiring medical or surgical aid in Hospital, and to provide for their treatment and maintenance therein, charging the expense thereof on the Electoral Division or Union at large, as the case may be, according to such person's chargeability by residence under the laws which are or shall be in force for the relief of the destitute poor in Ireland." The words *any poor persons* would include either heads of families or dependents, and thus a valuable extension of the 16th section of the Amendment Act of 1843, would have been secured to the poor. But this and other humane provisions were omitted in the Bill brought in by Lord Naas and Mr. Whiteside in the present year. We are not, of course, in a position to state if the omission was their act or the Commissioners'.

officials entrusted by the Government with the onerous duty of administering it. They should know all that is wrong, if anyone should. They have inspectors at their command, ample means of enquiry; officers in scores at their beck, doctors, clerks, masters, matrons, teachers, collectors, all ready, if the word was given, to tell freely all they learn from daily experience of the condition of the poor, of the working of the law, of the pressure of taxation. They have the means of amending it too; on their Board sit *ex officio* the Chief and the Under Secretary for Ireland, and the weight of the Government would, of course, be given to any measure upon which the Poor Law Board may agree. No doubt, then, they use all the advantages which their position affords, to bring to perfection that code which it is their duty to administer. No doubt they examine, they enquire, they see with their own eyes; no doubt the Chief Commissioner is to be found, from time to time, travelling from union to union, from workhouse to workhouse,—going about, like Haroun Alraschid, to see that his officers do their duty, justly, fairly, and diligently. No doubt, if the House of Commons called for a Return of the number of visits paid to the Workhouses and Hospitals of Ireland by each of the Irish Poor Law Commissioners since the date of his appointment, the frequency and regularity of the personal enquiries made into the condition of those places of which they exercise the supreme control, would throw the Legislature into a rapture of admiration. The care of the poor is a weighty responsibility, a high and noble function, a grave and solemn duty;—as to how it has been discharged towards the poor of Ireland, no doubt the Irish Poor Law Commissioners are prepared to answer to their Sovereign, to their consciences, and to their God. They have sought out the hardships under which the poor laboured; they have ascertained wherein the law was oppressive, unequal, inadequate, deficient; they have been sedulous in discovering the remedies, and earnest in procuring their enactment. Let us see. How is this? There has been no amendment of the Poor Relief Acts for ten years, since the 12 and 13 Vic. c. 104, passed in 1849. The Dispensaries' Act was passed in 1851, but since then the statute-book contains nothing relating to the relief of the poor in Ireland, except acts to continue the Commission

from time to time, and an act to abolish the office of Secretary. But surely the Commissioners have not considered the law perfect; the dissatisfaction with which the ratepayers and the poor have alike regarded it must have come to their knowledge, and they have been waiting, perhaps, to make their proposals fuller, more complete, and now, no doubt, they are ready with a series of amendments calculated to make the law satisfactory in every particular. "For some time past the Commissioners have contemplated a series of amendments of the Poor Law and Medical Charities' Acts, which they have felt themselves called upon to recommend; and although on several occasions bills have been brought before Parliament, with a view to the enactment of those proposed alterations of the law, nevertheless, from causes unconnected with the administration of the Poor Law, no such legislation has as yet taken place; the present has appeared to the Commissioners a convenient opportunity for laying before your Excellency a memorandum relating to such of those proposed amendments, as have not been already dealt with in preceding Reports." (*Report*, pp. 19—20). This *Memorandum* (Appendix ix., p. 133) now appended to this *Report*, dated the June 3rd last, contains, if we mistake not, just the provisions of a Bill presented to the House of Commons some months previously by Lord Naas, then as Chief Secretary for Ireland, an *ex-officio* Commissioner, and is the same (*minus* this time some really humane and valuable provisions) as that last year brought forward by his predecessor, the Right Hon. Henry Herbert. The first proposal is that "Lands heretofore vested in the Commissioners should be vested in the Board of Guardians,"—a provision intended to save the Commission certain law costs, and to enable Guardians to employ any attorney they please to transact their own business. It is a provision of transcendent value to the poor, and of paramount importance to them. Ye John Howards and Elizabeth Frys of modern times, bring your influence to bear and let this be made law forthwith!

The next relates to Orphans and Deserted Children, and as to it we shall have something to say by and by.

Then it is proposed that buildings not occupied at the time the rate is made should be chargeable with a portion

of the rate only, proportioned to the time during which they may be occupied. Most important and highly beneficial to the interests of the poor !

Next, the 1 and 2 Vic. Cap. 56, (section 73), is to be repealed, and County Cess collectors are no longer to have the preference as collectors of Poor Rates. For this and the five following the poor will feel as grateful as they ought to be for changes which do not affect them in the slightest degree. The best judges of their advisability are the Returning Officers of Unions, and they know more on the subject than all the Commissioners or Inspectors in Ireland. The provisions are as follows !—

Non-occupying ratepayers are to be required to give a better description of the property in respect to which they claim to vote than at present, the object being to facilitate the identification of the property out of which the claim to vote is made, and the interest which the party claiming has in the property.

Duration of claims to vote, by non-occupying ratepayers and their proxies to be limited, (in England proxies are good only for two years), and the number of proxies to be held by one person to be also limited. (In England the limit is four). Property claims are now required to be *lodged* one month before every Election, that is yearly ; it may be well to consider should existing ones not be *renewed* at the same period, or should not the proxy holder be required at that time to make a declaration as to the valid existence of the claims.

Owners and Immediate Lessors rated under 6 and 7 Vic. c. 92, secs. 1 and 4 ; 12 and 13 Vic. c. 91, sec. 63 ; and 12 and 13 Vic. c. 104, sec. 10 to be authorized to vote as if the occupiers were rated. If they *pay* the rate, there seems no objection to their having the same privileges as other ratepayers ; but let not their *liability merely*, constitute their qualification. In many cases, we believe, the collector enforces the rate against the occupiers, rated at £4 and in certain Boroughs at £8. This is easier than hunting for a person often unknown, and rated only as "Immediate Lessor." In such cases no vote ought to be allowed, or in any in which the money was not paid actually by the owner or lessor. If he be allowed to vote in respect of such tenements, no property claim should be allowed in respect of the same.



The number of votes to be limited by the valuation, and this to apply not only to owners and Immediate Lessors of rated property, but also to persons claiming to vote in respect of rent received out of premises, the occupiers of which are rated. In working out this, it seems to us that care should be taken that a larger allowance of votes should not be made to the owner of property, whose votes are regulated by the rent, than to the occupier whose votes are regulated by the valuation, which in Ireland is considerably less than the letting value of the tenements.\*

The proposal that Poor Law Inspectors should be empowered to act under the Medical Charities Act, and Medical Inspectors to act under the Poor Relief Acts, is made, it seems, with a view to remove all the Medical Inspectors from office but one, (p. 148). It is very questionable if this, although tending to reduce the expenses of the Commission, will be advantageous to the poor, or satisfactory to the Medical profession.

Further powers are to be given for cancelling Tickets for Medical relief, and power to recover the cost of the relief in cases where the party is of sufficient ability to pay. We trust this will not become law. If the relief to be given be declared to be by way of loan and recoverable, the party accepting it knows the condition. But it would be most unfair if a Dispensary Committee had the power to charge *ex post facto* not the dishonest or negligent relieving officer, committee-man or warden who ordered the relief to be given, but the recipient of whose actual and positively ability to pay, the proof, in many such cases, must be at best but doubtful.

As to the provision for carrying on relief under the Medical Charities Act, in the event of a dissolution of the Board of Guardians, it may be passed for all the operation it is likely to have. Vice Guardians are among the things that were, they belonged to other times and other men. The Commissioners know it helps to keep Boards in order, obedient, nay subservient, that the power of dissolving them, putting an end to their official existence, should be kept over their heads, like the sword of Damocles. But where would the Belmullet Board of 1859, be in such years,

---

\* It may be well to entrust the formation of the poor law constituencies to the Assistant-Barristers.

as those when Sealed Orders of dissolution fell "thick as Autumnal leaves" over the length and breadth of Ireland, and paid officers were sent to give relief "without let or hindrance," without any alarm as to the effects upon the value of property which a full measure of relief would produce? *Tempora mutantur.*

Much need not be said of the following propositions:—Persons becoming qualified as ex-officio Members of Dispensary Committees may act, notwithstanding the fact that their so doing will increase the number of Members of the Committee beyond their fixed number.

The qualification for ratepayers as Members of Dispensary Committees to be the same in amount as that for the office of Guardians. The Medical Charities Act requires £30; the Commissioners fix the qualification of Guardians in each union.

Paid officers if dismissed within five years, to be disqualified for the office of Guardians. The election by the ratepayers may be taken as an expression of opinion that the dismissal was an unjust exercise of authority.

Salaries of Dispensary Medical Officers, not to be altered for a year after approval. In the name of justice why should this be restricted to medical men? Why should it not apply to men much less influential than they—to all officers employed under the Poor Law? *Apropos* of this class of officials, let us ask why should they be excluded from provisions as to superannuation after long and meritorious service, which apply to officers of prisons and most other departments of the public service?

Finally, we have powers asked for, to enable the Commissioners to establish an asylum or asylums for blind inmates of workhouses. We wish we could devote space to the discussion, but something must be said on other topics. As to this we commend two extracts from the Report to serious consideration, before the Commissioners are given more work to do whilst what they have is done as it is; above all before the blind are handed over to them. First, as to the causes of blindness among the Irish poor. "That many cases of blindness arose out of the consequences of the famine there can be doubt, ophthalmia having prevailed extensively in those parts of Ireland in which the distress was most severe, and owing its origin probably to constitutional de-

bility in many of the survivors of that period, and in some degree, perhaps, to the change from a diet consisting, for the most part of fresh vegetables, to a diet from which fresh vegetables were necessarily almost wholly excluded, a change not unlikely to favour the development of scrofulous affection in their system." (Letter from the Commissioners to Lord Naas, Appendix A, ix., p. 149.)\*

Second, as to the extent of eye disease in the workhouses; we extract the following from the returns (Appendix B, No. 14, p. 219.)

Average daily No. of paupers in the workhouses.	Total affected by diseases of the eye.	No. of cases arising in workhouse or auxiliary workhouse.	No. of cases labouring under the disease when admitted.
1857, 50,688	7,177	4,245	2,751
1858, 45,781	6,288	3,490	2,798

A large number are returned as "cured." From common experience everyone knows the delicacy, and the tenderness which having once suffered from an ophthalmic affection brings upon the eyes, and the tendency to a recurrence of such attacks thus generated. Those who visit the poor in their own dwellings know how the weak eyes, the sore heads, and the virulent *scabies*, to be found amongst the children, are laid at the door of the workhouse. Hence much of the disinclination of mothers to take their children into these places.

There is another proposal in the Commissioners' *Memorandum*. Besides the provisions already mentioned, it is also proposed to authorize and require Boards of Guardians to provide relief for Orphans and Deserted Children up to a certain age out of the workhouse. The proposed enactment is as follows:—"And whereas it has been found that the mortality among infant children admitted into the workhouses without their mothers is very large, and that in other respects the workhouses are not well suited in all cases for the care and nurture of such children during infancy, and it is therefore expedient to extend the powers of Boards of Guardians for the relief of destitute poor children who are orphans, or who have been deserted by their parents: Be

---

\* It is not unworthy of remark that this letter was penned in January, months before the visit to the Cork workhouse of Mr Arnott, M.P. and the appearance of his remarkable report as to the effect of workhouse life and diet in generating scrofulous affections.

it enacted, that it shall be lawful for the Board of Guardians to provide for the relief of any orphan or deserted child out of the workhouse, if they shall think fit to do so, by placing such child out at nurse, or otherwise, according to their discretion; provided, that no child shall continue to be so relieved after the age of *five years*.\* And then the child is to be taken from the family who reared her or him, to be put among dozens of others, to be brought up (should death be escaped) without social tie, or moral feeling, save such as holy nature gives, to grow to manhood without self-reliance or knowledge of the world, and at fifteen to be sent into the adult wards where the bold and brazen-faced and ill-conditioned lord it over the decrepid, the spirit-crushed, and the heart-broken. What man that ever looked into a little face he loved, could bear the thought of such a home, such kindred, such companionship, such examples, for that dear little one. Immured in a workhouse at *five years*—the bright young years darkened in that prison-like home!

But the workhouse is for the poor,—their children are born to hardship, want, suffering. *See that you despise not one of these little ones: for I say to you that their angels in Heaven always see the face of my Father who is in Heaven.* But why is infancy to be found another home than the workhouse, to which youth is to be consigned? “Experience has shown that very young children without their mothers cannot be nurtured in the confined area of a workhouse so successfully and satisfactorily as when put out to nurse,”—so said the Commissioners in May, 1857. (App. A. ix., A. p. 139). Is the inference that after the years of infancy have passed, after five years, children can be as successfully and satisfactorily reared as they could be outside? Nay, is it safe to bring them inside the walls at all? Safe for their health we mean; we shall deal with their morals bye-and-bye. Will anyone have the hardihood to say “yes” to this, now that the Cork enquiry has gone to the world? After the evidence taken there, is it not the first duty of the Irish Government to propose to Parliament the enactment of a measure which will rescue some thousands of God’s creatures,—the most helpless, the most hapless of all upon the face of the earth,—from the living death which

---

\* Not having Lord Naas’s Bill at hand we have taken this from the Bill of the previous year. We believe one is taken, word for word, from the other.

awaits them in the Irish Workhouse wards. Should the Government pause in this duty, humanity demands that some independent member of Parliament should ask the consent of the Legislature to such a measure.

On the 6th of April in the present year the Cork Workhouse was visited by Mr. John Arnott, M.P., the Mayor of that city. With that establishment, *as a workhouse*, no fault could be found,—“the management under the master and matron reflects great credit upon them for their good superintendence, direction, and assiduity;” and Mr. Arnott also says, “the officials have appeared to me extremely efficient, and, from their kind manner, to be worthily selected for the charge of the destitute and friendless.” There is nothing to show that the Board of Guardians did not meet regularly for the discharge of their duties, or that they hesitated in making sufficient rates; and the Master says that he received every assistance from the House Committee. This, then, was not an unfavourable specimen of the home provided by the Irish Poor Law system for the children of the poor. What was the impression which the inspection of this workhouse made upon Mr. Arnott? “I have been shocked, I may say appalled, from my observation of the state of the children, and the result of my enquiries has led me to the deliberate conclusion, that it would be a mercy to close the gates of the Union-House against them, and let them attain the mercy of death, rather than be reared deformed, maimed, and diseased objects, through the system of feeding them, to which I have every reason to believe their terrible state is attributable. For want of proper nutriment and change of diet, Scrofula has so affected these young creatures that there was scarcely one of them whom I examined, that did not bear plain and frightful tokens that their blood had been wasted to that degree, that the current which should have borne vigour and health to their frames, was only a medium to disseminate debility and disease.” Of course it was attempted to be shown that this was the exaggerated language of excitement. Yet what must have been the sights which led one in Mr. Arnott’s position to give expression thus to what he had felt! It was not the language of haste,—on his sworn examination, long after, he adheres to his Report. Nor is he alone; under the sanction

of his oath the Protestant Bishop (Dr. Fitzgerald) says : " I adhere to the expression in my letter, that the great prevalence of Scrofula in the House struck me with a painful horror."

Upon the publication of Mr. Arnott's report, the Commissioners indited a letter, in which, prejudging the case, they entered into statistics with the view to show Mr. Arnott wrong. But adroitly enough the Report is made to involve censure upon the management, and an Inspector is to be sent down to take evidence on the spot. True it was Mr. Arnott had written, " against the system which produces such results, I desire at once to make my earnest protest." This was plain enough, it was not against the acts of the guardians Mr. Arnott protested, he knew the men, and in his position as Mayor of the City was in daily communication with them, but he protested against the *system* which had produced such results as he had seen. To investigate and report upon this the Commissioners sent down their own officer. To Mr. Arnott, perhaps, as to many more, this seemed uncommonly like going to law with a certain crafty potentate, while the court was held in a region in which he was Chief Commissioner. But the investigation was held and evidence upon oath gone into and much testimony was given pertinent to the question of rearing youth in workhouses. A physician practising 52 years ; a man of the highest eminence in his profession, Dr. Albert H. Callanan, says : " I examined the children in the *Infant School*, they presented a *more favourable* appearance, but still a good many of them had the scrofulous diathesis. I examined the children in the sick wards, and could see nothing but scrofula fully developed, ' glandular swellings,' ulcerations, strumous ophthalmia, disease of joints, caries of bones. I do not class the cutaneous diseases, Porrigio, Tinea Capitis, &c., under the head of scrofula. I then went up to another department ; the greater number were suffering from scrofula in a confirmed state ; in fact, all the children in hospital, with the exception of ten or twelve, were suffering from the disease. On Friday last there were 43 girls in hospital, all of whom with the exception of five were suffering from it, hideously developed in some cases. I next proceeded to the real Hospital, where the patients were confined to bed, there I found a number of human

beings covered with scrofula, eyes, lips, glands &c., eaten away. My observations fully sustain the Mayor's Report."

The tenor of this evidence, while supporting in general the statements of Mr. Arnott, is that lengthened residence in a workhouse is unfavourable to health, and that, as children advance in years unhealthiness develops itself. This is more plainly stated in the evidence of Dr. Wm. C. Townsend, one of the medical officers. He says:—"the children at an early age thrive, they deteriorate from 9 to 15, and finally they become wretched; these are about 40 or 50 of this class in the house; they decidedly bear out the deleterious effect produced by long residence in the house." In the evidence of the Protestant Bishop, already referred to, is a statement showing that the infants are not the worst off. He says, "the children under 5 years appeared to me to be in better health than those above that age." Nor do these very decided expressions of opinion constitute all the evidence tending to the conclusion that for growing boys and girls the workhouse is about the most unfit place they could be in. "Children in a workhouse cannot be as healthy as those living outside," says one medical witness. "If detained here after the age specified (15), no diet, no care, will prevent their becoming a wretched race, morally and physically, far inferior to the peasantry of the country," are the words of another. The head teacher of the school says;—"the health of the boys has improved since they were put to work on the farm; as a general rule I would say that the boys do not improve in the house."

Such evidence as this does not need the aid of figures to prove the inadequacy of the proposed enactment to the necessities of the case. Over the tabular statements a paper war has waged. Pamphlets and letters have been fired off at both sides. The *Guardians* seize upon a number of what they call "fallacies" in Mr. Arnott's figures; the Commissioners whilst admitting that the mortality, "more especially in reference to that class between 9 and 15," is more than an average one, treat the Mayor's deductions as unjust and unfounded; the press generally have expressed a contrary opinion, and latest we believe, the *London Spectator* says, "if railway speculators required a lesson in the art of cooking accounts, we should recommend them to study the process by which the Commissioners

reduce the mortality of the children from 20 per cent, (Mr. Arnott's estimate of 18 per cent. turned out to be below the mark) to little more than 4." The Inspector (Dr. Terence Brodie) albeit he "takes it there can be no doubt whatever that varied, wholesome, and nutritious food, will in this particular instance, form a very necessary and important auxiliary to the other arrangements, in his opinion, absolutely necessary to counteract and neutralize the several agencies, past and present, which he conceives to have most actively contributed to the formation, development, and continuance of this disease," (Scrofula), and consequently recommends a very improved dietary to all classes of children up to 15, yet is no less earnest in his endeavour (to use the expression of the *Spectator*), "to whitewash his employers," than ready to compliment the Guardians, who duly return the compliment. There are certain animals, most particular in their reciprocal civilities; one licks the somewhat elongated ear of the other, who duly licks his in turn: we do not say that this Inspector is not "like Aristides, just," and that every Guardian does not rival in wisdom Solon of old, but the impression rests indelibly upon the public mind; that Mr. Arnott did right when he made "his warmest protest against the system which produces such results."

As to the unfitness morally, of the workhouse as a place in which to train children nothing was said. It is perhaps the side of this question the sadder of the two. One fact no sophistry can explain away; that so frequent are committals to prisons of juvenile workhouse inmates, that in the new form of Register issued by the Prison Board, provision is made for special entry to this effect. The young pauper has become one of the *habitués* of the gaol.

We have now gone through all the amendments proposed for the Reform of the Irish Poor Law; very meagre they are, utterly inadequate to the necessities of the occasion. "The country is now in such an altered condition, that a revision of the Poor Law system is desirable." So, truly said an intelligent witness, Dr. Denis C. O'Connor, on the Cork enquiry. It is plain that such a task will not be undertaken by the Irish Poor Law Commissioners, they are either unwilling to undertake the task or unable to perform it, and others more earnest, must bring to the



work such knowledge as their opportunities, comparatively restricted, have enabled them to acquire on the difficult and complicated subject. If the not-unimportant enquiry on which we have been engaged, could have been fairly treated in less space than we have been obliged to devote to it, we would not have closed this article without offering some further suggestions as to improvements imperatively called for in the present state of the country and in the present state of the law. Meantime attention has been roused, and must not be allowed to sleep again till the Irish Poor Law is remodelled thoroughly, from the constitution of the Commission itself down to the selection of the least important official. To this as to every step in social progress, the aid of these pages shall not be found wanting. *Personne ne fait une révolution à soi tout seul*, and this is a question which every Irish ratepayer should think of and enquire about and inform himself upon. It is a question as to which English public opinion should be rightly instructed : and upon which Parliament should be pressed to act promptly and vigorously : official explanations should not be allowed to deter or to cajole or to mislead. Through this *Report* is much which might be severely and justly animadverted upon ; the paltering with the hardships arising out of the unsettled state of the Law of Removal ; the arrogant supremacy assumed in regard to Catholic ecclesiastical arrangements, the insolence of the tone adopted towards the venerated Catholic Bishop of Cloyne (Doctor Keane) ; and the arbitrary and we believe, grossly illegal exercise of authority with regard to the religion of foundlings and deserted children, are among some of the sins of omission and of commission of which an account should be sternly called for.\*

---

\* The Commissioners' Law Costs should be scrutinised. The Guardians of Galway Union retained the Rev. Peter Daly as chaplain notwithstanding the Order of dismissal by the Commissioners, and they paid him his salary. They are to be taught a severe lesson ; the Guardians are to be placed on the rack of Equity, and the thumbscrew of Common Law put upon the Chaplain. "In an ordinary case of this nature the Commissioners would draw the Auditor's attention to the item, with a view to the disallowance of that part of it which is illegal ;"—It could then be recovered by a summons before magistrates. But the Commissioners' "present intention is to proceed against those Guardians in a Court of Equity by way of information,"

Notice has been given in Parliament of a motion for a Committee of Enquiry in the coming Session. We trust the Member (Mr. Arnott,) so moving is prepared with his case, his proofs, and his witnesses. In the Commission, he has a powerful opponent to contend against. It would

---

"Proceedings will also be taken, in the Court of Queen's Bench, against the Rev. Mr. Daly, by an information in the nature of a *quo warranto*, as illegally usurping the office of Roman Catholic Chaplain of Galway Union." (p. 126.) It is wonderful the Master was not dismissed for allowing him to enter the workhouse for the purpose of affording the inmates spiritual consolation. The paupers of Galway, Youghal, Mitchelstown and, we believe, Glenamaddy Unions are now under an *Interdict*. Such is the will of the Commissioners!

More work is to be found for the Queen's Bench, a *mandamus* is to be applied for to compel Guardians to register foundlings and deserted children as Protestants, "the Guardians objecting to permit a child to be registered as Protestant, in the face of a strong probability that the parents, deserting the child, are Roman Catholic," (p. 21.) The Commissioners act on the opinions of Mr. Blackburne and Mr. Brewster, given on cases submitted to them respectively when holding the office of Attorney General. To the latter the opinion of the present Judge Keogh (then Solicitor-General) was opposed. "I have been much influenced (he says) by the manifest intention of the legislature, as declared in the Irish Poor Relief Act, to discountenance all interference with the religion of the inmates of workhouses, whether adults, children under the protection of their parents, or orphans."

The Commissioners call for legislation on the subject; before the necessity for this arises, the present law should be ascertained by judicial exposition. The *opinion* of no lawyer, however eminent, makes law.

Whilst we write, a report has reached us of a meeting of the Youghal Board during the present month (October). By a majority of 12 to 7, the guardians resolved to commence proceedings by *mandamus* in the Court of Queen's Bench, to compel the Commissioners to appoint a Catholic Chaplain. In the course of the discussion the following remarks were made by a magistrate, an *ex-officio* guardian:—

Lieutenant-Colonel Roche—I must say on the few occasions upon which I attended the Sessions' court, I was astonished to find so many of the criminals inmates of this house (*hear, hear*). I felt at the time, that there must have been something radically wrong in the establishment, but I did not know then to whom I could attach blame. Since I have found that the disorder and crime in the house is attributable to the want of a chaplain (*hear*).

With respect to relief arrangements, we gather from the same newspaper, that there is but *one* relieving officer in each of the following Southern Unions:—Kanturk, Fermoy, Bandon, Bantry, Mitchelstown, and the Inspector adds, "many others." Mallow followed these examples of rigid economy.

be easy to summon clerks, and masters, and matrons, and teachers ; it would not be so easy to get out all that could be disclosed, or to elicit fully and freely the private opinions of officials, whose means of livelihood was " the system," and whose only hold upon their situations mainly depended upon the favour of the Commissioners. Within sight of their frown what small official dare speak out, or venture to imperil his means of existence by incurring their displeasure? The minor official is too small for the *ægis* of Parliament to shelter ; but not too small for the anger of official despotism to crush. He who champions a government department *à l'outrance* should see that his weapons are fit for such strife. In this matter, it seems likely that the *puffs* in some English papers as to the working of the Irish Poor Law were meant as preparations for Mr. Arnott's assault, and it will be met with the answer, that enquiry is not needed. For this it was, perhaps that the *Globe* was made the tool of the Commissioners, in putting forward a number of entries on the Visitors' Books of different workhouses, ranging over several years, and scraped together with official diligence : the parentage of the article was manifest ; it was patent that the materials came from the Commissioners and their Inspectors. Such an enquiry ought not to be undertaken without full preparation to encounter the influences which the Commissioners can put in action to support their own acts. At present many see the wants of the Irish Poor Law System, and active charity exerts itself, so far as it can, to supply them. Some little beginnings have been made here and there to rescue children from the workhouses, to give them means of existence, to teach their minds to move, their hearts to feel, their hands to work. Other projects will grow to life, and when they have become facts, the public will recognize their utility, and demand that the law should sanction them. Meantime there are many matters which earnest minds should fix their attention upon, and not relax until they have satisfied themselves as to whether or not change is needed. Let them consider the constitution of the Commission itself ; let them look at the working of the Boards of Guardians and see whether their numbers, their mode of election, and the class who compose them could not be improved ; let them see to the fiscal arrangements of Counties with a

view to providing for Poor Law expenditure more justly and economically than at present ; let them think if better officials could not be had by making their positions more satisfactory and more permanent and by providing for rewarding faithful and diligent service ; let them regard all the relations of the poor towards the State as their guardian and protector, if their religious necessities are duly and considerately regarded, if the young be wisely and benevolently reared to take their places in the community, if with better health of mind and heart and body they cannot be brought out into the world as trained labourers, smart servants, skilled artisans ; let them examine if the present system effect all this, and if not, let suitable plans be sought after. In fine, let it be seen whether or not the existing Poor Law System in Ireland, as at present administered, provides fully, fairly and adequately for the relief of the poor of the Country. It is the bounden duty of all who can influence opinion to consider the question in all its bearings. It is their duty as citizens,—the State has undertaken the charge and that charge should be fulfilled as its magnitude and its importance deserve : it is their duty as Christians that the promise of the Most High may not come to nought,—*For the poor man shall not be forgotten to the end: the patience of the poor shall not perish for ever.* It is their interest, that His anger may not be aroused, for—*I know that the Lord will do justice to the needy, and revenge the poor.*

---

Note.—“THE REMEDIAL MEASURES” (says Mr. Arnott in his pamphlet on the Investigation at Cork,) “that will satisfy the public must be of a very radical character, such as go to the root of the present crying evil” He suggests the following:—

I. Good wholesome food, in sufficient quantity. (1) The young children should have a sufficiency of new milk and white bread. (2) The growing boys and girls, and the able-bodied men and women should get meat and meat soup at least three times a week. (3) The old and infirm should be supplied with tea and coffee.

II. The young children should be left with their mothers for a longer period than the rules and regulations of the Poor Law Commissioners allow, which is but two years.

III. Our Poorhouses should be rendered, as much as possible, the abodes of industry, where the youth of both sexes may be fitted for the duties of active life; in a word, they should be made self-supporting.

Appended to this pamphlet is a number of articles which appeared in the English and Irish press upon the subject. *The Globe*, which recently has been doing the work of the Commissioners, then wrote as follows:—

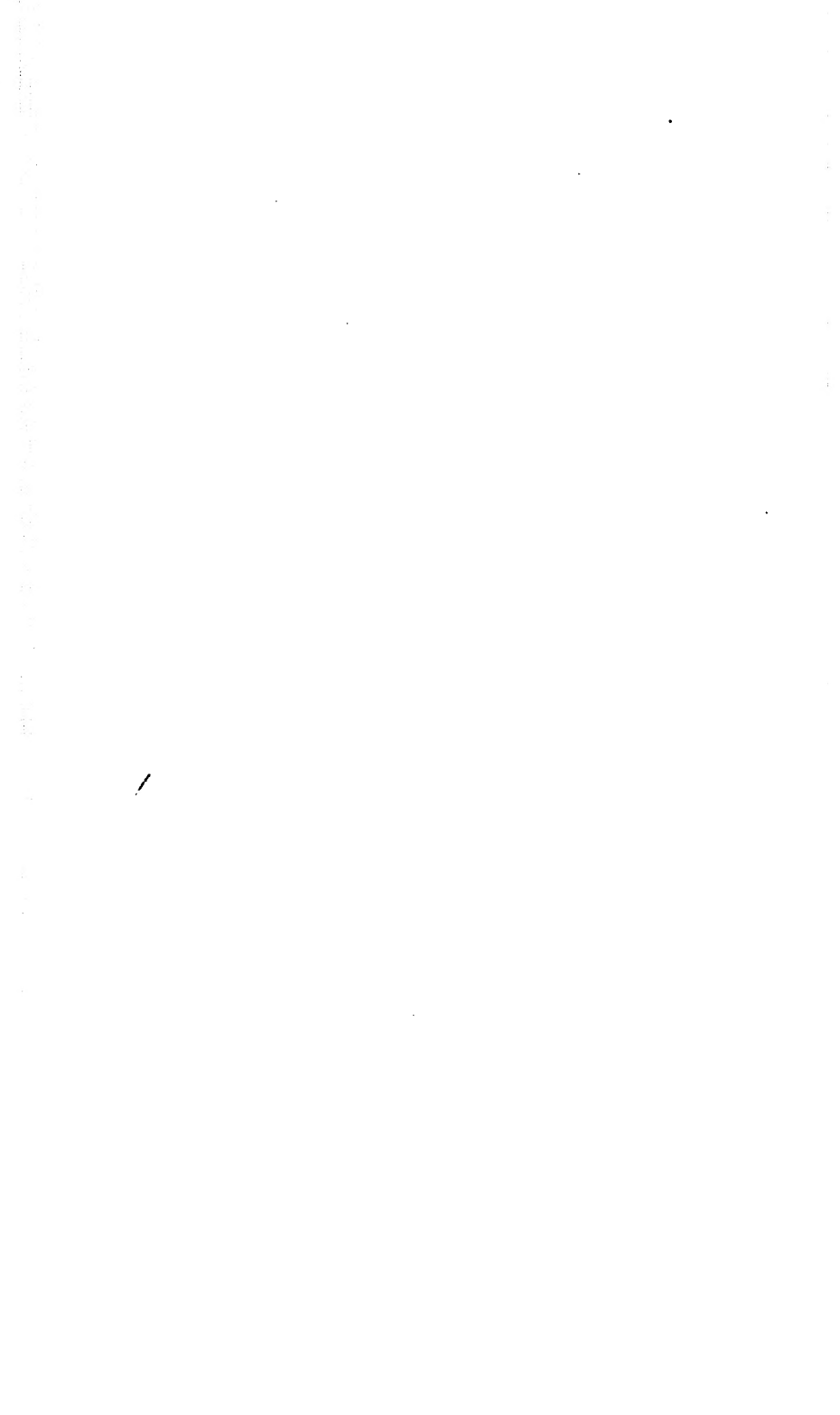
“— but it has become necessary to consider how the perpetuation of a pauper tribe can be cut off. One mode is, by the correction of that system of under-feeding which converts paupers into permanent Cretins, and which makes the children of those paupers—since marriage is permitted amongst the tribe—to perpetuate all the characteristics of the Cretin race. The second improvement, however, would be still more effectual, direct, consistent with the principles of economy, and practically humane—it is, to separate from the general body of paupers those young children who cannot be held responsible for their own pauper condition; to place them in schools healthily situated and healthily conducted, where they may be fed, educated, and trained back into a more healthy condition.”

Last year, as our readers well know, Parliament passed an Act (21 and 22 Vic., c. 103), the preamble of which was: “Whereas it is expedient to provide for the establishment and regulation of Reformatory Schools for the better training of juvenile offenders in Ireland,” and Grand Juries of Counties, and Councils of Boroughs are thereby empowered to grant money in aid of the maintenance of offenders in such Schools. It is sad to think, seeing how, too often, the Workhouse is the training School for the Prison, that Parliament would not provide the preventive, namely the Industrial School, rather than the cure, the Reformatory. But much more care is taken, in every way, of the criminal than of the pauper. Thus the latter, the old who were accustomed to pray in a sacred edifice, and the young, whom it would be well to teach to love the beauty of the Lord's house, have no other place wherein to commune with God, but the dining hall where soup and stirabout are daily served. For the criminal on the other hand, the following was proposed in a Government Bill last year: One or more chapel or chapels shall be provided in such a convenient situation, as to be easy of access to all the prisoners; each chapel shall be fitted up with separate divisions for males and females, and also for the different classes, and shall be strictly set apart for the religious worship, or for the occasional religious and moral educational instruction of the prisoners.” Even the Officers of Gaols are better treated than those of Workhouses. By the Bill referred to, Officers were to be superannuated after ten years' service, the scale to be according to the Act 4 and 5 Wm. 4, c. 24. The subject of the superannuation of Poor Law Officers was, last year brought before Parliament by Mr. Vansittart, M.P., but unsuccessfully.

al  
Hs











OCT 19 1929

